

Mother's Agenda

1968

volume 9



Mother's Agenda

Vol. IX

1968

Translated from French

Institut de Recherches Evolutives

This book was first published in France under the title *L'Agenda de Mère* — 1968

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Rendered into English under the direction of Satprem

*This Agenda... is
my gift to
those who love me*

MOTHER

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January

January 1, 1968

(Message for the new year:)

*Remain young,
Never stop striving
towards Perfection.*

Mother



January 3, 1968

*Mother arrives forty-five
minutes late:*

And I come with my work unfinished! The work remains to be done (*Mother points to a bundle of letters*)... Now the nights begin at 11 P.M., no more lunch, of course rest is out of the question, and no more exercises, so... And people and people and more people... at least a quarter of whom go back unsatisfied, without my having seen them, because I don't have the time.

I think it's because my whole life long, until the age of about forty, I was perhaps the most punctual person in the world: I was always right on the dot – maybe there was something proud which has got a good knock!

That's how it is.

But one thing is sure, it's that the minute one goes out of the usual mental rhythm based on thoughts (I am talking about the body), as soon as it has gone out of that, it has extraordinary endurance. What makes things especially difficult is thoughts, fears, the old habits and all that....



January 6, 1968

I wanted to show you something, then I forgot. Maybe you've seen it? It's something I am supposed to have said to M. years ago, many years ago, about *Savitri*; he noted it down in French, and quite recently (that is, perhaps three or four weeks ago), he showed me what he had noted.... And as it happens, he showed it not only to me but to others (!). They've translated it into English and now they want me to read it aloud so they can play it at the Playground. I wanted to revise the French with you, but they want it in English. The English isn't too good, but that doesn't matter.... They are all enthusiastic and happy – as for me, I don't like it, because the form of it is so personal..

Have you seen the French text?

Yes, I have.

So?

He certainly caught something of your vibration, that can be felt. But I don't know how it would come out once you repeat it?... If you could say something anew on "Savitri"?

Ah!... But, you know, I am no longer the same person! I no longer say the same things – it's impossible. Impossible. I have been looking at it; in fact this whole story has come back now as if to illustrate the huge difference – huge, but colossal difference in the state of consciousness. For me now, that [notation about *Savitri*] is such a personal vision of things.... Yesterday, I had an interesting day from that point of view.

It's the physical ego that has been destroyed and is now like this (*gesture with arms open upward*).... So it finds it odd! I don't know how to explain. This way of putting oneself in the center of things and seeing them in relation to that center of consciousness seems so... You understand, the consciousness is spread out; it's as much there or there as here, and it sees everything in relation to a higher, central Consciousness (*Mother brings her two arms together, joining the tips of her hands above her head in a triangle pointing towards the Supreme*), which is like a kind of Beacon – an immutable, all-powerful beacon throwing the same light on all things, without the least personal reaction of any sort.

And the last vestiges – yesterday they seemed to be the last ones, because of this text they had asked me to read... Naturally, when I speak I say "I" because it's the body that speaks, but it has no sense of "I," it... It's very hard to explain. Anyway, because of this affair, I said, "Ah, but how, how can that be said when it's not me? – There's no me, it's not me!" And at the same time, there was this Consciousness above, saying, "No personal reactions – there's no more 'me,' and if this must be done, let it be done." And for hours and hours, there was such a peculiar state in which everything... It was like kinds of vestiges, or pieces of bark, I don't know; pieces of something a bit hard or shriveled, which had crumbled and were turning into dust, and nothing, nothing but this Great Vibration (*gesture like two great wings beating in the infinite*), so powerful, so calm – the whole day. A sort of perception that life in a seemingly personal form like this one is only for action – only for action, for the requirements of action; and there must be no reactions, only the instrument acting – acting on the supreme Impulse, without reactions. And the perception was so clear that all, but all memories have been abolished, and are being increasingly abolished, so there may only remain a sort of... mass of vibrations organized so as to make you do what needs to be done in the whole for everything to be

prepared and... (*gesture of ascent*) for everything to grow, to strive more and more towards... the transformation.

That makes speaking difficult, because of this old habit (maybe also a necessity to make oneself understood) of using the word "I" – "I," what's this I? It no longer corresponds to anything, except for a mere appearance. And this appearance is the only contradiction. That's the interesting point: this appearance is clearly a contradiction of the truth; it's something that still belongs to the old laws, at least, in fact, in its appearance. And because of that, you are forced to say things in a certain way, but it doesn't correspond – it doesn't correspond to your state of consciousness, not in the least... There is a fluidity, a breadth, a sort of totality, and above all, more and more strongly the sense that this (*pointing to the body*) must grow INCREASINGLY SUPPLE – supple, fluid, so to speak, so as to express without resistance or distortion the vision – the real vision, the real state of consciousness. To the consciousness, this possibility of fluidity, of plasticity, is growing more and more evident, with only, only just something outwardly which... is increasingly becoming an illusion. And yet, yet that's what others see, understand, know and call "me." And it truly strives and strives to adapt more and more, but... time still appears to have its importance.

(*long silence*)

It's a curious state of transition.



January 10, 1968

For an hour in the morning, I arrange flowers in my bathroom over there; all the flowers are kept there so I select them (I make a distribution every morning). And it's so beautiful! It's wonderful. All the flowers speak, like that, they have a life – they FEEL. And as I am very fond of them, they vibrate and vibrate. Then, as some have closed up in the night, I take them, look at them, tell them they are pretty – and they open up. Really a pleasant sight. Just look at this! (*Mother holds out a rose*)

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Now, there has come a message for February 29 [third anniversary of the supramental manifestation]. The message for the 21st is a jest, and this is the charitable explanation... which comes a week later!

Oh, it's very simple (*Mother reads*):

*Truth alone can give to the world
the power of receiving and manifesting*

*the Divine's Love.*¹

It's an explanation, the beginning of an explanation. Because there [in the message for February 21], I say, "Serve the Truth and you will hasten the coming of Divine Love."² – "Ah, what does that mean?" So here I say, "Truth alone can give the world the capacity to receive..." and so on.

Now I have to make a decent copy of it (*Mother stops and puts the palms of her hands on her eyes as though she was tired*).

Already at this hour, they've made me write some twenty birthday cards, so a sort of fatigue comes over the eyes, that's the trouble.... Then I close my eyes, and when I do so they all think I've fallen asleep! (*Laughing*) And as they're very nice, they politely wait until I "wake up"!

(Mother starts copying the message, then hesitates)

Isn't there an ambiguity? Should we put "Truth alone" or "Alone the Truth"?... When it comes, it's with such precision! But then, when it's put into words there's always something that sounds like a wavering. For a half-hour the other day, I sat there wondering, "Should I put it this way or that way?" For instance, the place of the word alone: *The Truth alone*, or *Truth alone*, or *Alone Truth*... to insist on the fact that Truth isn't alone, without anything else, without the collaboration of the rest, but that it's only the Principle of Truth that has the power to... I don't even know how to explain myself!

I don't mean that only Truth is at work, or that when it works it will work alone; I mean that its presence is indispensable (that's very roughly the nuance). To magnify the meaning, I might say either "Truth must work alone to do the thing," or "Truth alone is capable..." But then, it becomes heavy and impossible. And what we want is "Truth alone is capable," it's not that it works alone.

(Mother closes her eyes and goes into a contemplation)



January 12, 1968

I have a question, but...

A question?

¹Words or sentences spoken by Mother in English are italicized.

²Message for February 21: *"The best way to hasten the manifestation of the Divine's Love is to collaborate for the triumph of the Truth."*

There is a fact you are probably aware of...

Which one?

You had the visit of E., that Italian, and his wife?

So then?

He asked me questions on "left-hand Tantrism," you know, the "Vama Marga"....

What's that?

It's those so-called Tantrics who make a "yoga" out of sexuality. And he asked me all sorts of questions on the place of sexuality in yoga, adding that for a year, he and his wife have been trying to live on another level and in a different way. So I tried to tell him the true standpoint, and I gave him a letter I had written a year earlier on the subject – a letter I was really inspired to write³ on the problem of sexuality in yoga, at the end of which I gave two excerpts from Sri Aurobindo showing the "vital error" behind this so-called yoga. I sent him my letter, and three days later, I saw him come back with it. He was troubled. First he told me, "Are you aware that there is in the Ashram an 'occult center' working with Mother's blessings?"

What? What on earth is that!

Yes, it's like that. So I asked him, "But whatever is that occult center?" He said, "Yes, it's an inner center for the 'more advanced' disciples, those who are more 'in the know,' and there is in it a sort of high priestess" – that was Y. [a European disciple].

Oh, it's Y.

Then he said, "I am very worried and shocked. I am a foreigner who came here four days ago, and I have already been solicited from several sides. What does it mean? Does it really have Mother's blessings?" Then he gave me my letter back, saying, "But what they do there, the way they see things, doesn't at all agree with what you write in this letter." And he gave me an example. He said, "Look at this little R.⁴ They imagine they are creating a supramental being – that's obviously not the way to create a supramental being, but at least they could try to create a nice little being...." So their method is like this: they take the child, little R., and while he listens to music, they caress him, and caress his sex organ also.⁵ And he asked me, "What does this mean? Is the transformation really worked out at this level?... Here is a child that ought to be made into a nice little being, and they are corrupting him or drawing God knows what onto him – does Mother approve of this?..."

³The day Satprem wrote this letter, Mother saw him as if seated between the two violet wings of a V of victory (see *Agenda* 8 of February 4, 1967). See in *Addendum* the text of this letter.

⁴This child has already been mentioned in relation with Paul Richard's "reincarnation."

⁵Satprem omitted the explanation given by the "high priestess," which was that "the she-monkey caresses its young all over the body, including its sex organ, therefore..."

Have you seen the child?

No, I haven't.

The parents brought him to me a few days ago, because... he is more and more ill, so they are worried and brought him to me. I think the child is in a bad way. At any rate, he looks like someone living in a perverse dream. A dream of vital sexuality, as a matter of fact. He is wan, with lifeless eyes, no reactions. So the poor kid... You know that the first time I took him, I wanted to see the effect of silence on him: he started howling.⁶ This time, I had decided I would talk to him from the start, so I started talking and talking to him... He was dazed, like that; but I took him in my arms, he stayed put there, didn't want to move. What they're doing is... I don't know if they will kill him, but at any rate...⁷

I know, mon petit, I know! But what can I do?... You see, Sri Aurobindo and I belong to the "past"; the *Bulletin* is an organ of the "past" – as for them, they are "ahead." And they're a whole band.

Yes, you see, this man had been there for just four days when...

Yes, that's how it is.

He is leaving, besides.

He was shocked. "Really," he told me...

That I understand! I understand.

They say... No, they go one better, they say I am "Y.'s disciple." It's like that, you understand, I "am learning through Y.," I am learning life and yoga!

I know! I've known it for a long time. There are people here who have common sense, but had difficulty getting out of that. And they don't want to say anything because the "disciples" (who believe they have a fantastic power) fly into great rages and make such scenes! Of course you don't like to have scenes, so you don't say anything. You simply abstain from going there. But it's been going on for a long time, more than a year.

Without mentioning names, A., G., etc. [Western disciples]. Again, it's the non-Indian disciples who go there.⁸

Yes! That's what this Italian said to me, and he added, "That Canadian and his so-called 'girl,' what does it all mean?... When I was in the Pacific I was proposed the same sort of initiation: they leave you in a hut with a girl for three days. Is it the same thing in the Ashram?"

The "girl" is beginning to feel disgusted.

You see, without knowing much I felt there was something going on; but that it should have assumed such almost public proportions...

⁶See *Agenda* 8 of September 13, 1967.

⁷The child died "accidentally" four months later.

⁸There were also two Indian women from the Ashram.

Oh, it has assumed tremendous proportions, tremendous... The first who told me about it was S. M. – that was long ago, more than a year ago. Then there have been others. Naturally, F. was solicited and so was R. [Western disciples].

Yes, the Indians have discernment for such things.

Ah, their spirituality is true (*Mother touches her heart*), so they don't swallow the bait!

But you understand, when Y. supposedly had typhoid (which she never had – it was part of the high drama, it was the "illness of transformation"), she wanted to go to the Vellore hospital with M. So she wrote me a letter asking for everything to be arranged and for them to be in the same room. And in her letter she literally wrote, "For me M. is God..." So the poor chap, he finds it somewhat a heavy load!... (*Mother laughs*) And he fell ill!... Oh, it's better to laugh. Ultimately, these things sink into ridicule. As for me, I simply do this (*gesture of bringing the Light*). We'll see. I tell you, the first result is that this poor M. is ill: he had a pain in his back; his fever is over... but he's left without a spine! And the funniest part is that when things go wrong, it's to me that they write (*laughing*), me who belong to an "outdated past"! So he asked for my advice: should he do this, should he do that?... I must confess I treated myself to the satisfaction of answering him (through Y.) that his illness was mostly psychological and I didn't see how the doctor could help him! Since then, silence.

But still, it's sad for the kid.

For the little one... no. I don't know if I told you about the little one: I hadn't seen anything, hadn't foreseen anything, above all hadn't formed anything, I was simply looking at these two [the child's father and mother]; she hadn't yet got her divorce, anyway they were living on the fringe of society; so I thought the best was to have the child born in Auroville, where there is full freedom. That was all. It began there and ended there. I never thought it would be an "extraordinary being," nothing of the sort – just a child. But then, the evening before the child was born (he was born around one in the morning, I think), the evening before, I got a telegram from America announcing Paul Richard's death. Now, I don't know what became of him, but I had taught him occultism: he knew occultism, he knew how to enter another body. And I also knew (through other people) that for a long time he had had a sort of ambition to come back here. So the two things together made me... "Well," I said, "this is surprising!" You understand, just enough time to go out of his body normally and enter another normally. I didn't say anything, but it was Amrita who brought me the telegram; we looked at each other, and I said, "Well, well!" That's all. The next day, the whole Ashram knew that Paul Richard had reincarnated in R.! Someone even wrote to me, "I hear you have reincarnated Richard..." "Oh," I said, "enough, enough!" (*Mother laughs*) There.

So the result is... Paul Richard had a quite unhealthy sexual side, not at all healthy, far from it. He had much mental knowledge (a great deal, a very strong intelligence), but no spiritual life. So he wasn't an exceptional being – what's happening to him is what must happen.

I have been trying to do something about the little one, but... Something in his vital make-up is going to be warped, that's for sure. We'll see.

We'll see.

But they've already put (luckily there's less credulity on this side), they've already put a formation on the other child, A.F. [another baby the same age]: they say he is Ramses of Egypt.... As for me, I know nothing about it (!), I haven't seen anything. He is very nice, at any rate – for the moment he is very nice.

I hope they're not going to that group?

I don't think so, but... I don't think they've swallowed the bait.

Because this one, I mean the father, is nice.

Very nice. Only, the trouble for the child is that the mother's blood and the father's don't agree. There's a difficulty there, but anyway I think he'll pull through.

(silence)

Under the pretext of freedom...

So they propagandize actively?

Yes, you see, it was this Italian who told me, "In just four days that I've been here, I have already been solicited, and from several sides." And it's after he read my letter that he told me, "Well, what's going on there is very different from this, it can't have Mother's blessings." And he questioned me.

No, I tell you, they've gone one better: I am a "disciple"!

Never mind. Never mind, everything is seen like this (*gesture from above*). In reality, it's the Lord having fun! (*Mother laughs*)

What quite disarmed me was that I had become a disciple – that was delightful! After that, all you can do is laugh.

But I said to this Italian, "Listen, don't worry about it, falsehood swallows itself."

Yes, absolutely! That's it, exactly. One sees, in fact, how one just has to go a little like this (*gesture of pressure with the thumb*)... For this poor M., the result was instantaneous! All there was to do was this (*same gesture*).

I am going to see this Italian. He is going away, and he wrote me a very sweet note asking if he could see me before he left. But he mustn't speak, because I can't hear!

I can't hear.... That's an odd phenomenon: people speak to me in a DIFFERENT state of consciousness – not on the same level of consciousness – and I feel exactly as if it were like this (*gesture from below*), like vibrations that don't make contact with my consciousness. I see the vibrations like this (*same gesture*), but... At times I hear sounds, but they make no sense whatsoever. So it's no use his speaking.

(silence)

Do you know how they behave at their "séances"??...

No.

(Laughing) I hope they behave decently! If it's words, it's all right; otherwise I may be forced to intervene.

No, I don't want to say anything, because it means going down to the same level.

But it began long ago. Long ago. When Y. writes me a letter, she writes "Sweet Mother" on the envelope, and at the back, at the very top of the envelope, there is "Y." So when I reply, I send back the same cover.... Once, I played a good joke (*laughing*): after "Sweet Mother" I drew an arrow that rose to the top and turned the edge of the cover all the way to "Y." (*Mother laughs*).

It's quite comical!

And she is (is or will be, I don't know, that depends on the people she speaks to) the incarnation of... You know that in the book *The Mother*, Sri Aurobindo said there was the Mother's "aspect of Love," which hadn't yet incarnated because the world wasn't ready. And that's Y.⁹

When you look at her you don't get that feeling.

Oh, (*poking fun at Satprem*) but that's superficial, it's a superficial vision!

(*silence*)

People say I've given her "full freedom" to organize Auroville. So she calls it "the university town." She was told that the phrase was used in a precise sense; she said to me, "Oh, I've explained it." And on the invitation cards for the 28th [February, for Auroville's inauguration], she wanted "the university town" to be put; but they didn't ask for her advice and issued the invitations with "*The city of universal culture.*"

That's it, it's always a sign in people who have a purely mental constructive power: they want to bend words to express what they want. I told her, "It doesn't matter, whatever you may say, everyone will take the phrase to have its usual meaning."

(*In an aggressive tone*) "But THIS IS what it means...."

She wanted to have a small orangutan, because it seems the orangutan species is disappearing from the earth, and she wanted one to perpetuate the species – I don't know why.... So when M. went to Tahiti, she asked him to bring an orangutan back. Poor M!... Not a very enjoyable task. And before leaving, he told me, "It seems I am supposed to bring an orangutan back?" I answered him, "I won't be sorry if you don't find it!"

And he didn't find it!

* * *

ADDENDUM

(A letter from Satprem to a friend on the "Yoga of sexuality.")

January 28, 1967

I will try to answer your questions as simply as possible, that is, without wrapping the problem in the sibylline mists of mysterious traditions, but directly from my experience. And after all, that is the best way to rediscover the truth of traditions, which were born from an experience, too. There is a plane

⁹See *Agenda* 8, October 11, 1967.

of simple truth where all those experiences meet.

We may begin by looking at the problem in the wide sense, that of evolution. Species have evolved from the mineral to the plant, to the animal, and on to man. Everything points to the fact that the progress of evolution is not a progress in forms but a progress of consciousness. Forms are only an increasingly fit support for the progress of consciousness. We have reached the human stage, but there is no reason to assume that it is final or supreme (otherwise there would be no evolution), no more than an objective observer one hundred million years ago would have been right to assume that the chameleon or the baboon was the highest term of evolution. We have simply reached the decisive evolutionary stage when we can consciously intervene to accelerate the natural process, which might otherwise require a few more millions of years, with much wastage. Yoga and all spiritual disciplines are ultimately nothing but processes of conscious acceleration of evolution in the true sense.

There may be here some debate on this "true sense": some, along with the religions we know, will tell you that the true sense isn't here, but in goodness knows what heaven beyond. It's a point of view, but if this material evolution does not hold its own sense within itself, it means we are in the presence of a sinister farce invented by goodness knows what divine masochist. If God exists, he must be a little less foolish than that, and we are entitled to think that this material evolution has a divine sense and that it is the field of a divine manifestation in Matter. Our spiritual discipline must therefore aim at gaining this divine man or perhaps that other, still unknown being who will emerge from us just as we emerged from hominid infancy. What is the place of the sexual function in this evolution? Until now, the progress of consciousness has made use of the progress of species, which means that sexual reproduction has been the key to the proliferation of species so as to reach the form most fit for the manifestation of consciousness. Since the appearance of man two or three million years ago, Nature hasn't produced new species, as if she had found in man the fittest mode of expression. But evolution cannot remain stagnant, or else it no longer is evolution. So it means that the key of evolution no longer lies in the proliferation of species by means of sexual reproduction, but directly in the very power of consciousness. Before man, consciousness was still too buried in its material support; with man, it has disengaged itself sufficiently to assume its true mastery over material Nature and work out its own mutations by itself. From the standpoint of evolutionary biology, this is the end of sexuality. We have reached the stage at which we can switch from natural evolution through sexual power to spiritual evolution through the power of consciousness. Nature generally does not let organs linger that no longer serve her evolutionary design, so we can foresee that the sexual function will atrophy in those who will be able to channel their energy no longer for reproduction but to develop their consciousness. Quite obviously, not all of us have reached that stage, and for a long time Nature will still need sexual power to pursue her evolution in the midst of the human species, that is to say, to lead the rather brute man we still are to a more conscious man, more capable of grasping the true sense of his evolution, and finally wholly capable of switching from natural to spiritual evolution. The inequality of development in individuals is the obvious reason why we cannot make general rules or hand out infallible prescriptions. To each stage its law. But after however long a time, it is equally obvious that, from the point of view of evolutionary biology, the sexual function comes to its end when it has fulfilled its purpose, that is, when it has succeeded in giving birth to a sufficiently conscious man. So we cannot reasonably base a spiritual discipline of accelerated evolution on a principle that runs counter to evolution. Moreover, anyone who has even barely crossed the difficult line, the point X of the transition from natural to spiritual evolution, cannot but realize that *all* the pseudo-mystic attempts to prettify the sexual relations between man and woman are shams. I have nothing against sexual relations (God knows!), but trying to coat them with a yogic or mystic phraseology is a deceitful illusion, a self-deception. Therefore, in that sense, there is no "key" to be "recovered" – it does not exist.

There is a key in the relationship between man and woman, but not in their sexual relations. The so-called "left-hand Tantrics" (of the Vama Marga) are to true Tantrism what Boccaccio's tales are to

Christianity, or what the sodden Roman Bacchus is to Dionysos of the Greek mysteries. I know Tantrism, to say the least. As for the Cathars, whom I hold in the highest esteem, it would be doing them little honor to believe that they followed a sort of "yoga of sexuality." Through my own experience I have often had the feeling of reliving the Cathars' experience, and I see plainly that if some of them attempted to mix sexual relations into the true relationship between man and woman, they soon realized their error. It is a dead-end road, or rather its only end is to show you that it leads you nowhere forward. The Cathars were too sincere and conscious men to persist in a burdening experience. For ultimately, and that is the crux of the matter, the sexual experience in its very nature (whether or not there is "backward flow" or whatever its mode) automatically fastens you again to the old animal vibrations – there is nothing you can do about it: however much love you may put into it, the very function is tied to millennia of animality. It is as if you wanted to plunge into a swamp without stirring up any mud – it cannot be done, the "milieu" is like that. And when one knows how much transparency, clarification and inner stillness it takes to slowly rise to a higher consciousness, or to allow a higher light to enter our waters without being instantly darkened, one fails to see how sexual activity can help you attain that still limpidity in which things can start happening??? The union, the oneness of two beings, the true and complete meeting of two beings does not take place at that level or through those means. That is all I can say. But I have seen that in the silent tranquillity of two beings who have the same aspiration, who have overcome the difficult transition, something quite unique slowly takes place, of which one can have no inkling as long as one is still stuck in the "struggles of the flesh," to use a preacher's language! I think the Cathars' experience begins *after* that transition. *After* it, the man-woman couple assumes its true meaning, its "effectiveness," if I may say so. Sex is only a first mode of meeting, the first device invented by Nature to break the shell of individual egos – afterwards, one grows and discovers something else, not through inhibition or repression, but because something different and infinitely richer takes over. Those who are so eager to preserve sex and to mystify it in order to move on to the second stage of evolution are very much like children clinging to their scooters – it isn't more serious than that. There is nothing in it to do a yoga with, nothing also to be indignant about or raise one's eyebrows at. So I have nothing to criticize, I am merely observing and putting things in their place. All depends on the stage one has reached. As for those who want to use sex for such and such a sublime or not-so-sublime reason, well, let them have their experience. As Mother told me on the very same subject no later than yesterday, "To tell the truth, the Lord makes use of everything. One is always on the way towards something." One is always on the way, through any means, but what is necessary is, as much as possible, to keep one's lucidity and not to deceive oneself.

I will try to find one or two passages from Sri Aurobindo to give you his point of view.

Signed: Satprem

* * *

(From Sri Aurobindo)

"...No error can be more perilous than to accept the immixture of the sexual desire and some kind of subtle satisfaction of it and look on this as a part of the sadhana. It would be the most effective way to head straight towards spiritual downfall and throw into the atmosphere forces that would block the supramental descent, bringing instead the descent of adverse vital powers to disseminate disturbance and disaster. This deviation must be absolutely thrown away, should it try to occur and expunged from the consciousness, if the

Truth is to be brought down and the work is to be done.

It is an error too to imagine that, although the physical sexual action is to be abandoned, yet some inward reproduction of it is part of the transformation of the sex-centre. The action of the animal sex-energy in Nature is a device for a particular purpose in the economy of the material creation in the Ignorance. But the vital excitement that accompanies it makes the most favourable opportunity and vibration in the atmosphere for the inrush of those very vital forces and beings whose whole business is to prevent the descent of the supramental Light. The pleasure attached to it is a degradation and not a true form of the divine Ananda. The true divine Ananda in the physical has a different quality and movement and substance; self-existent in its essence, its manifestation is dependent only on an inner union with the Divine. You have spoken of Divine Love; but Divine Love, when it touches the physical, does not awaken the gross lower vital propensities; indulgence of them would only repel it and make it withdraw again to the heights from which it is already difficult enough to draw it down into the coarseness of the material creation which it alone can transform. Seek the Divine Love through the only gate through which it will consent to enter, the gate of the psychic being, and cast away the lower vital error."¹⁰

Sri Aurobindo



January 17, 1968

*(Regarding an old conversation of Mother's on "Savitri,"
noted down from memory by a young disciple.)*

They're so happy, so enthusiastic! Everyone comes and says, "Oh, how fine it is!" I thought, "How much must one err for people to find it fine! When one no longer errs, they no longer like it." There you are.

And they want to publish it.

* * *

*Soon afterwards, regarding
a passage from the same
text on "Savitri":*

Sri Aurobindo used to write at night, and in the night I would have the experience; in the morning he would read it to me and I would recognize my experience – I hadn't said anything to him, he hadn't

¹⁰Letters on Yoga, 24.1507-1508.

said anything to me. Interesting...

But one always seems to be boasting, that's the trouble. No, in reality, one can SAY a thing like this, but writing and publishing it is quite another matter.



January 20, 1968

(Mother gives Satprem a soup packet she hasn't even tasted.)

You don't have the time to try it?

It's no use.

There is something trying hard to stop me from eating. I don't know.... I still eat out of... (what should I say?) common sense, the old common sense. Of course, the body is still working in the old way, so the old means have to be used, but... That's all.



January 24, 1968

(Satprem prepares to leave Mother at the usual time, around 11:30.)

It's going to be a hard month...

Oh!...

The days you come are the only ones in the week when I can eat at noon. The other days, I am so late that if I take my lunch, I can't have a bath, so I skip lunch.¹¹ So lunch is... But in reality, I am very happy.

No, a whole internal reorganization is going on.... We'll see. We're still in a period of transition.

A sort of mechanical fixity is probably going to disappear, that's my belief; it's the first thing that

¹¹Mother usually has a bath around 2:30 P.M.

will change, a sort of mechanical fixity that was necessary to... You understand, physical life was extremely mechanical so as to be able to function normally; well, that's what is now disappearing. But the transition is difficult.

There.



January 27, 1968

Yesterday I got a letter from the director of the [All India] Radio, in which he said he wanted to make a "spectacular" broadcast on February 21; and at the end, to "crown" the thing, he asked me to give "reminiscences of my life in India"! (*Mother laughs*) So I've prepared my answer....

"The reminiscences will be short. I came to India to meet Sri Aurobindo, I remained in India to live with Sri Aurobindo, when he left his body I continued to live here in order to do his work which is by serving the Truth and enlightening humanity to hasten the rule of the Divine's Love upon earth."

There, and that's that. Period.

It came in English and afterwards I put it into French.

It was Pavitra who read me the gentleman's letter yesterday evening, and while he was reading it, Sri Aurobindo came, and he started laughing! He laughed when the man asked for my reminiscences, and instantly – instantly – I got the answer, instantly. It came like that: "It's quite simple, there isn't much to tell...." But those people don't understand! And Sri Aurobindo told me, "*It's high time they learned it.*" So it was over in five minutes.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the English translation of the "A Propos" of November 24, 1967, for the next issue of the "Bulletin.")

At the time of the experience, it's very interesting, because it's an experience and it teaches you something new, you live something new, but... So you tell your experience, but when afterwards you listen to it again, oh, it sounds like so much fuss about so little.

These experiences, I tell only one of them once in a while – they are innumerable, constant. Each one is very interesting in itself, it teaches you something, a new vision of the world, a new action, but to tell it all... it would be endless, and each experience in itself has only a very relative interest.

This morning again, for an hour I lived in a certain state of consciousness, a certain vision of the world, it was extremely interesting because it was wholly new, but to tell it all in detail.... Anyway I'll

let the two of you [Satprem and Nolini] judge, it's for you to decide, it's the same to me!



January 31, 1968

It's strange, I have suddenly been forbidden to speak, as it were, and... I don't know how to explain it, I feel as if I were talking from a distance. I don't know how to explain. And that's what has given me this husky voice (*Mother's voice is a little hoarse*). I think it's undergoing a sort of transformation. Previously, there used to be great control over the voice, the sound of the voice – it's all gone! It's as if I made something speak that's very far from me.

It will pass.

(silence)

And for everything, everything... there is a change in the MODE of being. For the nights too: the nights are very different – all that was organized, very regular, very organized, very conscious, and now it's all changed. And the consciousness... is, yes, constantly external to the instrument, like something like this (*gesture above*), very vast – very vast and supple – but constantly like this, night and day. Yet it's the consciousness of this (*Mother touches her body*), of the instrument. It's what was the body consciousness; now it's the same consciousness but it has become something very vast, very strong, and like this (*same gesture above*), as if at a distance from the body; it acts on the body like that, all the time, to make it move. And the body doesn't seem to be so confined to the form: it feels things some distance away, it touches things some distance away.

Strange. (*Laughing*) Something is going on, I don't know what!

* * *

(*After Satprem has gone back home, Mother sends him this note:*)

This is what I tried to say this morning:

Instead of the consciousness being inside the body, it is the body which is inside the consciousness, yet it is still the body consciousness.



February

February 3, 1968

(Mother first reads out for All India Radio the text of her reminiscences" of her life in India: see conversation of January 27.)

Then I've written something else.... They wanted to prepare a sort of brochure on Auroville to distribute to the press, the government, etc., on the 28th,¹² and before that, there is in Delhi in two or three days a conference of all nations ("all nations" is an exaggeration, but anyway they say "all nations"). Z is going there, and she wants to take with her all the papers on Auroville. They have prepared texts – always lengthy, interminable: speeches and more speeches. So then I asked, I concentrated to know what had to be said. And all of a sudden, Sri Aurobindo gave me a revelation. That was something interesting. I concentrated to know the why, the how and so on, and all of a sudden Sri Aurobindo said... *(Mother reads out a note:)*

"India has become...

It was the vision of the thing, and it instantly translated into French words.

*"India has become the symbolic representation of all the difficulties of modern mankind.
"India will be the land of its resurrection – the resurrection to a higher and truer life."*

And the clear vision: the same thing which in the history of the universe made the earth the symbolic representation of the universe so as to concentrate the work on one point, the same phenomenon is now taking place: India is the representation of all human difficulties on earth, and it is in India that the... cure will be found. And then, that is why – THAT IS WHY I was made to start Auroville.

It came and it was so clear, so tremendously powerful!

So I wrote it down. I didn't tell them how or why, I told them, "Put this at the beginning of your paper, whatever it is; you can say whatever you like, but put this first."

(silence)

It was very interesting. It remained the whole time, for more than an hour, such a strong and clear vision, as if suddenly everything became clear. I often used to wonder about it (not "wonder," but there was a tension to understand why things, here in India, have become such a chaos, with such sordid difficulties, and all of it piling up), and instantly, everything became clear, like that. It was really interesting. And immediately there was: "Here is why you have made Auroville." I didn't know it, you understand, I did the thing under pressure, and it took larger and larger proportions (it's becoming really worldwide), and I would wonder why.... For a time I thought it was the only present possibility

¹²February 28, Auroville's inauguration.

to prevent a war,¹³ but it seemed to me a somewhat superficial explanation. Then it came all of a sudden: "Ah! That's why."

And as that whole power was in it, I said, "Put it." We'll see – they won't understand anything, but that doesn't matter, it will act.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Then, I sent you a little note the other day....¹⁴ And this morning (all the early hours of the morning, till I came into contact with people), there was something. I noted it down so as to tell you, because I knew it was going... not to evaporate, but to fade out (*Mother reads*):

"The body is bathed in the Divine Consciousness...

It's like floating in water. That's the impression: the Divine Consciousness is everywhere, very strong – very strong – powerful, and the body is as if bathed in it; and the impression is of something which is still... a bit tough – that's it, a bit tough, somewhat like bark, a bit tough but beginning to be supple, beginning to have that suppleness, that plasticity. And the two things are like that, closely mingled. And this body, its state of consciousness, its state of being, its way of being, is like that (*Mother resumes reading her note*):

"It does its best to be translucent and transparent and not to obstruct or distort this Consciousness in its action."

That's really the point: not exactly "transparent," because transparent... a glass, for instance, is transparent, but it remains hard. It's an effort to melt – to melt, to identify like that, to melt. To such a point that when I am very quiet, not moving – when nothing moves inside, nothing moves outside, when I sit quietly and everything inside keeps still, there seems to be a dilation – a dilation – and like something that would want to melt. A very, very strong impression. And throughout the cells it brings about an extraordinary power of vibration! Something wholly out of proportion to the human body, you know – tremendous! And it goes through [the body] like that.

I've had a few times that experience with people: you know that when they come, I always want to give them a "bath of the Lord," as I call it, but some respond and "pull"; and at such times (it has happened once or twice), all the cells seem to swell, like something growing very, very big, huge like this, and there is such a... an almost awesome vibration, you know. And when it comes, when I look, some people melt (not many, very few), but others are terrified! They get up and run away. And there are those who are struck with *awe*, as they say in English – they get dazed. I've noticed that several times. I simply used to think, "The Lord is doing his action" – but it's not that! It's... it's that there really is something changing in the body.

¹³See *Agenda* 8, September 21, 1966.

¹⁴"Instead of the consciousness being inside the body, it is the body which is inside the consciousness, yet it is still the body consciousness."

But now it has become clear, conscious, and the body... I just have to stop my activities even two or three seconds, one or two minutes at the most, for the body to feel as if it's floating, floating like that, floating.... You see an immensity, like an ocean of this vibrating, luminous, golden, powerful Consciousness, and the body floats in it.... I tell you, it's still somewhat like a piece of bark, but some parts are crumbling away. It's like a piece of bark that clumsily covers certain spots: they are the things that... still feel the identification; it's not perfect identification because it's still felt – but felt in such a bliss!...

From a practical point of view, if something goes wrong anywhere for any reason (most often under the influence of something coming from outside unexpectedly: a pain here, something wrong there, and so on), with that, almost instantly – almost instantly – the trouble disappears, and if I patiently remain in that state, the MEMORY of the trouble disappears. And that's how disorders which had become habits gradually disappear.

Mother, I have often wondered about something. It's not a question, it's a state when I meditate: very often I don't at all feel like repeating a mantra, I don't at all feel like having anything at all, I feel inclined to let myself flow blissfully into a sort of dissolution, really like a dissolution, a complete transparency, in which nothing moves anymore. And when I reach that point, something in me always takes over and says no.... Because I also feel the need to keep up aspiration, the life of aspiration; because even the life of aspiration disappears in that state.

Yes, I know that.

So which is the right thing?

Sri Aurobindo said it several times: as soon as the being is annulled, the essence, the essential purpose of individualization immediately reappears WITHOUT the ego's limits. But what you are speaking of, that sort of anguish that makes one stop,¹⁵ is a necessary movement till the whole being is ready, because if that annulment of the personality, of the individual, took place before all the elements of the body, or even of the vital or the mind, were ready... you understand, it would be dissolved, and then there's no knowing what would happen. So this need to get a grip on oneself occurs until one is entirely ready – when one is ready, one can let oneself go. And as soon as the fusion is done... (what can I call it?) not the "law" but what we might call the *raison d'être* [of individualization] comes back, and without the ego's limitations.

I had that experience in the vital and in the mind; now I see that it's the same in the body, that there is still a recall because this or that part, this or that element isn't yet ready and one has to wait until it's ready. But in fact, in this morning's experience, all that remained was like pieces of bark floating about.

Which means that the work is being done very fast.

But when the body is ready, it will be able to let itself go like that WITHOUT BEING DISSOLVED. And that's the work of preparation. The movement, yes, is to let oneself melt entirely. But the result is the ego's abolition, that is to say, an UNKNOWN state, you understand, which we may call "physically unrealized," because all those who sought Nirvana did so by giving up their body, whereas our work is to make the body, the material substance, capable of melting; but then, the principle of individualization remains, and all the ego's drawbacks disappear. That's the present attempt. How to keep the form without the ego's presence? – that's the problem. Well, that's how it

¹⁵Satprem notes that it is not anguish, but rather a sensation that the life of aspiration is more important than the dissolution.

takes place, little by little, little by little. That's why it takes time: each element is taken up again, transformed.... That's the marvel, that is it (for the ordinary consciousness, it's a miracle): it's keeping the form while entirely losing the ego. For the vital and the mind, it's easier to understand (for most people it's very difficult, but still for those who are ready, it's easy to understand, and then the action can be much more rapid), but HERE, this (*Mother points to her body*), for it not to be dissolved by this movement of fusion...? Well, that's precisely the experience, that's it. And there is a slight movement of patience, a movement of... it's really the deep essence of compassion: the minimum wastage for the maximum effect. That is, one goes as fast as one can, but delays arise from the need to prepare the various elements.

That's precisely the so interesting curve at present unfolding. At times, you feel as if everything, everything is dissolving, getting disorganized; and I have observed closely: at first the physical consciousness wasn't sufficiently enlightened, and when those inner preparations took place, it would feel, "Ah, this must be what heralds death"; then, little by little, came the knowledge that it wasn't that at all, it was only the inner preparation to be capable, capable of identification. And then, on the contrary, the very clear vision of this plasticity so particular, this suppleness so extraordinary that if it were realized... once it's realized, it obviously means the abolition of the necessity of death.

This morning's experience was... Everything was an immense ocean of luminous consciousness, and so powerful! Tremendously powerful. And something so sweet at the same time, so compassionate, but causeless – there was no cause: just like that. Like Divine Love which is without object, it's like that. So this body starts floating in that, lighter and lighter, more and more transparent, and still remains... the impression is of bark, but not even all over. It's a strange impression of something that still has contradictions. But not deliberate contradictions, it's not that: incapacities – spots of powerlessness, a lack of receptivity. But little by little, gradually, slowly, that gets cured.

Each experience – and now it's going fast – each experience points to a great step forward.

(silence)

Every time the rule or domination of Nature's ordinary laws is, on one point or another, replaced (or must be or is going to be replaced on any point) by the authority of the Divine Consciousness, that creates a state of transition with all the appearances of a tremendous disorder and a very great danger. And as long as the body doesn't know, as long as it's in its state of ignorance, it gets panic-stricken (which is what happens in almost everyone), panic-stricken, it thinks it's a serious illness, and sometimes, with the help of imagination, it may even result in an illness. But originally it's not that: it's a withdrawal, the withdrawal of Nature's ordinary law with its adjunct of personal vital and mental law (but Nature's law in the body is generally much stronger than the mind's and the vital's law); well, it's the withdrawal of that law and its replacement by the other. So there is a moment when it's neither this nor that, and that moment is critical. But if the body begins to know, it remains still and has faith – trust and faith; it remains still, then all goes well. The difficulty soon passes and all goes well. So long as the body doesn't know... its reactions are disastrous. But for it to know automatically and spontaneously, it means that a large part of its elements must already be conscious and transformed. Now, it's all right. Not so long ago it was still necessary to stop, to fall silent, concentrate, to call the Presence, call on its faith, then everything was back in order. Now the movement is spontaneous.

And the surface, the very part that gives the sense of bark, is what will change last – what's going to happen? I don't know... I don't know. But it will change last.

There are amusing little details. When I am in the presence of someone who, for some reason or other, gets a shock or feels uneasy because now I am stooped (someone who knew me before), it creates an atmosphere that gives the body a sort of regret for this appearance – not a "regret," but rather

a disapproval of this appearance of decay (I am giving one example among many others). Then, almost immediately, there is the very clear vision of what can cure this, of the STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS that can cure this. But to be constant, this state has to be spontaneous... There will be a moment of transition for this as for all the rest, and it will probably be dangerous. The state of truth-consciousness must be sufficiently ESTABLISHED to be spontaneous: there should be no need of a concentration and a will, you understand, the state should be spontaneous. Then it will be possible for the transition to occur.

In my life, I have been given so many, so many experiences, as proof that EVERYTHING is possible. For instance, when I was twenty-two, one night, after an experience I had in the night (I forget the details of it)... at the time women wore dresses that exactly touched the ground, just touched it without resting on it (*gesture of skimming the ground*), and in my experience at night, I had grown tall – in the morning, there was one inch between the dress and the ground! Which means that the body had grown one inch WITH THE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE. You see, in the night's experience I had grown tall (I don't remember the details), and in the morning... And I've been given that material verification for many such experiences, so as to be sure, so the body may be convinced without having to repeat the experiences over and over again. So it KNOWS, it knows there is nothing impossible, it knows "impossible" doesn't mean anything... But it doesn't depend on an individual will, you understand. The Consciousness which rules things is a marvel of wisdom, patience, compassion, endurance. When there is destruction or disorder, it means it's absolutely unavoidable, absolutely – because matter's resistance in the individual or in things is so strong that it quite naturally brings about disorder or destruction. But that doesn't form part of the Action, the supreme Action, which is a marvel. The body has understood that; it has understood, it is patient. Only, from time to time... (how can I put it?)... There are people whom I prevent from dying – several people. I don't yet have the consciousness, the conscious power to cure them, but the possibility is there and I maintain it above them. That is to say, it's not all-powerful in the sense that a certain receptivity, a certain response, a certain attitude are necessary which aren't always there (human natures are very fluctuating, there are ups and downs and more ups and downs, and that makes the work very difficult), but at times, during a down spell, when a being suffers or sags, there is something in the consciousness [of Mother], a compassion... (how can I explain that?)... Affliction and all those movements are movements of weakness, but "that" is something at once very strong and very sweet, almost like sorrow, and the whole, entire consciousness in the body rises like a prayer and an aspiration – a pure prayer: "Why are things still in this pitiful state, why? Why?" And it instantly has an effect [in the sick person]. Unfortunately, the effect doesn't last; it doesn't last because certain conditions in others are still necessary. But... it's wonderful, you know! It's something so wonderful. And it makes one understand the necessity of a presence on this side, a presence capable of feeling, understanding still IN THE OTHER WAY, so the suffering of others may... be a reality. And that also is taken into account, that also means time is needed, patience is needed. Now the body knows it – there's no longer any impatience; there is only, now and then, that sort of sorrow, especially when beings are full of aspiration, goodwill, faith, and in spite of it this suffering is still there, clinging. That on one side, and on the other, one thing: there is still a sort of horror and reprobation of acts of cruelty, of THE cruelty; that's... And then, there is this awesome Power – you feel, you can feel that a mere nothing, a simple little movement would, oh, bring about a catastrophe. So you have to keep that still, still, still... so what happens may always be the best.

Now stupidity, imbecility, ignorance, all those things are looked at with a patience... which waits for them to grow. But bad will and cruelty – especially viciousness, cruelty, what LOVES to cause suffering – that's still difficult, one still has to keep a hold on oneself. In figurative language (not "language," but a way of being), it's Kali that wants to strike, and I have to tell her, "Keep still, keep still." But that's a human transcription. All those gods, all those beings are real, they exist, but... it's a transcription. True truth is beyond all that.

So there.

Today is Mahasaraswati's day....¹⁶ (*Laughing*) She's chattered a lot!



February 7, 1968

Something very amusing has happened to me with flowers. I had arranged roses; I had selected roses to give people, and when they came, I took a rose I had kept aside. But it had opened too much, it didn't look so nice anymore, so I looked, I thought, "Is it nice enough to be given?" I was holding it loosely, like that.... Mon petit, under my very eyes it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I've had other examples of consciousness in flowers, but this one was remarkable. When I take them and tell them that they're pretty and sweet, they open out – that often happens; but this one turned around (of course I wasn't holding it tight), it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I had another example, a very amusing one. You know that I keep hibiscus flowers there, under the lamp; I had kept two flowers, "Supramental Consciousness," and another, pale pink, "Supramental Beauty," there, under the lamp. Then someone sent me a "Power," a hibiscus this big, all white, with a dark red center – a marvel! Big as this. I put it there; the other flower... (it was lasting very well, it had lasted the whole morning), it instantly dropped down, furious – it didn't "drop," it threw itself to the ground, like that!

I've noticed that: jealousy among flowers. Some roses, if you put other flowers with them, wither instantly.

But it's the first time I've seen anger.

And the best part of the story is that I kept the rose and gave it away! (*Laughing*) It got what it wanted!

There is someone to whom I send flowers and who sends me flowers every day, someone who does the yoga in earnest. He wrote to me (he sends me some of these golden hibiscuses, "Supramental Beauty"), he wrote to me that he told one of these flowers, "You are going to see Mother," and the flower smiled. It opened out, it was happy, and it smiled. "It smiled at me," he said.

I don't know if it's our perception that progresses, or if really, as Sri Aurobindo said, "When the supramental Force comes on the earth, there will be a response EVERYWHERE." It seems to me to be that, because these flowers are so, so vibrant, full of life. In the morning I always arrange them (it's a work that takes me at least three quarters of an hour, there are more than a hundred flowers in different vases that I have to arrange, and to each person I give a special sort of flower – I arrange all that), and in the vases, some flowers say, "Me!" And indeed they are just what I need. They call out to me to say, "Me!"...But that's not new, because when I was in Japan, I had a large garden and I had cultivated part of it to grow vegetables; in the morning I would go down to the garden to get the vegetables to be eaten that day, and some of them here, there, there (*scattered gesture*) would say, "Me! Me! Me!" Like that. So I would go and pick them. They literally called me, they called me.

¹⁶Mahasaraswati, the universal Mother in her aspect of knowledge and perfection in work.

That's a long time ago, nineteen hundred and... when was it? It was in 1916-17, so that's... forty years ago.

Fifty.

(Mother laughs) Fifty years ago!

But now, in the morning, I just have not to think, to remain quiet, and I go straight to the flowers, they say, "Me! Me!..." In spite of myself I am surprised, I say, "Wonderful, this is just what I wanted!"

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Ah, now let's get down to work. Do you know what we have to do?... We have to prepare Auroville's "Charter"! They will put it into the earth; when they throw in the earth from every country, they will put a metal box with the Charter in it, written on a piece of parchment. So we have to write it down.... I have a few little ideas.

But first there is the charter prepared by G. and the one prepared by Y. Read them out to me, we'll see *(Mother holds out G.'s charter)*.

Auroville's Charter (G.)

1. Auroville is the first crucible of planetary man.

Ah, "planetary," he put that in as Y.'s disciple! Y. loves "planetary."

2. Auroville offers itself to discover the deep sources of man's unity with the universe, of knowledge in joy and love.

I don't understand – doesn't matter!

3. Everything in Auroville belongs to the whole earth and Auroville's members are all the beings of the earth.

4. This day, Auroville is solemnly dedicated to serve forever the union of heaven with earth and life.

Heaven? What heaven?

Here is the other one *(Mother holds out Y.'s charter)*. It's more literary (!)

Auroville's Dedication (Y.)

1. *We solemnly found this city as the first center of a planetary society...*

Ah!

...tomorrow's society.

2. *We solemnly dedicate this city as the constantly renewed synthesis of the latest conquests of science and the most ancient wisdom.*

3. *We solemnly set as the chief function of this city the preparation of every child to his highest spiritual and planetary...*

There you are!

...destiny, that this city may become the cradle of a new humanity.

Is that all? It's better, but that's not it.

As for me, I didn't put any solemnities.... I didn't write it [at one go], because it's never mental, so it's not organized (*Mother looks for scattered scraps of paper*). From a mental point of view, it's worthless, it's not organized, but a few things did come. It's in fragments, it doesn't hang together (*Mother goes on sorting out her scraps of paper*). I don't even remember what I said.... It's not organized, I don't know in which order I am going to put it... Ah! (*Mother pulls out a piece of paper*)... First there is a material point which G. clumsily tried to express: it's that everyone is a citizen of Auroville. Here is the true thing (we won't put any solemnities, it's not necessary)...

(Mother unrolls a big parchment on her windowsill, facing the Samadhi. Perched on a low stool and armed with a huge black felt-pen that draws cuneiform-like letters, she starts copying Auroville's Charter while commenting on it.)

1. *Auroville belongs to nobody in particular. Auroville belongs to humanity as a whole....*

So this is the material fact. Auroville belongs... I didn't put "to no nation" because India would have been furious. I put "belongs to nobody" – "nobody" is a vague term which I used precisely so as not to say "to no human being" or "to no nation." And I put "Auroville belongs to humanity AS A WHOLE" because it amounts to nothing! Since people can't agree together, the thing is impossible! I did it deliberately.

Then I don't say anything about "citizens" and all that, I say:

...But to live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness.

They will all balk at "Divine," but I don't care! You understand, it's the explanation of the Matrimandir¹⁷ at the center. The Matrimandir represents the Divine Consciousness. All that goes unsaid, but it's like that.

¹⁷The "temple of the Mother" at the center of Auroville.

Then:

2. Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages.

And then:

3. Auroville wants to be the bridge between the past and the future. Taking advantage of all discoveries...

All discoveries, that is, philosophical, spiritual, moral, scientific, everything – taking advantage of the past.

...of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realisations.

And finally, there are two versions: "4. Auroville will be a site of research for knowledge and means of existence leading to a human unity based on mutual understanding and goodwill."

On another piece of paper, we have, "To give a living body to an actual human Unity."

So we'll alter a little.

4. Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual Human Unity.

There.

(Mother steps down from her stool)

It's not me who wrote all this.... I noticed something so interesting: when it comes it's imperative, there's no room for arguing; I write it down – whatever I may be doing I am FORCED to write it down. But when it's not there, it's just not there! Even if I try to remember, nothing comes, it's not there! So it's clear that it doesn't come from here: it comes from somewhere above.

Auroville
la ville internationale
libre.
Pas d'armée
pas de police

*(Auroville, the free international township.
No army, no police.)*



February 10, 1968

(Mother uses an English word for a French one.)

Strangely, the English word now comes to me more easily than the French one. I know very well why: it's because in that part I am constantly in contact with Sri Aurobindo, so when I need a word, it's in his storehouse that I find it! Whereas with me, here (*gesture to the forehead*), it's becoming quite fine... very fine!

* * *

(Regarding the crush in the Ashram and around Mother.)

It's absolutely obvious, absolutely indisputable that all this, that is, all the circumstances of life, all that happens, has been willed, decided on, organized. And it's the best possible training for the body. It's to give it three things:

The first is (one more English word) a *reliance* – that is, it should lean on the Divine ALONE for support, for the source of its strength, its health, its capacity; it means that all material rules and laws are rejected and must cease to have any importance.

That's the body's experience almost every minute.

This first: the only support is the Divine – food, rest, etc., none of those things exist anymore. They no longer exist – in fact, they don't exist, but they no longer exist as a factor of importance.

Then, two things, which seem to be contradictory (in the ordinary consciousness they are), but which in fact are only complementary. A *surrender* (there's no other word), a total abdication – total, immediate, complete. That is to say, equality and acceptance – not even "acceptance": everything, everything is good, everything is good. Which means that if death were to come tomorrow, it would cause no trouble, and if life must last forever, it causes no trouble – like that, you understand (*perfectly equal and sovereign gesture*): SPONTANEOUS, spontaneous, effortless acceptance, without reasoning, without... spontaneous and total, like that (*same gesture*). That's the second point.

And the third: a tre-men-dous will! Every moment it expresses itself as... For instance, something is thrown out of gear, it hurts; then, with that background... it isn't a "background," it's a BASE, a base of equality (equality is still seen from the other side! It's not that, it is... an adherence, a spontaneous adherence), on that base, there is a tremendous will – tremendous – to be... WHAT THE DIVINE WILLS, but not with the idea that it might be like this or like that. Well, to express it truly, we should say, "To be divine" – to be divine. That is, to dominate all situations, all wills, all circumstances, like that (*same perfectly equal and sovereign gesture*).

So those three things are simultaneous and constantly present. And all that is going on in the body.

The body (this is becoming interesting) has the same experiences on the heights of the consciousness, the same experiences (supramental ones, we could say, because, well, there, it's really supramental) as the vital, the mind and the inner beings had previously.

It's going through the same experiences – the body itself.

That happened the last few nights: it suddenly remembered the time (some twenty years ago, for instance) when those experiences were experiences of the vital, the mind, the psychic being and above. It was the way of being there (*gesture above*), but the body was left out: it was in a different way, in its own way. But now, it's the body: the same experiences, the very same, come back to it like that, and with a certitude and solidity in their base that are incomparable!

There are still, in a subconscious background, bad habits – all the bad habits: defeatism, doubt, pessimism, all that (it's a way of being of that region), but it has gone underground, and when it does come through (more out of habit than out of bad will), when it... in English I would say *bubbles out*, it gets such a slap!

I clearly see that when this state of will (there is really only one way to put it and it looks like a masquerade, but it's "to be divine," like that, an all-powerful will), when that becomes the normal and spontaneous way of being, then we'll begin to have serious results.

There is still something that watches itself be – which means there is still much that isn't as it should be.

But there are slight oscillations between the old habit of yielding, of being human (with all that it entails), and the other way of being. The other way is vigilant, it's on the alert and says, "No, no! No more of that, no more! The time for that is over." Because, very clearly, that means a slide towards

death; the other way is the ascent towards... we won't yet say "immortality" because that's difficult for this substance, but life at will.

We'll see.

There's a very clear vision, now, very clear and certain, that death is the acceptance of defeat, so... But everywhere, and for everybody.

Previously, it was an inescapable habit (*Mother draws a circle*), the inevitable outcome – it's no longer that at all, no longer at all! It's still the memory of a disastrous past.

There.



February 14, 1968

(Regarding certain disciples, who are the very ones that will head the Ashram in the years after Mother's departure.)

...But it's very, very instructive. I mean, it's not anything new to me, but it's the wholly clear, precise, evident picture that it's man who creates all his difficulties. Things would be simple and easy if there weren't all these ego reactions: reactions of ambition, reactions of self-esteem – not to speak of deceit: when that comes... (*gesture underhand*). Yes, these three things: ambition, with the need to show off, to dominate; self-esteem or vanity (being hurt when you aren't appreciated at your true value: then you lose your temper, you quarrel, there's grating and friction); and, last, the thirst for money, *greed*, the desire to possess, cupidity: you want to "make the most" of the occasion – "I want to profit, I want to profit..." With these three things, everything is muddled.

So long as it all comes out in the open ingenuously and frankly, you smile, but when it turns into duplicity, when people use all kinds of tricks in the hope of deceiving, of hiding their motives while pretending to have others – all that in various combinations – then, it won't do anymore.

And immediately – immediately, everything is disorganized.

And with proofs, you know, obvious proofs – one has to be absolutely blind not to see that. But the blindness is deliberate: one doesn't want to know the cause [of the disorganization], one isn't in the least anxious to know... because if one knew, one would be forced to change.

Instantly, instantly, everything is disorganized.

Ah! (*Mother raises her two hands upward in a gesture of offering*)

It's far easier to say and believe that the world cannot be changed and must be left to its own decomposition – you just go away peacefully. How easy!... How easy.

(silence)

Do you know how the Hindu spiritual tradition was convinced – was forced to be convinced – of the

multiplicity of souls (they don't say "souls"), of the divine being in individuals? Because those people were very logical: had there been a single soul, that is, a single supreme consciousness, anywhere, at any time, once it had experienced liberation (flight into Nirvana, the renunciation of everything, the whole illusion of life and creation), if there had been only one soul, the whole thing would have been over! But as it happens, a number of beings went through the experience, and it made no difference to the world (as a whole, at any rate). So they reached the conclusion that there were perhaps as many souls as there were individuals, and that they communicate only up above, not down here.

When someone said that to me, it quite amused me!

And in all that, there's nothing true! Neither on one side nor on the other. It's only one aspect.

Because there's only ONE.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Yesterday I was shown the photo of a man who is the guru of many people.¹⁸ I do not know what he claims to be, but he is an Indian who went to Europe and America and has lots – thousands and thousands – of disciples, followers, believers. He says there is only one way to bring peace on earth, and that is total and complete freedom: intellectual and moral freedom, of course, but also vital and physical freedom. That is, freeing oneself from all subjections and all laws, living according to one's own impulsion. Then, he says, "something" (I forget what he calls it) will govern you and will make you do what must be done. It's not the individual who decides, it's "that." And if he is asked, "But how? How do you know 'that' is it? How do you find 'that'?", he simply answers, "Come and sit down beside me in meditation, and you will know." And he is convinced he can bring peace to earth with that.

I saw his photo yesterday. Vitally, he is extraordinarily strong. I don't know if it's his own force or if it's what he receives from others, because you can find that out only through physical contact.

(silence)

It's yet another approach.

There are lots and lots of such people now. I've already told you about three or four. And each of them has thousands of followers, who probably don't understand anything of what he does! But the impression one gets is of something that... works up the dough, like that (*gesture*).

You catch hold of one tiny bit, one angle; you pierce a kind of little hole through which you can see on the other side, and with that you stir thousands of people.

So long as it's not exclusive, that is, so long as the man or woman (whoever they are), the guru, doesn't come and say, "I alone am the Truth" (meaning the others don't know, I alone know), so long as they're not like that, it's quite all right. And when they're enlightened enough to tell you, "Yes, I've caught hold of one little bit, I am giving it to you, but all other little bits are good"... But even if you put all the bits together, you are still far from THE Truth.

I should have kept that photo to show you. His body too lives in freedom! Uncombed hair (maybe he never washes!), a beard... Very strong eyes.

¹⁸Mahesh Yogi, whose disciples included the Beatles and a few Hollywood stars.

It's strange, successful people of this sort are always Indians.

Though there was Steiner who had much power over his disciples, but in his case, it was without doubt an adverse force with all the power of the Asuras.



February 17, 1968

Ah, before we start work... I've received this:

(Mother first holds out a letter)

"Here are a few pages of our issue on Auroville,
the city of love guarded by the four Mothers.

Signed: Y."

*(Then Mother holds out
a leaflet showing...¹⁹)*

If you can make out anything, please tell me.

Can you?

No.

You can't make it out? And I thought you would explain it to me!

It's quite a muddle there.

Is it a snake biting its tail?

To be precise, it's really a mental construction.

Oh, yes.

And the text... There isn't even a little vibration of truth in it.

Yes, it's entirely a construction.

There isn't a flame, there's nothing in it.

¹⁹The sketch is indescribable, but it might well look like a cross section of bowels.

And which love is she referring to? It quite looks like sexual love.

It seems very human.

(Mother laughs) Very, very human indeed. I looked a good deal, and wondered if it wasn't in fact going to be the modern conception of yoga?

Yes, they are full of this business of "yoga of sex." They think of nothing else, talk of nothing else. The "city of love" – as for me, I find it...

But as soon as this word is used in the ordinary way, it becomes like that. I don't know what to do.

I don't find it interesting.

I don't find it interesting AT ALL. But isn't it dangerous? That's the question.

It means, at any rate, giving a false idea of Auroville. It opens the door to all kinds of ambiguities.

(Mother looks at the accompanying little sketches, which look like three intertwined lines)

There's always one, two, three. If at least there were only two, but it's always one, two, three – that is, union and the result!

And the main sketch is exactly the picture of a belly, it's at belly level.

Oh, but then it's still worse!

That's what it evokes, it gives the sense of a visceral picture.

Horrible!

Something wholly turned in on itself, shut in on itself.

Yes, that's right.

I don't like it.

Neither do I. And Z has a disease that only occurs with suppressed sexual desires. He can't get rid of it because he doesn't get rid of the cause... They are up to the neck in that. What should I do with this?

It would be a pity if people were given this at Auroville's inauguration.

It's worse than that: they're going to hold a conference for the children in which the children will ask questions, and ten people or so will be there to reply, but mainly Y. and Z. So those children are coming with the idea of finding something a little true, and that's what they are going to find.

The "city of love" is probably not going to be understood as it should be. You know, the magazine

Planète is sending Mr. D. to write an article on Auroville; well, I saw this D. a year ago when he came here, and he's precisely a great adept of this "yoga of sexuality."²⁰ I had a whole talk with him, a talk so heated that afterwards, I got a sort of revelation and wrote a whole letter on the problem of sexuality in yoga. But the man reeks with this business of sex. He is sent by Planète. So if they show him this, the "city of love"...

It's troublesome.

I think it's become worse, mon petit, because I remember, when I asked Y. to look after education in Auroville, she was still decent enough. I think it's gone to her head.

Well, it's the story of little R. whom they educate with music and caresses. It's the same story. But still, the "city of love," damn! Auroville should be something that impels you towards other concepts than these petty things. I went there one day, and, you know, that place is moving...

Oh, it's beautiful.

It's beautiful, moving, you really feel something about to be created. So the "city of love"...

But I never said Auroville was the city of love, never, not once!

The word is too subject to misuse. It would be better not to talk about it.

In fact, the word "love" can be used only with the word "divine" before it. It's the only way it can be used. Without the word "divine," it becomes impossible. And these people refuse to use the word "divine."

Yes, they're afraid of it.

So what are we going to do?... If I send her paper back without saying anything, she will say I have approved of it; if I tell her it won't do, she'll get still more furious.... And she looks after everything, pokes her nose into everything – legitimately, in a sense, since I told her I put her in charge of education. But it's AFTER that she became like this. At that time, she was a bit cranky, but still quite decent.

It's troublesome.

(Mother remains silent for a while) Should I send her this:

"Beware of the word 'love' if it is not preceded by the adjective 'divine,' because in the general mentality the word evokes sexuality."

Just this, nothing else, no opinion about what she's done, but this. *(Mother writes her note)*

I find her paper noxious, because not only does it say nothing, it also opens the door to ambiguities. And it says nothing: the hippies too are the "sons of love," it's their great doctrine.

To tell the truth, when I opened that paper, I got a sense of disgust.

²⁰See *Agenda* 8 of January 28, 1967.

No, if I trusted her, I would put it differently, I would right away add, "...Which from a spiritual point of view is a disaster." But... it's no use making people angry.

She has no trust whatsoever, she thinks she is infinitely superior. Only, from a political point of view, she is very careful not to come into visible conflict [with Mother], because she feels that would hamper her action.

She wanted – and she said I had allowed her (which is standing truth on its head) – she wanted to open an LSD club in Auroville. Because I wrote to her... being as objective as possible, I wrote it could be useful only under the control of people who have the spiritual knowledge AND the power to control and assist. So she turned it upside down and said, "Mother has given her permission on condition that there are people with knowledge who control..." So there. And the "people with knowledge," of course...

In the end, whatever happens in life, in action, is to make the movement of transformation and ascent as rapid as possible. Perhaps there are times – there is a rhythm, and there are times more favorable to harmony, but a stagnant harmony, and so one tries to do away with, or at any rate suppress, all dangerous movements that might stop the progress or even lead towards destruction; but there are other times when there is a very strong push towards transformation, and, I must say... with a risk of possible damage. Certainly since 1956, it's plainly visible that there has been something pushing and pushing and pushing to hasten the movement, and... it results in some very dangerous extravagances.

It's with this knowledge and this certainty – this vision of things – that most of the time I remain as a noninterfering witness. It's only if things take a really nasty turn – then one is forced to intervene.

We'll see.



February 20, 1968

(In the weeks preceding February 21, her ninetieth birthday, Mother has had hardly any time to eat or sleep, spending hours to see people, work, write letters and so on. Satprem remarks that she does not look tired.)

If there weren't people's thought, the collective suggestion, and maybe – maybe – a subconscious suggestion (the cells may possibly still be subject to a subconscious suggestion, that's possible...), otherwise, with a few seconds of... (*gesture of drawing within*), like that, plunging back into the Supreme Consciousness – everything is fine, I am never hungry (and don't feel the need to eat), I am never sleepy (and don't feel the need to sleep). Only, there is, still the old suggestion, and also people's whole thought that if I don't eat I'll become weak and fall ill; that if I don't sleep I'll get tired and fall ill – that sort of refrain. The cells don't believe in it but... You understand, they think they have a duty to eat and a duty to sleep, otherwise... And I clearly see that work isn't AT ALL what tires me: I am not more tired after having seen forty, forty-five, fifty people... than after having seen one ill-disposed person. Especially there are atmospheres that are corrupt, in the sense that those people instinctively

loathe truth (there are such people – they aren't even aware of it), and it causes a malaise, it still causes a malaise. And one minute, just one minute of someone coming in with that atmosphere is enough, you understand – then I have to concentrate, to make an effort. Sometimes I have to... (*gesture showing the Force coming down to strike*), there are people to whom I "say," "You'd better keep still, otherwise something is going to happen to you." I don't even think it, you understand, but the Force goes like this (*gesture*). Not with many, but now and then there are such people.

But the nerves remember... You know that after living with Sri Aurobindo for a year, when I left at the time of the [first world] war, because of the war, all the nerves fell ill: they were in a state of irritated tension (I think they call it neuritis, when all, but all the nerves are ill). It's particularly painful, and everything is disorganized all over: the circulation was disorganized, the digestion was disorganized, everything was disorganized (it was in France, in southern France). The nerves remember that, and I don't know why, once when things here were very difficult, they remembered. Sri Aurobindo was there and I told him (I think I've already told you the story): I absolutely had the sense of a hand coming and taking the whole pain away like that – in one second it was gone. And it had never returned. Now, from time to time, when people are ill-disposed or their thoughts are bad, and when in addition there's no rest, no eating, no sleeping, then from time to time, here or there, the nerves get strained. It's a sharp pain at its height. In France, I had it for weeks. Sometimes it comes, and then I have to keep still and... melt... in the Divine Presence – then it's over, it goes away without a trace.

But when they feel ill at ease, they remember. They ask, "I don't know what should be done to erase this memory." I take them to task, I tell them they're stupid, but... Then they keep still.

But what I find interesting is this: there's no hunger and no sleepiness; that doesn't exist, it doesn't correspond to a sensation, not in the least. There is very clearly the sense of harmony and disharmony; when the atmosphere is harmonious, or at least of goodwill (there can always be a greater harmony, that goes without saying), then it's all right.

With some people, the minute they come in, there is a tremendous descent, very often of Kali's power or Maheshwari's power (not the Supreme, but what they understand best), very often – right away, instantly. Then everything is stilled. And it's very amusing, it's interesting: the Response (the Response, what responds) is what makes me very clearly realize the state people are in. It's not at all a mental perception: I know what they think only by inference, from what took place [i.e., the type of force that manifested in Mother]. Then, quite naturally, I know: they must be in this state of mind.

But I wouldn't be able to say what they think; some people, for instance, can tell you very well, "This or that is what you are thinking," but I couldn't. All that is mental is quite foreign to me. But I could say very clearly what is their state of receptivity, of goodwill and aspiration – and automatically, without trying to know it, simply from what is created in the atmosphere.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo is always there. At times he becomes very active, especially when people "pump" or pull or crush you under the weight of all their difficulties and all their desires. Then (these last few days have been like that), I might put it into the words he often used, but this is his attitude: "They accept the God only when they can crucify him."

I find that so interesting, you know!

They accept God – the Divine – only when they can crucify him. That is to say, they recognize the Divine in a body only if that body is fit to be crucified or tortured. And then, if things go wrong, "So he's not divine!"

He is not divine....

He always used to say, "The Divine takes care to veil himself so as not to crush them."

And it's true, I have noticed it: at times when the Force comes with really all its might, it's terrible! Even for those who are most used to it, even for the most courageous... it's hard. So it's always like that: it contains itself so as not to be... unbearable. What do you have to tell me? Nothing?... It's a pity. I'm always the one who speaks!

(Mother goes into a meditation)

You have before you, here (*gesture at chest level*), Sri Aurobindo's symbol. The descending triangle is of an almost white light, but with a golden hue, and the ascending part is of an intense dark violet – I don't know why.... The ascending triangle is dark violet (the color of vital power), an intense dark violet, very, very strong, and with the descending triangle, that makes Sri Aurobindo's symbol, here, in front of you, like that.

It's not luminous, but not dark: it has a rich and very intense color, a very intense violet.

The ascending triangle is the creation's aspiration; the descending triangle is the Divine's response. And the junction of the two makes the square of the manifestation. It was there, in front of you, very clearly written.

It corresponds to your inner state.... (*Laughing*) It's good!

Happy birthday, Mother!

(Mother takes Satprem's hands)



February 28, 1968

(The entire Ashram has gone to Auroville to attend its inauguration. Mother reads out her message, which is broadcast live to Auroville through All India Radio:)

"Greetings from Auroville to all men of good will.

"Are invited to Auroville all those who thirst for progress and aspire to a higher and truer life."

(Then Mother reads out the Charter)

Auroville's Charter

1. Auroville belongs to nobody in particular. Auroville belongs to humanity as a whole.

But to live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness.

2. Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages.

3. Auroville wants to be the bridge between the past and the future. Taking advantage of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realisations.

4. Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual Human Unity.

*(then the microphone is switched off...
silence)*

So now, till 11:30 we have a nice quiet time like princes and kings! It doesn't often happen. If you have something to tell me, I am listening.

Maybe you are the one who has something to say?

No, no! That's enough! *(Mother laughs)*

I've spent all my days and all my nights quieting the atmosphere, it had taken such proportions.... You know, those movements which start whirling like that, like the wind in a cyclone or at sea, and it goes on whirling faster and faster, more and more strongly, forcefully. Then people fall ill, they get worn out, they can't do anything anymore. For the past three days I've spent my time calming and calming the atmosphere. Luckily they came to me (it wasn't to "me," naturally), they felt there was something stable here that could stop this disorder, otherwise... But it was very difficult because of the really large number of additions from outside: on the 21st, at the Darshan, they were more than four thousand people down in the street, and there are all those who came to be here today and tomorrow, so it must mean five or six thousand people – to feed, accommodate... a whole work.

Then they asked me, naturally, that it shouldn't rain, but that it shouldn't be sunny either! *(Mother laughs)* So it was a bit difficult, but a short while ago, Z came to tell me that Auroville's area was clouded, without sunshine.... All these little entities are quite obliging, but they're asked impossible things! I get requests, "Ah, I need rain," and at the same time, "Oh, no, I don't want rain"; "Ah, I need sunshine," and "Oh, no, I don't want sunshine...." How can they manage it!

Are you happy?

Happy? What does that mean?

Are things moving?

I don't know. I think they're moving all right over there.

Two days ago Z said to me, "Oh, it has been a good lesson: now we are convinced that the Westerners' way isn't better than ours." Because they kept thinking, all of them, that the materialistic way brought about better realizations – so now they are convinced.

I told you that the Soviet consul is enthusiastic! He saw the Charter – in English first (in English,

there is *Divine's Consciousness*, with the apostrophe²¹). He said, "It's a pity, it evokes the idea of God." And S., who had been there, said, "It's not that at all! There's nothing religious in all this affair. We'll show you the French." Then he read *conscience divine* [divine consciousness], and he was satisfied. He said, "This is just what we want to realize, and without these words it would be officially recognized and supported by the Soviet government." Then they asked him to translate it into Russian, but finally what's being read out in Auroville isn't his translation, it's the one by T. She has just come, and words don't frighten her. But I sent him my permission: I had it explained to him that words were just a more or less clumsy transcription not only of the idea, but of what is above the idea – the principle; that it didn't matter much whether these or those words were used (each one uses the words that suit him best), and that, therefore, I allowed him to use the words that would be acceptable to his government. The Soviet consul said yes, he was very glad. He said, "When the Soviet government officially supports something, it's serious." – It's true, I know it, they are very generous. So I hope it will have a favorable result. And you see, it's just what I wanted: in America, for a long time they have been enthusiastic – which is good, but perhaps they don't understand so well; the Russians, in their nature, are mystic, and as that has been oppressed, suppressed, naturally it has gained a lot of force. And now it tends to want to burst.

But if both together support Auroville, we won't have any more financial hassles!

It has been coming little by little, little by little. I told you what Sri Aurobindo revealed to me about India's condition, which was the symbolic representation of the present condition of mankind; and that's why, Sri Aurobindo told me, that's why Auroville has been created.²² Then I understood. Since then, it has become very clear – "clear," I mean he seems to have made it spread and people seem to begin to understand.

So there.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(From a conversation between Mother and a disciple about Auroville.)

One needs to have an absolutely transparent sincerity. Lack of sincerity is at present the cause of difficulties.

Insincerity is in all men. There are perhaps a hundred totally sincere men on earth. Man's very nature is what makes him insincere. It's very complicated, for he is constantly cheating with himself, hiding the truth from himself, finding excuses for himself. Yoga is the way to become sincere in all the parts of one's being.

It is difficult to be sincere, but one can at least be mentally sincere – this is what one can demand from Aurovilians.

The Force is there, present as never before; what prevents it from descending and being felt is

²¹In the final English version, the apostrophe was removed: "...To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness."

²²See conversation of February 3, 1968.

men's insincerity. The world is steeped in falsehood, all relationships between men have so far been based only on falsehood and deceit. Diplomacy between nations is based on falsehood. They claim they want peace and on the other hand arm themselves. A transparent sincerity in man and between nations will alone permit the coming of a transformed world.

Auroville is the first attempt in the experiment. A new world will be born if men consent to strive for transformation and the search for sincerity – it can be done. It took millennia to evolve from animal to man; today man, thanks to his mind, can accelerate things and will a transformation towards a man who will be God.

This transformation with the help of the mind, through self-analysis, is a first stage; afterwards, vital impulses must be transformed – which is far more difficult; then, most of all, the physical: each cell of our body will have to become conscious. It is the work I am doing here. It will allow the conquest of death. It's another story; that will be future mankind, perhaps in centuries, perhaps sooner. It will depend on men, on peoples.

Auroville is the first step towards this goal.



March

March 2, 1968

(Regarding Auroville's Charter.)

Everybody wants to change my messages!...

Change your messages!

Yes.

Why?

(Mother laughs) Because everyone finds the words aren't the ones he wants.... There has been quite a to-do with the Communists and the Soviet consul, a very intelligent man, it seems, who has read Sri Aurobindo, is quite interested, wants to be useful... and he says, "What can I do with 'divine consciousness'!"²³ *(Mother laughs)* In our country the word 'divine' is banned." He was told, "This has nothing to do with God" (a ban on God I quite understand, you see, because you can put whatever you like in the word), but he said, "I can't." They sent a Russian translation, which luckily came after the ceremony; it was the translation of their own thought, not at all of my text! So we answered them it had come too late. It's T. who did the translation, but she refused to read it out [at the inauguration], because, she said, it was "too heavy a responsibility"! *(Mother laughs)* They are all like that. Finally it was read out by S. But then, we have a Communist architect, a Russian, who has been working a great deal for Auroville, on the models and so on (a young man, he is very nice), and yesterday he came with a prayer: whether he could change the word "divine." I asked him, "What are you offering me?" He said, "The universal consciousness." Then I answered *(laughing)*, "You are making it shrink terribly!" He was bothered: what's to be done? I told him, "Listen, I'll make a concession for you; if you like, we'll say 'perfect consciousness,' that's harmless." So he was happy, I wrote "perfect consciousness" on his paper, and he left with it!

But here, the group of... (what shall we call them?) Y.'s disciples, the "forward" group, don't at all like "divine consciousness," and the woman who translated it into German (not a direct disciple of Y.'s but one of M.'s) went to M. to ask for his help (moral help, probably), and the best they could find was "highest consciousness".... So I asked, "Where is your 'high'? Where is your 'low'?"

They didn't ask me anything, they are too sure of themselves. But their text was read out in Auroville, and some people who heard it and know German asked me, "How come?"... That's how I found out. "How come in the German version they translated 'divine consciousness' by 'highest consciousness'?"

So everyone is sticking his oar in!

But we're going to prepare a little brochure with the message and all these translations – into Japanese, Hebrew, Arabic, etc. It will all be photographed, and then we'll restore the German text. Oh,

²³"To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness."

the Russian text...

But as a "city of peace," it's amusing! (*Laughing*) It's promising! I don't care. What I find quite petty is when they don't tell me and do it on the sly. To hope I won't know is childishness, and the tendency to hide things from me isn't very-nice.

But on the whole, it went off well.

We have an Auroville flag which is quite pretty, it was brought there; there were only two flags (other countries had banderoles), but there were the Ashram's flag and Auroville's. It's this color (*Mother points to an orange hibiscus on her table*).

As to the young delegates, it was somewhat mixed: those who came spontaneously from their country or were recruited by UNESCO were quite decent; but then, in Delhi, they were recruited almost through propaganda (many came from the embassies there), and that was... some were dubious. Some smoke, one even got so drunk that... But still, when they were assembled together, they behaved decently. And one of them – a Czechoslovak – no longer wants to go! In any case he said he would wait as long as necessary, but that before going he wanted to see me.

But one can see – one can clearly see how the Force and the Grace work through everything.

Yes.

Because, really, if there had only been these elements left to themselves, well, there was nothing but confusion. One can see that it's working... it works making use of anything!

No, it turns even the worst things to advantage! That's what is interesting.

(silence)

I've heard some unpleasant remarks on "=1" from people who are quite outside the whole thing.²⁴ First they told me it was very intellectual, very nebulous...

Oh, yes!

And that they evidently push themselves forward and claim all the "credit."

But that's mostly the problem!

And the third thing they told me is that Sri Aurobindo's name is barely mentioned at the end, like that, by chance.

Yes. Here, have you seen their issue? (*Mother takes out a copy*) The format is very good, very good – she enjoyed herself to her heart's content. It's very well presented.

Yes, it's a pity. All this is perverted talent.

Perverted: my foremost impression is one of perversion. But just this (*Mother points to the cover*) is terribly aggressive. Instead of aspiration blossoming out (*Mother opens her arms upward*)...

²⁴"= 1" is an "Aurovilian" review.

It's like the blade of a guillotine.

You see, the aspiration of flowers blossoms out; with Nature, it rises and widens as much as it can to receive. This (*Mother points to the review "= I"*) is like a knife. It's quite symbolic.

I've never said anything.

But it's done with much taste.

It's the mind that has become perverted. (*Mother leafs through the issue*) All this is aggressive, it all has an aggressive nature.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Yesterday (I can't say "yesterday morning"), I came back from there [the music room] after seeing seventy-eight people.... It was 3 o'clock: the time when, usually, I resume my work after taking my bath – so didn't have lunch. Well, the so-called lunch has long gone to the winds.

(silence)

For three things one should be on one's guard. One is the collective suggestion of "disease" – "disease" is something that doubtless exists, in the sense that there are obviously adverse forces at work trying to disorganize and delay the work; but, for the individual, those so-called diseases... Outwardly they are based on the idea (they call it "knowledge"), on the knowledge of microbes, germs and so on, but that's taking things upside down, heels over head, because those microbes and germs and all those things are EFFECTS, not causes.

It's the effect of a combination of three things: bad will (at the worst, a refusal to follow the movement), a more or less total bad will; an ignorance of the laws and their consequences, that is, the causes and effects (a complete ignorance); and, of course, a form of inertia – it's all a form of inertia, but the greatest form of inertia is the incapacity to receive and respond. These three things combined are what creates diseases and so on, and the final effect – death. That is, the disintegration of created harmony.

But from the collective point of view, the point of view of collective influence, it's the other way around; in other words, that's what is taken to be the "cause" of disorders: instead of being the effect, it's the cause – which is absurd.

And then, from the point of view of the transformation of the cells and the organism, this collective influence is a state like a bath in which you are plunged, and when people wanted to escape from it, they would cut themselves off: they tried to isolate themselves. The result is that they would leave the material zone, because it's impossible to be like this (*gesture as in a shell*), like something without any connection with the whole. So they would renounce life.

In the relationship with the whole, there are roughly three... we might call them "means of defense," or attitudes one can take. The attitude of isolation, which can't be total unless you withdraw, and which is only very relatively effective. The attitude of attack: a power fighting and repulsing adversaries (that has a big drawback which is that if you use forces on the same plane, they are ineffective, or very relatively effective; and if it's supreme forces, then... the effect is rather catastrophic: it would amount to destroying in order to conquer, which is certainly not the Supreme's intention). And finally, there is the way of the contagion of the higher Force, but that implies what expresses itself here as time. That is

the attitude which has been adopted. But it implies time – which is why ages go by.

The result is certain, with the least amount of damage. But that least amount is still quite considerable.

And for the human consciousness, it takes long. But as you remarked just before, it's pretty. It feels like something going like this (*gesture like a tide spreading out*), very slowly for the human consciousness, certainly, but quite implacable towards resistances, and so sov-er-eign-ly sure of its victory.... That's pretty. And with the least amount of damage, undeniably. Not to mention that what looks like "damage" may only be, seen in the whole, a means of higher realization.



March 9, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of May 27, 1953, in which Mother says in particular, "When the consciousness behind is developed, when you have the power to concentrate it, whatever you do that consciousness will act.")

That was this morning's very experience.

The experience was like this: the important thing is to keep the consciousness of the Presence, which means that the Presence must be concrete; then, in everything you do, everything you say – whatever you may do, whatever you may say – it's this Presence that expresses itself. And this morning's experience was to find the difference between the direct expression and the more or less veiled expression; and the difference of quality in the expression depended on the mental judgment, that is, the mind in everyone judges that difference, but that's only an individual question; from a general point of view, the things that seem to us the least transparent or expressive are sometimes the best expressions.

It's hard to explain.

There was the perception of what the mental consciousness ADDS to the action of the supreme Consciousness, and that addition, or judgment, was still something quite relative – relative to time, to the occasion, the person; it's not an absolute: in one case, a particular clothing will be a perfect expression, and in another case, the same clothing won't be.... It was a long experience of the relativity of the mental world with regard to the supreme Consciousness expressing itself.

It came in the wake of a sentence someone had written (I forget who, some writer or another), which said (I am adapting it), "When one sees how humorous the creation is, one is certain that the Creator must be smiling...." With that sentence, I saw how relative the clothing is in the human consciousness – there is no absolute, no absolute expression, the expression is always relative, and the impression it leaves is relative to the individual perceiving it.

I am trying to express it, but it was a concrete experience: the relativity of the mental clothing on the action of the higher Consciousness.

So then, the experience came to this: being as passive and translucent as possible so as to let the

vibration of the Consciousness express itself with the least possible distortion in its clothing. And that was the attempt.

(Reverting to the old Playground Talk:) I would no longer be able to deliver speeches like that! I find it presumptuous! *(Mother laughs)*

Now all experiences, all of them, come as if to let life grow clear (it's quite interesting), to put things in their place. And all preferences, all opinions, all attractions, all distastes, all that is going away... in a kind of smile, in fact – not in indifference, but in a smile, the smile of the extraordinary relativity of the manifestation. And there begins to come the perception of what a true manifestation would be – in a sort of very supple harmony, smooth, and very vast. It's in process of formation. Very interesting.

And these things *(showing the Playground Talk)* are still too cut-and-dried. But I quite understand that if now I were to tell experiences like the one I had this morning, it would be almost incomprehensible – too far from [people's] consciousness.

There.



March 13, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of May 27, 1953.)

You say this: "Yes, science can find. If it moves in a very definite direction, if it progresses sufficiently and doesn't stop on the way, they will find the same thing that mystics have found, that religious people have found, that everyone has found, because there is only one thing to be found and not two. There is only one. So you may go a long way, you may wind and turn and wind again, if you go long enough without stopping, you are sure to reach the same point. Once you have reached there, you feel there's nothing at all to be found! There's nothing to be found. And that's the power. That's it, and that's all. It's like that." What do you mean by "That's the power"?

Strangely, when you read it, it was SIMPLE, obvious, but now...

Yes, when I read it, it seemed obvious to me.... Maybe it doesn't require any comment, that's all!

Yes, they will find the same thing that mystics and monks and everyone have found – that's the power. The power is what you find. And to That, essentially, you cannot give any name or definition.

It's the big quarrel now about Auroville: in the Charter I put "Divine Consciousness" ["To live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness"], but they say, "It brings God to mind." I said *(laughing)*, "Not to my mind!" So then, some change it to "the highest consciousness," others put something else. With the Russians I agreed to put "perfect Consciousness," but that's an approximation.... And That – which we can't name or define – is what is the supreme Power. What you

find is the supreme Power. And the supreme Power is only one aspect: the aspect concerned with the creation.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding another passage from the same Talk, in which someone asked Mother if the Divine could "withdraw from us.")

You answer, "It's an impossibility. Because if the Divine with drew from something, it would immediately collapse, because it wouldn't exist. To put it more clearly, He is the sole existence."

Now I would have answered, "It's like asking if the Divine could withdraw from Himself!" *(Mother laughs)* That's the hitch, you say "Divine" and they understand "God"!... There is ONLY That: That alone exists. That, what? – That alone exists!

(silence)

This morning again, I spent some time looking, seeing, and I seemed to ask the Divine, "Why do You enjoy denying Yourself?..." You understand, for our logic to be satisfied, we say, all that is dark, all that is ugly, all that isn't living, all that isn't harmonious – none of that is divine. But how could it be so?... It's only an attitude for action. So putting myself in the consciousness of action, I said, "But why do You enjoy being like that!" *(Mother laughs)*

It was a very concrete experience of the cells, with the feeling (not "feeling" – neither feeling nor sensation), a sort of perception of being on the very edge of the great secret.... All of a sudden, a group of cells or a bodily function finds it amusing to go wrong – why? What meaning does that hold? And the answer was, it's as if all that helped break limits.

But why, how?

Mentally, we can explain everything, but that doesn't mean anything at all: for the body, the material consciousness, it's abstract. When the material consciousness catches hold of something, it knows it A HUNDRED TIMES BETTER than we can know it mentally. When it knows, it has the power: knowing gives it the power. That's what is being slowly, slowly worked out. For an ignorant consciousness it's slow and painful – but for the true consciousness, it's not that! Pain, joy, all that is... such an absurd way of seeing things – of feeling and seeing things.

There is an increasingly concrete perception that everything – that there is nothing that doesn't hold its own joy of being, because that's THE way of being: without joy of being, there is no being. But it's not what we mentally understand by "joy of being." It's... something which is hard to express. And this perception of suffering and joy (almost of evil and good), all of that is necessities of the work to enable it to be done in a certain field of unconsciousness. Because true consciousness is something entirely, totally different.

That's what the consciousness of the cells is now learning, and learning through a concrete experience; and all those appreciations of what is good and what is evil, of what is suffering and what is joy, all that seems misty. But the "thing" – the Truth – the concrete thing still hasn't been caught. It's on the way, one feels it's on the way, but it's not there yet. If one had it... one would be the all-powerful master. And possibly one cannot have it until the world in its totality, or to a sufficient extent, is ready for the transformation.

That's speculation, what we might call an inspiration. But it still belongs to the upper realm.

Now and then, one feels as if within an hair's breadth of all-powerfulness: one is just on the verge... ah! (*Mother makes the gesture of catching the thing*)... But then it fades away.

When one has got hold of that, the world will be able to change. And when I say "one," I don't mean a person.... There may be something equivalent to THE Person, but that... That too, I am not sure it's not a projection of our consciousness onto something eluding us.

Sri Aurobindo always said that if you go far enough beyond the Impersonal, once you go beyond, you find something we may call "the Person," but which has nothing at all to do with what we imagine the "Person" to be.

And there, all that remains... all that remains is That! And That is what has the power. But even when we say, "All that remains is That" (*laughing*), we situate it WITHIN something else!... Words and language are unsuited to express something that exceeds the consciousness. As soon as you formulate it, you bring it down.

(*silence*)

A little farther [in this Talk], you say, "Many people who realized the Divine never spoke about it and never knew it." How can that be? Can one realize the Divine without knowing it?

It's the same thing again. We could add, "and MENTALLY never knew it." They didn't say, "I have realized the Divine," because it didn't correspond to any mental conception.



March 16, 1968

*Mother holds out a flower
to Satprem:*

This is "Happy Heart."²⁵

I am discovering the secret of it.

(*long silence*)

You feel you are constantly – constantly – on the way to a great discovery, then you make that discovery, and then you realize it had always been made!... It's only (*laughing*) that you look at it in another way.

This morning, there was an experience; it seemed an extraordinary revelation, and... it's something

²⁵*Ravenalia spectabilis.*

that was always known. So you mentalize it – the moment you mentalize it, it becomes clear, but that's no longer it! You see, we say this creation is "the creation of equilibrium,"²⁶ and that in fact it is mental error which makes us want to choose one thing and reject another – that all things must be together: what we call "good," what we call "evil," what we call right and what we call wrong, what we find pleasant and what we find unpleasant – all that must be together. And this morning, there was the discovery that through Separation – this Separation which has been described in all kinds of different ways, sometimes pictorially, sometimes simply in an abstract way, sometimes philosophically, sometimes... all that is just explanations, but there is something, which probably is simply Objectification (*Mother gestures as if to push the universe forward, out of the Nonmanifest*)... But that's still one way to explain. This so-called Separation, what is it exactly? We don't know (or perhaps we do, after all). It in fact created (to put it in colors) black and white, night and day (that's already more mixed – but black and white too are mixed), it's the tendency to create two poles: the pleasant or good thing, and the unpleasant or bad one. And as soon as you want to return to the Origin, the two tend to merge together again. And it is in perfect equilibrium, that is, where no division is possible anymore and the one has no influence over the other, where the two have become one again, it's there that lies this famous Perfection which we are trying to rediscover.

Rejection of the one and acceptance of the other is childishness. It's ignorance. All mental translations, like that of an Evil eternally evil, giving birth to the idea of hell, or that of a Good eternally good... all that, all of it is childishness.

(silence)

It may be (maybe, because as soon as you try to formulate, you mentalize, and as soon as you mentalize, it gets shrunk, diminished, limited, it loses the power of truth – but anyway...), it may be that in this universe as it is constituted, perfection is... (*Mother remains absorbed for a long time*). It eludes words.... We might put it this way (but it's dry and lifeless): it's the perception (is it only "perception"? It's not just "perception"; it's neither perception nor knowledge nor awareness...), it's the awareness of the oneness of the whole – a oneness perceived, lived, realized in the individual. But that's nothing, mere words.... The universe seems to have been created to realize this paradox of the awareness of the whole, an awareness lived (not just perceived but lived) in every part, every element making up the whole.

So in order to give form to those elements, it all began with Separation, and it was Separation that gave birth to this division between what we call good and evil; but from the point of view of sensation – sensation in the most material part – we may say it's suffering and Ananda. And the movement is to put a stop to all separation and to realize the total consciousness in every part (which mentally speaking is absurd, but it's like that).

That's far too philosophical for my taste, not concrete enough. But this morning's experience was concrete, and concrete because it stemmed from extremely concrete sensations in the body, from the presence of this constant duality which looks like an opposition (not only opposition, but mutual negation) between... we may take the symbol of suffering and Ananda. And the true state (which for the moment appears impossible to formulate in words, but which was lived and felt) is an all-containing totality; but instead of containing everything as clashing elements, it's a harmony of everything, an equilibrium of everything. And once this equilibrium is realized in the creation, the

²⁶We may recall *Agenda 4* of November 13, 1963: "Traditions tell us that a universe is created, then withdrawn into *pralaya*, and then a new one comes; and according to them, ours is the seventh universe, and being the seventh universe, it is the one that will not return to *pralaya* but will go on progressing, without retreat." See also *Agenda 7* of March 4, 1966, and *Agenda 8* of May 6, 1967.

creation will be able... (if you put it into words, it's no longer that)... we might say, able to go on progressing without break.

But that's not it.

These last few days, seen again in the present imperfect consciousness, there repeatedly came (but it's all methodical and organized by an overall organization infinitely superior to anything we can imagine) a state which is the state causing a break in the equilibrium, that is, the dissolution of the form – what's usually called "death." And that state went up to the extreme limit, like a demonstration, with at the same time the state (not a perception – the state) that prevents the break in the equilibrium and allows progress to go on without break. The result, in the body consciousness, is the simultaneous perception (so to speak simultaneous) of what we might describe as the extreme anguish of dissolution (though it's not quite that, but anyway) and the extreme Ananda of union – the two simultaneously.

So if you translate it into ordinary words: the extreme fragility (more than fragility) of the form, and the eternity of the form.

And the Truth is not just the union, but the fusion, the identification of the two.

When you mentalize it, it becomes clear for everyone – but it loses its essential quality, the something that cannot be mentalized.

It's the awareness of the two states that must be simultaneous?

Not divided. It's the union of the two states that constitutes the true consciousness; the union of the two ("union" still implies division), the identification of the two states is what constitutes the true consciousness. Then you get the sensation that it's this consciousness which is the supreme Power. You understand, Power is limited by oppositions and negations: the most powerful power is the one that dominates the most – but that's a complete imperfection! There is an all-powerful Power made up of the fusion of the two – that's the absolute Power. And if That were realized physically... probably it would be the end of the problem.

In fact, during the few hours I lived in that state this morning, there was the impression of having mastered everything and understood everything – "understood," I mean this sort of understanding that constitutes absolute power. But naturally, it can't be expressed.

That's what people who must have had the experience or a hint of it expressed by saying that this world was the world of equilibrium: in other words it's the simultaneousness, without division, of all opposites. As soon as there is any divergence – not even divergence, any difference – it's the beginning of division. And anything that isn't that state cannot be eternal; it's only that state which... not "contains," but expresses (or how else to put it?) eternity. There have been all sorts of philosophies which tried to explain it, but it's in the air, it's mental, speculative. While this is lived – lived, I mean BEING it.

Is it the material equivalent of a psychological experience one has in which the perception of evil completely disappears in the perception of an absolute Good – even in evil?

Yes, that's it. We might say that instead of being just a mental conception, it's a concrete realization of the fact.



March 20, 1968

There's a problem. It's about P.L. – do you know who he is?²⁷

No.

He is one of the dignitaries of the Roman Curia.

I don't understand! He is a Catholic?

He's going to be appointed bishop in [such and such a country].

...!!!

So there's a problem. He is an important person, and he wants to leave everything – this whole Christianity he rejects, he no longer wants it. He wants to leave his Church, his episcopate, everything, and remain here. He has "found" something here.

Yes, I saw that man: he was very much attached.

Yes, and he wants to leave everything. But it's a problem, because the slightest thing may cause scandals in Italy. The Communists are always ready to seize on the least opportunity: a priest who gives up the frock... Not only a priest, but an apprentice bishop of the Roman Curia. So he would like it to take place without scandals. But how should he go about it?

I saw the man, and I found him very good.

He is very good. He has something. He has experiences with Sri Aurobindo, he sees Sri Aurobindo. But there too, there's a problem. First, he needs your force: he's a man without much force vitally and physically. When he goes out of his body... The other day, he saw Sri Aurobindo at the Samadhi, and at the same time his body was being devoured by wild beasts and thrown out of his bed. He is attacked, he needs to be protected. Vitally and physically, he is weak. So you understand, if he goes back to Rome, those people won't let him go without a battle.... He'd like to ask you how he should proceed?

Is he from [such and such a country]?

Yes, and he is employed in Rome's Court, he looks after divorce cases. So on the one hand he needs your force to carry out this operation – it really is an operation – and then, what's the way to avoid a scandal? He told me he is the right-hand man of Cardinal T.²⁸ : "Should I use my influence with Cardinal T. to be given a sort of mission outside Rome, in Africa or in India, gradually

²⁷A visitor who has been staying in the Ashram for some time.

²⁸Cardinal Tisserant, who died in 1972.

distancing myself from Rome, keeping out of the limelight, and then disappearing? Or should I directly speak to the Pope and tell him clearly all that's going on?..." Because you know that when the Pope came to Bombay, P.L. was with him in the plane....

I prefer the solution of speaking to the Pope.

(Mother goes into a long concentration)

Is he the one who fainted here during a meditation?

Yes, vitally and physically he is weak.

But vitally, the Pope is very strong. That's troublesome.

(Mother again goes into a long concentration)

It's the only way. That danger is there, but he'll have to go through it.

When is he leaving?

Early in April. He'll ask to see you before he goes.

Yes. But I won't speak.

From here where will he go first?

To Rome, I think.

(silence)

But I have a feeling the Pope may also be interested?

(Mother nods her head)



March 23, 1968

(Satprem read Mother the end of the Playground Talk of June 3, 1953, about Karma: "In all religions, when people said that [the consequences of Karma were strict] and gave such absolute rules, as for

me, I think it was to take the place of Nature and pull people's strings.... So then they panic, they get terrified... – they should just go to the next floor up. What should be given them is the key to open the door. The staircase has a door, and it needs a key. The key is a sufficiently sincere aspiration or a sufficiently intense prayer.... In both there is a magic power, one must know how to use it.... Some detest prayer (if they went to the bottom of their hearts, they would see it's out of pride). And there are those who have no aspiration, who try but can't aspire – that's because they don't have the flame of will, they don't have the flame of humility. Both are needed: to change one's Karma, one must have a very great humility and a very great will.")

When did I say that?

In 1953.

Strange.

There's an IMMENSE sorrow behind, something very vast, very strong. It's strange.

Like an association with human sorrow.... It's strange.

* * *

Later:

I am going through decisive moments. But it's very difficult.

It's the transfer of the nervous system. I said that everything was being "transferred," one thing after another; now, it's the nervous system. That's... very difficult. Very difficult.

I'll talk about it later.



March 27, 1968

On April 1st, the sports season opens, and I've given an... appropriate message.

I started with a paradox:

"The first condition for acquiring power is to be obedient.

"The body must learn to obey before it can manifest power; and physical education is the most thorough discipline for the body.

"So be eager and sincere in your effort for physical education and you will acquire a powerful body."

It's logical. That's all.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Everybody is quarreling.... Oh, quarrels about absolutely nothing – everybody gets angry, everybody quarrels. It's been like that for the past three days. Astrologers say it depends on the "position of the stars" – but I don't believe in that! I believe the position of the stars is merely... (how should I put it?) the celestial notation of terrestrial events (!) It's not that the stars condition [events]: they are the expression.

* * *

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation which will last almost till the end. At one point, she opens her eyes and looks at Satprem as though something were taking place or she were about to say something....)

Nothing to ask?

I felt there was something.

What?

I don't know.

I was in fact going to ask you.... I had that same feeling – for you. Something new. No? Haven't you had a new experience?

I felt something.

Yes, but I felt it very strongly! I was about to ask you [when Mother opened her eyes], then instead of asking you I tried to see, but I didn't see anything! *(Mother laughs)*

There is a very different quality of vibration, a sort of...

Is it twelve?... Are we alone?

Yes.

The feeling of a very peaceful conscious force, but very strong, which has established itself in you, which has come down – something new. Did you feel it?

It took a mental expression a few days ago.

Oh... *(in a disappointed tone)* What was it?

The impression that all realizations on the heights and all the horrible hells one may live – in the Fire, they are all ONE. In the Flame, they are ONE. Up above, it all gets dissolved; down below, it all gets dissolved; and in the Flame, it's ONE, there are no opposites anymore.

For me, it [what Mother felt in Satprem] was expressed through a sort of very strong, very luminous balance, and... oh, with an extraordinary peace.

You understand, something which has established itself (*gesture of a solid square*). I could express it with the word "realization."

Peaceful, strong, luminous – very solid.

We'll see.



March 30, 1968

(For some time Mother has looked grave.)

You look grave?

I am all right. But I can't speak. Things are fine, it's... what could I call it? (*Mother remains silent*)... The universalization of the body consciousness – high-sounding words! But that's what it is.

Very interesting. But I'd rather not speak. But things are fine.

This morning again, it was very, VERY interesting. But I can't talk about it yet. We'll see after some time.²⁹



²⁹In August there will take place the second great – and dangerous – turning point in Mother's yoga, after the one of April, 1962. Mother's voice is already beginning to have a different timbre, as though she were speaking from a great distance.

April

April 3, 1968

*(In continuation of the conversation of March 20, 1968,
regarding the member of the Roman Curia.)*

Have you seen P.L. again?

No.

I saw him yesterday.

He spoke to me, but I didn't hear. I don't know what he told me. But I VERY STRONGLY had – very strongly, and it lasted a long time – the sense of the beginning, the commencement... the start of something like an action or a series of events that would have great importance for the development of the earth.³⁰ Very strong: it lasted for hours, that impression. And for me it's quite unaccustomed, because generally, outward things... (*Mother shakes her head*) it's all so relative, all events are so relative that they don't leave any impression.

Quite unusual. And unexpected.

It's like a door opening onto something that will have a rather considerable importance in the development of the earth.

I didn't feel he himself was conscious.... It somewhat exceeded human consciousnesses. But I clearly saw, very clearly saw the Pope.

Has he decided to go to Rome?

Yes, and as soon as he gets there, he'll ask for an audience.

It's quite (it remained for hours), quite unaccustomed: something far exceeding human individualities, and it was the beginning of something very important in the history of the earth's evolution.

The last time I saw him, he asked me how he should get himself received by the Pope. I said to him, "It's very simple, it's Sri Aurobindo's name that will open the door for you; just write the Pope, 'I come from Sri Aurobindo's Ashram and I would like to see you.'"

*(Mother goes into
a long concentration)*

It's strange, a strange sensation.... You know, like turning a page. Yesterday and right up to now, it's

³⁰This would seem to be the continuation or concretization of the movement begun in 1967 with Mother's note, "Christianity deifies suffering to make it the instrument of the earth's salvation" (July 29, 1967), then the visits of Mrs. Z, who claimed to want to bring about a rapprochement between the Church and the Ashram, and again of the monk who wanted to broaden his Christianity with the new Truth (see *Agenda 8*).

been so strong: the sense of something going like this (*gesture of turning a page*), and that was the beginning. And you know, nothing in the head, not a thought or anything: only a sort of perception of something going like this (*same gesture*) and...

We should note the date – maybe in ten or twenty years we'll understand!

Yesterday was April 2, yes, the 2nd. It was a curious date: 2-4-6-8 [April 2, 1968]. Two, four, six, eight. And the impression was of something going like this, like a page that's been turned, and then... the beginning. Or if you like (it's not a geometrical sensation, but...), the sense of a curve that has come to its end, and another one starting. But that's not as good as the image of an immense page falling back, and something beginning. It's blank, it's... just the beginning.

And no perception of a personal thing: individualities [e.g., P.L.] are just like pawns that have been used for starting, that's all. The movement, the origin of the movement is infinitely higher and vaster than any physical personality.

Truly the perception that everyone and everything are nothing but pawns, like that (*gesture as on a chessboard*), which are set in motion, but...

We'll see.

We should note that.

Still, does it have something to do with the Pope?

Yes. With Christendom.

*(Mother again goes into
a long contemplation)*

Since yesterday (it didn't seem related to the first experience), but the whole day, my way of reacting (inwardly, not outwardly), my way of reacting to things, my way of MATERIALLY looking at all things – it was completely changed. There was, as it were, a new person... even expressing surprise at the old reactions, wondering, "What! Did I use to react like that?" ("I," meaning the body, of course.) "Now it's not that any longer."

And it's still very strong now, as though... not a new personality, but a new way of being, were there. And not a personal way of being: it's like a great stream.

It's very, very strange.

I had three very difficult days, really very difficult, even dangerous; then by a stiffening of the will, and with a sort of very active work of *surrender* of all the cells, yesterday that was the outcome.

Very odd, very odd.

We'll see! (*Mother laughs*)



April 6, 1968

I didn't want to make rules for Auroville, but I am going to be forced to start formulating certain things, because... there happens to be difficulties. I don't know what to do.

What I wanted to say came; it's very simple (*Mother takes a written note*), simply like this (it's about very small things):

"One must choose between getting drunk and living in Auroville, the two are incompatible."

It's not an innocent drunkenness, I mean it results in acts of violence, it verges on madness.

So of course, if we start along this road, we may also say this (*Mother takes another note*):

"One must choose between living in falsehood and living in Auroville, the two are incompatible."

May it be true!

We could say that those who get drunk do it to forget; but one doesn't come to Auroville to forget: one comes to Auroville, on the contrary, to remember.

Yes, we might rather put it in that form.

But the idea was mostly to insist on the CHOICE. Living in Auroville is a CHOICE. It's a choice, an attitude you adopt, a decision you make. Living in Auroville is a choice, you choose a certain life. But once you choose one thing, some others become incompatible.... At any rate, living in Auroville is an ACTION, a decision you make, an action.

But this (*Mother points to her note*) is a concession to the present state of mankind, because, to tell the truth, in Auroville there should only be individual cases. What I mean is this: there may be people who get drunk and are nonetheless fit to live in Auroville. So we can't make a general rule. But if we don't make a general rule, on what ground can we say to someone (who's been accepted, that's the difficulty), "No, you must change – either you stop this, or else you can't stay in Auroville...?"

What is said of alcohol can be said of drugs; and it can be said of many other things.

Many, yes, lots. It's only a beginning. You understand, I have seen that we're going to be faced with the need... It's the need to impose a choice – to say, "You must choose between this and that."

It's the same with drugs, in some people the effects aren't dangerous, or not harmful.

Ultimately, everyone's freedom is limited by the fact that it mustn't go against others' freedom. That's the limit.

Obviously it's hard to make general rules.

It's impossible.

In my case, I remember having taken opium for several years, and it did me good, it would soothe me, quiet me. Taking opium now would be absurd, but at the time it did me no harm.

But of course! I understand that very well! I see it so clearly, in such a universal way.... You see, a sentence like this (*Mother shows her note*) ought to be said to only one individual, that is, "It's like this FOR YOU – you must choose between overcoming your weakness or habit and living in Auroville, the two can't go together." But then, it becomes a purely individual question; to another you may well not need to say it.

That's why the most general formula is to say that any self-forgetfulness is contrary to life in Auroville. One doesn't go to Auroville to forget, or to forget oneself – any self-forgetfulness, in any form.

Ah, but "self-forgetfulness," if you take it from a moral standpoint...! (*Mother laughs*)

Forgetting one's true self.

(*Mother laughs*) The minute one formulates...

It would be more correct to say:

"Any pursuit of unconsciousness is contrary to life in Auroville."

That's more general. And if we want to be still more general, we could say,

"Any movement backward or downward is in contradiction to life in Auroville, which is a life of ascent towards the future."

But words...

Some articles have appeared in newspapers about Auroville's foundation, for instance with the theme, "A utopia on the way to realization." So then, there are those who tell you, "You'll never succeed!" Their argument is, "They are human beings and they will remain human" – that's where they're wrong. "Human nature cannot be changed," that's the basis on which they tell you, "You won't succeed." Therefore the only thing needed is not only to accept and to want the future, but to adhere to the will for transformation and progress. As a general formula, that's quite fine.

But you see, with drugs, for instance – take chloroform used for operations: well, on every individual chloroform has different effects (they don't accept that in theory, but it's a fact). We have S. here, who was an anesthetist, and the upshot of his experience is that it has a different effect on everyone. Some it hurls into unconsciousness (the large majority, I think), but in certain cases, on the contrary, people are thrown into another consciousness.

And it's the same with everything.

So my note won't do, it can only do individually: "That's how it is in your case"; but in another case, it may not be incompatible at all.

So we'll have to deal with it little by little.... It'll be interesting!



April 10, 1968

P.L. has left. He had me asked for "blessings packets" to help him... (*laughing*) through four different people, to make sure he got them! He said about the same thing to everyone – that he was about to do something very hard and he needed my very active help.... So I gave four packets!

It occurred to me to ask him to wire me as soon as he knows the date and time of his interview with the Pope.

It's a good idea.

It seems he is a minister's son.... I forget who he confided in, but he said his father is (or was) prime minister in [such and such a country], and he himself is a lawyer and manages several people's fortunes. He said he has to manage something like twenty crores of rupees,³¹ which means a considerable fortune. But that's all, he didn't say anything else.

He asked me what he should do with his money, so I advised him to go and see A. He said, for instance, that he had shares in lots of businesses, and he asked me, "Should I divest myself of all this?" I told him, "A. will be able to advise you, but at first sight there's no reason to divest yourself; if you get interest, you may give it to the Ashram if you feel devoted to the Ashram, but there's no reason to throw everything overboard."

He didn't speak of divesting himself when he saw A., he said he manages OTHER people's money.

Oh, he didn't say that to me.

It seems odd: to one he says one thing, to another something else....

I don't think so.

As for me, I feel a very pleasant contact – very pleasant, very trusting, very good. A very good contact.

Probably to everyone he only says one bit.

To me he said he wanted to leave everything, then he hesitated and asked, "But if, for instance, I need to go back to my country to see my mother?... "I told him, "There's no reason for you to give everything like that. If you wish, you can keep a certain freedom through a little money for necessities. At any rate," I said, "no one will ask anything of you, it's for you to do as you feel."

Yes.

But then, if it isn't others' money that he manages but his own, he is very rich.

(silence)

Yesterday I had the visit of a young man (quite young) with his mother and grandmother: they have a jute factory... in Pakistan. It's worth about twenty crores of rupees, of which half is theirs personally,

³¹One *crore* is ten millions.

their personal money. The Pakistani government took everything. But there was a trial (the court was in Pakistan), and the court decided that the factory should go back to its owner. So the Pakistani government has written to this young man, saying, "Come and take possession of your factory." But he has been warned (I don't know how) that he should beware – that he would be put in jail as soon as he arrived!... Then he came to see me, quite embarrassed. He told me the situation. "Very well," I said, "we'll see."

We'll try.

It's amusing!

It's like this: money (not a penny or two, I mean) has a sort of... I don't know if it's an attraction or a need to come [to Mother]... and then, one clearly sees that, everywhere, what prevents it from coming is the hostile force, it's a force of disorder, a "force of misappropriation," we might say. As a conflict, it's interesting to observe.³²

I don't know if it's to teach me to find the kind of vibration or power capable of undoing this stranglehold... it's possible.

But the conflict is between what we might call "opposing proprietors." And the truth is that money belongs to no one. This idea of "possession" of money is what has perverted everything. Money shouldn't be a "possession": it's a means of action, which is given to you just like a power, but you have to use it according to... what we might call "the Donor's will," that is, impersonally and with foresight. If you are a good instrument in the spread and use of money, then it comes to you, and it does so in proportion to your capacity of using it in the right way. That's the true working.

I see these people [of the jute factory]: no choice needs to be made, the man didn't say spontaneously (or anyway, with feeling), "This money is at the disposal of divine forces for the action" – not at all, that's a thousand miles away from his thought. It's "I quite simply want to take POSSESSION again..." of something he claims to own. So that's why (*Mother shakes her head*) it may be this or that, this way or that way – it hardly makes any difference.

The true attitude is this: money is a universal force meant to do the work on earth, the work needed to prepare the earth to receive the divine forces and manifest them, and it must come into the hands (the utilizing power, that is) of those who have the clearest vision, the most general and truest vision.

The first thing, to begin with (this is elementary), is to have no sense of possession – "It's mine," what does that mean? What does it mean?... I can't really understand it now. Why do people want it to be theirs? – To be able to use it as they wish, do with it what they wish and handle it according to their own idea. That's how it is. Otherwise, yes, there are people who love to keep it in a money, they heap it up. But if people understood that one must be like a receiver-transmitter set; that the vaster the set (just the contrary of personal), the more impersonal and generous and vast the set is, and the more forces it can contain ("forces," that is, to translate materially, banknotes or money). And that power to contain is in proportion to the best capacity of utilization – the "best," that is, from the standpoint of general progress: the broadest vision, the broadest understanding and the most enlightened, exact, true utilization, not according to the ego's falsified needs, but according to the earth's general need in its evolution and development. In other words, the broadest vision should have the broadest capacity.

Behind all false movements, there is a true one: there is a joy in being able to direct, utilize, organize things so as to keep wastage to a minimum while having a maximum of results. (That's a very interesting vision to have.) And that must be the true side in those who want to amass: a capacity of utilization on a very large scale.

³²This is the whole problem of the Ashram's "proprietors" (or Auroville's former proprietors) and this "misappropriation" which Mother was already referring to in 1960 (and before): see *Agenda I*, July 23, 1960, p. 400.

As this vision grows clearer... It's a long, long time, years and years, since the sense of possession went away; that's childishness, it's nothing – it's so silly! Will you tell me what pleasure a man can take in keeping heaps of papers in a box or in his wall! A real pleasure he can't have. The height of pleasure is that of the miser who goes and opens his box to look at it – that's not much! Some people love to spend, they love to possess and spend; that's different, they are generous natures, but unregulated, unorganized.... But the joy of enabling all TRUE needs, all NECESSITIES to express themselves, that's good. It's like the joy of turning an illness into good health, a falsehood into truth, a suffering into joy, it's the same thing: turning an artificial and stupid need, which doesn't correspond to anything natural, into a possibility which becomes something quite natural – a need for so much money to do this and that which needs to be done, to set right here, repair there, build here, organize there – that's good. And I understand one may enjoy being the transmitting channel for all that and bring money just where it's needed. It must be the true movement in people who enjoy... (that's when it becomes stupid selfishness) who need to hoard.

The combination of the need to hoard and the need to spend (both of them ignorant and blind), the two combined can make for a clear vision and a utilization as useful as possible. That's good.

So then, there slowly, slowly comes the possibility of putting it into practice.

But naturally, to be everywhere at the same time and do every thing at the same time, one needs very clear brains and very upright intermediaries (!) Then this famous question of money would be solved.

Money belongs to no one: money is a collective property that only those with an integral and general, universal vision must use. And let me add, a vision not only integral and general, but also essentially TRUE, which means you can distinguish between a utilization in conformity with universal progress, and a utilization that might be called fanciful. But those are details, because even errors – even, from a certain point of view, wasteful uses – help in the general progress: they are lessons in reverse.

(silence)

I still remember what Théon used to say (Théon was quite against philanthropy), he said, "Philanthropy perpetuates human misery, because without human misery it would lose its raison d'être!" And you know, that great philanthropist... what was his name? In the time of Mazarin, the one who founded the "Little Sisters of Charity"?

Vincent de Paul.

That's it. Mazarin once told him, "There have never been so many poor as since you started looking after them!"³³ *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

A little later:

³³Someone had written to Mother, "I want my money to be used exclusively to conquer the causes of our sufferings and misery." Mother had replied, "That is what we are working towards here, but not in the artificial way of the philanthropists, who only deal with the outward effects. We want to eliminate forever the CAUSE of suffering, by divinizing matter through the integral transformation."

I am thinking of my money affair again: that's how life in Auroville should be organized – but I doubt people are ready.

That is, it can be done as long as they accept the direction of a sage.

Yes.

The first thing to be accepted and recognized by all is that the invisible, higher power (higher in the sense that it belongs to a plane of consciousness which, although veiled to most, one can gain, a consciousness one may call as one likes, any name – that doesn't matter – but which is integral and pure in the sense that it's not mendacious, it's based on the Truth), that this power is capable of governing material things for everyone in a MUCH TRUER, happier and more beneficial way than any material power. That's the first point. Once everyone agrees on it...

And it's not something you can pretend to have; a being can't pretend to have it: either he has it or he doesn't, because (*laughing*) if it's a pretense, life will use the slightest opportunity to make it obvious! And moreover, it won't give you any material power – here also, Théon said something in this regard, he said, "Those who are all the way up" (he was referring to the TRUE hierarchy, the hierarchy based precisely on each one's power of consciousness), "one who is all the way up (one or those) necessarily has the least amount of needs; his material needs decrease as his capacity of material vision increases." And it's perfectly true. It's automatic and spontaneous; it's not the result of an effort: the vaster the consciousness and the more things and realities it embraces, the smaller the material needs become – automatically so – because they lose all their importance and value. It's reduced to a minimal need of material necessities, which will itself change with the progressive development of Matter.

And that's easily recognizable, of course. It's difficult to feign.

The second thing is the power of conviction. That is to say, the highest consciousness, when it's put in contact with Matter, spontaneously has... (what should I call it?... It's not an "influence," because there's no will to influence.... I might put it this way:) it has a power of conviction greater than that of all intermediary regions. Through simple contact, its power of conviction, that is, its power of transformation, is greater than that of all the intermediary regions. That is a fact. Those two facts make it impossible for any pretense to last. (I am looking at it from the standpoint of a collective organization.)

As soon as you come down from that supreme Height, you find the whole play of diverse influences (*gesture of mixture and conflict*), and that's in fact a sure sign: if you come down ever so slightly (even into a region of higher mentality, higher intelligence), the WHOLE conflict of influences starts. Only what's truly all the way up, with perfect purity, has this power of spontaneous conviction. All substitutes you may try are therefore an approximation, and not a much better one than democracy – by "democracy," I mean the system that wants to rule through the greatest number and lowest masses (I am referring to "social democracy," the latest trend).

If there is no representative of the supreme Consciousness (which can happen, of course), if there isn't any, we could perhaps (this would be worth trying) replace him with the government by a small number – we would have to choose between four and eight, something like that: four, seven or eight – a small number having an INTUITIVE intelligence. Intuitive is more important than intelligence": they should have an intuition that manifests intellectually. (From a practical standpoint it would have some drawbacks, but it might be nearer the truth than the lowest rung: socialism or communism.) All the intermediaries have proved incompetent: theocracy, aristocracy, democracy, plutocracy – all that is a *complete failure*. The other one too is now giving proof of its *failure*, the government of... what can we

call it? Democracy?³⁴ (But democracy always implies the idea of educated, rich people.) That has given proof of its complete incompetence.

It's the reign of the most equally shared stupidity.

Yes, that's right!... But I am referring to the system all the way down, socialistic or communistic, which represents material needs.... Basically, it corresponds to a sort of absence of government, because they don't have the power to govern others: they are forced to transfer their power to someone who exercises it, like a Lenin, for instance, because he was a brain. But all that... all that has been tried out and has given proof of its incompetence. The only thing that could be competent is the Truth-Consciousness choosing instruments and expressing itself through a certain number of instruments, if one can't be found (just one isn't enough, either, that one would necessarily need to choose a whole collectivity). Those possessing this consciousness may belong to any class of society: it's not a privilege arising from birth, but the result of personal effort and development. In fact, that would be an external sign, an evident sign of change on the political level: no question anymore of classes or categories or birth (all that is outdated), but those individualities that have reached a higher consciousness would have the right to govern, whatever class they belong to – and no others.

That would be the true vision.

But all those participating in the experience would have to be absolutely convinced that the highest consciousness is the best judge of the MOST MATERIAL THINGS. You see, what has ruined India is this idea that the higher consciousness has to do with "higher" things, while it's not interested in lower things and knows nothing about them! That's what has caused the ruin of India. Well, this error must be completely abolished. It's the highest consciousness that sees the most clearly – the most clearly and the most truly – what the needs of the most material thing should be.

With this, we could try out a new kind of government.

There.

(Mother laughs)



April 13, 1968

R. [Auroville's architect] has come for five days, and he wants to make what he calls a "district" of Auroville, that is to say, instead of tackling the problem of ten or twenty thousand people at once, he wants to start with two or three thousand, on the level of infrastructure, but above all to see how it will work: the experiment of life in Auroville.... I had thought about it, and when I spoke to you last time, that's what came: in what direction should the experiment be carried out? You see, Y. has ideas in the field of education (I am not intervening); as for R., he has ideas in the field of construction (I am not

³⁴Mother means socialism or communism.

intervening); but no one has studied the problem on the level of administration or organization, and of money, and that was precisely what I spoke of to you about last time.

So if you could read me what I told you, if it does I'll give them the text.... There is also this communist Russian architect, who has become quite enthusiastic: to him Auroville is the ideal realization. He is a very strong boy, with some power (also a power of conviction over people). So it would be interesting if he could have a glimpse of the direction in which we're going.

*(Mother listens to Satprem
read out the last conversation)*

It's incomplete.

There are already many things in it.

(silence)

But in the past, in Vedic times, sages were advisers to the kings. In the past it was like that.

Or rather that's what we're told!

I'll speak later. What was in my consciousness was far more complete and general than what I said here, so... Right now the experiences are very, very much activated, very intense. But once they're told, they become flat. So I'd rather not say anything – later.

It's not flat. There's a power in it.

Yes, but what I lived inwardly was a hundred times stronger.... Oh, I know it'll do them good, but...

What has remained in the consciousness is something that must be lived before being told. So we've got some time!



April 17, 1968

(Mother spends the entire time in contemplation. Towards the end:)

...Don't feel like talking.

Anything to ask?

You look a little grave?

No, it's not that.

It's...

(After a long silence)

It's very hard to say, but it's clearly the phenomenon of material transformation. It begins with what we may call a "change of government": instead of a personal, inner being governing, it's directly the Consciousness, the supreme Consciousness. So then, there is the transfer of all movements, all activities – the entire functioning. The transfer of the personal being. Instead of obeying a personal being, it's under the Influence of and directly IMPELLED by the Consciousness.

It's the same phenomenon that took place for the various inner states of being (but that's relatively easy), but now, it's physical. And also it's not mentalized, so it's hard to express.



April 20, 1968

(Mother holds out a note on Auroville)

(Question:.) How dependent is the building of Auroville upon man's acceptance of spirituality?

(Mother's answer:.) The opposition between spirituality and material life, the division between the two has no sense for me as, in truth, life and the spirit are ONE and it is in and by physical work that the highest spirit must be manifested.

I got today a letter from a Swedish lady, I think (Swedish or Norwegian, I don't know), who bought a crucifixion.... A HUGE painting – huge, I forget its size, but it's fantastic, something like thirty feet high. She asks me what she should do with it! She wants to send it to me.... So I've told her (she paid a good sum for it, but she's a very rich woman; only she wanted to make a gift of it to me), I've told her to make an exhibition in a large hall, with, written under the painting, "The Past." Then to put next to it, quite small, a photo of the galaxy, which is almost identical to Auroville's plan – a photo of the galaxy, big as this, and below, Auroville's plan big as this (*gesture still smaller*), and to write, "The Future."

And she'll make people pay to come in and see!

Do you know that photo of the galaxy? It's really lovely. One of the plans for Auroville is almost identical, and they did it without seeing the photo of the galaxy.... They'll put those two photos, and if people ask questions, they'll be told, "Write there, you'll get an answer."

I thought it would be an interesting symbol.

You understand, if I put anything else, I mean a photo of Sri Aurobindo, for instance, or books, it will look like... it will be as if we wanted to start a new religion – I don't want religions, an end to

religions!

So it's an attempt to realize.

* * *

(Mother then goes into a long contemplation that will last till the end.)

Do you have anything to ask?

Are things all right?

Oh, it's very interesting.... These days seem to be decisive ones. All supports are done away with, there remains only That One.



April 23, 1968

(Mother shows a brochure on Auroville; the first photograph in it shows the all-white urn under a vast sky.)

It's very fine. It has something... I don't know *(Mother drives her fist down into the Earth)*, like a Law of Destiny: something that imposes itself.

(silence)

Did I tell you that a Swedish or Norwegian lady wants to send me a big crucifixion?... I did. But I didn't show you the two texts. You see, I chose a photo of the galaxy, then a photo of Auroville that somewhat looks like the first, and then, under the crucifixion, we'll have in big letters *(Mother reads)*:

"The Divine Consciousness crucified by man's desires."

Then, in very small letters, like this, we'll put under the photo of Auroville:

"The Divine Consciousness manifested through human unity."

We'll see! The lady has a lot of goodwill, we'll see the response in her country.

(silence)

Yesterday, they came from the press with the brochure on Auroville and said, "Oh, there's a mistake, we've been told that the text of Auroville's Charter had to be changed." Someone told them I had said that "Divine Consciousness" had to be replaced throughout by "Perfect Consciousness." I stared at him:

"What!"

"Yes, that's what we've been told."

Then I said (*laughing*), "Who's the idiot who told you that!"

"But he said *you* had said so!"

Then I asked him, "Tell me his name so I may give him a good slap!"

Naturally, there's no question of changing anything. What happened was that people in Russia, Yugoslavia who translated it... (it was translated into a certain number of languages, now I don't remember), they asked me for an alternative to the word "Divine," because... In Russia, they go one better, the word is banned! Using the word "divine" is forbidden! So I said all right. I said, "FOR RUSSIA, you may, if you wish, put 'Perfect Consciousness' instead of 'Divine Consciousness.'" I pointed out to them (*laughing*), "It's somewhat diminished, it's brought down a little, but never mind!"

Here, in the French brochure, it's "Divine." I said if they wanted another word in Russian or German (in German T. translated it into "the highest" [Consciousness]; I told her, "It's rather poor, but anyway"), well, I said I wouldn't protest. In Chinese it's "Divine." I think it's "Divine" in Japanese too.

In German, they asserted, "Oh, if we put 'Divine,' people will immediately think of God...." I replied (*laughing*), "Not necessarily, if they're not idiots!"

But it has given me a very precise picture of what would happen if for some reason or other I were no longer here.... Everyone would use my name to... (*Mother laughs*) It would be frightening!

Yes.

* * *

*Mother then goes
into a contemplation:*

It's very, very interesting, and very strange. A strange sensation.... It's been like that for, I don't know, a long time, but these last few days it has become so intense and so precise.... A sensation of being like this (*gesture of hanging in suspense*), of having gone out of an old way of being (not a personal way – terrestrial, let us say) and being on the verge – it's on the verge – of entering a new way of being; and a sensation of being... like this (*same gesture of hanging between two worlds*).

The entire old way of being (way of feeling, thinking, even the state of consciousness) is seen... not exactly as a distortion or falsification, but something like that – it's not that: it's the human way of being. And it's necessarily the way of being that resulted from intensive mental development.

What's growing quite clear is – Consciousness. It's no longer explained with words or defined or... it's no longer that, it's – Consciousness (or rather one feels one knows what it is), Consciousness. That's the state: Consciousness. But it's still a fragmented consciousness, which is (I can't say "making effort" because there's no effort), which is mutating into a total consciousness. So that is the transition (*same gesture in suspense*). It's still a consciousness (not exactly individual or personal, but fragmented, or in other words, which has been objectified), a consciousness which is AWARE of its movement of union. It's still that, not total union.

So it results in all kinds of experiences....

And that [new state] isn't the result of a concentration or anything else: it's the normal way of being, constant at last. But there are still divisions, in the sense that there is an attitude of consciousness observing another, and yet another observing the first two – all that is still... (*fluctuating gesture*) Like a play of different consciousnesses observing one another, objectifying one another. So it's not yet the thing.

All that is going on in the body – perhaps in different parts of the body, I don't know. There are GRADATIONS of consciousness, or more or less complete identifications, according to certain bodily functions – I don't know. And beneath, there are still old undercurrents of mental influence, from what we are used to calling the "higher" mind (intuitive mind and so on). And then, all around, a whole play of forces, suggestions, formations, which comes from outside. I say "from outside," but there's no sense of "outside"; there's no such sense, no longer any sense of "these people here" and "those people there" – it's not like that, no longer at all, even for the body.

*(Mother abruptly goes into
a long contemplation that
lasts till the end)*

To be continued!



April 24, 1968

(Message given by Mother)

"In the spiritual order of things, the higher we project our view and our aspiration, the greater the Truth that seeks to descend upon us, because it is already there within us and calls for its release from the covering that conceals it in manifested Nature."

Sri Aurobindo



April 27, 1968

Do you have news of P.L.? I heard he's ill.

Yes, not a good letter.... I have two things: one letter from P.L. and one about him. Here is P.L.'s [Satprem reads a letter in which P. L. writes that he fell ill as soon as he came back to the Vatican, that he could not see the Pope, is in despair, incapable, etc.].

He doesn't have the strength. That's what I feared. The influence is too strong (*gesture to show P.L. caught in a grip*). And the other letter?

It's a letter from Monsignor R., a friend of P.L. He is a billionaire, and it's P. L., in fact, who manages this Monsignor's billions. He wrote to J. [P.L.'s friend], saying this [Satprem reads a letter in which Msgr. R. asks J. to give P.L. urgent help by receiving him in her Pondicherry home and looking after him, as the case is very serious and P.L. is going through a "psychological crisis" and must break out of his milieu, etc.].

He'd better come. And what did J. say?

Oh, that's another problem. J. told me, "Impossible." She has a reaction against P.L., because P.L. is desperately clinging to her.

Oh dear!

He's clinging to her as if to dear life. When he is here, he won't leave her, he wants to stay with her and clings to her as much as he can. As for Sri Aurobindo and Mother, who are the deeper reason, he only sees them through J. That's the whole thing. So J. has a reaction of rejection, she says, "I don't want any more of that."

Is he asking to come back or not?

I think it's the only thing he's asking for. Only, he doesn't have the strength to put his situation in the Vatican in order. He doesn't have the courage to put his affairs in order.

But the other fellow, Msgr. R., will do it for him: he'll send him back.

Yes, but P.L. won't have the courage to say that he's quitting everything.

Oh!...

Are they asking him for an immediate answer over there?

This Monsignor is asking for a telegram.

Fine, we can wire him to come. But I mean, must he immediately put the situation there in order, or can it be put off?

It can.

Then it's better for him to come. But he can't stay with J. He can very well stay here without staying with J.

There'll be a drama, because he absolutely wants to be with J.

What I see is this: let him come here, we'll put him up at Golconde.³⁵ Let's send this Monsignor a telegram along that line.

And inform P. L. that he will be put up at Golconde – let him be told in advance.

Oh, yes.

Yesterday P.L. wrote to F., saying, "Tell Mother that I am ill and need help." So I gave a "blessings packet" for him. He made no mention of coming back, but he said, "I absolutely need help."

He will find himself back in the same situation: he will come back here, will be very happy and contented, things will be fine, and then...

And then he just has to stay here!

He just has to stay here?

And things there will unravel quite naturally.

You see, not for one day have I been without connection with him; and I am not "active," in the sense that I have a connection only when people call. So it means he has really been calling. And like this: continuously, continuously, with a sense of tension. The letter to F. came yesterday afternoon, then I understood.

But it shows that his vital is still not pure enough to be strong enough. The vital forces there [in the Vatican] are EXTREMELY powerful.

But he told me that as soon as he goes out of his body, his body is devoured by wild beasts.

Ah!... Did that happen even here?

Yes.

That's troublesome.

He told me another story. He had another "dream" here, in Pondicherry, which very much upset him (because he loves you, he feels something for you). One night he saw himself, P.L., turned into a bird, a sort of owl which wanted to go and kill you! That bird had a dagger and was about to go and kill you. Then he woke up with a start, horrified by what he was going to do. It was P.L. turned into an owl, rushing towards you with a dagger to kill you.... He was horrified, poor man.

That means he is very much under their influence.

(silence)

When he saw Sri Aurobindo at the Samadhi, he fainted.... There's a great conflict within.

³⁵"Golconde" is a guest-house in the Ashram.

When he saw Sri Aurobindo, Sri Aurobindo told him, "Come, come and sit here, near me, stay here." So he stayed there quite happily, then all of a sudden he fled....

Oh!

But Sri Aurobindo told him, "Come and sit down, be in peace."

Yes, the battle is being waged within.

(silence)

I think that's the only thing to do: to ask J. to wire that he will be put up at Golconde. And we'll see. We shouldn't ask her to receive him, it's better if he doesn't go and stay with her. I wouldn't want them to have a relationship. That would be very undesirable – it shouldn't take place here, you understand; it would right away take him out of the protection, so... If what makes him come back here is a desire of this order, it will take him out of the protection.

But the two are there! There's his passion for J., and there's Sri Aurobindo and Mother.

Yes, it's mixed.

The true thing has made use of that.

Yes... very well.

It far exceeds the individuals, you understand, that's the important point.³⁶



³⁶It is in fact the start of a long story with the Vatican and the Church's reforms (or rather the continuation, after Mother's "meeting" with the Pope before his 1964 visit to Bombay).

May

May 2, 1968

Your P.L. is coming back!

What an avalanche of telegrams! And it's not over: here's one more [Satprem reads Mother a telegram in which P. L. announces a mysterious "new fact" and implores to be allowed to stay with his friend J. for "grave reasons"].

Then let him stay with her!

He suddenly got scared stiff over there. It's true that their occult power is very great and one has to be very strong to resist it. And he got scared stiff. That's what made him sick.

My own feeling is that the other fellow, this Monsignor R., wanted to get rid of him.... Seriously, I think he smelled something fishy and said, "He'd better leave."

He doesn't have the strength, obviously.

No, he doesn't.

But you know, he's really a victim: when he was seven, his mother sent him to a friars' convent in Spain... till the age of eighteen!

Poor man!

In Spain! You know, that inexorable Christianity... From seven to eighteen – it's dreadful!

No, he's a very nice man, but vitally not strong enough. But if he lived in a convent for so many years, then I understand....

*(Mother remains concentrated
for a long time)*

I don't think it's the end of this affair.

(long silence)

J. is troubled because he demands a lot of attention.

Who had thought of him for the post of cardinal?

I don't know, but it was expected.

It was expected.... It must have been a political affair, because... In fact, I think it's generally a political affair.

Oh, yes, it's nothing but politics.

...Because he's much too passionate for the job.

Was it to be for now or later?

I don't know.

I am asking you because that may be the "new fact" he's referring to. Maybe a decision has been made.... As for me, I had a strong impression that the other fellow [Msgr. R.] wanted to get rid of him for some reason or other.

We'll see.

* * *

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation which will last till the end.)

I keep having an impression of something IMPORTANT that has begun.... But it will go on for a very long time, probably. It will take a very long time.



May 4, 1968

(Mother gives a flower called "Divine Purity": Isotoma longiflora.)

Do you know this?

Sri Aurobindo's definition of purity is being exclusively under the influence of the Divine. So naturally, the Divine is exclusively under his own influence (!), and that's purity!

Any news regarding P.L.?

He is expected today.

A "new fact," he said, what can it be?...

As for me, I had a strong, very strong impression that they wanted to get rid of him, in the sense that either it was the Pope who didn't want to hear him, or, more likely, it was his friend, Monsignor R., who didn't want the Pope to hear what he had to say. It's a very strong impression.

I might put it this way: the impression I got, but a very strong one (very strong, it lasted for at least two days, it was very strong), was of Catholicism defending itself. And as in the mental region they couldn't touch P.L., they reached him from below and ruined his health – they know how to do all that,

they are very skilled occultists.

And he didn't have this immense balance (*vast gesture above*) thanks to which none of that has any effect. He's still open.

But he didn't even listen to the elementary advice he was given. He was told, "Speak only to the Pope and to no one else." And he spoke right and left. He spoke to Cardinal Tisserant, to this Monsignor R., so...

(silence)

They are so attached to their power that they are capable of reverting to their old ways – excommunication, inquisition and the rest – to prevent things from moving. That's what I feel. That's the terrible thing. Whereas the Pope, there was in him an effort to go farther.

"There was," did you say?

What did I say?

You said, there "was" an effort...

Yes, I am not sure they won't...

(Mother remains silent)

Have you heard the rumor that the Pope was going to abdicate? A few days ago, newspapers reported a rumor according to which the Pope was going to abdicate.³⁷

There you are!... I didn't know.

There has been a denial, but the rumor has been quite widespread.

That's it. That's it. I didn't know. Oh, it's very interesting.... I think there's a band of brigands, over there.

Oh, yes!... X told me that when she was in Rome, she attended all the official receptions, and she said that all those prelates were as fat as... they were drinking champagne, brandy... Where was spirituality in that!

(after a silence)

Oh, the cardinals want to drive the Pope out....

³⁷"POPE RESIGNING? (Vatican City, April 30) Speculation is growing again that Pope Paul may resign as head of the Roman Catholic Church. Talk of such a possibility has become widespread not only in Vatican circles but also among civil officials in Rome. The State-run National Television network is said to have prepared a special programme on the Pope's career for broadcast instantly should he abdicate. The usual Vatican informants cannot give credence to the resignation speculation. But they do not rule out the possibility." (*The Hindu*, 1 May 1968)

(another silence)

Yes, they are going to resist as much as they can.

It would be good if contact could be made between you and him.

(Mother nods her head with force) Yes. Yes.

But I told you, I knew it, these people have a rather considerable occult knowledge and a total lack of scruples. I am absolutely convinced that they are the ones who made P.L. sick. He may not be aware of it (he probably isn't), but I am convinced of it, I am sure.

There has been a very strong attack here – very strong and directly on me. I saw it, you understand – I saw it. I can't say I felt it, but I saw it.

Coming from them?

Coming from them.

And not only was it directly on me, but it touched... (*gesture in the Ashram's atmosphere*), it touched.³⁸

They are skilled.

You know, there's only one thing stronger than they, only one: the Lord's peace. I don't know if you understand what I mean (I speak with words that sound like their own language), but it's... (*immense gesture above*)... "That," there, they can't touch. But it's the only thing. Few people know how to shield themselves from "that" [magic].

(Mother goes into
a long contemplation)

* * *

When was the last time you came? The day before yesterday?... The day before yesterday, at 5 in the morning, I read a letter from T.F. which I hadn't had the time to read. I was all alone, concentrated, and two sentences came in answer to her letter, which I wanted to write down. I started writing, and I found myself writing with a tiny handwriting! I tried to make it bigger – impossible. Then I drew within, I looked, and I saw it was Sri Aurobindo who was writing! So naturally, I let him write.

It's not his handwriting, but not mine either! It's a sort of combination of both... I had the same experience years ago, very soon after that "illness," when I began translating *Savitri* here.³⁹ One day, while writing, it was he who wrote; it was his handwriting, that is, nearly illegible! So (*laughing*) I said, "No, I don't want it!" (Because it was illegible – if it had been clearer than mine, I'd have been happy!) And I stopped. But it came the day before yesterday, and it was... I forget where I put that paper (*Mother looks for it*). T. F. said in her letter her impression of who I am, and at the end she wrote, "If it is truly so, if I am not mistaken..." So in answer to that, Sri Aurobindo came and said... (*Mother tries in vain to remember*). I don't remember the words.

³⁸A few weeks later, Satprem too will be strongly affected for a long time.

³⁹See *Agenda 4*, December 31, 1963, p. 434.

It's strange, I can't remember.

(here is the text, found later:)

"Divine life in the process of evolution, the divine Consciousness at work in Matter – here is, so to speak, what this existence represents."

And at the same time, there was the clear vision, the very clear consciousness of the whole thing from the point of view of the earth's evolution: what's being worked out in the earth's evolution.

(long silence)

All these last days, there has been an INTENSE work, extremely intense, of impersonalization of the physical consciousness.... It results in a sort of... *(unsteady gesture)* You understand, the whole solid base that makes up the corporeal person – hop! gone, taken away. So then, at times there's a wobbliness. For instance, for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, I had a total abolition of memory – of recollection and memory. And... Now I am used to those things (there's a tremendous number of them), so I stay like that, exclusively turned towards... all the cells are still, silent and exclusively turned towards the Force, the Consciousness, like this *(gesture with the arms opened upward)*, and they wait. And then, there is a sort of concentration of energy, of force, and suddenly, as if coming from elsewhere (that's a very odd sensation)... You see, all that we do, all that we know, everything is based on a sort of semiconscious memory which is there – that's gone. And there's nothing anymore. It's replaced by a sort of luminous Presence, and... things are there, but you don't know how. It's not as if they had come back as before, it's not that, it's... They're there effortlessly. And what's there is ONLY JUST what's needed at a given moment. There isn't all that baggage you constantly drag behind yourself like that, as before, it's not that: there's JUST the thing you need. But you have to be very, very still; if you're restless or excited in the least, or even if you make an effort, there's nothing anymore.... And on the most material level, there is also a sort of perception that the whole material equilibrium of the past has disappeared too, and that anything may happen at any time.... Fortunately (that must be why it's done), fortunately the cells have a very ardent faith, very ardent.

I told you just before that I had felt that avalanche of attacks. It came in a very subtle form: the unreality of the conception that has been admitted and adopted – the unreality of the divine Presence in the body, the unreality of the world in transformation towards a more and more divine state; like an unreality surging up *(gesture as of a wave from below)*, in a sly way, to cut off the base and support of the faith.

But the Consciousness was there, and the awareness that it was an attack; and there was no battle, no attempt to convince or anything, simply like that *(Mother opens her arms upward)*, a TOTAL *surrender*.

And that... I told you, it can't be touched.

A luminous stillness.

And little by little, the whole consciousness of the cells emerges from that hold and is reborn in the Light.

It was very, very interesting.

And naturally, the attack came with all the suggestions of illness, death, decomposition, unreality – all of that swarming around.

There wasn't even one attempt of struggle or anything, nothing; quite simply *(same gesture with*

open arms), an aspiration and self-giving.

It's not yet over, but... I intended to talk about it only once it was fully over, but because of this [the question of the Pope's abdication], I see it has hastened things – hastened and concentrated.

We'll see. We are going to see.



May 8, 1968

Did you see P.L.? How did you find him?

He's nervously quite shaken, quite exhausted.

Don't you think they did some magic on him?

That's quite my impression.

Ah, you too.... As for me, I very much feel they did magic so he wouldn't be able to speak to the Pope.

For the moment, he's very exhausted.

Yes, they've drained him.

It started with a mental attack – every possible doubt: Sri Aurobindo is "like Saint Augustine"; Mother is "like Virgin Mary," it's "the same thing." A mental attack, anyway. After that, he became unable to eat: every time he ate, he would vomit. Then he had fits of hysteria: convulsions, foaming at the mouth, and a kind of half madness.

Bah, bah!

Because he wrote to the Pope... Here's what happened: he wrote to the Pope asking him for an audience, but that letter never reached the Pope.

Oh!

It fell into the hands of the "Chief of Correspondence," who probably sent it to the "Indian department" of the Vatican to find out what that Ashram was.... And he was never allowed to see the Pope. Eight days later, those attacks started coming. And after another eight days, they told him, "Oh, you're too ill, you can't meet the Pope. You're 'out of it.'"

Now they're on their guard over there.

But with what he told me, I caught the Vatican's atmosphere.... It's something frightful, a mafia

with bands hating each other, lying in wait for the Pope's disappearance, not daring to say anything: those who are for the Pope dare not say anything because they think, "When the Pope dies, Ill need his enemies to be elected in his place." They all keep thinking about his succession. So no one wants to be the other's enemy and each watches the other. It's a frightful atmosphere.

Since he gave that letter for the Pope, I've been seeing constant attacks here, constant. These people are dangerous.

And there's a serious fact I learned from P.L. You know that the Pope was operated on a year ago....

What for?

For the prostate. And in fact, it's cancer.

Oh!... So they're expecting him to die....

And they don't like him. P.L. told me, "At the Vatican, they don't like him." They say he is "the son of a journalist, a chap who wants to cause a sensation." That's how they judge him at the Vatican.

*(Mother remains concentrated
for a long time)*

Was the Pope operated on before or after he came to India?

After, I think.

* * *

*Then Mother remains
in contemplation till the end:*

I have no inclination to speak.... But it's a continuous work, day and night, day and night.... "One" seems to have set off something rather formidable.⁴⁰

Nothing to say?

One wonders how all this Vatican business is going to turn out?

All that they want is to keep things as they are. Their whole will is to prevent things from moving.... Unfortunately, it's easier to prevent things from moving than to make them move.



⁴⁰Since April 2, 1968 ("An immense page falling back").

May 11, 1968

(A disciple has written an article on the Ashram's future in which she said in particular, "The Ashram will become an occult center, a select collectivity....")

I am not at all anxious for advertisement or publicity for the *Ashram*. It's not necessary at all.

It's not necessary to talk about the Ashram – *(laughing)* the true way to make it "occult" is not to talk about it!

* * *

I saw P.L.

I also saw J.'s children,⁴¹ and the boy told me, "I want to be your warrior to conquer and defend the Truth."

Very sweet, this little boy, very sweet!

As for him [P.L.], it's mostly imagination. There are occult troubles, but...

But as soon as he thinks of it [the Vatican], his face tenses. So I told him not to think about it anymore, not to bother about it anymore – nothing, to leave that for... an uncertain future. To stop bothering about it. And when he is told to stop bothering about it, his face becomes all smiles!



May 15, 1968

(There has been a rumor going about that Mother was "unwell," and indeed she has not seen anyone. When Satprem comes into her room, the lower part of Mother's face is very much swollen, apparently because of an "infection." She has been unable to eat anything.)

You see, it's the Vatican.

I fought and fought, but... there are too many lies around me. That's it, too many people tell lies all around.

I was supposed to see P.L. tomorrow; I think it's better to wait for a few days. You could tell him – don't tell him why!

41J. is P.L.'s friend.

Did it come through his atmosphere?

Not particularly – directly.

Naturally, it's because of that business, and specially because of what we wanted him to do at the Vatican. It's the response to that.

I felt it immediately and was able to resist for a very long time, but then... the atmosphere here isn't pure enough.

It makes use of one or the other.

It's the general atmosphere.

When the disorder is invisible, I am free not to say anything and people won't know, but here (*laughing*) it has taken such a visible form that I couldn't ignore it!

Last night, at the time of the deepest sleep, I found myself in an infernal world. At first I thought it was the S.S.: tall fellows dressed in black, and I was a prisoner there. It was a world of horrible men, like S.S., but dressed completely in black – maybe they were priests and not S.S.? I felt like a prisoner there, as in a concentration camp.

Oh!

Tall fellows dressed in black, with cruel faces and lips... I thought they were S.S., but maybe they are priests?

*(Mother remains silent,
then goes into a long contemplation,
which she interrupts suddenly to say:)*

A white column, obstinately – obstinately, all the time, there (*gesture in front of her*), like an offer of peace.

* * *

(Towards the end, Satprem comes back to the Vatican affair.)

Isn't this whole thing going to recoil on them?

I don't care.⁴²



⁴²Just as Mother uttered those words, Satprem had a very distinct impression that Mother was saying, "It's ME, over there, to be transformed."

May 18, 1968

(Satprem expresses his surprise at the speed with which Mother has been cured of the swelling, without a trace. Mother laughs.)

I know the knack!

Then... there's something else. The pupils, we're trying to knock the rough edges off them! They're given subjects to study and research, and I was asked to give a subject for them. I gave, "What is death?"

One class took it up, and they sent me the pupils' notes – four of them.

(Mother holds out four sheets, which Satprem reads:)

Rita:

"The actual fact of death evokes in me an experience in which one is thrust into space and soars up."

Amusing! I found it very amusing. She is the only one, besides, the others are quite practical.⁴³

Dilip:

"A cessation of all physical activity caused by the absence of a source of energy (or soul)."

It's not clear.... The other two are quite practical (!)

Anand:

"When the brain stops functioning and the body starts decomposing, it's death."

(Mother laughs heartily)

The last one is quite *matter-of-fact*.

Abhijit:

"Blood circulation in the brain cells stops completely."

That's death.

As for me, I'll tell them this *(Mother reads with difficulty)*:

⁴³This young girl, to whom death looked so graceful, was to die four years later.

"Death is the phenomenon of decentralization and scattering of the cells making up the physical body.

"Consciousness is, in its very nature, immortal, and in order to manifest in the physical world, it clothes itself in material forms that are durable to a greater or lesser degree.

"The material substance is in process of transformation to become an increasingly perfect and durable multiform mode of expression for that consciousness."

I am going to send it to them. But I appreciated their notes.... The interesting thing (for me) is that when I opened these four notes yesterday evening and read Abhijit's first, "When circulation stops...," then, I don't know, there certainly was a special grace over me, because I read those words and was instantly put in contact with the most objective, calm and detached scientific spirit – that was its way of seeing and describing the phenomenon: no emotion, no reaction, simply like that. And I saw (I understood and saw infinitely more than the boy put into it) a whole wisdom there, a scientific wisdom. And at the same time, the perception of the remedy in the evolutionary course of things. The most material remedy.

It gave me a whole series of experiences in the night and the morning, certainly far exceeding the field covered by their four reflections.... With the little girl [Rita], there was the impression, the vision of all those to whom death is a gateway to a marvelous realization.

It all came so spontaneously and naturally that I felt as if it was THERE. Now that you've read it back to me (*laughing*), I realize it's not there! But it came so spontaneously: I sat there, reading those four notes, and it came one after another. Especially Abhijit's, this completely objective, or anyway completely detached vision of the phenomenon: "Circulation stops..." As if you were looking at a small instrument or tool (*Mother gestures as if fingering a small object*), and you remarked, "Oh, it's stopped now... that's why it no longer works." Like that. In other words, none of those uncertainties or anxieties or aspirations.... All that was emotions, sentiments, psychological phenomena – it was all completely absent.... A very simple little contraption (*same fingering gesture*) which you look at as you would a machine, and the machine stops "because it no longer goes like that." There. And as a result, this body was completely detached from all human anguish – from everything: not only from anguish, but from the habit, the whole human formation about death – it was all gone. As if I were all the way up above, like that, and looking all the way down – hup! it went away.

It's what we might express as perfect detachment from the phenomenon.

And then, after that, without trying or thinking or anything, this note came. It came in such an impersonal way that you saw the difficulty I had reading it: I didn't remember one word of what I had written. It came, I wrote it down, and that was that. "I" wrote, that is, I was made to write it down so as to send it to them.

I'll make a decent copy of it (*Mother looks for a paper and goes on*).... So then, it put everything in perspective.... Ah, I must add something to let you understand. I saw D. yesterday, and as she had written to me that she "didn't know how to meditate, but that anyhow she would keep quiet so as not to disturb me" (!), naturally I started talking! But then, I said things to her that I had never said before (and which I wouldn't be able to repeat – neither would she, because she understood only very, very little of what I said). I told her that from the standpoint of the manifestation (I didn't speak about beyond the manifestation), from the standpoint of the manifestation, there is only one thing that is true: Consciousness. And that all the rest is the APPEARANCE of something, but not the thing; that THE thing is Consciousness, and all the rest is a sort of play in which everyone has the illusion of being a personality, but it's an illusion.... While I was speaking, I had the perfectly sincere and spontaneous experience of it. And I realized that this experience of the SINGLE Consciousness playing through

innumerable forms... (*Mother breaks off*)

But one cannot express that, words can't. While I was speaking, it was that Consciousness which spoke.... And the two experiences together (the children's notes, I read them yesterday evening; as for D., I had seen her in the morning), the two together gave me the detachment (it's not detachment: it's a liberation) from the phenomenon of death in such an absolute way that I was able to look throughout History, far into the past, at the whole human tragedy.... That is to say, death is a natural phenomenon in the creation on earth, but as a means of TRANSITION – I clearly saw why it had become necessary, how, with the human consciousness and mental development, it had been turned into a tragedy, and how it was becoming again merely a means of transition (a clumsy means, we might say), which was now becoming unnecessary again.

There was that whole, overall vision of the history of the creation. It was really interesting. Interesting because... whew! you felt so free! So free, so peaceful, so smiling! And at the same time, with such a certitude that everything is moving towards a more harmonious, less chaotic, less painful manifestation... and that there is only one more step to be made in the creation.

What I admired (I often admire this) was that it's often apparently mediocre or rather unimportant things (all that people regard as insignificant), it's generally what brings on the most considerable progress. In the course of yesterday, and apparently (I know it's only an appearance), apparently through D.'s visit and those children's answers, that entire phase of the manifestation became clear, found its place and lost all its power of influence and all its grip on the consciousness. It was as if the consciousness rose wholly free and luminous, joyous, above all that.

Very small things.

(*silence*)

This morning, after I wrote this, I happened to look back on this body's history, just like that, its whole history at a glance (*gesture like a beacon*), with bewildered eyes.... How many emotions, experiences, discoveries, oh... (I can't say dramas, because it was never much inclined to drama), but how many "experiences," "discoveries" (*Mother speaks in a grandiloquent tone*), "revelations" it has gone through... (*laughing*) to rediscover what was always known!

It's amusing.

The concluding state (after having written this note): first there was that completely spontaneous, natural, evident perception of the Consciousness using a thing and then leaving it, letting it fall apart when it can no longer be used – but it wasn't that: it wasn't even taking a thing, utilizing it, making use of it until it becomes unusable; it was a CONTINUOUS movement (*supple gesture like an immense wave*) within a single substance, with, as it were, moments of concentration and utilization of something to its utmost possibility, and then, moments not of rejection but of expansion, of immensity of peace – of return to a state of immensity of peace so as to take a new shape. A continuous thing, like this (*same gesture like an immense wave*), but then without real loss, without real waste: death is a mere appearance, you no longer even understand how one can live in this illusion. And THE Consciousness, ONE Consciousness – not this and that and this (*gesture showing an addition of separate individualities*), no, no: ONE consciousness... playing.

(*silence*)

There was still somewhere the notion of effort so as to be equal to the task that had been given; there was still, yes, the notion of effort, the notion of struggle. And that's gone. It was gone – it is gone.

It almost started with a question put by the body; it asked, "Why, why are you anxious to keep me?"

It's no great shakes" (it was very familiar with itself), "it's not in such a remarkable state." (But it wasn't suffering, it wasn't at all miserable, not at all: it was looking at things with a smile.) And then there was that response.... I can't say there are even any questions left: things are what they are, spontaneously so, in a perpetual smile and a vibration... such a light, luminous vibration!... Without any contradiction. A vibration of expansion and progress. I could see the picture: expansion and progress.

Especially effort, struggle, and even more so, suffering, pain, all of that – gone! Gone... really like an illusion.

I might say it was (I say "was" because now I can talk about it; at the time of the experience I couldn't have), it's the state in which death has no reality – death and all that goes together with it and all that made it necessary in the course of evolution.

(Mother begins making a fair copy of her note)

I don't know who wrote it. Now I constantly write things without really knowing who writes them. Sometimes I clearly know it's Sri Aurobindo, but at other times I don't know in the least. But it's someone who isn't on earth, that I know.

Look, I'll give you an interesting example (*Mother goes over a paragraph of her note again*). You see, in my state of consciousness, I would have said (as the nearest approximation to the thing): "Consciousness is, in its very nature, immortal, and in order to manifest in the physical world, it CONDENSES into material forms, etc. And there came insistently, No, CLOTHES ITSELF in forms.

But my spontaneous impulse was to say "condenses into forms," because I saw that movement: a movement of condensation, manifestation, and, when that is over, of expansion. A continuous movement condensing and spreading, condensing and spreading... (*gesture like the pulsation of an ocean*). But it was imperative: it had to be "clothes itself." So it's quite certain it's written by someone else. But there's no sense of being "someone" and that "someone else" wants to write or speak – it's not that! Similarly, when I say (I feel and know) it's Sri Aurobindo, it's not that I see him materially and he takes my hand and makes me write – nothing of all that. It's something fluid that concentrates and causes to write. And it's the quality of that fluidity that lets me know who it is. It's quite odd. There's a sort of complete disappearance of the sense of separation, yet a sense of diversity remains – diversity of modes of being – but it's no longer demarcated, as if cut off and separate (*Mother draws small cubes*): it's like vibratory modes of perception and action (and the quality of the vibration is different), vibratory modes of perception and action succeeding one another, intermingling, superposed on one another. A sort of fluid play: no longer separate little puppets.

My nights are ENTIRELY like that. During the day, there is still something of the old habit, but in the night, it's instantly like that.

Yet, by analogy (it's not an analogy, it's a correspondence), I can tell it has to do with what we call "this one" or "that one," this or that other person. Last night, for instance, I spent a long time with M. and G. who were frantically calling me (they left from here and have reached England), I spent a long time with them, but they were no longer "persons," the puppets we are, it wasn't that! Yet it was them. The contact was very accurate, very precise, the vibratory qualities were very clear. And there were forms: forms can be seen, but it no longer has the same quality. There's something hard, opaque and clumsy that disappears.

It's the same thing in the transcription (*pointing to the note*). When it comes down, there is a will to write, and somewhere there, something might have said as I told you: "But it's a condensation of the consciousness."

It wasn't explained, but it was clearly conscious: the time for that hasn't come.

This consciousness is extremely, extremely conscious, not only of the thing, not only of the goal, not only of the means, but even of the conditions: all of it together. In this unfolding immensity, when That looks, It knows exactly that, at this moment, this is how things must be and how they must be done.

It's free in an absolute way – spontaneously free. Spontaneously. All action is spontaneous. It's like a vision. A vision expressing itself.

(Mother finishes copying her note)

It's more and more interesting. There's absolutely no thought, you know, nothing: one second before, I don't know, and then it comes in an absolute way. Sometimes when it comes, something sits up and says, "For my part, I would put it this way, my experience is like this" (as I told you earlier). – "No, it IS like that."

Yesterday, I saw someone whom I don't want to name and I started talking to her. I didn't know, there wasn't any thought or anything before. I started speaking, and I said, "There we are, we are at the time when we are going to see things...."⁴⁴ There are long, long, very long periods during which things are prepared; there is, afterwards, a very long, very long period during which things develop, organize, settle and bear consequences; but between this and that, there is a moment when things are done, when they happen. It's not always very long (sometimes it is, at other times it's very brief), but that's when something happens. And that "something" is what will give the world a new development. Well, we are just – as it happens, we are just at such a moment. Which means that if we are (people, most of the time, are blind), if we aren't blind, if our eyes are open, we WILL SEE, we will see things.

The occasion for all that (to place the thing) was that I said, "The U.S. president will go to Russia to sign a peace treaty with Vietnam...."⁴⁵ There are two similar circumstances at the same time, so that three peace treaties are going to be signed at the same time.

When events start following such a trend, it shows we are going to see things.

(silence)

Some people are in the night, in the past, in falsehood up to here (*gesture to the eyebrows*), they see nothing, nothing, nothing – they will go right to the end without seeing anything.

But those whose eyes are open will see.

* * *

(Towards the end, Mother asks Satprem about a sore on his back.)

Does it prevent you from sleeping?

No, it's nothing, only it's growing bigger. It's been there for two weeks.

⁴⁴This is the time of the students' revolt in Paris – May 1968.

⁴⁵It is in January, 1973, that the cease-fire will come into force in Vietnam.

Oh!... What a queer idea... It may be the same thing as with me [the attack of magic]. It's not always easy to prevent these things from touching you.⁴⁶

Oh, it's a very special quality of vibration: when you are used to noting vibrations, it's unmistakable; you can't mistake one for another. When it comes from that [magic], you know it instantly. It's very special... (*Mother makes a piercing little gesture, like a snake's tongue or a tiny flash of lightning vibrating and striking*).

I feel powers passing by, like that, in response to those attacks.

There was a time when I still felt indignation; now it's beginning to be impossible.⁴⁷



May 22, 1968

*Mother holds out
the text of a note:*

"Through the widening of its consciousness, this body is more or less identified with those around it.

"Every effort made towards the purification of one's physical consciousness is so much less work for this body."

If everyone made an effort...

(Mother nods her head)

* * *

I saw P.L. yesterday. He is still terribly nervous. He said he was much better, but the least thing makes his face tense up. And there's still around him...

So he must stay on to let all that be undone, cleared out, destroyed.

It's interesting, interesting things are taking place.

P.L. had an interesting dream. He noted it down so I could tell you about it.... Very strangely, it's a dream he had three times in a row at a few days' interval. Exactly the same dream, the same unfolding....

⁴⁶The day after Satprem mentioned it to Mother, the sore had healed.

⁴⁷Refer to "I don't care" in the preceding conversation.

Someone sent it to him.

Let's see.

[Satprem reads:] "It is feast day in the Vatican. St. Peter's Square is jammed with people. The Pope's procession begins; I have witnessed it many times, very near the Pope, next to the cardinals. But instead of the sedia gestatoria [the chair in which the Pope is carried], there is a huge elephant carrying someone. Who is this someone? Sweet Mother? No, it's Pavitra.... Not at all, it's Satprem! No, it's the School's director.... The more I try to fix my attention on him, the more his face changes, as in a kaleidoscope. In reality, I have difficulty fixing my attention, because I strain under the weight of the elephant, which is now entering St. Peter's Basilica. In fact, I am in a very uncomfortable posture, for I am not the elephant: I am in his legs, in his nails, and his weight is very, very great, which is why I can't see who is sitting on him. Meanwhile, the elephant has reached Bernini's Baldaquin, inside St. Peter's Basilica, and finally comes up to the Pope's throne, in which he sits down....

"On his head sits the same person as before: Sweet Mother? Pavitra? Satprem? A teacher? I do not know. I cannot make out the person's body, only his changing face.... All of a sudden, the multitude, the huge crowd there receives a tremendous vibration: everything is shaken, and from this change of mentality, there springs a very powerful cry, applause towards this Force that has just penetrated their souls – the whole crowd is transformed.... Once the ceremony is over, the elephant comes out of the Basilica. I stand near the door and contemplate the endless crowd stretching far, far away. I am curious to know how many people are there, and at the end, a number appears on the horizon: 1,600,000,000."

This man is prodigiously receptive!

(long silence)

Three times, did you say?

Three times: on the 9th, 11th and 18th of May.

What number?

One billion six hundred million. It seems, according to him, to represent more or less all of Christendom: not just the Catholics, but the Christians.

That's what I had been told. I had been told it was the first movement – the first indication, the first movement of Christendom's conversion to the Truth. It was clearly indicated that it had been DECREED. That's what I had seen.

I had never seen a thing like that! I told you, when I was in the room [where Mother receives visitors] and P. L. came in, there came something so... serious (what's the right word?), something that had the importance and stability of great terrestrial movements, of great ages – the beginning of a great age.⁴⁸ I had never felt that. That was before he left [for the Vatican]. Then I looked and saw it was decreed from on high: the beginning of Christendom's conversion to the Truth – Christendom as a whole.

They have felt something there: I told you there was such a violent attack....

⁴⁸See conversation of April 3, 1968.

It's mostly P.L. who has been the victim, and me in part: it touched this body. But you know, even from the most ordinary, outward point of view, the healing was miraculous. Those things [the swelling] generally last for eight to ten days – it was over in two days. That was... Even my body, though it's used to being in contact with the forces, was wonderstruck. It was miraculous.

The concrete action of this Force, which Sri Aurobindo called the "supramental force," its first contact and first aspect is an aspect of Truth.⁴⁹ As Sri Aurobindo said, Truth had to manifest first, before the Power of Love.

In comparison with the course life used to follow, it's really something of a miracle – miracle in the sense that the speed of the transformation and action is at the very least unusual.

* * *

*After a long concentration,
Mother resumes:*

There have been two little things, very little things, but amusing.... A year or a year and a half ago (I don't remember), someone had sent me an album of photos of France, and Paris in particular, and I had looked at it; I looked at it, and as I looked, I saw a photo of the banks [of the Seine in Paris]. I saw it, looked at it attentively, in detail, saw the banks with all the *bouquinistes* [secondhand booksellers]. There was a bookseller in front, seated in the foreground, I saw him. Then I closed the album and put it aside. I wanted to mention it to someone and said, "Would you like to see what the *bouquinistes* in Paris look like? There's a photo..." I turned page after page after page – not a single photo of a bookseller! I looked again and again... not a single photo of a bookseller.⁵⁰ It was enough of a problem for me to view the book several more times and even to try to find an explanation. And then... M. and G. went to Paris and sent me a postcard of the banks with the *bouquinistes* – it was my photo! I received it yesterday. It wasn't in the album: I received it yesterday, exactly my photo.

The other thing is about R., who had had an attack of filariasis a few years ago. He had told me about it and it had passed. Then it came back. It came back after some three or four years, very strongly, and he couldn't get rid of it. He wrote to me complaining. I told him there was a "drop in his faith." It appears it was the third time I'd written that to him (I knew nothing about it – I never know either why or how I write things). So he wrote back to ask me, "It's the third time you've told me that, what does it mean?" I explained it to him. But while receiving his letter and explaining it to him, I did what I always do (I always do it, all the time), I put him in contact with the Lord and asked for his intervention.... He got my letter, and today he writes to me that while he was reading it, in the space of about ten minutes, he actually saw (his foot had grown twice as big, his leg was swollen, you know how it is with elephantiasis), he actually saw it shrink and shrink, and in ten or fifteen minutes it was gone! He wrote it to me this morning.... I had told him that the Force was the same, it was his faith that was no longer the same, and that was why the Force no longer had the same effect. And he writes in his letter, "I was simply reading your letter, and it went away before my very eyes!"

And this body, if you ask it, the only thing... There are two things it's conscious of: a more and more intense adoration in the cells, oh, like this (*gesture like a rising flame*), and at the same time, such

⁴⁹It should be understood that the word "truth" is not used in a philosophical or moral or ideal sense: it is reality AS IT IS, the world AS IT IS without its cloak of falsehood. Real life is a "miracle."

⁵⁰See *Agenda 5* of February 5, 1964.

an acute sense of the extent to which the cells are not what they should be, of the unworthiness of their condition. Those two things are constant and constantly together. And that's all. And when I am told of cases like this one, of disease or something else (I am told three, four, five such cases every day, things like that constantly happen – I gave you this one as a very concrete example because it's happened just now and you know R.), the body isn't even aware of being used as an intermediary, because it's too conscious of its infirmity, of what it should be and isn't yet.... It's like that cure [of the swelling of Mother's face], it was a cure like R.'s, almost spontaneous: it happened all of a sudden and went away. But of course, the body is perfectly conscious of the splendor of a Marvel... a Marvel beyond all understanding.

And then, there is in the consciousness the very strong feeling – very strong – that the time has come.

I said this to Rijuta the other day: there are immense periods during which things are prepared – the past wears out and the future is prepared – and those are immense periods... neutral, drab, during which things keep repeating themselves over and over, and look as if they will always remain that way. Then, all of a sudden, between two such periods, the change takes place. Like the moment when man appeared on earth – now it's something else, another being.

In any case, it is certain that we shall see the signs, or rather that we are now seeing the precursory signs.... I said that to Rijuta while announcing to her (she didn't know it) that the U.S. president would go to Moscow to sign a peace treaty with Vietnam. There were three wars, one of which had stopped but wasn't resolved: that was the war between Egypt and Israel, over which they have reached an agreement. I forget the third. And all three wars at the same time. But the most serious of the three was the war between America and Vietnam. So I said that to her; I told her, "This is a sign."

And it isn't a mental conception, it's not ideas: at the time of saying it I SAW it, I saw.

Yes, something is really changing.

Those are still the precursory signs, the forerunner movements, so it's scattered, not combined, but for one who can see, it's obvious.

(silence)

With this latest adventure [the attack on Mother], this body has learned trust. It was very much steeped in pessimism because of its material antecedents. Certain antecedents, that is, father and mother, had been chosen for their great practicality and a very concrete material honesty, but no mysticism, nothing of the sort – deliberately. But then, it gave a kind of... not exactly pessimism, but a very sharp vision of how things go wrong. The body had that, and its faith had to struggle against a habit of expecting difficulty, obstacles, resistance; although it had complete faith in the final Victory, it couldn't overcome the habit of expecting difficulties on the path.... This latest adventure has given it a good *push* forward: its trust is much more smiling. And the general vision is as I told you. And constantly, all the time, even at the time of the worst difficulties, all the time there is... it wells up from the cells, like a golden hymn: an incantation, you know, a call, an incantation to the supreme Power.... And with such faith! A marvelous faith.

(silence)

*Mother, and what's now happening in France, what does it mean?*⁵¹

It's clearly the future which is awakening and trying to drive away the past.

Have you read the letters of S.'s children? They're over there. For instance, all the students and the whole working class have joined forces. Naturally, on the mental level there's a whole mixture of all kinds of ideas, but the Force behind... For example, the students want to completely change the method of education: they violently demand the elimination of all examinations. And they themselves are unaware of it, but they are driven by a force that wants the manifestation of a truer truth.

They themselves would rather have no violence – it seems it's not the students who started the violence, but the police. And that's very interesting, because the police stand for the defense of the past. When I read those children's letters, and when later I was given the news, then there came in me (it was said very, very clearly, a very clear vision): the future. It's the higher Power COMPELLING people to do what they must do. Between now and that (which is a long way ahead), there must be the power of an IMMOBILE number. And the vision was very clear: if millions – not thousands, millions – of people assemble together and occupy the place absolutely peacefully (simply assemble and occupy the place, naturally with representatives who will say what they like), then it will have power. But there must be no violence; as soon as one indulges in violence, it's the return to the past and the open door to all conflicts.... At the time, I didn't know it was the police that had started the violence; I didn't know, I wasn't aware of the details of the events. But it was a very clear vision: an occupation by the mass, but a mass all-powerful in its immobility, imposing its will through sheer numbers, with intellectual representatives for negotiations.

I don't know.... De Gaulle⁵² is open to something more than the purely material force. Is he capable? I don't know. At any rate, he is among the best instruments.

It's clearly (not in the detail of it, but in the direction of the movement), clearly a will to have done with the past and to open the door to the future.

It's like a sort of revulsion with stagnation. That's it. A thirst for something which is ahead and appears more luminous, better. And indeed there IS something – it's not just imagination: there IS something. That's the beauty of it, it's that there is something. There IS a Response. There IS a Force that wants... to express itself.

France is in a privileged situation: India first and France afterwards, for reasons of... simply of receptivity. France has always tried to be ahead – which in fact is why this body was born there.

(silence)

The newspapers speak of a strike by several million people there (that's what those children wrote). It doesn't look like a strike at all, it looks like a revolution.

I know that. I don't know if I have ever told you, but there has been – there has always been – an identification of this body's consciousness with all revolutionary movements. I have always known and guided them even before news of them came out: in Russia, in Italy, in Spain and elsewhere – always, everywhere. And essentially, it was always the same Force seeking to hasten the coming of the future – always – but constrained to adapt its means of action to the state of the mass.

⁵¹A sort of general strike by some eight million people, which began with a student revolt and the occupation of the Sorbonne University in Paris.

⁵²France's president at the time.

And now, the state of the earth would seem to be precisely such that what is at the very least being prepared (if it's not yet actually like that) is the manifestation of the mass in a kind of silent and immobile will.... And that's an intermediate period to reach the condition in which this mass will be held under the control and directly driven by the Power from above.

That's where we are heading.

* * *

Towards the end:

I told P.L. yesterday that whenever he feels the need to see me, he should let me know. Of course, it's better if it's not too frequent because I am terribly busy, but we'll see. It's necessary. It's important.

Should I tell him nothing about his dream, or can I...?

Oh, you can tell him that I said he is remarkably sensitive and receptive; that there is a VERY DEEP truth behind this dream, despite its somewhat childish outward form. There's a very deep truth.

Only... He isn't a man who needs to be urged on: he's a man who needs to be held back, because the *adhar* (as the Indians would call it), that is, the material clothing, isn't strong enough for the power driving it. So that results in illnesses. He isn't a man who must be urged on, he's a man who has to be held back.

But he is very conscious – very conscious, even far more conscious than the dream suggests. Very conscious... For that too, the time has come for the Turning Point when all this old formidable Christian formation which has spread over the earth like this (*octopus-like gesture*) – and which naturally fulfilled its function, did what it had to do, came just when it was needed and so on and so forth, we know all that – the time has come when it must change in order to become the instrument of tomorrow's truth.

And this Pope has done his work well, as well as he could.

For perhaps a long time yet, or at any rate for some time, P.L. must be the intermediary, but a somewhat conscious one – not active. He acts as an intermediary, as a link (*gesture as of a bridge between Mother and the Vatican*), but he shouldn't... He doesn't have the capacity to resist those people's tremendous power. He should remain very still – very still, very peaceful – he should let himself live happily, then he will fulfill his function.



May 25, 1968

(Regarding an old Playground Talk of June 10, 1953.)

What is it about?

Attacks by adverse forces and Asuras.

Oh!... *(Laughing)* That's a convenient way of putting the blame on others!

Do you think we should publish it?

Certainly. It's helpful.

When now people tell me about attacks by adverse forces, I always feel like saying to them, "The adversity is within you!"

I think it's a very convenient way to get impunity.... Because if you are perfect, they can't do anything against you. It's absolutely obvious. It's imperfections that give them power. So if we shift our standpoint as Sri Aurobindo did, we'll see, as he said, that the so-called adverse forces are tolerated because they are useful to awaken people to the need for transformation, to the urgency of purification.



May 29, 1968

*(Mother looks for a vase for an amaryllis,
intending to put it together with roses.)*

Roses don't like that at all! They don't want it. They don't want to have someone else with them.... But I'll put it with them just the same!

*(Mother, laughing, sticks the
amaryllis in the middle of the roses)*

They have a spirit of caste!

* * *

Soon afterwards:

There's a letter from T.F. complaining about the films shown [at the Ashram] and saying that films should be instructive and show admirable things....

But for a film to show admirable things, people should live those admirable things, no?!

She even wrote to me that they were a whole group of teachers who intended to write and circulate a letter asking for a change – I don't like all that. It's a small-town boarding-school spirit. So yesterday

evening, I wrote an answer.

(Mother reads)

"We would like to be able to show the children pictorial representations of what life should be, but we still have not reached that stage, very far from it. Those films are yet to be made. And for the moment, films more often than not show what life should not be, and do so strikingly enough to give you a disgust for it.

"That too is useful as a preparation.

"Films are allowed in the Ashram not as entertainment but as part of education. The problem is therefore that of education.

"If we consider that a child must only learn, know and be aware of what can keep him pure of all lower, crude, violent and degrading movements, then we should eliminate at one stroke the entire contact with the rest of mankind, beginning with all those accounts of wars, murders, conflicts and deceits that are called History; we should eliminate the present contact with family, parents and friends; and we should constantly control the child's contact with all the vital impulses of his own being.

"This idea is what led to monastic life shut in a convent, or to ascetic life in the cave or the forest.

"This remedy has proved to be totally ineffective and has not pulled mankind out of its quagmire.

"According to Sri Aurobindo, the remedy is altogether different.

"We must face integral life with all that it still entails in terms of ugliness, falsehood and cruelty, but while taking care to discover in ourselves the source of all goodness, all beauty, all light and all truth, in order to consciously put that source in contact with the world so it may transform it.

"That is infinitely more difficult than fleeing or closing one's eyes so as not to see – but it is the only really effective way, the way of those who are truly strong and pure and capable of manifesting the Truth.

"You can show this letter to those who share your indignation."

They need to be shaken a little, oh, they're *goody-goody!*

And that's not all. It seems I am giving "classes" to the two of you [Sujata and Satprem]....

Classes!

And she asks me if it's possible to take part in these "classes"!... Oh, what an idea! Can you see me giving you a class! Oh, it's dreadful!... Dreadful. She asks me to admit "a certain number of teachers" to this class, because it would do them good, including to her.

I am going to tell her, "I can't admit you for the simple reason that there are no classes!..." Already last year, R. had asked me, and I had told her, "But it's not like that at all! I may talk or may not, but it's never a class! Now and then I say something, and then..."

What an idea!... The guru turned into a super-teacher! As it is, the idea of the guru makes me shudder, but a super-teacher guru, oh, how horrible!

The amount of nonsense they must speak among themselves – frightful.



June

June 3, 1968

I've just come from there [the music room where Mother receives visitors]. I saw some twenty people.... There was Orissa's Chief Minister (Orissa is the first province in India to give money for a pavilion in Auroville: they gave a lakh of rupees). He is a nice man. The people from Orissa, they are nice people; of all provinces, they are the ones who seem the most eager to forge ahead, to change something.

And Bengal? Isn't it ahead?

They're a bit... fanciful. I mean, they talk a lot – they talk very well! Those from Orissa are more practical – they're generous, a very generous nature: they give a lot.

Bengal... they know, or feel, that they are the country's intellectual leaders, so they are puffed up with themselves. Me, I like simple people.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

I've been given the continuation of T.F.'s class about death. There are new notes.

(Mother holds out a paper to Satprem)

Sweet Mother, we have received your answer with joy and send you our reflections and our questions about the first paragraph: "Death is the phenomenon of decentralization and scattering of the cells...."

So then?

Abhijit says, "If a cell becomes conscious of its own personality, there is a risk that it may act in its own interest without regard for the collective interest."

(Mother laughs) The interest of a cell!

Then?

Amitangshu asks two questions. The first is, "Does the decentralization take place all at once or in degrees?..."

It takes time.

It happens like this: the central will of the physical being abdicates its will to hold all the cells together. That's the first phenomenon. The central will accepts dissolution. But everything doesn't just scatter all at once – it takes a long time.

What precedes death is accepting to cease the centralization in the form for some reason or other. I have noticed that one of the strongest reasons (one of them, very strong) is a sense of irreparable disharmony. Another is a sort of disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination.

There are, in fact, innumerable reasons, but there is a sort of effort of cohesion and harmonization, and what inevitably precedes death (unless it's caused by a violent accident) is that, for one reason or another, or for no reason, that will to maintain cohesion abdicates.

There's a second question: "Must each cell be conscious of its unity with the center?"

That's not how it is.

(after a long silence)

It's hard to make them understand.... It's still a semicollective consciousness, not an individual consciousness of the cells.

Then?

Anand Arya asks this: "Does the decentralization always take place after death, or can it begin before?"

(Laughing) It often begins before!

Dilip M. asks, "Do the cells scatter in space or within the body? If it is in space, then the body must disappear with the cells?"

Naturally! Naturally, after death the body dissolves. But it takes a long time....

These children don't know because [in India] bodies are burned.

Rita asks, "In the phrase 'scattering of the cells,' doesn't the word 'scattering' have a particular meaning? If so, which one?"

I used the word in its quite positive meaning.

I have even seen that those cells that have been specially developed and have become conscious of the divine Presence within themselves, when the concentration that gives shape to the body is stopped and the body dissolves (it dissolves little by little), all those conscious cells spread out and enter other combinations in which, through contagion, they awaken the consciousness of the Presence each of them had. So then, it's through this phenomenon of concentration, development and scattering that Matter in its totality evolves, so to speak, and learns through contagion, develops through contagion, experiences through contagion.

But what enters other combinations isn't the cell itself – it's the subtle consciousness of the cells?

Yes, of course! The cell, too, dissolves. It's the CONSCIOUSNESS of the cells that penetrates others.

It's very hard to explain to one who doesn't have the experience.



June 5, 1968

I have a question about P.L. There are two new facts. First, a few years ago, P. L. was in touch with an extremely rich American woman, whom he helped. That woman is very grateful to P. L. and would like to give him one million dollars for a charity.

That would come in handy!

Yes, but she's very Catholic. That was at a time when P.L. was in orders.

Is she Catholic?

Yes, she's even very pious. A nice woman, it seems. So P. L. asks if he shouldn't try to explain to her what he's doing here, to send her a few of your books and see how it acts. It might make her turn to something more interesting?

Isn't she a woman who wants "peace on earth"?

I don't know. When P.L. met her, her daughter had been murdered, and in that difficult moment, P.L. helped her. So she is very grateful and would like to give this money to a charity – a Christian charity, of course.

People of that sort generally understand a charity better than ideas.

Auroville?

Auroville, as Sri Aurobindo said, is a practical means to create a human unity that would be strong enough to fight against war.

It's to be seen. We may try.

We'll see.

There is another fact regarding this Msgr. R., whose huge holdings were managed by P.L. There was a thought (it was J.'s thought) to send him my book, the "Adventure of Consciousness," and he has written an enthusiastic letter in which he says he's very taken with the book and is prodigiously interested. And he has sent P. L. a second letter, saying, "If I weren't detained in Rome, I would go and join you immediately."

Oh!... That's good. It's good.



June 8, 1968

I was looking at a problem....

Basically, if you remove the veneer – the veneer of good manners – man admits the existence of the Divine only on condition that his sole occupation be to satisfy all of man's needs and desires – it may be collective desires, even "planetary" desires as Y. would put it, but it boils down to that.

And it's like that especially, especially with the notion of a Divine who put on a body.... In fact, they found it quite natural that Christ should be crucified for their own salvation – I find it monstrous.

I've always found it monstrous.

But now, I see it's... quite spontaneous. Here in India, with the notion of guru, of Avatar, you may recognize him, admit him, but he is there exclusively to satisfy all demands – not because he has put on a human body, but because he is the representative of the supreme Power, and you accept the supreme Power, you pretend to obey it, you surrender to it, but with, at the back of your mind, "He is there only to satisfy my desires." The quality of desires depends on the individual: for some, it's the most petty personal desires; for others it's big desires for all humanity, or even for greater realizations, but anyhow it amounts to the same thing. That seems to be the condition for surrendering (!)

To emerge from that, one must emerge from the human consciousness, that is, from the active, acting consciousness.

It's so strong that if anyone dares say that the world and all creations exist for the Divine's satisfaction, it immediately raises a violent protest and he is accused of... they say, "But this Divine is a monster! A monster of egoism," without noticing that they are precisely like that.

(silence)

It's not pleasant.

Ah, we'd better work, let's get on to the *Bulletin*.

Yes, but the Divine is also what makes one desire a more beautiful or higher realization?

Of course.

No, what I meant was that you may widen, broaden almost to infinity the kind of consciousness human beings have – it's nothing. You must go beyond, in the sense that this notion of egoism, in fact, still wholly belongs to humanity.

You see, every human being (and that resists all developments and all widenings) spontaneously and naturally puts himself in the center and organizes the world around himself; so, for him, the Divine is necessarily something that has put itself in the center and organizes the world in the same way.

For maybe a few hours (I don't exactly know because I didn't pay attention to time), the consciousness was as if... I don't know, turned over (I don't know what word I should use), and there was no center anymore, that center with everything organized around no longer existed at all; that is to say, the divine Consciousness wasn't a central consciousness with everything organized around it – not

at all, not at all! It was... something extraordinarily simple and at the same time extraordinarily complex.

*(Mother remains silent
for a long time)*

Now there's only the memory of it, so it's not that anymore. It's only trying to remember.

Even the sense of the possibility of division did not exist....

Now I see *(Mother closes her eyes)*.

It would be like a unity, a unity made of innumerable – billions, you know – innumerable bright points. A SINGLE consciousness – a single consciousness – made of innumerable bright points conscious of themselves.

It seems perfectly stupid, but...

And it's not the total of all the points, you understand! It's not that, not a total: it's a unity. But an innumerable unity. And the very fact of using words makes it become stupid.

Impossible. Language is inapt.

Ah, let's work.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, regarding an old Playground Talk of June 24, 1953, in which Mother speaks about illnesses.)

At present, and it's been like that for some time, the two things are simultaneous *(Mother places the forefinger of her left hand alongside the forefinger of her right hand)*, in the sense that almost every minute (it's not "minute," but anyway), every minute there is the consciousness that knows: if the attitude is like this *(Mother bends her right forefinger a little to the left)*, it means illness; if the attitude is like that *(Mother bends her right forefinger a little to the right)*, things remain in order. With the knowledge of how order is restored. It's extremely interesting.

But before saying it, I'll wait a little till it's more solidly established, till it becomes clearer, more accurate and entirely... well, in a sort of scientific attitude. But it's very interesting.

If you take this attitude *(same gesture to the left)*, it becomes illness; if you take that attitude *(same gesture to the right)*, it's part of evolution.

In the body.

In the body.

How the body can consciously participate in its transformation.

But it's a vast subject and I'd rather like its investigation to be carried on farther. I am still in the field of experimentation. When it's more solidly established, I'll talk about it.



June 12, 1968

(Following a letter in which Satprem had complained about the difficulty he had writing – or rewriting, rather – his "Sannyasin," and about the complete unconsciousness of his sleep.)

I didn't answer you because there was nothing to say – I am trying my best!

I know, and the book is going better!

Ah, good.

The book, I had thought about it three or four days before you wrote your letter, it came very strongly – before you wrote.

As for the nights, I know!

What am I up to at night?

I told you in the past that I used to see you very often; now my nights have been cut down a lot, because I have work to do till very late and I get up very early, so I don't have much nighttime left. But I always find you in the same place, and there, you are very active and wholly conscious.... It's the connection between that part of your being and the waking part that's missing – oh, sometimes it's nothing at all, a tiny little... You know, as if there were a void between two things. Otherwise you are very conscious, even working very logically: it's something going on, developing. And it's from a terrestrial standpoint, it has to do with terrestrial organization. I always see you in the same place, we always work together in the same place. It seems to be very logical.

I wondered... Several times I've wondered if it wasn't for your own good... because if you became very conscious of that part of your being – one is so free, so peaceful, so powerful... that sometimes it makes one feel disgusted with the earth! Several times I've wondered if it wasn't for your own good.

Because there, it's something that continues: you understand, it's not "dreams," it's a reality that continues.

In the past, I used to go there every night; now the nights are very short, so I only go there from time to time, but I always find you there.

What are you doing with your book? Are you revising it or...

No, I am practically rewriting everything.

Oh!

But now I am coming to the end.

What are you trying to say at the end? What do you want to demonstrate, so to speak?

The last time you read it to me, it wasn't clear; I didn't understand what you wanted to say with your ending, it seemed to be indifference.

No, no!

Are you trying to show that the sannyasin's path isn't the true path, or how it leads to the true path?

Yes, I want to show it's part of the path, that the whole inner field, the field of inner experiences, all that opening of consciousness up above, is after all only a starting point.

That's right.

And that, afterwards, one is led to seek something else, which has a reality HERE.

That's right. That's what I understood, but in your ending it wasn't very clear.

But it's going to be completely rewritten.

Yes, that's very useful. It's a very useful thing to show that this path was for a time helpful to put one into contact with a world one didn't know, BUT one must go beyond.

Yes, I want to give this Sannyasin his best form, to show him in his best light; I don't want to denigrate him easily – quite the contrary – but to show his inadequacy.

Yes, that it leads elsewhere.

Because, at the same time, it demolishes all religions and all their goal "beyond." Through this Sannyasin, I touch a whole spiritual attitude.

Yes, that's right, it's very good.



June 15, 1968

*Mother looks at
an orange amaryllis:*

It's pretty.... I don't know why, it always gives me the impression of a church....

Yes, exactly!

You too? Why?... It's very pretty. So I don't know why. It gives the impression... of an artificial

adoration!

* * *

*Satprem reads Mother
a letter of Sri Aurobindo:*

"In our yoga we mean by the subconscious that quite submerged part of our being in which there is no wakeningly conscious and coherent thought, will or feeling or organized reaction, but which yet receives obscurely the impressions of all things and stores them up in itself and from it too all sorts of stimuli, of persistent habitual movements, crudely repeated or disguised in strange forms can surge up into dream or into the waking nature. For if these impressions rise up most in dream in an incoherent and disorganized manner, they can also and do rise up into our waking consciousness as a mechanical repetition of old thoughts, old mental, vital and physical habits or an obscure stimulus to sensations, actions, emotions which do not originate in or from our conscious thought or will and are even often opposed to its perceptions, choice or dictates. In the subconscious there is an obscure mind full of obstinate Sanskaras [imprints or habits], impressions, associations, fixed notions, habitual reactions formed by our past, an obscure vital full of the seeds of habitual desires, sensations and nervous reactions, a most obscure material which governs much that has to do with the condition of the body. It is largely responsible for our illnesses; chronic or repeated illnesses are indeed mainly due to the subconscious and its obstinate memory and habit of repetition of whatever has impressed itself upon the body-consciousness. But this subconscious must be clearly distinguished from the subliminal parts of our being such as the inner or subtle physical consciousness, the inner vital or inner mental; for these are not at all obscure or incoherent or ill-organized, but only veiled from our surface consciousness. Our surface constantly receives something, inner touches, communications or influences, from these sources but does not know for the most part whence they come.

"As for asserting one's will in sleep it is simply a matter of accustoming the subconscious to obey the will laid upon it by the waking mind before sleeping. It very often happens for instance that if you fix upon the subconscious your will to wake up at a particular hour in the morning, the subconscious will obey and you wake up automatically at that hour. This can be extended to other matters. Many have found that by putting a will against sexual dreams or emission on the subconscious before sleeping, there comes after a time (it does not always succeed at the beginning) an automatic action causing one to awake before the dream concludes or before it begins or in some way preventing the thing forbidden from happening. Also one can develop a more conscious sleep in which there is a sort of inner consciousness which can intervene."⁵³

Sri Aurobindo
June 24, 1934

Now I remember very well! Sri Aurobindo used to read me the things he wrote before sending them.

* * *

Then, regarding a Playground
Talk of June 24, 1953:

You say, "An illness is quite simply, always and in every case, even when doctors tell you there are germs – in every case it's a disequilibrium in the being: a disequilibrium between various functionings, a disequilibrium between forces...."

I don't know, but if you say, "a disequilibrium between various functionings," then it seems to be purely physical. I feel something is missing to say that it's a disequilibrium in the PSYCHOLOGICAL being or functioning?

(long silence)

For a few days, and it's becoming increasingly established, there has been an impression that health or illness is a choice (to express it simply). A choice of every minute. For this body, at any rate, that's how it is.

It means abdicating with regard to the general functioning of the physical substance, of the body, and having illnesses you get cured of or not, depending on... other laws than physical laws. But there is every minute – every minute – the possibility to choose the true consciousness, or there is, yes, a disorder or disequilibrium. It's something which is unable to follow the movement of progressive harmony, or sometimes even which doesn't want to. I am talking about cells and groups of cells.

Most of the time, it's a sort of laziness, something unwilling to make an effort, to make a resolve: it prefers to leave the responsibility to others. In English I would call it *the remnant*, the residue of the Inconscient. It's a sort of spinelessness (*gesture of groveling*) which accepts a general, impersonal law: you paddle about in illness. And in response to that, there is inside, every minute, the sense of the true attitude, which in the cells is expressed with great simplicity: "There is the Lord, who is the all-powerful Master." Something like that. "It depends entirely on Him. If a surrender is to be made, it's to Him." I make sentences, but for the cells it's not sentences. It's a tiny little movement that expresses itself by repeating the mantra; then the mantra is full – full of force – and there is instantly the surrender: "May Your Will be done," and a tranquillity – a luminous tranquillity. And one sees that there was absolutely no imperative need to be ill or for the disequilibrium to occur.

The phenomenon recurs HUNDREDS of times a day, for very small things.

And then, it gives increasingly a sense of the unreality – the fundamental unreality – of illnesses. That's what I say here [in the Talk]: it's merely a disequilibrium. It's the habit of leaving it to a sort of impersonal collective will of the most material Nature, which organizes things IN THEIR APPEARANCE.

That's the sort of work being done at present, these last few days – constantly, constantly. The only moment when it's not done is when I see people, because when I see people, there's only one thing left: the Lord's Presence, and plunging them in that bath of the Lord. That goes on, it's always there. So that even if, before [seeing people], there was a difficulty or struggle or conflict between the two states, and a will to hold on, at such times it goes away, because that's not the work then: the work is to plunge all those coming near into the Presence – the immutable Presence, constant, active... close.

(silence)

That would tend to show that the possibility of what's called illness is something CONSTANT, a constant state in which you are or aren't; and this "you are or aren't" depends on... many things, especially on your remembering – remembering the sole divine Presence and Reality – and on your way of acting. Life is a series of continuous activities, which last for a longer or shorter time, absorb

you more or less, give you a greater or lesser sense of importance or lack of importance – but it's a sort of series of continuous activities; and what's called rest, that is, when the material body is relatively motionless, is an activity on another level and of another kind. And the state of union – of REALIZED union, that is, not something that comes in a flash and goes away, but an established state in which you have a sense of continuity, except when the central Consciousness and Will impel you to leave it... (*Mother goes into a contemplation, leaving her sentence unfinished*).

(*long silence*)

So what exactly is your question?

What you say here gives an impression that an illness has purely physical causes. So it might be necessary to add somewhere the word "consciousness" or "psychological." You say, "It's always a disequilibrium in the being, a disequilibrium between various functionings, a disequilibrium between forces...." It gives an impression of being something purely material.

There are no such things as purely material forces.

If you like, the only distinction that may be made is between a greater or lesser degree of consciousness. And the appearance of materiality is in proportion to the unconsciousness.

You understand, it has reached a point where there is an impression of fluidity and plasticity asserting itself increasingly with the growth of the true consciousness. The hardening seems to be the result of Unconsciousness; the lack of fluidity and plasticity seems to be the result of Unconsciousness. Not only in the body: for everything the impression is the same. With the growth and the normal state of consciousness, there comes a suppleness and fluidity that completely change the nature of the substance, and the resistance comes from the degree of unconsciousness alone, it's proportional to the degree of unconsciousness.

All this way of speaking [as in the Talk], the ordinary way of speaking seems to be... yes, a manner of speaking, that's right! But it doesn't correspond to fact. It doesn't correspond to reality. It's a manner of speaking, a manner of feeling, a manner of seeing – an old habit. But it's not that.

The work is in full activity here, but there isn't enough distance to talk about it.

The interesting thing regarding this body is that I have a growing impression... of a "residue" which still remains unconscious. Because in my state (which is becoming more and more normal), I feel ("feel," it's a material sensation) at a distance of at least two feet. And when I am consciously concentrated on a thing or an individual, I MATERIALLY feel from inside that consciousness and that individual. For instance, if someone acts with a very unconscious movement, it hurts. It's like giving me a blow.

And it's increasingly that way.

More and more often, there are times (people think I am asleep, I find it very funny! They think I am asleep...), times when I follow the movement like that, apparently wholly concentrated; and the sensitivity, the consciousness is spread all around, everywhere, or on one point for a specific work, but MATERIALLY spread – not mentally (it's a long time since that has been still, and it's more and more so); vitally, it's very peaceful – MATERIALLY.

(*silence*)

What I don't know yet, what's not very clear, is... what will be the fate of this residue? To people's ordinary thought, it's what they call "death," that is to say, the rejection of the cells that weren't able to

enter this plastic state of consciousness. But the way the work is being done, there is no categorical division [into groups of conscious or unconscious cells in Mother's body]: there are imperceptible (almost) states of variations between the different parts of the being. So you wonder, "Where? What? When? How? What's going to happen?..." It's increasingly becoming a problem....

The whole inner functioning is becoming more and more the result of that conscious action and conscious will; with, even, in part (at least in part) clearly the true functioning already. You understand, the impression is of a remnant, but the remnant isn't something that's rejected: it's something which hesitates, lags behind, has difficulty and tries – it would be only too pleased: if, for instance, there is in one spot a perceptible disorder, a pain, the body no longer starts fidgeting, worrying, wanting medicine or doctors or interventions, no, not at all; it asks... it goes, "O... Lord...", like that. That's all. And it waits. And generally, in the space of a few seconds, the pain goes away.

What complicates matters is the ENTRY from outside of formations, with thoughts, ignorant attitudes (*swarming gesture around*), impressions – all kinds of impressions. Most of the time it has no effect, but sometimes it gives a shock. So that complicates matters somewhat.

(silence)

So all this way of putting things [in the Talk] is antiquated. Better leave it as it is.

Or if, for the sentence to be clear, you need to add a word, add it.

Since you say that illness is a "disequilibrium between various functionings," I was proposing to add, "between various functionings of consciousness"?

Not functionings of consciousness.

Because it all appears to be purely material! It seems to me we should add a word giving an inner sense.

Yes, for this body, it's what we might call "purely material": there's no vital or mental intervention. What generally happens to people is that the vital intervenes and so does the mind – that never, ever happens [in Mother]. That belongs to the past, there's no question of it any longer. Everything takes place purely in the physical consciousness. So for the ordinary consciousness, it's disequilibriums between the various functionings of breathing, digestion, blood circulation and so on. But for me, all that has become the expression of something else.

Yes!

But I haven't yet reached the point where I can explain it in an understandable way.

So I think it's better to leave it.

What time is it?

We could do some translation.... Is the *Bulletin* ready?

Everything is ready, Mother, except the "Notes on the Way."

The "Notes," we'll leave them out.

Unless we put what you've said today?

Oh!...

Who can understand? I myself can't explain clearly.

But I feel one catches something. I, at least, feel I catch some thing. Maybe I am wrong.

Ah?

On the contrary, it's very...

As for me, I feel more and more as if I were speaking to people in Chinese.

Oh, really?

I can't explain anymore, they can't understand anymore. In your case, of course, you have followed the thing step by step, so you are used to it, but others don't understand – no one anymore, I can no longer say anything to anyone.

Relationships with people are so different!... It's constantly as I told you: a movement of unconsciousness is a shock; and there are things...

I can't explain, it's not possible.

Like this fact that I am increasingly stooped (although it's neither the result of fatigue nor the result of a lack of equilibrium, nor... it has no material cause), my impression is that the present part of the body (or rather the part belonging to the past) is shrinking, while I myself, my consciousness, I am so vast and on the contrary so large and so powerful, but at a distance, you understand!... I don't know how to explain, it's a strange sensation. It's as if you were still dragging some old baggage along.⁵⁴ But it's not that it isn't willing.... It's more or less difficult, you understand, so it takes more or less time. It's like elements lagging behind.

But the new way of being would only be visible to someone who himself or herself had the supramental vision.... I MATERIALLY see all sorts of things, which aren't visible to others (*Mother looks around Satprem*). But it's materially.

A funny state.

Do we have time to translate? One piece, maybe... to give ourselves the illusion of having done something!

* * *

*Mother takes up the translation
of a text by Sri Aurobindo:*

"This question of free-will and determination is the most knotty of all metaphysical questions and nobody has been able to solve it – for a good reason that both destiny and will exist and even a freewill exists somewhere; the difficulty is only how to get at it and make it effective."

⁵⁴Mother later added, "Yes, old baggage. But it's not that it's refusing to change, it's not that! It's that it requires TIME."

That's perfectly true! It's perfectly true, it's again part of my present experience. It's as if, somewhere, I were suddenly told, "But just say, 'I want this'!" (But not with words: words are a travesty.) Then a little something in the being goes like this (*gesture of gathering*), and... there it is. And it's true. FOR THE BODY (I don't mean for thought or feelings: once and for all, we are leaving all that aside), only for the body, something that says, "But you just have to say, 'I want this, this must be'" (not with words), and something does indeed go like this (*same gesture of gathering*), goes like this in a blue light – a bright sapphire – and... there it is. There it is. It's very simple.

Only, one can't explain because one uses words that have another meaning. Saying, "You just have to will" would be nonsense.

Strange.

Is that all? Do we do one more translation? Are the texts long ones?

Five and nine pages.

That will be for another time.

But they will ask me all that, they're already growing impatient. And then, they think (they're very polite, very well-mannered), they think, "Mother is... *she is going down*"! (*Mother laughs*)

All of a sudden... while I am doing something, writing or listening or anything, all of a sudden I'll enter a consciousness in which I see all relationships differently, and also a sort of power wanting to learn to wield itself; so of course, it's extremely interesting, and instead of going on with what I am doing, I follow the movement... "Here's Mother falling asleep again"! And I read their thoughts, as clear as daylight, their reactions.... Still, I am polite, I don't tell them anything. If I weren't polite, it would cause disasters.

But anyway, there will be one person to know!

But I'd like to know... (I am beginning to be interested in the problem, I am looking at it): will this residue... (*Mother breaks off*). But the question isn't like that, it's a question of TIME. With time (Sri Aurobindo said three hundred years), with time EVERYTHING would get to change. But there is the wave of habits, and the easy solution which consists in quite simply taking this (*Mother points to her own body as to an old garment*) and throwing it away: "Off with you, I no longer want you!" It's disgusting. Because it can no longer get along fast enough, one takes it and says, "Off with you! Go away, I no longer want you, go to decomposition." It's disgusting.

And I FEEL the atmosphere. There is the whole collective thought, people writing to me, "I hope you'll still live for a long time"! (*Mother laughs*) And all the usual nonsense. You know, they are so full of idiotic goodwill.... It makes a difficult environment.

I look at this body; at times it says (at times, when there is too much incomprehension, when the people around are too absolutely unwilling to understand), it says, "Ah, let me go." It says to me ("it," what is it? What's still unconscious, too unconscious and not receptive enough), it says, "Very well, leave me, it doesn't matter, let me go." Like that. Not disgusted or tired, but... Then it's really pitiful. So I say to it (*in a tone of voice as if speaking to a child*): "No, no, no."

It's a question of patience, of course. Question of patience.

(*silence*)

What's going to happen?

I don't know. We'll see.

You, at any rate, you will know.

You'll be able to tell them (*laughing*), "Things are not as you think they are...." I would tell them, but they won't hear me.⁵⁵

I don't know... I don't know what's going to happen. What's going to happen? Do YOU know?

One day it will be glorious.

(*silence*)

When you do something for the first time, no one can explain it to you.

We'll see.



June 18, 1968

(*Regarding an unpublished letter of Sri Aurobindo.*)

K. asks me if this is correct.

(*Question*) *One thing is strange. One never feels sex-vibrations when touching Europeans while one can hardly touch Orientals without feeling it either at the time or by memory afterwards. Does this mean that the Europeans are purer than Orientals?*

(*Sri Aurobindo*) "No they are not purer, but they live more in the mental and less in the vital..."

Well, not anymore! Since the war everything has changed.

"...Therefore sex is with most of them, less passionate and preoccupying than with most Indians. This is at least true of the English and Americans, not perhaps quite so true of the southern peoples. But still it is a fact that one can meet Europeans more easily in a purely mental way. Vivekananda had noticed this about American women and writes of it in one of his letters."

Not since the war.

⁵⁵When Satprem tried to "tell them," they attempted to censor this *Agenda* and expelled Satprem through a registered letter. Today in 1995, Mother's *Agenda* is read in the Ashram only on the sly and is banned at the School.

Yes, on the contrary, my impression was that it was far more predominant in Europeans than in Indians.

So I felt, too.

Even when I lived there [in the West], everything seemed to me to revolve around that. You couldn't meet people without...

It may be different with the English, I don't know – I have always felt the English to be wooden!

* * *

Soon afterwards:

Have we finished the *Bulletin*?... There are still texts by Sri Aurobindo to translate.

Would you like me to do it at home?

I am afraid of being lazy, you know! You have a lot to do.

No, no, Mother! I'm here to do the work.

Obviously, it would go faster.

I am getting more and more lazy!

Of course not! You have more important things to do.

I have the impression of a very continuous work. Nights too are very active.

I am getting lazy...

Oh, listen!

It's strange, it imposes itself like that: I'll be following a movement, and then... I'll go off in trance. It happens at any time. I'll be eating: in the middle of the meal, something comes like that, I follow the movement and I remain absorbed; then afterwards, I see all the people waiting! (*Mother laughs*)

It's been like that for several months.

Has it?

Yes, I've noticed. You seem to be far more... interiorized.

Interiorized, yes.

I hear myself speak, you understand.... The consciousness is deeper down. I hear myself speak. Sometimes even, I don't recognize my voice; well, things of that sort.

Yes, sometimes I've even had the impression... I thought, 'Mother is drawing away.' A drawing away.

No...

I am WITHIN, far more within than before – not within here [in Mother], but within all things.... Extremely sensitive to all the movements of those around me: inner movements.

For instance, time goes by... times goes by with, you know, lightning speed! Nights and days and weeks follow each other with dizzy speed. When a Sunday comes, I feel as if the previous Sunday was the day before. Everything is going very, very fast.

(long silence)

Yes, I understand what you mean: the relationship with external things is no longer the same.

We'll see! *(Mother laughs)*

Does human matter respond a little, does it follow?

That I don't know. But what I know is that the action on human matter is far greater than before – the action. For instance, the possibility of taking a pain away, of changing a vibration – all that increases a lot. With results that are sometimes very interesting.

The other day (I think it was yesterday), the memory suddenly came back to me (I know why things come now: it's always when someone calls or when there is a work to be done), and for some reason I remembered that story about Christ, *an old saying*: Christ was healing the sick and so on, even bringing a dead man back to life, when he was brought an idiot and asked to give him intelligence.... Then, the story goes, Christ ran away! *(Mother laughs)* Later he was asked, "Why did you run away?" – "It's the only thing I can't do!"...

But why did it come? (Because it just comes like that, all of a sudden.) So I looked, and then I said, "But no! Why did he run away? He just had to do this *(Mother slightly rotates her hand, shaping something)*, and the child would have become intelligent."

When I go off like that, within, I always seem to... to be shaping vibrations. And when that memory came, it was so clear, I said, "But no! One just has to go like this... *(same gesture of the hand)*, and he will receive the light and become intelligent...." You understand, when I go within, it's always to work on vibrations. And afterwards (the next day, or later in the day) I'll learn that something has happened to someone, he called me and asked me that. It's always a call. And it's a response.

But as the mind is very still, I don't "know" in the mental form: it's in a very... very simple form, very objective *(gesture of looking at a picture)*: all of a sudden came Christ running away because he was brought an idiot – "But no!" And there was the movement of turning vibrations *(same gesture as before)*, receiving the light, and he becomes intelligent – like that.

In fact, it's with things of this sort that I spend my time. I don't note them down, because... there would be too many of them to begin with.

Someone... (most of the time I know who it is, but sometimes I don't)... something has happened to him, something has got twisted; so one works on it, one sets it straight again, puts the light, the good vibration back on it, and then... later in the day, or the next day, I'll receive a line, "I was in a lot of pain" or "I called you." Like that.

But free from the whole mental notation – that doesn't exist: very still.

So there! *(Mother laughs)*

So you'll have a little more work.

But it's nothing, Mother!



June 22, 1968

Do you have news of P.L.?

No, I just know he's left for Rome.⁵⁶

He's arrived.

I wonder, because...

You feel something's wrong?

I have a very strong suspicion about the famous "friend" [Msgr. R.], because he was the one who told P.L. to come here (you remember how he insisted P. L. should come), and now he's saying P. L. came here to live with a woman. And he's the one who arranged everything so P.L. would stay with J.!

I have a very strong suspicion.

Haven't they laid a terrible trap for him?...

He's expecting a sort of interrogation.

Yes.

You remember, it was this Monsignor who sent a telegram to J. asking her to take P.L. in....

To me, these people will stop at nothing.

All the more so as it must now be known that he tried to see the Pope and speak to him about the Ashram.

Yes, of course!

Before he left, he told me he'd had a dream. I think it's a personal symbol, but I don't know. He was in a vital world (he was being chased, I think); he suddenly climbed a tree, which turned into a cross, and he was crucified on it.... That place was on the edge of a sea that seemed leaden. So he climbed that tree, which turned into a cross, and was as if crucified on the tree; and (you know that at the top of the cross, there is the inscription INRI) instead of that, there was your symbol: Mother's symbol. After that, the cross got as if caught or engulfed by that leaden sea, with only

⁵⁶A telegram from Msgr. R. abruptly recalled P.L. to Rome: "New rules Roman Curia demand your immediate return else your position compromised."

Mother's symbol emerging, remaining on the surface; the cross was engulfed, and little by little the leaden water changed colors and grew transparent. But he, P.L., was engulfed along with the cross.

(After a silence) I saw him before he left; there was around him an atmosphere I didn't like.... Yes, like a man who's going to sacrifice himself.

But he told me he was quite at peace.

As for me, I've done all I could – I've worked well, I've worked a great deal! Because there's nothing, no destiny that cannot be changed. I've done all I could. But I don't like their intention.

Yes, he told me, "Mother is my salvation."

And I am constantly pulled like this (*gesture of a call from there*); this morning again I was pulled, with something forcing me to go and work there.

I knew the EXACT moment when he arrived in their atmosphere (now I don't remember), but exactly at that moment I felt it and saw his face.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Mother shows Satprem a letter that has been opened and sealed again.)

There was this Black who was here, he sent me a letter from America: the police opened it.... (*Laughing*) They wondered if it contained explosives (!)... or God knows what else.

See, they resealed it.

I hope he hasn't written anything compromising!

Look at all this mail! (*Mother holds out to Satprem a stack of letters*)

Congo... Fiji... Germany... France... America...

It's every day like that.

I received several letters from America asking me to save Kennedy,⁵⁷ and as those letters were opened by the police they must have wondered.... And here they called our A., the American, and questioned him for more than an hour – you know how they do.

But why? Is it directed specially at all Americans?

Yes, it's for the Americans.

But why?

Don't know... They've got it into their minds that we are a "hotbed of American spies"!

⁵⁷Senator Robert Kennedy, who was shot dead in Los Angeles on June 5.

* * *

*(Then Mother listens to the conversation of June 15
about illnesses and the corporeal "residue.")*

In my consciousness there was much more than I said....

Yes, most of the time you were in trance.

There were a lot of things.

But it's no use, I can't give it [for the *Notes on the Way*].

I was very, very conscious while speaking, but it's difficult to express.

This isn't the time to speak.

But what I said there is getting increasingly confirmed, precise. After some time it will be interesting.

(silence)

Poor P.L.!

Did he give you any hint of a spirit of sacrifice? He doesn't look like that, but...

No, I didn't get that impression.

Neither did I.

You know what Brother A.⁵⁸ had said: "I want to be a messenger to preach the Truth to them, and if for that they torture me, well they will torture me."

But P. L. doesn't have that sort of spirit. He wants to be of help.

P. L. could be very, very useful if he wanted to – very useful. But there's a little something that resists, I don't know what – maybe like a slight lack of courage somewhere, I don't know what.... When he is in front of difficulty, he is instantly tormented.

That's what bothers me. Because I have put on him enough force for him to pull through in any event, but if inwardly he starts vibrating, it can't work anymore.

I told him that. I told him, "All depends on your tranquillity. If you have trust, nothing can happen to you."

Oh, good, then perhaps...

But he makes me work hard! *(Mother laughs)*

We'll see.

⁵⁸A Catholic monk who stays in the Ashram.



June 26, 1968

Have you received news of P.L.?

This morning in fact, I was worrying a bit about him. I feel as if he has been... swallowed up in a hole. I didn't like that.

* * *

*Satprem reads a text
of Sri Aurobindo:*

"The fear of death and the aversion to bodily cessation are the stigma left by his animal origin on the human being. That brand must be utterly effaced."

(*The Synthesis of Yoga*, xx.334)

I didn't know that. It's very interesting!

Very interesting in the sense that before one can reach the condition in which death isn't necessary, one must absolutely find it... entirely natural, an unimportant event. It's chiefly that – something of very little importance.

(*silence*)

The education of the physical consciousness (not the body's global consciousness, but the consciousness of the cells) consists in teaching them... First of all it's a choice (it looks like one): it's choosing the divine Presence – the divine Consciousness, the divine Presence, the divine Power (all that wordlessly), the "something" we define as the absolute Master. It's a choice of EVERY SECOND between the old laws of Nature – with some mental influence and the whole life as it has been organized – the choice between that, the government by that, and the government by the supreme Consciousness, which is equally present (the feeling of the Presence is equally strong); the other thing is more habitual, and then there's the Presence. It's every second (it's infinitely interesting), and with illustrations: the nerves, for instance... if a nerve obeys all the various laws of Nature and mental conclusions and all that – the whole caboodle – then it starts aching; if it obeys the influence of the supreme Consciousness, then a strange phenomenon takes place... it's not like something getting "cured" – I might rather say, like an unreality fading away.

And that's the life of every second, for the smallest thing, the whole bodily functioning: sleep, food, washing, activities, everything, everything – every second. And the body is learning. There are naturally hesitations stemming from the power of habit and also old ideas floating about in the air (*gesture of a swarming in the atmosphere*): none of that is personal. As a work, it's tremendous.

And continuous.

Continuous. There was a time when it would be forgotten now and then; now it's beginning not to be forgotten anymore. It's continuous. There's only one thing that interrupts it, it's the work with the outside, the relationship with others for that action which consists in infusing them – infusing them with divine consciousness. So then, this is the result: first, a very clear vision (not a vision in pictures, a very clear vision) of the state they are in; then, this: enveloping and infusing them with divine consciousness; and then, the effect that has, or hasn't. That's the occupation in relationships with people. The other work [on the cells] is the life of every minute.

It's growing more and more precise, more and more interesting – but absorbing.⁵⁹

And a consciousness – a perception, rather – a growing perception of a state which... I don't know how to explain it. There are two simultaneous states: the state of uninterrupted, almost endless continuity, and the state of... toppling over into decomposition (for the body); the two are constantly like this (*Mother places one hand closely over the other*). And the choice – the constant choice – based, in fact, on a *reliance*... leaning for support on the divine Consciousness for all things and every second, or ceasing to lean on it. To the cells, that choice appears to be a free choice, with a very strong sense (but not at all formulated in words) of the support constantly given by the supreme Consciousness to help them rely on it alone.

It's not mentalized – hardly mentalized at all – and almost impossible to formulate. But it's very clear. Very clear... what is it? It's not in the sensation – it's in the state of consciousness. It's very clear states of consciousness. But hard to express. Continuous states, continuous, continuous: night and day, ceaselessly, continuously. The planes change, the activities change, but it's continuous. The mode of being or way of being may cease and give place to another, but that state of consciousness is perpetual, uninterrupted, universal, eternal – outside time – outside time, outside space. It's the state of the consciousness.

*(a gust of wind sweeps away
the letters on Mother's table)*

I am bombarded with letters! It's to stop me.

(silence)

So then, the so-called rest or annulment which is supposed to come from death is neither rest nor annulment: it's simply a fall backward, from which you have to climb up again. It's spinelessness that makes you fall backward – because you'll have to climb up again. It's nothing else than that. There's no opposition, no difference [between life and death], all that is... The body is making fan-tas-tic discoveries.

Now and then, there is the old habit [the body's protest]: "Oof! Oh, too much, too much!" Just give it a little slap, it gets ashamed and goes back to work. It's very interesting. Very interesting.

So then, till next time.



⁵⁹Mother indeed looks increasingly interiorized and is speaking as though from very deep within.

June 29, 1968

Did you get any news from P.L.?

I got a letter in which he said he'd arrived and was being urgently summoned to the Vatican at 10 A.M. the same day.

He didn't say anything.

There's been no letter since.

Yes, in other words he hasn't told the result, he hasn't said anything about it.

And as if by chance, Msgr. R. left for Spain the day P.L. arrived. He didn't meet him.

I don't believe in chance.

* * *

Later:

It's a continuous experience, day and night, and so crowded, so intense that... it's impossible to describe.

It's as if I were making a discovery every minute.

(long silence)

Every minute a discovery. You know, an absolutely accelerated movement. And do you know what set it off? It's the text you read me the other day, by Sri Aurobindo, in which he says that the fear of death in man was the memory of the animal. It seems to have opened a door wide.

It's like a study – a really accelerated study, you can't imagine, one minute after another, like this (*snowballing gesture*) – from the standpoint of the work, that is, the purpose of physical existence in a body, and the usefulness of physical presence. And the absolutely clear, precise vision, in minutes" detail, of what's real and what's illusory, what's truly necessary and what's only imagination (that of others, but also, at times, one's own). But I would need hours to tell it all... With (is it a basis?) the perception in the consciousness (but a detailed perception – I don't mean ideas, it has nothing to do with ideas or principles, etc.: there's no mental translation), the perception of what, in the work, demands or depends on the bodily presence (I am purposely not saying "physical presence," because there's a subtle physical presence that's independent of the body), the bodily presence. And then, at the same time, such a clear, precise, detailed vision of the relationship each one has with this body (a relationship which is thought, feelings and physical reactions all at once), and that's what gives the impression of the necessity of bodily presence – gives its measure also. So there is, at the same time, the perception of the TRUE usefulness of physical presence and the perception of the reaction in individuals.... It's a world! A world, because of the fantastic amount of details. A world unfolding every second. And accompanied by an inner perception, first, of the effect it has on the cells, and then

that the cohesion has now really become, I may say, the result of a supreme Will, to the extent that it's necessary for... let's say for the experience, or the work (anything – we can call it what we like). In other words, there is the aspect of progress of the cells as an aggregate. There is hardly – hardly, very weakly – the sense of a personality or a physical individuality, it's hardly that; neither is it a habit of being together, because it's very fluid in there: it's truly held together by a higher Will with a definite aim in view, but that too is fluid – nothing is fixed.

(silence)

It's a world of things I would have to say to be clear, but that's not possible.

At any rate, the inner (or higher) organization of circumstances, feelings, sensations, reactions in the totality of... what thinks it is "individuals," is certainly growing more precise towards a definite aim in its orientation, an aim we might define as "the progress of the content of consciousness," that is to say, the broadening and enlightening of consciousnesses. But I am putting it the wrong way round (that is, I am putting it the way it's understood); the truth is this: it's the Consciousness doing a special work (*gesture of kneading*) on the instruments of its manifestation, so as to make them clearer, more precise, transparent and complete. When the Consciousness expresses itself, it does so in instruments who darken, muddle, mix up and diminish its power of expression to a tremendous degree; well, that's the work: making them more limpid – more transparent and limpid – more direct, less muddled, and broader, ever broader... and at the same time more and more transparent: removing the obstructing fog – transparent, limpid, and also very vast.

It's a movement of acceleration: it's the great work of the whole creation to consciously return ("return" is another silly word – "turn to" would be better), to become again, to identify again, not by abolishing the whole work of development and ascent, but... It's like a multiplication of the facets of Consciousness, and that multiplication is growing increasingly coherent, organized and conscious of itself.

Individualization is only a means to make the innumerable details of the Consciousness more complex, more refined, more coherent. And "individualization"... we shouldn't mistake it for physical life; physical life is ONE of the various means of that individualization, with such fragmenting and such limitation that it compels a concentration that intensifies the details of the development; but once that is done, it [individualization] isn't the lasting truth.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

What did you want to tell me?

You say that this individualization isn't the "lasting truth"?

Individualization, in its feeling or perception or impression, in its sense of separate individuality, has no lasting truth. It continues to exist (how should I put it?) in all its power and all its knowledge, but with the sense of Oneness. Which is altogether different. And there is such a clear perception of what comes into the consciousnesses, into the individuals, what comes from the falsehood of separation; there always remains something, but sometimes it grows dim almost to the point of disappearing (that's in exceptional cases or exceptional beings). But the sense of division must completely disappear. It's...

To explain anything at all I would have to say too many things.

(contemplation)

I'll say more another time.

Is it time?

Yes, Mother, it's half past eleven.

Is there anything you wanted to ask?

I was thinking that when you are on the other side, supposedly dead, you still lose a means of action, don't you?

Yes. Not so much as one thinks. Lately, for instance, I've been trying not to say anything, but to put a strong formation – it works very well. Instead of saying, "Bring me this" or "Do this for me," you put a strong formation: it works very well. And the formation doesn't at all depend on the body – not at all. The consciousness doesn't need the body to make the formation.

Yes, but to be transformed, matter needs the bodily presence.

That's right, it boils down to that.

Sri Aurobindo can't do that.

Sri Aurobindo is working ALL THE TIME.

Yes, but that he can't do – that transformation of matter.

Ah, no, that he cannot do. It's dissolved, of course.

That's what we might call the individual work. Only, to what extent can this transformation be integral? That's the question.... I've said it's a much accelerated work, obviously, but in spite of that, you feel the amount of experiences necessary for the transformation is so tremendous that... the limits of a lifetime are too short. But then... I've already told you several times that this aggregate has... not an impression, but a very clear perception that a certain disequilibrium or disorder (which may apparently be very slight, a mere nothing) is enough to cause dissolution. It feels that the slightest thing is enough, and that only the higher Will to keep it together is preventing things from reaching that stage. Like that. It depends on That.... I lived the first thirty years of my life (nearly thirty, twenty-five to thirty) with the sensation that NOTHING could bring about dissolution; that if disorder came, order would quite naturally be restored to allow the body to go on. Very strong, it was very strong. Then there was a period when there was nothing, neither on one side nor on the other; and then, slowly, slowly, there has now come the perception that the LEAST thing is enough, and that it's only the SUPREME Will (not even higher: the supreme Will) that is preventing dissolution. It exclusively depends on That.

And as you say, this presence is maintained to the extent it's useful and indispensable for a certain aspect of the work. And in that case, there's no question of a long or short time, of when, how, what and all that – "It's as You will." Constantly, in every cell, every activity, every moment: "What You will, Lord." All the time. Like that. No question. Only, there is an observation, a very clear perception of the fact that this supreme Will is what enables things to carry on as they do.

So the conclusion is easy to draw: as long as He wills it, it will be like that; when He wills it otherwise, it will be otherwise. And that's all. At the same time, of course, the lesson is given: an increasingly clear perception that the field of the indispensable isn't as large as we imagine.... For me, Sri Aurobindo's presence is EXTREMELY effective – active.

But for this body it's interesting: it's in the smallest little details, you know, that the body is shown the extent to which the presence has a real effect, thus making it necessary, and the extent to which it isn't necessary. It's growing increasingly precise in the smallest details.

The cells have no personal choice; their attitude is really like this: "What You will, what You will..." for everything, everything. With only an increasing, intensifying, more and more constant, uninterrupted sensation that the sole support is – the Supreme Lord. There's only He, only He. And that's inside, in the body.

At the same time, a very precise perception.... You know, once (years ago) I was asked, "What is purity?" I answered, "Purity is to be exclusively under the influence of the Supreme Lord and to receive nothing but from him." Then, a year or two later, while reading Sri Aurobindo, I found a sentence in English which said exactly the same thing in other words⁶⁰ (a sentence I had never read and didn't know). I saw that same sentence yesterday evening (I have a calendar with quotations from Sri Aurobindo).... They [the cells] are growing purer and purer, and the extent to which they aren't is pointed out very clearly, in an absolutely precise, distinct way, as if with the point of a needle, on the spot that isn't pure. And it hurts! It always corresponds to a pain – while the same physical condition goes on. Take an exposed nerve in a tooth: normally, it should hurt constantly; at times, in an almost general way, it doesn't exist, but just when the purity isn't total, whew! It hurts excruciatingly!... And in a few seconds it may pass. So it all exclusively depends on That – everything. It's a proof, the most concrete proof!



⁶⁰"Purity is to accept no other influence but only the influence of the Divine." (*Letters on Yoga*, 23.645).

July

July 3, 1968

And your translation of "Savitri"?

But I have work to do. I no longer have time. I no longer have time to do anything.

It's a pity.

That is to say, now F. has taken it into her head to translate *Savitri* with me (all she does is look in the dictionary when I need a word), right from the start, and I've reached the second page! It'll take ten or fifteen years!

But I find it very interesting, because I only have to be still, and Sri Aurobindo dictates to me. So there remains one or two little corrections in the French, and that's that. He tells me the word: for this word, this word. Like that. It's very interesting. Only, I do five or six lines every time.... But now I do it better than I used to.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

The government (I don't know who) has asked the chief of the Radio here to ask me for a message on India's condition. At first I answered, "I don't deal with politics." Then he told me, "No, it's not from a political but from a spiritual standpoint." I said, "I don't know." But he insisted, he told me, "I've been asked by the government; if I can't give it to them, I'll be in trouble...." The poor man knew how to get round me! *(Mother laughs)*

See, here's his letter *(Satprem reads)*: "*I pray the Mother to record a message for my radio on 'integration and unity of India'....*"

I said this:

(Mother reads)

"It is only India's soul who can unify the country.

"Externally the provinces of India are very different in character, tendencies, culture, as well as in language, and any attempt to unify them artificially could only have disastrous results.

"But her soul is one, intense in her aspiration towards the spiritual truth, the essential unity of the creation and the divine origin of life, and by uniting with this aspiration the whole country can recover a unity that has never ceased to exist for the superior mentality."

My handwriting has become quite bad.... It's not me who wrote this, I don't remember it at all – it doesn't evoke any memory in me.

I also put (and this is from me), *"the essential unity of the creation and the divine origin of life."* That whole formula, I know, was an attempt to express the thing without using the word "God," because... There was in my life a period of at least twenty years during which those words used to make me bristle, so I understand very well the feeling it evokes in people. Later, it was Sri Aurobindo who made me rise above all that; but it's because he pulled me very high up that I rose above all that, otherwise, on an intellectual level, it didn't do at all. It evokes the narrowest religiosity, and... it won't do. So I don't want that – the country is now fully in it, here in India. I don't want to raise that first obstacle. That's why I made this long sentence.

* * *

Towards the end:

Do you have news of P. L.?

I got a letter. He doesn't say anything in fact, he says he was summoned to the Vatican but doesn't give any detail. Otherwise, he says he is well and feels your presence.

Yes, that I know.

And he says that Cardinal T., who is the Cardinal of France, as well as Msgr. R., both insisted that he should stay at his post at the Vatican.

Oh!... I thought they wanted to nominate him cardinal over there....

Yes, he [P.L.] wanted to pull out of the Vatican.

Yes, HE did.

But they want him to stay at his post at the Vatican, at least for the time being.

Oh!...



July 6, 1968

(Mother is unwell. Still, she has recorded her "Message on India's Unity" for All India Radio.)

What do you have to say?

You're tired.

No, oh... it's a long affair.

The last time you came, I had a cold; it didn't even last for a day: the following night, it was over. But it has hastened the movement of transformation, so it's become difficult.

This whole area, here and here (*Mother points to her throat, chest, etc.*) was caught.... Generally it takes several days.

And this morning, I don't know – I think I know why: it's because the body itself is closely connected to all those who call with a lot of force, and ignorant as it is, it suffers the consequences. These last few days, there have been three or four cases, and I saw in the body a kind of imitation.... It hasn't yet learned to instantly transform the vibration.

So there have been two or three cases (two cases were very clear), and this morning, this stupid body of mine started running out of breath: "Too, too fast, too fast..." So it had to be kept still (it started running a temperature) and stop eating. But I had told it (I saw it came because of someone who's very ill; a combination of all kinds of things at the same time), during the night I had said to it that there was this work to be done [the radio recording], and so there was no question of flinching. So then, to be able to do it, it did away with all the rest – it didn't arrange flowers, didn't take its breakfast and so on.

The cold, too, came from someone (I have no opportunity to catch cold), it was from someone. I know who it is, but...

This is how it is: either change or dissolve.

It would be only too pleased, of course, it's not refusing, it's willing, eagerly willing, but at times things go very fast and it's difficult.

(long silence)

Did you have something to say?

I have news of P.L.

Ah!

It's a whole series of things. First there's a note from J. who's received a letter from P.L.; she writes this to me: "P.L. is fine. Msgr. R. told him he had 'discovered another world through your book....'⁶¹ He has come into contact with Mother. He made P.L. see the importance of staying in this milieu for some more time if they want to transform it....

(Mother opens her eyes wide) Oh!...

"...P.L. feels totally guided by Mother; as soon as his work is over, he isolates himself to study and meditate on The Life Divine...." Another thing: P.L. has sent the letter Msgr. R. had left for his arrival at Rome; in that letter, among other things, the Monsignor wrote P.L.: "I also want to inform you that I revealed to his Eminence [the cardinal of France], under the seal of secrecy, that you were in an Ashram in India. His reaction was excellent and he entirely approves of you."

⁶¹Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.

Bah!

Finally, a letter from P.L. telling the story: "I somewhat restrained myself from writing to you and telling you about my new situation, which might have been precipitated at any moment. On my return, the Vatican adopted a dual policy: threats on one hand, and on the other, promotions and offers of fine situations. I had been absent from Rome since December 9: what strange illness could last such a long time? There was talk of subjecting me to a medical examination by three physicians, demanding the names of the clinics⁶² visited, and so forth. I consulted His Eminence and Msgr. R. Being expelled by the application of the rule suited no one neither my family, nor the Cardinal himself. So the solution was to take up my new post, assuring them that I had fully recovered: thus the investigations stopped; I was no longer prosecuted, my case was shelved. No doubt, curiosity and suspicion haven't been allayed, but my life has gone back to routine, and after some time everyone will forget. I will see the Pope next month, and I may accompany him in his journey to Colombia at the end of August – I will keep you informed. There is still the difficulty of his health which may prevent the journey.... All that I have just told you is quite 'external' to myself and I hardly participate in it; I'd rather write about my consciousness: it hasn't changed – it has remained fastened to Mother's influence. I feel her protection; everything is easy, for she is with me; she gives me the suitable answer. Like a mantra, I repeat, "Oh, Mother, with your help is anything impossible?" More than that, the joy she has put in my heart remains unshakable. My thought flies away towards her, full of gratitude. Msgr. R. told His Eminence I had been at the Ashram: the Cardinal is delighted. R. has finished reading your book: in his mass he has preached Aurobindo's ideas. He told me he has come into contact with Mother: he is going to write to her, and later will go and see her. He has accepted Aurobindo's message as a solution for the world. I must still tell you the joy the telegram gave me: to Mother all my gratitude."

*(Mother goes into
a long contemplation)*

It's good.... It's good.

It's absolutely true that I am with him. Absolutely true. And you remember, I told you that experience, that very strong thing I had felt: like a great thing beginning, a Beginning....⁶³ It seems to be true.

It's going to be a big step for the world – for the entire world.

Excellent.

I seem to feel he'd like a confirmation from you that he should stay there for the work.

Oh, yes! It's good that way, he must stay and do his work. He must stay. And when I say, "It's very good," it means EVERYTHING is very good. He is quite equal to the situation. It's very good.

It's the little personality abdicating its own well-being for the general work, and that's very good, it makes you move forward very fast.

62P.L. had pleaded some "psychological" illness.

63A page in the history of the world has been turned, the conversion of all of Christendom to the new Truth (*Agenda* of April 3, 1968).

It's very good. At all events, it's very good.

His response is far superior to what I expected.

I have a strong feeling of those marvelous moments of the divine Grace.... All one wants is to keep quiet and worship, that's all.⁶⁴



July 10, 1968

Mother sorts out letters:

There's little S. who wrote me a letter – quite a desperate letter in which she said she didn't want to live anymore. Because she'd done some foolish things. So I answered her that one doesn't live for one's own satisfaction: one lives to discover the Divine and identify with him. And so, it's not a question of "pleasure" or "no pleasure."

I wrote very strongly and sent the letter. Since then, absolute silence! No one budges anymore.

(another letter)

This is Y. trying to show me I was wrong and she was right. Very well! Let her remain convinced she's right, it's the same to me! *(Mother laughs)*

(a note of Mother's)

"According to what I know and see, in a general way, children OVER FOURTEEN should be left independent, and should be given advice only in so far as they ASK for it.

They must know that steering their own life is their responsibility."

* * *

Soon afterwards:

I had made a reply to T.F.'s pupils on the question, "What is death?" (They had written to me and I had replied.) But then, they didn't understand anything. And here are their new questions:

(Mother holds out a letter to Satprem)

Regarding your last reply, here are our questions: "When the will of the physical being

⁶⁴A few days later, P.L. sent Mother a telegram asking for her protection, as he had received an "order from above" to undergo a Collegiate medical examination presided over by the Pope's physician. Thus the situation seemed to have been reversed. Mother's answer was: "The best protection is an unshakable faith in the divine Grace."

abdicates 'for no reason,' is it for no PHYSICAL reason, or for no reason of any sort?"

What did I tell them?

Yes, regarding leaving one's body, you said, "There are innumerable reasons, but unless it's caused by a violent accident, it's mostly the will to maintain cohesion which abdicates for one reason or another, or for no reason. That is what inevitably precedes death."

The physical consciousness is conscious only physically, so my expression isn't clear enough: "For no reason it's CONSCIOUS OF." That's all.

The other question?

"Where does the physical being's disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination and harmonization come from?"⁶⁵

That disgust generally occurs when there is in some part of the being – an important part, either vital or mental – an absolute refusal to progress, and so, physically, that expresses itself as a refusal to exert oneself against the deterioration that stems from time.

And the last question: "Where does the link between the central will of the physical being and the cells take place? How is it made?"

(long silence)

The cells have an internal constitution or structure that corresponds to the structure of the universe. So the connection is made... (one is stopped short by the stupidity of words: it's not "external," but it's external for the individual), it's made between identical external and internal states, that is to say, the cell, in its internal constitution, receives the vibration of the corresponding state in the total constitution.

Words are inane.

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation,
then suddenly smiles, amused
in the middle of her contemplation)*

Someone (I don't know who) has just shown me.... It was a man's big hand, and there was in it... it wasn't an egg or a physical object – he told me it was the representation of a cell. It was an object that seemed to me this big (*gesture: about three inches*), transparent and living: it was living. And he showed me the various internal constitutions of the cell, and the correspondence with the center. A wholly precise vision, so precise that I was flabbergasted, I said, "Oh!"

It had a strange shape: not like an egg, but narrower at one end, and... I don't know how to describe. Give me a piece of paper.

(Mother starts drawing)

⁶⁵Mother had written: "The central will of the physical being abdicates its will to hold all the cells together.... It accepts dissolution for some reason or other. One of the strongest reasons is the sense of irreparable disharmony; another is a sort of disgust at carrying on the effort of coordination and harmonization."



It didn't have a very precise outline, because it was radiant. It had internal constitutions of varying radiances (*Mother draws points or various concentrations within the cell*), and the center was wholly luminous. And there was a big hand, almost a paw, you know, a big hand holding this cell very carefully: he took great care to touch it as lightly as possible (*Mother draws two big fingers holding the cell*). It was luminous, held up with two fingers, like this.... I don't know what the scientific shape of cells is, but it was like this. And he showed me the various radiances. The periphery was the most opaque; the deeper inside, the more luminous it became; and the center was wholly luminous, it was bright, that is, radiating. Then there were different colors – not very intense, but different colors. The hand was magnified perhaps twice, because it was this big (*about ten inches*), while the object was this big (*about three inches*), and it was a cell.

He showed me the constitution, and how the connection was made.

Did the connection take place at the center of the cell?

Yes, at the center of the cell.

The fingers were much bigger than the cell, and they touched it only with the tips, like this (*gesture*). Only the forefinger and thumb were visible – the tip of the thumb. But huge fingers! So it

was probably magnified.

(Mother laughs) I was a bit flabbergasted!

It may be the ratio between the size of a hand and that of a cell – no, it can't be. But it was a huge hand, like this, holding a cell up to me. Big like this. He showed the connection. There were colors: some spots were slightly bluish, others... There were all kinds of things – it was very complex – with varying radiations. And the connection was from light to light.

But here, this boy asks about the link between the cell and the central will of the physical being.

Physical, yes.

But what you've just drawn is the cellular central will.

But it's the correspondence between the two. It was to show me how the central will of the physical being was connected to or acted on the cells. He showed me a cell which was like the representation...

In other words, the central will, or light, acts on the cell by touching corresponding lights?

Yes, that's it, by an inner contact in the being. It gave the impression that each cell was a miniature world corresponding to the whole.

(silence)

My whole life long, I complained that my visions weren't more material than vital visions: they started from the vital and went up higher and higher, but below the vital, there was nothing. And now, it's a continual vision of the subtle physical – constant, I see both together: the physical and the subtle physical. Only, the physical, purely physical vision is much disturbed by the other vision. You understand, it's more a CONSCIOUSNESS of things than purely and merely a vision. And I've noticed, when I have someone in front of me, for instance, with some, when I look at them they grow more and more precise and clear; others become more and more blurred TO MY PHYSICAL VISION. It must depend on their state of consciousness. Some grow extremely precise, especially the eyes, and in their eyes I see the consciousness – the eyes are perfectly visible. Others, on the contrary, become blurred like that; with some, even, in place of their eyes I've seen two black plates. As if they wanted to put a veil. It's very interesting.

Oh, physically I see clearly enough to do everything, but I can't read. Even my vision of pictures is a little... I don't know if it's deteriorated or transformed: what I see isn't the picture as it is exactly, but maybe as it wanted to be. A slight difference.

Hem! *(Mother smiles, amused)*

Another time, I'll ask you a question on this vision. Now it's too late.

If you had asked it, I'd have been happy. Now it's a little late. What question?

On the supramental vision, in fact.

Oh, yes, that was a problem. All right, all right!



July 13, 1968

(Mother looks very tired.)

What else?

I'd have liked to ask you a question on that vision of the subtle physical – that material vision which you have with open eyes. I'd like to know what it corresponds to: does it correspond to a supramental vision, or is it the vision a skilled clairvoyant, for instance, might have?

I don't think so.

(long silence)

As soon as I speak about something, it goes away. So when I speak too early, I don't get the full experience.

(Then Mother goes into a long contemplation, and emerges only when time is up.)

It's difficult.... Difficult.



July 17, 1968

(Mother is running a temperature, breathing with difficulty and coughing. She hasn't eaten anything. She receives Satprem lying on her couch.)

It's the same thing going on....

Do you have news?

I have news of P.L. and of Msgr. R.... But won't it tire you?

No, no! It doesn't tire me.

There's a letter from Msgr. R. to you. It was sent through J. Here's what he writes J.: "Let me first thank you – once again – for Satprem's book on Sri Aurobindo. I have finished reading it. This book has and will have a considerable influence on my life. Secondly, I thank you for the help you gave my dear P.L. He has come back transformed, purified, illuminated. Lastly, may I ask you to hand over to Mother the enclosed letter...."

What does he say?

"Mother, it is without the least reservation that I give you this name of Mother, to you who have given life back to my favorite son.... His stay at the Ashram has marked an essential stage. There has been in his inmost being a radical upheaval.... May I add that I myself feel your powerful and benevolent protection? I have the impression of being understood by you, and I feel I am the inheritor – along with your numerous sons, daughters and disciples – of the spiritual treasures accumulated each day by your fidelity to the mission entrusted to you. With my deep and intense gratitude, may you accept, Mother, the token of my respectful and filial piety."

Do you have this man's photo?... No?

And P.L., what does he say?

It doesn't tire you? Shall I read it to you?... He answers my last letter, in which I had conveyed your message:

"I have tears in my eyes: a commotion of immense joy has shot through my whole being when I read your letter, and Mother's words which you repeat for me.... I cannot find words to describe my psychological state – I let you guess it. I feel so small, so insignificant before the horizons you make me glimpse. All this incites me to serious work, to the 'abdication of the little personality' so as to be worthy of HER. These feelings in my soul are very different from all my previous religious experiences...."

*(Mother nods her head
in approval)*

"...I feel all luminous, the Divine Grace is so powerful that at times I think my body is incapable of holding it; Mother's Presence is so real; the bliss is so serene, so tranquil.... The little ADVENTURE begun at the Samadhi becomes so worthy of being lived, the CONSCIOUSNESS has widened so much.... Darkness, fear, scruples, mortifications are so far away! A few weeks ago, I had a very painful dream: my body was being torn apart, the pain was excruciating; my feet, my hands, my head were being pulled apart.... Today, when I read your letter, I understood the meaning: I had to grow.... Just two words to inform you about my situation. As I told you, I found two currents in the Vatican, the first one quite raging against me; we thought that my assuming a new post would calm them down... but a few days later, they managed to demand a Collegiate examination (by a neurologist, who, I believe, had been ordered to declare me 'ill,' an endocrinologist, an expert in general medicine, and the Pope's physician] hence the cry of the child running to his mother: my telegram asking for Mother's protection. On Sunday the 7th, I had a dream: Mother came into a sort of huge warehouse, where I was lying on the ground, and told me, 'Quick, get away and leave me your place.' I flew away (without my body, which was still on the ground): it was my

soul that went away, and, from on high, very high up, I saw Mother taking possession of my body, entering it, and staying put. Suddenly an army of doctors in white robes makes a beeline for my body (in which Mother is still hidden); no sooner have they surrounded and begun examining it than a terrible explosion sends them flying into the air....

(Mother laughs)

"...I woke up at the blast.... You must have received my telegram: 'Perfect diagnosis.' Thus the group that was trying to eliminate me from the Vatican is every day losing its strength and weapons, its intrigues neutralized. The other group, which is favorable to me, on the contrary sees my transformation with pleasure, and I am cautiously beginning to give it Aurobindo's message. I told you that Msgr. R. is enthusiastic. Now, knowing that Mother replied, 'Oh, yes! It's good that way, he must stay and do his work. He must stay.... It's absolutely true that I am with trim,' I am wholly at peace, full of desire to be 'the instrument of this great divine work.'"

It's good. He is fine, this man.

(Mother goes on contemplating)

Then I have new questions from T.F.'s class.... The children have a very small thought, very small.

(Mother sends for the letter)

It's not very exciting, but anyway!

(Mother laughs, and Satprem reads)

"Is the will to progress sufficient to prevent the deterioration that stems from time? How can the physical being prevent this deterioration?"

That's just what the body's transformation is about! It's when the physical cells become not only conscious, but RECEPTIVE to the true Consciousness-Force, that is, when they allow the working of that higher Consciousness. That's the work of transformation.... Not so easy!

The other question: "How does the central Will and Light, which is nonmaterial, act on the gross matter of the cells?"

It's exactly like asking, "How does the Will act on Matter?..." The whole Life is like that! It should be explained to these children that their whole existence is the result of the action of the Will; that without the Will, Matter would be inert and motionless, and the fact that the vibration of the Will has an action on Matter is precisely what permits Life, otherwise there wouldn't be any Life.

If they want a scientific answer, the how, that's more difficult, but the FACT is there, it's a fact that can be seen every second.

(long silence)

Tell P. L. I appreciate very much and am with him. I find it's very good.

And the other [Msgr. R.]...?

Normally, your reply to him should be conveyed by J.

*(Mother goes into
a long contemplation)*

I keep having the same impression.... You know, the beginning of something very important.



July 20, 1968

(Mother looks better, although she is still coughing. Satprem, on the other hand, has caught a fever.)

It comes from there [the Vatican], it's the same origin as with me. The first time I was on my guard, but this time I've been taken by surprise.... If it amuses them!

* * *

Soon afterwards:

I can't speak.... *(Mother coughs)* Z has made a "confession" to me and has asked me some questions. I intended to reply to her today, but today I don't have any voice. If you'd like to read it... *(Mother holds out a letter to Satprem).*

"I have the feeling of a division and a confusion in my mind, and probably between different parts of my being of which I am not clearly conscious.

"In one of those parts, the Divine, or the Supreme, is a formless, undefined, vast thing which I do not really know, but aspire to know, and that is what my thought and love turn to when no other part or circumstance interferes. That is what I find in the depths. In it, I find the explanation and raison d'être of all things, and each day allows me, to the extent of my small capacity, to discover a new aspect of it. There are no problems or difficulties there, everything is peaceful and happy.

In another, more complex part, there is the everyday life and the ordinary personality. There, things are completely different. The central pole of that part has so far been love, but love as I understand it here, that is, not something subtle that rises but something concrete which is lived and exchanged, and which in order to exist needs the presence of the physical being, the 'living with, 'otherwise it has no raison d'être, having no base or concrete form. That is probably why you told me I loved love and not individuals. It's very true, because to

me, individuals are only an occasion to live love, or what I call love.

"Now there is no longer any human person in my life, nothing anymore; this void may be what gave rise to the recent crisis. I vaguely feel something unclear, which I cannot define but do not like, as if a part of me were trying to live with You what it can no longer live with human beings.... My present difficulty comes from the impossibility to reconcile the two parts of my being, inner and outer, and from the ensuing divorce as far as you are concerned. Could you please enlighten me on the following points:

Ah, here are her questions.

1. Is what I call the Supreme, which I turn to within, a reality to the extent of my small capacity? And is my movement towards that a true thing, or an imagining and a flight from another reality which I refuse to recognize?

That's easy!

2. What is the relationship between what I call the Supreme, which I seek within, and yourself?

(Laughing) She doesn't expect me to answer that!

3. What is the meaning, on the practical level of the Yoga, of Sri Aurobindo's recommendation to go through You in order to attain Realization?...

Did he say one had to go through the Mother?

Yes. He said that if one turned exclusively to the Impersonal, one would tend towards an immobile, static realization, whereas going through you would lead to the dynamic realization.

Oh, that's it.... Then?

"...And in my case, what does it imply regarding the right attitude towards the Supreme and towards You?"

Is that all?

Yes. She makes divisions.

Yes, it's absurd. I intended to answer her, but I can't speak. She'll have to wait.

(long silence)

But still, on a practical level, I have sometimes wondered (in my case) about this: when I concentrate, my more spontaneous tendency is to concentrate on "That," which I do not define: it's

"That."

(Mother approves eagerly) Yes, yes.

But at times I wonder if it wouldn't be better to concentrate on a more precise form such as yours, for instance – I am not making any difference.

That's not my opinion.

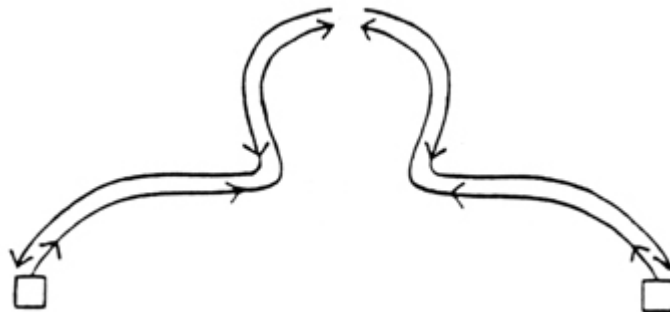
It's not your opinion?

It shrinks things a lot.

I'm not making any difference, mind you, I don't say, "There's Mother and then there's the Supreme," but I wonder if practically it wouldn't be better if it were "You" rather than "That."

No! No, when people ask me, I tell them straight, "No." Because in spite of everything, even if one understands, one is influenced by the fact of a personal form, a personal appearance, a defined personality – that's worthless. There are those who prefer to go to the Supreme through the idea of "the Mother," that is to say, of the realizing Force. As for me... naturally, for me it has no meaning. But I see very clearly, I know that if people call me, it never goes here (*Mother points to herself*), it always goes straight towards the Supreme; even what goes through the active consciousness goes straight to the Supreme. But for them, sometimes it's easier. So I let them do it, but... Because it doesn't matter; this person [Mother] has become quite... what could we call it? It's not even an image, it may be a symbol.... But it's like people who, in order to fix their attention, need to fix a point. I see what constantly happens: instead of directly going like this (*gesture towards the Supreme*) and of being a little imprecise for people, it goes like this (*towards Mother*), it's gathered here (*in Mother*), and it goes there (*towards the Supreme*).

(Mother draws with her two arms a sort of path going towards her, rising upward, then coming down again through her towards the people. The whole path looks much like the silhouette of a single Being.)



And here [in Mother], the fact of the physical presence allows the forces to be directed more precisely. I see how the Force from above acts (*gesture of a descending pressure or mass*), and people get the contact through a similarity of vibration. But when it goes like this (*gesture through Mother*), there is the addition of that physical, material knowledge, which makes it [the action of the Force] more precise and concrete. From the point of view of help, it's... Sri Aurobindo was right: the help is more direct. It spares people a work. I see what comes, that sort of atmosphere (it's much more than an atmosphere: it's a Presence, you know, constant, He is constantly there), but then, in the consciousness here [in Mother], the action is growing more precise: it's growing more precise on an individual level, depending on the case, the need, the occasion. It's a sort of almost automatic work. I can imagine it helps people, obviously. They generally need a personal thing – by "personal" I mean with a vibration identical to theirs.

I don't know if it's because of this cold, I am not sure (I don't think so – I know very well where it comes from), the whole morning (during the night and the morning), there has been a sort of perception of all kinds of states of consciousness this body has been through, groups of circumstances, and then a perception so concrete, you know, so absolute: "Where is the person? Where, where is the individual? Where is the person? Where..." And with such a clear vision of the supreme Consciousness, which, on the other hand, is the ONLY permanent consciousness – the supreme Consciousness at play in all that, all those movements, all those actions, all those... But it was felt and lived in such a concrete way that I saw, for instance, that this body, which people think is the same body as the one born more than ninety years ago, isn't at all the same! Everything has changed: the cells have changed, everything! Everything: the state of consciousness is absolutely different. So then, where is the person? Where?... Suddenly there was, "Where, where is that personality? Where is it?..." There was only That (*gesture above*): Consciousness. And then, the vision of the whole, of things taking form and... (*wavy gesture of a Whole diversifying into innumerable forms*).

In other words, that experience one generally has in the higher mind, in the psychic, is now the body's – it's the body in its cellular constitution that has it. It had that experience this morning: That alone was permanent, That which, through innumerable changes, remains... (*immutable, unshakeable gesture with the edge of the hand*).

It was such a concrete experience – so concrete for the body – that it wondered how it still remained in a form?

And then, all the ordinary notions... no more meaning. No more meaning, they've become meaningless.

It began yesterday with the notion of the infinitely small and all those worlds organized like that.⁶⁶ And the impression of a larger personality (I mean, taking up more space, if I may say so), in which men, all men were only tiny constituent elements.... That was yesterday. And today, it was the opposite, but complementary experience. And so the outcome is this vision of the All and of all things – the All which, because of our infirmity, we always see with limits.

(*Mother goes into a long contemplation,
then suddenly smiles*)

I don't know if it's a result of what I told you or what, but I've seen an immense Being who came holding a little child by the hand... and the little child was you. He came to put the child in front of me, like this (*gesture at Mother's feet*). Immense, immense, far taller than the house, you know: the little child was like a finger to him (*Mother shows two phalanges of her little finger*). He was holding the

⁶⁶Mother may be alluding to her vision of a cell in a gigantic hand.

child like that, and came and put him in front of me (*Mother laughs*).

Maybe it's the continuation of what I told you! But it was very concrete.⁶⁷

Sri Aurobindo said that when you go beyond the Impersonal, you find the Personal: THE Person. I am sure he had the experience.... My own sensation is a sort of fusion – a fusion of all sense of personality into... I don't mean into an impersonality, that's not true, but it's something limitless, yet you get a sense, not personal at all in the narrow meaning of the word, but with all the concrete reality of the Person. You understand, it's the body's experience (I never had any difficulty in the other regions), the experience OF THE BODY. The body has the experience of that fusion, constantly; it constantly seems to melt, but... for it, it's nevertheless from the identical to the identical; the feeling (feeling or sensation) of "otherness," of being "other," it perceives as its own imperfection. Yet it's not at all the experience of an immoderately magnified self, absolutely nothing of that sort, but... What's wholly concrete is the All-Consciousness (the body does feel it's much more than that, it's only one aspect and is much more than that). But it's the constant, constant experience.

This idea of Personal or Impersonal has no meaning. It doesn't correspond to anything. The body has completely lost the sense of its personality, completely, and strangely – it's strange. For instance... (for the moment, everything, but everything expresses itself as phenomena of consciousness), for instance, I don't know how many times a day, there will suddenly come the awareness of a disorder, a pain or suffering somewhere – somewhere in some part, but not a part... shut in here (*Mother points to her own body*): like a spot in an immense body; and after a while, or a few hours later, I'll be told that someone or other has had such and such a pain, which was felt as being part of that immense body.... It has become very odd. It has considerably increased with this cold. You see, I've been seeing fewer people, doing less work, resting more – I am putting it that way out of habit, but it doesn't quite correspond to the state... When I say "I," it's as if I were putting myself in people's thought and speaking of what corresponds in it to all that; but it's not felt that way at all.

Ah, I'm going to tire you....

No! While you were meditating, I've rarely had such a physical impression, such a physical experience, in my body.

Oh?

Yes, I felt it very strongly: something that wasn't at all happening up above, but here.

(Mother nods and remains silent)

*Yes, basically like a consciousness here, in the body.*⁶⁸

Yes, yes.

(silence)

⁶⁷Satprem assumes that the immense being was the "That" he was turning to in preference to Mother's person. And "That" came and showed him his place.

⁶⁸Satprem was beginning to climb down from his "heights." It was none too soon.

The extraordinary thing is that with such a... fantastic torrent of force as the one near you, or on you, or in you, it doesn't find a more physical expression than that!

But more and more (through news people bring or things that happen), I have more and more the sense of such an awesome torrent that... Yes, I think it's like this: I think everything is changing, and changing with fantastic speed, but we don't notice it and we'll only become aware of it... afterwards. Because there are hundreds of occasions to note details, and the overall impression is rather stupendous. For instance, if the consciousness is concentrated, if for some reason it's concentrated here in the body, then everything seems as if it's bursting – boiling and bursting – to such a point that I have asked several times, "Do I have a fever?" – I don't have a fever at all! And as soon as there is stillness, inactivity, and a concentration with the consciousness, then it's something so awesome, immense, you know, and... Then there is Peace, Serenity. A peace... something inexpressible – in an awesome action. And then...

(Mother goes into a contemplation)

* * *

*As Satprem
is about to leave:*

There remains the question of Msgr. R., who wrote to you – I read you his letter last time.

Is he asking for a reply?

He is expecting something.

I answered abundantly, very concretely – very concretely, with great concentration.... I don't know if he is sensitive.

The contact lasted a long time, it was very complete, the work was very precise. I answered in a much truer way than words can do.

I thought of certain things I might say, but everything is so shallow. High-sounding sentences are useless, I detest them. Everything is so shallow and so petty.

I'll see if something comes.



July 24, 1968

(Satprem had written to Mother that he still had a fever.)

What's that!

But I am better.

Ah!

Yesterday afternoon, it left all of a sudden. I wrote to you the day before yesterday, then the fever went on, even rose higher...

But mon petit, I didn't know you had written, I knew it yesterday evening.

Well, yesterday afternoon, all of a sudden, even abruptly, in one second, I said, "But the fever's gone!..." That's odd!

(Mother gives Satprem a mock slap for his impertinent "That's odd")

No, I said, "That's odd," because it's strange after all: I was working, and it happened all of a sudden, I said to myself, "It's gone!" I don't know why. What surprises me is the abruptness of the thing.

No, that's how it is.

(silence)

I think a cleanup is taking place at the moment. As a rule I never pass on to others what I have (rather I catch what they have!), but this time everybody has a cold in one form or another! Everybody. For me it's clearly, very clearly a cleanup, but then... a radical one.

* * *

(Mother remains in contemplation almost till the end.)

I can't speak (*Mother coughs*), and you, you mustn't speak, so..

I just have a little question regarding P.L. He's written to say that in twenty days he will have his holidays at the Vatican, and he asks if he can come.

I have no objection, if he thinks it won't have consequences there.

He also says that Msgr. R. is likely to come here. Right now he has been called to Canada, but he does hope that in August he'll be able to come and "take Mother's blessings."

That's fine.

I'll be interested to see this man.⁶⁹

P.L. writes: "Msgr. R. is now reading issues of the 'Bulletin.' I told him we can change the face of the Church and fill it with a truer, more present content with Sri Aurobindo's ideas. He is convinced..."

(Mother laughs, amused) That's very good!



July 27, 1968

(Mother seems unwell.)

No voice....

It's not getting any better?

The cold came down, and the day before yesterday I did something foolish: I took a medicine. It gave me a dreadful night and... now it's difficult. It cut the consciousness off. So now it's difficult.

The consciousness has come back, but...

And you, any news?

If you could send a little force on my publisher over there: the manuscript of the "Human Cycle" is stranded there.

Where?

With my publisher, in Paris.⁷⁰

*(Mother concentrates,
then goes into a long contemplation)*

When you have enough of staying quiet, tell me! As for me, I could remain like that the whole day long....

⁶⁹He never came; every time he tried to, he fell seriously ill....

⁷⁰For six years until 1973, Satprem had to fight before he could obtain the first publication of French translations of Sri Aurobindo's works. And when those publications were finally obtained, the Ashram's new authorities accused him of having "sold Sri Aurobindo."

The Press is asking for a few texts to fill blanks in the forthcoming Bulletin.

Take from Sri Aurobindo, not from me! Everything from Sri Aurobindo.

(Satprem proposes the following text:)

"Overmind is obliged to respect the freedom of the individual....

Oh, that's a revelation! I didn't know that.

"...including his freedom to be perverse, stupid, recalcitrant and slow.

Supermind is not merely a step higher than Overmind – it is beyond the line, that is a different consciousness and power beyond the mental limit."

(then a question:)

"Do you imply that the Supermind will not be obliged to respect the freedom of the individual?"

(Sri Aurobindo replies:)

" Of course I do! It will respect only the Truth of the Divine and the truth of things."

(September 18 & 19, 1935)

Oh, that's very interesting. It's wonderful, put it!

Then there's another text, but I am not sure...:

"The scientific, rationalistic, industrial, pseudo-democratic civilisation of the West is now in process of dissolution and it would be a lunatic absurdity for us at this moment to build blindly on that sinking foundation. When the most advanced minds of the occident are beginning to turn in this red evening of the West for the hope of a new and more spiritual civilisation to the genius of Asia, it would be strange if we could think of nothing better than to cast away our own self and potentialities and put our trust in the dissolving and moribund past of Europe."⁷¹

I didn't know he had said that....

I don't know if it's very wise to say it.... But it's very true.

We should send it to the government of India.

N.S. [a minister in the Central government] is coming, I'll give it to her.

But not in the *Bulletin*.

And Indira Gandhi, wouldn't you send it to her?

.....



July 31, 1968

Any news from Rome?

Nothing important, but P.L. has sent me Msgr. R. 's photo.

Oh, I'd like to see it.

But I don't think it's a recent photo.

(Mother looks)... He's had to struggle with powerful instincts. Sensuality and...

Very intelligent indeed!

Interesting.

A strange man: he is amoral. That is to say, he may do extreme good or extreme evil just as easily. And a brilliant intelligence indeed. A politician of the first order.... You understand, he is good because that's good policy; but if the policy were to be bad, he would be bad.

I wonder if they have many like that among the cardinals?...

Sensation and thought.

Sentiments: none – what one considers should be, that's all.

Interesting, very interesting.

When will he come?

It's not yet decided. Maybe in August.... But P.L. on the one hand and J. on the other told me he's a man who has a strange power over women.

Oh!

You know that he has a huge fortune, which was given him for charity, and it was women who gave him that money. And J. told me he has a power of attraction over women which is quite strange. But P.L. told me that he is "constantly ill, constantly getting blows...." He must have some vital opening, a weakness, and he gets blows.

Yes, he is the sort of man who IN THE PAST (now it's no longer like that), who in the past used to disgust me the most. I am not surprised.... He has something oily.

But P.L. told me that at the same time, something in him feels he's gone astray and aspires for something else.

Yes, that's above the mind.

It's about the only type of man whom I used to find intolerable.

We'll see.

*(Mother goes into
a long contemplation)*

I've been in close contact with all these people.

We'll see.

And what about you? Are you now all right?

Oh, I had a fever, for two days it was nasty. A big battle.

We'll see later *(Mother is clearly not inclined to tell what's going on).*



August

August 3, 1968

(Mother remains very tired. She nevertheless listens to a long paper on Auroville, which she rejects, and prepares with Satprem a note summing up the ideal of this future city:)

"For millennia, we have been developing outer means, outer instruments, outer techniques of living – and finally those means and techniques are crushing us. The sign of the new humanity is a reversal in the standpoint, and the understanding that inner knowledge and inner technique can change the world and master it without crushing it.

"Auroville is the place where this new way of living is being worked out, it is a center of accelerated evolution where man must begin to change his world through the power of the inner spirit."

* * *

Then Mother goes into a long contemplation:

It seems to be accelerated transformation, it's a little crushing.

We'll see.



August 7, 1968

(As Satprem goes upstairs to see Mother, he meets the doctor coming downstairs, who informs him that Mother has chest pain and her heart is in poor condition. Mother is sitting on her couch, very pale.)

We have to do the translation of the message for the 15th of August.

I chose this *(Mother holds out a paper to Satprem):*

"One needs to have a calm heart, a settled will, entire self-abnegation and the eyes constantly fixed on the beyond to live undiscouraged in times like these which are truly a

period of universal decomposition."⁷²

Sri Aurobindo
May 6, 1915

(silence)

Is it universal decomposition?

(Mother smiles and nods)

Do you have any news?

From Rome?... He's coming around the end of the month. The Monsignor cannot come right now, he might come later. He's written a very good letter, by the way.

Oh! Will you read it to me?

It's written to J., following the letter I wrote, in which I said that inwardly you had replied "abundantly" to his letter, better than with words. So he writes:

"I have been many times in direct contact with Mother, and I feel her force enveloping me. Yesterday I began reading Mother's Prayers and Meditations. It is a splendor. Every day P.L. and I talk about the Sri Aurobindo Ashram. Every day. The Lord has taken you by the hand to this oasis of peace and light: bless him. I envy you!... Together with P.L., we form an invincible team. We have great plans – and will realize them. I thought I was 'old,' but P.L. has revealed to me that 'you become old when you stop progressing.'"

It's good.

Do you have news of your publisher for *The Human Cycle*?

No, nothing at all.

Bah!

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

What happened is this: the body suddenly (yes, it came over it one day like that) got a sort of... not exactly disgust, but at any rate a dissatisfaction at its way of being and all its movements, all its consciousness and everything, and then... (it obviously corresponded to a movement – a movement coming over it – of transformation), then there was complete decomposition. And very spontaneously, with all the sincerity it's capable of, it gave itself to the transformation, saying, "Either transformation or decomposition." Like that.

So things appear to have taken an accelerated turn, and all the old energy which came... in fact

⁷²From a letter from Sri Aurobindo to Mother in France.

which came simply from the ego, from the sense of personality – gone. And materially, the result was that the pulse started behaving more than fancifully.

But spontaneously and constantly, the body is invoking, invoking, invoking....

Only, it's still in the phase when it hurts all over – everything is miserable, everywhere. And... there's no positive joy, you know, there's a sort of sense of wonder, but... And then, absolutely no strength.

I've been forced to cut down all the work; during the minute or minutes of contact with others, the Presence comes very positively, as always, but... (*Mother shakes her head*). Circumstances seem to arrange themselves to give proof of the Presence and Help; for instance, the power over others is still there, but this... (*Mother points to her body, implying it can no longer retain anything and there is no longer any power over the body*).

(silence)

I don't know.

Have YOU been told anything about me?

No.

I don't know what they are saying among themselves, but I have a very strong impression that all of them think it's the end.

No, no! No, no!

No?

No, Mother. No, no!

The consciousness is clear, clear, so clear, you know, absolutely unaffected,⁷³ absolutely, but... Clear – perhaps even clearer. Just yesterday, I couldn't speak at all: as soon as I uttered one word, I would start coughing and coughing. It's the first time I've spoken since I saw you last time.

No, Mother, on the contrary, all of us⁷⁴ have faith – a natural faith – that it really is the ultimate possibility and CANNOT but work out!

The body has given itself up in all sincerity, really in all sincerity. Only, is there too much to be done? I don't know.

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Ah! So, till next time...

On Saturday.... But people do understand, Mother.

⁷³Poignantly, Mother was answering the question in the surrounding atmosphere.

⁷⁴???

Do they?

Yes, the "Notes on the Way" have helped them understand.

Oh, good.

They know a work is being done.

Good... *(Mother laughs ironically).*

Mon petit...



August 10, 1968

*(Mother looks a little stronger: she remains standing while giving flowers to Satprem and Sujata.
Satprem gives Mother the offering of his pension.)*

Satprem has become a rich man! *(Mother laughs)*

Is there nothing we had to do?... I am sure I had to show you something... which I had to do with you.

(silence)

It's something I did with you last night.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

There's a perceptible improvement, but it's still impossible to speak.

Did you have something to ask?

What's the time?... Quarter past eleven.

It's a LONG TIME since I could rest so peacefully – a long time.⁷⁵



⁷⁵Satprem will not see Mother again for eighteen days. This is the second great turning point in her yoga, after that of 1962.

August 22, 1968

(Satprem has not seen Mother since August 10. According to the doctor, her heart is weak, she does not eat anymore and can no longer remain standing. Yet she appeared for five minutes at the balcony for the darshan of August 15, but P., Mother's bodyguard, and V., her attendant, were behind and beside her, ready to support her. She looked so pale in her silver cloak. This morning, August 22, she has sent Satprem a note and soup packets, remembering even his material needs. Her handwriting is quite changed.)

August 22, 1968

Here are some soups, you must not have any left.
This time, it is TRULY interesting – but a bit total and radical.
How far, far away we are from the goal....
I will try to remember.

With you always.
Signed: Mother



August 28, 1968

(Mother receives Satprem and Sujata in her new, low armchair made of rosewood, which will remain till the end. She no longer gets up to fetch flowers for them.)

Come here, I am more deaf than ever! How are you?

It's been a long time without seeing you!

It was interesting, mon petit. I've kept all these notes, we'll see them. It's not over. It's not over and I don't know when it will be. But anyway, I'll be able to see you again in the morning. First, you must be famished!

No, not at all!

(Mother gives Satprem soup packets)

Do you have news?

No, Mother. I saw something before August 15, one night around August 11. I saw a huge, fantastic wave of white foam, but a wave higher than a house, fantastic; and propelled by that wave, an immense, completely black steamship, which seemed to go rolling on the rocks, but it wasn't crushed. It was propelled by that wave. And another ship, much smaller, which seemed to be light gray and was going even faster. And that fantastic wave of white foam.

Many things are stirring over there.... You know the events in Czechoslovakia.⁷⁶

Things are stirring. A black steamship?

Yes, a huge steamship. And strangely, it seemed to be going on the rocks (which were also black), but without being crushed.

I am sure the movement has begun. How long will it take to reach a concrete, visible and organized realization? I don't know. Something has started.... It would seem to be the onrush of the new species, the new creation, or at any rate a new creation.

A terrestrial reorganization and a new creation.

For me, things have become very acute.... It was impossible to utter one word, one single word: as soon as I spoke, I would start coughing and coughing. Then I saw it was decided that I shouldn't speak. I remained like that and let the curve unfold. Afterwards, I understood. We haven't reached the end, but... (how should I put it?) we are on the other side.

At one point things were so acute... Usually I don't lose patience, but it had reached the point where everything, just everything in the being was as if annulled. Not only could I not speak, but my head was in a state it had never been in my whole existence – painful, you know. I couldn't see anything anymore, couldn't hear anything anymore. Then, one day (I'll tell you the experiences afterwards), one day when things were really... it was difficult, painful all over, the body said, it said really very spontaneously and very strongly, "I don't care in the least about being dissolved, I am quite ready to live, but this condition is impossible, it cannot go on – either live or die, but not this." And from that moment on, things started improving slightly. Little by little, they took their place and were sorted out.

I took a few notes, which aren't worth much, but I think they can be used (*Mother looks for her notes on a table by her side*). I can't see yet. I can't see, but I know.

I have two things here. One, a bit sarcastic and brief, can be used as "Apropos" in the next *Bulletin*. And I have others out of which, if you organize them, you can, I think, prepare the "Notes on the Way."

The "Apropos" is very brief (*Satprem reads out*):

"The doctor recommends not to tire oneself. What is it that tires? – Only that which is useless.

"Seeing sincere people, to whom it does good, is not a fatigue.

"But those who come to judge theories and practices, those who, with their intelligence, think they are highly superior and capable of distinguishing the true from the false, who imagine they can decide whether a teaching is true and a practice is in accordance with the Supreme Reality, those are tiring and seeing them is useless, to say the least....

Oh, yes, I do understand! I understand that very well!

⁷⁶On August 20, Russia invaded Czechoslovakia.

(Mother laughs) I thought it could make an amusing little note.

Oh, I've seen loads of such people, you know!...

"...Let the higher intelligences putter along in their own sweet way, which will go on for millennia, and let them leave simple and goodwilled people, those who believe in the Divine Grace, free to move on quietly on their path of light."

Then, here, I have several notes, I don't know what it is....

(Mother holds out papers to Satprem)

The first note is dated August 22:

"For several hours, the landscapes were wonderful, perfectly harmonious.

" For a long time too, visions inside immense temples, with living godheads. Each thing with a precise reason and purpose, to express nonmentalized states of consciousness.

"Constant visions.

"Landscapes.

"Constructions.

"Cities.

"The whole thing immense and very diverse, covering the entire visual field and expressing states of consciousness of the body.

"Many, a great many constructions, immense cities being built....

Yes, the world being built, the future world being built. I couldn't hear anymore, couldn't see anymore, couldn't speak anymore: I was living inside that all the time, all the time, night and day. So, as soon as I could write a note, I noted that.

"...All kinds of building styles, mostly new, inexpressible.

"These are not pictures seen, but places where I am."

Yes, that's right. I'll explain to you what happened. There's another note which is the beginning:

"The vital and the mind sent packing so that the physical may truly be left to its own resources."

All by itself! All alone. And I realized the extent to which the vital and the mind are what make you see and hear and able to speak. It was... I could see, in the sense that I was able to move about, but it quite lacked precision. It lacked precision. I heard still less than before, that is to say, very little – a little: sometimes the same as before; sometimes a very faint sound, very far away, which others couldn't hear, I heard; and when they spoke to me, I wouldn't hear: "What are you saying?" I don't know. And that was continuous, night and day.

One night (this is to tell you how everything was upset), one night I was in pain; something had happened and there was a rather strong pain: impossible to sleep. I remained concentrated like that, and

the night went by in what seemed to be a few minutes. While at other times, on other days, at other moments, I was concentrated, and off and on I would ask for the time; once I thought I had remained like that for hours and hours, and I asked, "What time is it?" – Only five minutes had gone by.... You understand, everything was, I can't say upset, but of a completely different order, completely different.

The 23rd was A.'s birthday. "Poor man," I thought, "he's come here, I must see him." I called him, and he sat down. And all of a sudden, just like that, right away, the head started working – not "head," not "thought" (*Mother draws kinds of currents or waves passing through her*), I don't know how to explain; it wasn't a thought: it was kinds of visions, of perceptions. Then I asked him questions, and he noted them down (*Mother holds out to Satprem a typewritten note*). He only noted my questions, not his replies.

Mother said...
on August 23, 1968, in the afternoon

"Do we know how Matter was formed?..."

It was the physical asking questions. I don't know, probably through the contact with A.'s atmosphere,⁷⁷ this body became interested to know how it was all formed. A. was here and I knew he could answer, so I asked him the questions.

"Do we know how Matter was formed?"

"To say that it is condensed energy is simply pushing the problem back.

"The real question is: how does the Supreme manage to manifest himself as Matter?..."

Poor A. was a bit surprised! You see, these subjects which are considered so important, so vast, so noble, so... I talk about them in quite a childlike tone and with quite ordinary words (*Mother laughs*), so that puts things on a different level... which he found difficult to adjust to! He said, "I did my best" (!)

"...Do we know how long the earth has existed?"

"When we speak of millions or billions of years, what does it mean?..."

There were no watches, you understand!... It was the body which said with a child's simplicity, "You speak of billions of years, but what did you measure them with!"

"...Is it sure that what we call a year has always represented the same thing? During this recent period, I have had the awareness of the nonreality of our usual notion of time. At times, one minute seemed interminable; at other times, hours and even a day went by apparently without having lasted.

"Do they say there was a beginning? (*Here A. explains to Mother the theory according to which the universe goes through successive phases of expansion and contraction, and Mother seems to like that theory.*)

⁷⁷A. has a scientific background.

Yes, those are the *pralayas*.⁷⁸

"...Now it's the body that asks those questions. The mind went away long ago. But the body, the cells of the body would like to make contact with the true being, without, so to speak, having to go through the vital or even through the mind. That is what is taking place.

"During this period, two or three times I have had the Knowledge....

Ah, I had moments, two or three times absolutely unique and wonderful moments – untranslatable. It's untranslatable.

"But as soon as one is aware of such an experience...

You have the experience, then become aware of having it; the minute you become aware of having it, it grows dark. Something is darkened.

Yes, it's the whole problem of the mind's objectification, which, in fact, will disappear in a species to come.

Yes, it seems to be like that.

(A.'s note goes on)

"But as soon as one is aware of such an experience, as soon as it is imprinted in the memory, it is already completely warped.

"That is, in reality, what happens for scientists. When they have a little fragment of knowledge, they must clothe it, travesty it to make it accessible to human consciousness, comprehensible to the mind.

(silence)

"Do we know how long man has existed?

"It will take less time for the superman to appear than it took for man to develop, but it isn't for right now....

That day, the 23rd, I was still... I was still in a muddle, mon petit! So I thought that to emerge from that muddle and become an effective being, who exists and acts, a long time will be needed. That's what I told him.

But you also say, to conclude the note:

"We will have done what we could."

Yes, I told him that to comfort him!

And one night, here is what happened (*Mother holds out another note, written by herself*):

⁷⁸*Pralaya*: the end of a world, followed by a new world or a new era.

Night of the 26th

"Powerful and prolonged penetration of the supramental forces into the body, everywhere at the same time....

Penetration into the body. Yes, penetrations of currents I had had several times, but that night (two nights ago, that is), what came all of a sudden was as though there was nothing anymore except a supramental atmosphere. Nothing remained except that. My body was in it. And it was PRESSING to enter, from everywhere, but everywhere at the same time – everywhere. You understand, it wasn't a current flowing in, it was an atmosphere penetrating from everywhere. It lasted for at least four or five hours. And there was only one part that was BARELY penetrated: it was from here to here (*gesture between the throat and the top of the head*). Here it seemed gray and dull, as if the penetration were less... My teeth are in a dreadful state, my head is in a dreadful state – I tell you, I can't see anymore, can't hear anymore, can't... All this (*from head to throat*) is in need of a great transformation. But apart from it, all the rest without exception – it was pouring and pouring and pouring in.... I had never, ever seen that before, never! It lasted for hours – hours. Perfectly consciously.

So when it came and while it was there, I was conscious: "Oh, that's why, that's why! That's what You want from me, Lord, that's what! That's why, that's what You want." At that moment I had an impression that SOMETHING was going to happen.

I was hoping it would come back last night, but there was nothing.

It's the first time. For hours. Only That remained. And this (*the body*) was like a sponge soaking up.

But the head, it's still gray, dull – gray and dull. And the teeth quite spoilt, anyway still in a condition... But still, a very clear vision of all that has happened to this body for the past few months and... almost a hope. Almost a hope, as if I were told something might take place here. So there.

And that was in response to what the body had said, two or three days earlier perhaps, which I told you at the beginning: that it was quite ready to be dissolved (the surrender is perfect) and was quite ready to go on living in any circumstances, but not in this condition. Not in this state of decomposition. To that there was no response for two days, till that Penetration took place. That is to say, the very next day I was a little better, I could start... I couldn't even remain standing! I had no sense of balance, I had to be held up. I had lost the sense of balance, I couldn't take one step. That was when I protested. And the very next day, it started coming back.

Then came the 23rd, when I saw A., and I realized that when he was here, the BODY was wide awake – you understand, it wasn't the mind or the vital: they were gone!... I don't know if you can realize what it means!

Yes, it's fantastic.

A body without mind and without vital. It was in that state. There were only those perceptions [cities, constructions, temples], it was living in soul states: there were others' soul states, the soul states of the earth, the soul states... Those soul states were expressed in pictures. It was interesting. I can't say it wasn't interesting – it was – but there was no contact with material life, very little: I could hardly eat and couldn't walk.... Anyway it had become something others had to look after.

And through the contact with A., the body began to be interested in all that, asking questions quite spontaneously, without knowing why. It asked and asked, "Oh, so this is how we're made...." And it

began to be amused.

It will take a little time.

When that Penetration came two nights ago, I thought, "Ah!..." I hoped the curve was going to accelerate and we would emerge soon, but last night there was nothing. Which makes me say it's going to take some more time.

But strangely, in your note of the 26th, you add:

"As if the entire body were bathing in forces penetrating it everywhere at the same time with a slight friction...."

Then you say:

"The head down to the neck was the least receptive region."

It's strange that it should be the least receptive?

No, it's the most mentalized region. It's the mind that obstructs.

Strangely, every time you've had those great moments, or violent blows, if I may say so, every time it's the mind and vital that were swept away. The first time too, in 1962.

Yes, every time.

I know, it's like that: the mind and vital have been instruments to... knead Matter – knead and knead and knead in every possible way: the vital through sensations, the mind through thoughts – knead and knead. But they strike me as transitory instruments which will be replaced by other states of consciousness.

You understand, they are a phase in the universal development, and they will be... they will fall off as instruments that have outlived their usefulness.

So then, I had the concrete experience of what this matter kneaded by the vital and the mind is, but WITHOUT vital and WITHOUT mind... It's something else.

But with that "perception of soul states," there were things... marvels! No mental conception, none at all, can be as wonderful – none. I lived moments... All that one can humanly feel and see is NOTHING in comparison with that. There were moments... absolutely wonderful moments. But without thought, without thought.

We could put that little "Apropos"... (where I poke fun at people!), then with all this you could prepare the "Notes."

There are a few more notes here, which I haven't read to you. You say:

"For man, in most cases, consciousness begins with sensation. For the body, all sensations had as if lessened, or rather dimmed: eyesight and hearing as if behind a veil. But an extremely clear perception of the degree of harmony or disharmony. Pictorial expression, NOT THOUGHT nor even felt.

I told you, I saw... It's not "seen" as you see a picture: it's BEING IN, being in a certain place. I've never seen or felt anything so beautiful! And it wasn't felt, it was... I don't know how to explain it.

There were some absolutely wonderful, marvelous moments – unique. But it wasn't thought, I couldn't even describe – how can you describe? You can only start describing when you start thinking.

There's one more note:

"The body's state of consciousness and the quality of its activity depend on the individual or individuals among whom it is....

Ah, that was very interesting! It was very interesting because I saw like this (*gesture like a film unfolding*), it was changing. If someone came near me, it would change. Near me were P., V., the doctor, and C. less often, now and then, but C. didn't have much effect on the atmosphere. But the other three, especially P. and V.... One day, *mon petit*, I don't know what happened to them: they were superhuman. A day when I must have been apparently in danger, I don't know. One day, the whole day long, the pictures (not "pictures": those places where I was) were so wonderfully beautiful, harmonious.... It was inexpressible, inexpressible. And with the slightest thing changing in their consciousness, lo and behold, everything would start changing! It was a sort of perpetual kaleidoscope, day and night. If there had been some way to record it... it was unique. Unique. And the body was in it, you understand, almost porous – porous, without resistance, as if the thing were passing through it.

I lived hours... the most wonderful hours, I believe, that one can live on earth.

And it was so expressive, so revealing! So expressive. One night, for two hours, there were those temples I mentioned (it wasn't physical), with such immensity and majesty... and LIVING godheads, *mon petit*! Not pictures. And I know what it is. And then, the state of consciousness of Eternity, oh!... As if above all circumstances.

There were UNIQUE things, but how to tell them?... Impossible. Impossible: not even enough consciousness to be able to write.

The note goes on:

"The seat and field of its [the body's] Consciousness as well as the quality of its activity change and vary according to the persons present, over a complete range, from the most material to the most spiritual, going through all the different types of intellectual activity.

"But the perception of the Presence is constant and associated with all the states of consciousness, whatever they may be...

Ah! I noticed that the cells, everywhere, you know, constantly, all the time, were repeating, OM NAMO BHAGAVATE, OM NAMO BHAGAVATE... constantly, all the time.

"...and OM Namo Bhagavate is repeated spontaneously and automatically in a sort of 'hazy' peace."

Et Ome Name Regrate
se septe sponteneement
Et autoneement dans
une sorte de pain "flou" —

That's why we can't say the body was suffering, you understand, we can't say it was ill, that's not possible! It's not possible.

There was only one moment when really something in the body (I don't know what) said... (But I didn't note that, because I don't want it to be said, it mustn't be said; I am saying it to you simply to explain, but it mustn't be published, it mustn't be said, I don't want....) The body said (it was in its Communion), it said, "I am ready for complete dissolution. I am ready for eternal life. But not this, not this state of semi-decomposition: I must get out of it." And from that moment on, things took a turn upward.

That is to say, for a few minutes the body lost patience. And then it knew, this fool, a few minutes later, it knew it had simply refused to accept a more total experience – very well. You see, the body hadn't had the necessary courage or endurance or patience or faith to accept a more total experience.

Would you imagine that suddenly, I don't know... I must say it wasn't pleasant (!), something came from outside, like a malicious suggestion telling me, "If you get cured now, when you have to die you'll have to go through this again."⁷⁹ It was hideous! I think that was the cause of the body's *outburst*.

So we shouldn't mention it.

I regard it as a defeat.

But I must say (quite modestly) that I don't think many could have endured that.

There.

So now the body is saying its *mea culpa*.

We'll see.

So there, mon petit.

⁷⁹One night, a disciple, who usually was a very good clairvoyant, heard a voice, whose vibration was clearly hostile (a voice he felt coming from a vital world very near matter, almost a material world). That voice declared that Mother would pull through this time, but that the last battle would return in 1972.



August 30, 1968

I thought it would be better to add a short introductory note before your last "Apropos," because not all those who read the Bulletin know what has happened. I propose to add this: "This Apropos was written by Mother following an ordeal that threatened her physical body."

It's a bit dramatic!

But after all, that's what happened.

(After a silence) Yes, you're right, it's better to say it's a purely physical question – "over there," there are no more ordeals! Only the body needs them.

(Then Satprem reads Mother the "Notes on the Way" put together from the last conversation. Mother is unsure whether publishing those experiences is appropriate.)

The *Bulletin* goes everywhere, you understand.... It's not a personal question, it's from the point of view of the work and the effect it will have. Anyhow, I let the two of you [Satprem and Nolini] decide whether or not it's appropriate for the work.

I feel it explains so clearly this transition from the mental and vital instrument to another instrument which is nonmentalized, nonvitalized. It's so important!

Obviously. It's obvious. Now I feel it's truly new.

Yes!

It's truly a new experience.

(silence)

At times, one gets the impression that the Mind, in reality, is the most formidable illusion in the world...

(Mother nods her head)

...and that's what veils the true world.

According to what I see now, it seems to me that the Mind has been the instrument needed to make the transition from unconsciousness to consciousness, that is, to make this Matter capable of receiving consciousness. But it will slowly be either transformed or eliminated.

The same thing with the Vital. The Vital took a very bad turn, of course; it's the Vital that has contained all the adverse forces and all difficulties. Well, it's the same thing: it was the first means to pull Matter out of the Inconscient. But once it has done its work... we might say (*smiling*), we'll do without these two scoundrels! There's an experience (an experience Sri Aurobindo had constantly): there is an Intelligence highly superior to the Mind, which has nothing to do with the Mind. An "intelligence of things"... And that's why he called his new creation "supramental." He always used to describe it as a perfect understanding of things.

But one has a feeling that the Mind is not only a veil on knowledge, but a veil ON THE WORLD ITSELF! That we don't see the world as it is because we see it mentally.

Yes, possibly.

*(silence
Mother looks around her)*

I still don't see....



September

September 4, 1963

(Mother had Nolini called to ask him for his opinion about the conversation of August 28 and whether it should be published in "Notes on the Way.")

(To Nolini) Have you read it? What's your opinion?

(Nolini) At first I hesitated regarding the publication, then I thought, "If it has the same effect on others as it had on me, it will be good."

(Mother laughs) As for me, I have nothing to say.... It's this poor body being educated. It's charming!

(Nolini) So we'll publish it, won't we?

(Satprem) We could also ask Pavitra?

Pavitra will say, "As Mother says"!

I, for one, find it very useful. Those who will misunderstand will misunderstand anyhow.

Oh, that, they already misunderstand!

(Nolini leaves)

* * *

Anything to say?

Are you better, Mother?

This poor body is now following a discipline.... From the medical point of view, I think I am fine, I don't know (!) That is, I no longer cough, I...

It's still difficult to speak.

Difficult, and also seemingly so useless....

(long silence)

Two or three nights ago, and again last night, Sri Aurobindo was there for a long time; two nights ago, he was there for at least two hours. And he was there because someone had come (someone with a lot of authority) who wanted to organize something, and I wanted Sri Aurobindo to explain to him how he should do it. That someone was a European (European or American, I don't know, but he rather

seemed European to me), very tall, with broad shoulders. I don't know him. A man between forty and fifty, I think.... How is that Monsignor R.?

He is a strong man, he looks stocky, with a broad forehead, but the lower part of the face is rather sensual.

Yes, I saw his photo.

He [Sri Aurobindo] came back yesterday evening again, during the night. He was there for a good while.

But now, the visions are so concrete that they are almost material – they aren't "visions," you understand: it's life for a certain length of time. It's certainly in a region where I didn't use to see previously.⁸⁰ Very concrete, precise, and the transition from that state to the waking state is almost imperceptible. It's not a reversal of consciousness as it usually is: it's almost imperceptible, as though intermingled (*Mother slides the fingers of her right hand between those of her left hand to show how the two worlds interpenetrate*).

I see all kinds of people whom I generally didn't use to see. For instance, I didn't use to dream of P., I never used to see him at night; now I see him often, but... (how to explain?) with just a slight change (*same gesture of the fingers of one hand sliding between those of the other hand*), it's very... It's not the same region at all. M. too, for instance, I didn't use to see him at night; last night, I saw him for a long time – I questioned him, he answered me, I spoke to him.... It was quite concrete.

But the setting isn't the same. It's a VERY familiar setting: I don't feel I am in a new place; it's a place where I am, if not all the time, at least every day. And where there are habits, and... It's very strange, it's a region where I wasn't conscious previously. And very, very near (*same gesture*).

Last night, for instance, when Sri Aurobindo came, I brought him a big drawing, like this, a drawing with writing on it, and I told him, "See, I wanted to show you this, how interesting it is, how amusing!" And it was... When I am awake, I don't know what it is. It was something I had kept aside to show Sri Aurobindo, and as soon as he came I showed him, saying, "See how interesting it is!" And awake, I don't know what it is.... There would seem to be a whole LIFE like that – a whole life, a whole activity going on, yes, very near, probably in the subtle physical, but very near. Very, very concrete, not at all the impression of a dream. Thoroughly concrete, with sensations. And a continuity: even when I am not conscious of it, it continues, and when I become conscious, the continuation is there: I'll become conscious of it again "farther ahead," and it has changed while I wasn't conscious there.

It looks like a material region (material, that is, physical) where the consciousness is more awake – the consciousness is very clear, very clear, and sharp, you know: sharp perceptions.

And the body quite has the impression of being educated, of learning things – "learning" not things: learning everything.

It [this subtle physical world] is like a lining, but a lining that would be more conscious.

The light is very clear, the shapes very precise.

(silence)

Three or four days ago, after lunch (I rest before going to take my bath, I lie down here), I fell asleep (I sleep very little: I go into an inner consciousness, but I don't sleep). I fell asleep. I woke up, then got up

⁸⁰What is this region in which Mother did not see previously, if not the cellular region?

and started towards the bathroom – I felt as I did before: I was walking by myself, I had my balance. And spontaneously, without thought. But then... it was taken away (*gesture as if someone came to take that strength away from Mother*). So I suspected that during my sleep, a part of the vital being (*laughing*) had come back, and naturally I was beginning to live again!... So it was taken away.

And the body is being given an education: it's being taught how to will – the true way of being and willing. And over the entire material creation (*gesture covering and enveloping the earth*), there is a tissue – which we might call "catastrophic" – a tissue of bad will. That is to say, a sort of web, yes, a defeatist web – defeatist, catastrophic – where you botch what you wanted to do, where there are all possible accidents, all possible bad wills. Like a web. And the body is being taught to get out of it.⁸¹

It's as if mingled with the Force that realizes and expresses itself; it's like something mingling with the material creation. And the body is being taught to break free from it. But it's difficult, very difficult.

It's the cause of diseases, the cause of accidents – it's the cause of all destructive things.

And this web is there constantly, all the time, like this (*same covering gesture*).

It's very tightly mingled [with the body]. It's not clearly separate yet.

So that's how I live. There are still hours during which I don't know what's happening outwardly.



September 7, 1968

Someone has sent me a quotation from Sri Aurobindo which seems very good for the November issue of the *Bulletin*, it's from *Thoughts and Glimpses*:

"The changes we see in the world today are intellectual, moral, physical in their ideal and intention: the spiritual revolution waits for its hour and throws up meanwhile its waves here and there. Until it comes, the sense of the others cannot be understood and till then all interpretations of present happening and forecast of man's future are vain things. For its nature, power, event are that which will determine the next cycle of our humanity."

Sri Aurobindo
(1917)

The quotation of August, they dropped it, I didn't even see it! I think Nolini didn't like it.

Yes, because you spoke of the "universal decomposition."

Yes.

But this one is good, because he speaks of the spiritual revolution as if it's going to happen soon.

⁸¹This "web" is what separates our false matter from the true world "like a lining of ours," the place where Mother did not see previously.

"The spiritual revolution waits for its hour."

Maybe it's near?

I think it's already started!

That's right.

There should be a mention: "This text was written in..." such and such year [1917].

But it's good to say that we'll be able to understand the other revolutions only when this one takes place.

Yes, the others are the links.

In Europe, right now things are stirring a lot.

(silence)

Pavitra read the "Notes on the Way" [conversation of August 28], I think he hasn't understood one bit of it! Because yesterday he told me he'd read it, and he very sweetly said he was "asking for understanding"

* * *

(Then Satprem reads Mother an old Playground Talk of July 1, 1953, in which Mother speaks about death. Mother begins by asking for the end to be cut....) (text of the Talk)

"I have told you many times, and couldn't repeat it too often, that we are not made of a piece. Within ourselves we have lots of states of being, and each state of being has its own life. All that is gathered together in a single body, as long as you have one, and acts through a single body; that's what gives you the sense of a single person, a single being. But there are many of them, and there are in particular concentrations on different planes: just as you have a physical being, you have a vital being, a mental being, a psychic being, and many others with all possible intermediaries.... So when you leave your body, all those beings will scatter. It's only if you are a very advanced yogi and have been capable of unifying your being around the divine center that those beings remain linked together. If you haven't been able to unify yourself, then at the time of death, all that will scatter: every being will go back to its own region. With the vital being, for example, your various desires will separate and each of them will go and chase its realization quite independently, because there will no longer be a physical being to hold them together. While if you have united your consciousness to the psychic consciousness, when you die you will remain conscious of your psychic being, and the psychic being will return to the psychic world which is a world of bliss, joy, peace, tranquillity, and growing knowledge.... But if you have lived in your vital and all its impulses, each impulse will try to realize itself here and there.... For instance, for the miser who was concentrated on his money, when he dies the part of his vital that was concerned with his money will hook on there and will keep watching over the money so no one takes it. People won't see him, but he is there nonetheless, and very unhappy if something happens to his dear money.... Now, if you live exclusively in your physical consciousness (which is difficult, because, after all, you have thoughts and feelings), if you live exclusively in your physical, when the physical being disappears, you disappear along with it, it's over.... There is a spirit of the form: your form has a spirit

that lives on for seven days after your death. The doctors have declared you dead, but the spirit of your form is alive, and not only alive but conscious in most cases. It lasts for seven to eight days, and after that, it too dissolves – I am not talking about yogis, I am talking about ordinary people. Yogis have no laws, it's quite different; for them the world is different. I am talking about ordinary people living an ordinary life; for them it's like that. So the conclusion is that if you want to preserve your consciousness, it would be better to center it on a part of your being which is immortal; otherwise it will evaporate like a flame into thin air. And happily so, because if it were otherwise, there might be gods or kinds of superior men who would create hells and heavens as they do in their material imagination, inside which they would shut you up." *(Question:)* *It is said that there is a god of death. Is it true?* "Yes. As for me, I call him a 'genius of death.' I know him very well. And it's an extraordinary organization. You can't imagine how organized it is! I think there are many of those genii of death, hundreds of them. I met at least two of them. One I met in France, the other in Japan, and they were very different. Which leads me to believe that depending on the mental culture, the education, the countries and beliefs, there must be different genii. But there are genii for all manifestations of Nature: there are genii of fire, genii of air, water, rain, wind; and there are genii of death. Any one genius of death is entitled to a certain number of dead every day. It's truly a fantastic organization. It's a sort of alliance between the vital forces and the forces of Nature. If, for example, he decided, 'Here is the number of people I am entitled to,' say four or five, or six, or one or two (it varies from day to day), if he decided so many people would die, he'll go straight and set himself up near the person who's going to die. But if you (not the person) happen to be conscious, if you see the genius going to the person but do not want him or her to die, then, if you have a certain occult power, you can tell him, 'No, I forbid you to take this person.' That's something which happened, not once but several times, in Japan and here. It wasn't the same genius. Which makes me say there must be many of them.... If you can tell him, 'I forbid you to take this person' and have the power to send him away, there's nothing he can do but go away; but he won't give up his due and will go elsewhere – there will be a death elsewhere...." *(Question:)* *Some people, when they are about to die, are aware of it. Why don't they tell the genius to go away?* "Two things are needed. First, nothing in your being, no part of your being, should wish to die. That doesn't often happen. You always have, somewhere in you, a defeatist: something tired or disgusted, which has had enough, something lazy or which doesn't want to fight and says, 'Ah, well, let it be over, so much the better.' That's enough – you're dead. But it's a fact: if nothing, absolutely nothing in you consents to die, you will not die. For someone to die, there is always a second, if a hundredth part of a second, when he consents. If there isn't that second of consent, he will not die. But who is certain he doesn't have within himself, somewhere, a tiny bit of a defeatist which just yields and says, 'Oh well'?... Hence the need to unify oneself. Whatever the path we may follow, the subject we may study, we always reach the same result. The most important thing for an individual is to unify himself around his divine center; that way he becomes a real individual, master of himself and of his destiny. Otherwise, he is a plaything of the forces, which toss him about like a cork in a stream. He goes where he doesn't want to, is made to do what he doesn't want to, and finally he gets lost in a hole without any way to stop himself doing so. But if you are consciously organized, unified around the divine center, governed and led by it, you are the master of your destiny. It's worth trying.... At any rate, I find it's better to be the master rather than the slave. The feeling of being pulled by strings and being made to do things you may or may not want to do is a rather unpleasant sensation.... It's quite irksome. Well, I don't know, I, for one, found it quite irksome even when I was a small child. When I was five, I began finding it wholly intolerable, and I sought a way for it to be otherwise – without anyone being able to tell me anything. Because I knew no one capable of helping me, and I didn't have the luck you have – someone who can tell you, 'Here is what you must do.' There was no one to tell me. I had to find it all by myself. I found it. I began at the age of five. And you, it's a long time since you were five?..."

We'll cut out the end.

But why!

It sounds very *boasting*.

No, no! One doesn't get that impression at all. These children, you're prodding them a little!

(Mother seems to be more and more speaking from afar)

All that seems to me... *(Mother gestures behind her shoulder)*. That's what people like. If I were to tell them what I know now, they wouldn't be happy.

There's a vast difference between your perception at the time and now.

Another world.

What I say there is the vision of the mechanism [the occult working of death], and it's very true in the sense it was lived like that. But now I am on the other side. All that I say here is part of all the complications of the execution.⁸²

Very well.

Now, for me, it's like another person.

(silence)

Strangely, I had a very odd impression [while Satprem was reading], as if... you were reading here *(gesture at ground level)*.

I know all that is correct, it happened the way it's said and is quite correct. But now, it's as if I were looking from above, like this *(Mother bends down as if looking from a great height)*. And then, it becomes so simple.... Simply the Vision realizing itself (it's not a vision, not a will, not a decision, but the nearest approximation is "vision"). A Vision realizing itself *(gesture as if to show the Force of Vision coming down)*. Then, below, all that results in calls. From above, it's like that, something descending; from above you see: there are, yes, points of consciousness that shine and call, and then there is Contact *(gesture of junction between the Force above and the shining points below)*.

It's very strange, I really feel as if I am somewhere above, seeing things from above.

A great mass of Power – Power-Consciousness-Vision – descending onto the world.

(long silence)

These last few days, when I apparently woke up (but it wasn't "waking up," it was the consciousness which, in its natural state, is spread out everywhere, and then concentrates inside the body), when it concentrates inside this, there is first the sense of a sort of fall *(swooping gesture)*, then a curious sensation of restriction, which the first times was almost painful. (Now it's become a sort of habit.) The consciousness concentrating inside this. So there is a brief moment of adaptation; at first there was a

⁸²Mother means the material execution of the divine Plane or Vision.

sense of discomfort, now it's better.⁸³ So then, it's beginning to function again.

Now I understand, because while you were reading I was there, above, looking like this (*Mother bends down*), as if from above. Even now, I am seeing from above.

All that I said there was the description of the working of death.... All those complications! Here it's so simple (*descending gesture of the Vision-Force expressing itself*).

It's strange.... I have my eyes closed, but I see. Only, I see... differently. It's very SIMPLE. It's forces... like a Pressure like this (*same descending gesture*).

Very strange.

Obviously the center of the consciousness is elsewhere.

*(silence
Satprem prepares to leave)*

Mother, I'd like to ask for your help.

What for?

I am now writing the last pages of my book ["The Sannyasin"].

Oh!... Very well.

If I take you where I am (*Mother laughs*), it will be interesting!

We'll try.



September 11, 1968

For me, only one thing has happened.... A very interesting fact that I noted. I forget the occasion and how it took place, but it was the day before yesterday, and the fact I noted was the presence of the psychic being – that the psychic being hasn't gone at all. I said [on August 28], "The vital and the mind have gone," but the psychic being hasn't.

I think it was in relation to someone I saw (I don't remember), and I noticed that a very great power was there; and the PHYSICAL being, the body, was conscious of the presence of the psychic being, which was constantly there, behind. It hasn't gone. Conscious.

It was a day when someone had come (I forget who), and the whole Force which was there before concentrated on that person – it was the same thing: the Force, the Presence, with the same Pressure on the person. And then, it was the psychic being which said, "But I haven't gone, I've remained here!" With its full consciousness, you understand. It's the intermediaries [i.e., the mind and the vital] that

⁸³It seems Mother, of late, had bouts of nausea on "waking."

have gone.

It's difficult to explain.... There is the impression of a lack – a lack from the active point of view, the point of view of everyday action.

But the contact with people, for example (the contact with people present and even when they're not there), the relationship has remained the same, exactly the same. It's even more constant: this state is more constant than it used to be.

It's very difficult to explain.

Here, we could put it like this: any action (occult action, I mean) seems to be at least as strong at a distance as in the presence – in certain cases, stronger. Any need of activity (there already wasn't much of it previously) has considerably lessened. And there is a sort of difference in the outward relationship, it has changed. These last few days I have observed (and it's obviously the psychic consciousness that observes; when I say "I," it's not – that's what struck me – it's not the body: it's the psychic consciousness), and for example, the habit of keeping my eyes closed has increased, and it doesn't hamper the psychic being in any way. It goes on with its action, its relationship.

It may be (I am not saying anything because there's nothing very... nothing definite, at any rate), there may be a new relationship or new intermediary being built between the psychic being and the material, the physical. It seems to be something now developing.

We'll see.

But the Force that expresses itself, does it express itself directly or through the psychic being – this descending Force?

The psychic being is perfectly transparent, it doesn't cause any change.

It must depend on the case, yes, on the kind of action: on people, circumstances. Because the psychic being doesn't in any way alter either the quality or the nature or the action of the Force. It's like something absolutely transparent.

It varies rather according to the cases in which the Force wants to apply itself: cases, people, circumstances. When the action is general, it seems to be direct. But I am not absolutely sure. And the presence of the psychic being makes itself felt only in the case of certain people.

It strikes me as a kind of beacon – a beacon projecting the Light – and at the same time, a sort of receiving set that receives the vibrations.... It's very, very accurate – very accurate – as regards the quality of the vibrations of everything around it. Oh, it's become far more accurate than before. A slight movement here, there, or there, or a wave – all that is perceived very clearly, very clearly, with a consciousness which is highly receptive and at the same time without any reactions. There are no reactions, it's like an extremely delicate (that is, sensitive) receiving set, but without any reaction. No reaction. Things come into a vast, immense, luminous movement.

The consciousness is constantly like this: something very vast – very vast – VERY peaceful, very luminous, like that, and everything gets registered in it.

The Power comes from above. And the Power is something... (what should I say?) as if warm, golden. And it gives the impression of being... (*smiling*) more compact.

* * *

(Soon afterwards, Satprem reads Mother a Playground Talk

of July 15, 1953.)

"You will see that your whole conception and notion [of heaven and hell] is based on one thing, an entity you call God, and a world you call his creation, which, to your mind, are two different things – one having made the other, the latter being subjected to the former and the expression of what the former made. Well, that's the initial error. But if you could feel deep down that there is no division between that something you call God and that something you call the creation; if you thought, 'It's exactly the same thing,' if you could FEEL that what you call God (which is perhaps a mere word), what you call God suffers when you suffer, is ignorant when you are ignorant, and it is through this whole creation that he finds himself again little by little, step by step, unites with himself, realizes himself, expresses himself, and it's not at all something he willed arbitrarily and made autocratically, but it is the growing, increasingly developing expression of a consciousness that objectifies itself to itself... Then, instead of being like a little child who kneels down, folds his hands and says, 'God, I implore You, make me a good boy, let me not cause my mother any sorrow...' (that's very easy and, well, I can't say it's bad!), instead of lighting a candle and kneeling before it with folded hands, light a flame in your heart and have a great aspiration for 'something more beautiful, truer, nobler, better than anything I know; I ask that tomorrow I begin knowing all those things and begin doing all that I cannot do – and every day a little more.' Then, if you objectify a little, if for some reason you have been put in presence of a lot of misery in the world, if you have unhappy friends or suffering parents or difficulties – anything – then you ask that the entire consciousness may rise TOGETHER towards that perfection which must manifest, that all this ignorance which has made the world so unhappy may be changed into enlightened knowledge, that all that bad will may be illumined and transformed into benevolence.... And how lovely those prayers would be!"

I remember that during those "classes," on certain days I knew it was the psychic that spoke, and on other days it was only the mind. And that day, I remember, the psychic presence was very strong.

It's interesting.



September 14, 1968

*(Almost the entire time is spent in contemplation.
Towards the end, Mother asks:)*

Nothing to ask?

I have a strong impression of Sri Aurobindo.

Ah!... He is constantly there.

(Mother goes into a contemplation again)

So, till Wednesday. Will the translation of the "Notes" be ready?... If it's not on Wednesday, it will be for Saturday.

I've got into the habit of long silences.

(long silence)

A sort of sense of the uselessness of speech.



September 21, 1968

Mother, it would be good if I could have your protection, and Sujata too – both of us.

Why?

We're not in good physical health.

Oh! What's wrong?

Sujata has been running a temperature for several days, a high temperature; last night she fainted and was as if "thrust" against the wall: she hurt herself. As for me, last night too I caught a fever.

Bah!... What's that?

I don't know. Both of us. There's something trying to bother us.

(after a long silence)

I don't know.... I told you at the beginning that I had felt something coming from there [the Vatican].

There is something.

There is something... a kind of relentless fury, something disrupting everything with relentless fury.

It's well veiled, in the sense that I can't manage to find precisely what it is. But it's... I'll give you an example: no later than yesterday evening or this morning (or in the night, I don't know), the body said, "But what have I done that everything keeps grating like this all the time?" And then, "that" (who? I don't know) shows me things from my life.... This time, it showed me something rather recent, that is, from my life in India (not things from the beginning but from my life with Sri Aurobindo), and in what

a manner!... A manner in which all I did, all I thought, my whole way of acting, it all becomes so ugly, mon petit! So egoistic, so narrow, so petty, so ugly... Then, the immediate conclusion: "The state you are in is quite natural!..." It was something like that.

What is it?

So there is only one response (*gesture with hands open upward*): unshakable calm, and putting the Supreme here, and that's all. But... it [the attack] doesn't really affect, yet it's still there, that is, it's not repulsed, not dissolved: it's there (*gesture as if encircling Mother*). And it's been like this since I told you right at the beginning: a formidable formation.

But Mother, almost every night I wake up with headaches.⁸⁴ My nights are tiring, very tiring.

And with me, every time I go into an inner state of peace and tranquillity, something PULLS me like that, as if out of malice, and shakes me as though a catastrophe had happened!

Where does it come from?

There is a malice. Yesterday, I felt that malice.

Ah?

Oh, yes! I saw waves of suggestions.⁸⁵ And especially those nights that are so difficult – why?

You understand, we live every moment in a world where everything is tangled together. In a normal way (I don't mean "normal" for everyone, but it's always been normal for me), things work out; they work out all right, you feel the Protection. And that's what has gone! There's something struggling against that.... Until now, there has never, never been the feeling of anything that really had a power [against Mother]: I just had to do like this (*gesture of sweeping away*), and it was over. But what I can do now is to mend harmful effects or repulse them – it's intolerable!

And it's mostly mental, it comes with a sort of sense of fatality: "You are the one who caused this to happen, you're getting your just deserts." Like that. Then the body's answer is very simple, it says, "We're all in the same state! The whole of Matter is like this, it's full of ignorance and incapacity." That becomes "faults" in the human mind, but it's not faults. Or else, it's hopeless: if what has been is indefinitely the cause of the whole future, it's hopeless.

So all that can be held at arm's length, it can be calmed, but I clearly see it's not going away. And the body truly has trust, it has faith, that's what saves it, otherwise...

That also points out the consequences: for instance, yes, precisely, the incapacity to protect others, to give them the needed condition, to do what's needed for them – all that is pointed out with... you know, unrelenting fierceness. To such a point that this poor body started weeping! Like that. Then naturally, there is the faith that sets everything right. But you know, it's as if you were a monster that had created all the disorder everywhere. It's frightful!

⁸⁴This was going to last for months.

⁸⁵Before going to sleep, Satprem saw all kinds of suggestions pass by, in particular one showing Sujata thrown down into a water tank that is being dug in the garden. A few hours later, Sujata was thrown down very near the water tank, against an iron bar in the wall. Thus the really serious accident was averted and turned into a minor one (which, nevertheless, barely missed piercing Sujata's eye).

Yes, at one point last night, I saw kinds of waves of mud beating; I was protected by a wall and those waves kept beating and beating like that.

That's it.

Brown waves, you know, like mud. They kept beating and beating....

(after a silence)

The body is convinced that all its difficulties are tolerated because they're part of the *tapasya* [discipline], so it doesn't refuse them – it doesn't complain, doesn't refuse – but... it's a fierce *tapasya*.

And it's not merely the play of forces: it's conscious.⁸⁶ It's conscious and has the obstinacy of a conscious will.

(long silence)

I saw P.L. [the disciple from the Vatican] yesterday. Have you seen him?

Yes.

He too asked me to protect him.

Surely! He's fine, this man.

Yes. Has he left?

This afternoon.

(long silence)

Are you still running a temperature?

A little, I think. But Sujata, yesterday, had a very high fever. It's gone, so now there's weakness.

Bah!

And what do you do to treat yourself?

Nothing.

You're not doing anything?

I take aspirin once in a while. But she isn't taking anything.

You must go and rest, mon petit.

(To Sujata:) And you're going to bed!

⁸⁶Mother means those attacks are the result of a conscious will somewhere.

(Sujata) After two days in bed, I get tired of the bed!

(Satprem) But I have trust – entirely.

Naturally! But still, it mustn't last, we've had enough, haven't we?

Something feels like getting very angry, but I dare not – the body dare not. Something that feels like, oh, like striking very strongly, but... Because that it has full power is certain! I've had proof of it – not just once, many times. But...

If I knew. If I knew in a totally precise and certain way where those attacks come from, then...

(silence)

It's like this: the body is absolutely convinced that there is only one Will – one Consciousness, one Will. Consequently, whatever happens is part of that Consciousness and that Will. That's how it is, you understand. So it can't get angry. It has one spontaneous tendency: let the aspiration be more intense, the surrender more complete, the trust more total. It gets formulated like this: "That – That which is everything and is one – is nevertheless, despite all appearances, it is nevertheless the Supreme Goodness, the Supreme Beauty, the Supreme Harmony... everything reaches out towards That. That is it. And we too reach out towards That." There, that's the body's "philosophy." But not in the manner of the other parts of the being: quite spontaneous, and with a sort of indisputability.

(silence)

You see, the body is convinced – absolutely convinced – that it can receive blows only because its faith isn't sufficient. Not total enough, not complete enough, not absolute enough.

It's very conscious of its imbecility and... (how can I explain?) at the same time it has the feeling that that very consciousness of its imbecility is an obstacle; that it should only feel it is... the supreme Truth, the supreme Reality. And then everything would be well.

Ah, go and take rest.

We're fine here!

Do you have enough to eat?



September 25, 1968

(Mother gives Satprem a flower called "Transformation.")

I give you the right one.

Why the "right one"?

I say that because there is confusion in many people's minds. When, from the standpoint of progress, for instance, I speak of progress, I mean "going from the mental consciousness to a higher consciousness," but people generally understand "to make progress materially or mentally or..." So when they are told of transformation, all kinds of queer things come to their minds.... As for us, when we speak of transformation, we mean the supramental transformation.

That's why.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

I have found some old papers (I can't read anymore, I don't see clearly), I don't know what they are. There's an envelope from you.

It's a question on Sri Aurobindo's Aphorisms.

"When I hear of a righteous wrath, I wonder at man's capacity for self-deception."

Wonderful!

There was a question: "Our self-deception is always 'in good faith'; we always act for the good of others or in the interest of humanity – and to serve you, that goes without saying! How exactly do we deceive ourselves, and how can we truly know?"⁸⁷

It's terribly true.

Just yesterday, even before I read this (I didn't read it), I had a long vision on the subject, that's the surprising thing!

But on such a different plane...

Yes, when we regard the higher part of our mind as the judge of our action, that's how we can deceive ourselves "in good faith." In other words, the mind is incapable of seeing the truth and it judges according to its own limited capacity – not only limited but unconscious of the truth; so then, as far as it's concerned, the mind is "in good faith," it does the best it can. It's like that.

Naturally, those who are fully conscious of their psychic cannot possibly deceive themselves, because if they refer their problem to the psychic, they can find the divine answer there. But even for those who are in contact with their psychic, the answer doesn't have the same character as the mental answer, which is precise, categorical, absolute, and imposes itself – the psychic answer is more a TENDENCY than an assertion. It's something that can still have different interpretations in the mind.

Which brings me back to my experience of yesterday. After looking at the problem, I reached the conclusion that it's impossible to reproach a human being who does the best he can according to his consciousness, because how can he go beyond his own consciousness?... That's precisely the error most people make: they judge someone else according to their own consciousness, but the other person doesn't have their consciousness! Therefore they can't judge (I am only talking about people of

⁸⁷This question and Mother's answer are from 1961: see *Agenda 2* of January 17, 1961.

goodwill, of course). To the vision of a more complete or higher consciousness, someone else is in error, but to the person himself, he's doing as best as he can what he thinks he has to do.

Which amounts to saying that it's absolutely impossible to blame someone who acts sincerely according to his own limited consciousness. And in fact, seen from that standpoint, everyone has a limited consciousness, except THE Consciousness. It's only THE Consciousness that isn't limited. But all manifestations are necessarily limited, unless they emerge from themselves and unite with the supreme Consciousness – then... In what conditions can that happen?

It's the problem of identification with the Supreme, which is the Supreme One – One that is all.

(silence)

There is a whole side of human thought which has held the conception that identification with the supreme Consciousness could only come through the abolition of the individual creation, but in fact Sri Aurobindo said it was possible WITHOUT doing away with the creation. They hold the conception that the creation must be done away with because they don't take the creation beyond the human creation – it's impossible for man, but possible for the supramental being. And that will be the essential difference of the supramental being: being able, without losing a limited form, to unite his consciousness with the supreme Consciousness.

But it's impossible for man. That I know.

As I said, you have it [union with the supreme Consciousness], but as soon as you want to express it, it's finished, it becomes again... *(gesture as if shut up in a box)*. That means the substance we are built with isn't sufficiently purified, illumined, transformed (anything, any word) to express the supreme Consciousness without distorting it.

(silence)

Mother enters an experience)

It's a certain opacity of Matter, of the substance, which prevents it from being able to manifest the Consciousness... and that same opacity (I don't know what to call it), that opacity is what gives Matter the sense of existing.

It's part of the experience of these last few days. For... I don't know, for weeks I lived in a sort of fluidity – a transparent fluidity – and as that transparent fluidity is replaced by this something I now call "opacity," a sort of concretization of the body's existence comes back.

You understand, the psychic being's direct contact with the bodily substance, without intermediary, gives the sensation... (is it "sensation"? I don't know; it's neither sensation nor perception), it's a sort of "felt vision" – and that vision is very precise, very precise – of the value of the vibrations in comparison with a higher vibration which is (this is as much as I can say) more directly expressive of the supreme Vibration.

It's difficult to express, but the body is now living an experience it had never had, like going from an imprecision to a precision, from a sort of fluidity to... it's not something concrete, but from something fluid – fluid and imprecise – to something precise. Any event (any small event that happens to the body) is an occasion for a new perception. Previously, everything was fluid and imprecise; now it's beginning to grow more precise – more precise, more accurate. But it loses a little of its fluidity.

It's very hard to express.

I had never thought about it. Strangely, it's not deliberate, I've just now had the experience. So it's not very clear yet. In reality, the mind provides a precision which is lacking when it's not there. Its role

in the creation has been, as a matter of fact, to make things precise, to explain them, and at the same time to limit them.



September 28, 1968

Are you better?

I am very much bothered. I have a sort of constant brain fatigue with headaches, aching eyes, and everything seems veiled.

Ah, mon petit, it's those animals.... It was the same thing with me during that so-called illness: I was as if wrapped inside a cloak of gray cotton wool. And it hasn't gone, it's there, at a distance. It presses all around.

It's troublesome.

Yes, Mother, it disrupts my work a lot. Doing an ordinary work tires me, but as soon as I want to write or do something creative, it immediately gets blocked, it becomes painful, my eyes ache and I can't work anymore.

Do you eat well?

Oh, yes, very well.... And I've often noticed it increases during the night.

Yes.

Instead of resting at night, I feel it comes at that time.

Yes, it's at night that it's the strongest.

For me, at one time it was visible.

And still now, it's something going like this (*gesture of pressure around the head*). So when I am in a certain inner state, I succeed in repulsing it, but if I am not – if for one minute, you understand, I am not on my guard... Which means it's something permanent.

It's something pressing.

Yes, here, like this (*gesture around the head*). And at times, it can annul everything, but everything: thought, memory, everything is annulled. And no later than this morning, it turned all inner movements (movements of the nerves, muscles, all that) into sounds – sounds and words – and with what malice! You could see a will to drive you insane. But it's terrible! A terrible thing, I have never seen that. Naturally, all you have to do is to repel it, but it compels you to constant concentration.

At times it yields (that's very recent, it began two or three days ago) and it goes away.... Once I asked, I said, "But why? Why is this permitted?" And it's always the same thing: difficulties must result in an increase in the Power.

Now and then (from time to time – it's beginning now), a glimmer of that Power, which, obviously, is awesome. But you know, it's like dangling the thing before your eyes: "See, it's like this," like a promise.

I wanted to tell you something else. While you were supposedly ill, V. had a vision.

Oh?

One night, he saw a red light coming, a ruby light. And it started encircling your body, encircling and as if crushing it – impregnating, crushing it. And once you were quite full of that red substance, suddenly white sparks started coming out of your body, and that substance of red light began lightening: it grew pink, yellow, from one color to another, and then it went away. And whup! it formed again, came back to crush your body, and once more there were those sparks coming out of your body and driving the thing away....⁸⁸

(after a silence)

Yes, it's quite like that! *(Mother laughs)*

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem's reading of the previous conversation, in which she spoke of the "opacity" of Matter which prevents it from manifesting the Consciousness, and of the "transparent" but somewhat imprecise fluidity.)

Do you have any question?

Yes. An ordinary mind reading this may wonder, "But what's the advantage of this imprecision?"

There's no advantage!

It's quite certain that when the Supramental manifests, it will replace the... (what can we call it?) restricting mental precision – a precision which limits, and therefore partly warps things – by a clarity of vision, another kind of precision that will not restrict. That's what is being built.

Ultimately, we might say (this is not exactly the thing) that in order to make things precise, the mind limits and separates them; and there is evidently a precision that can come from a more accurate vision, without division or separation. That precision will be that of the supramental vision. Along with the precision, there will come the vision of the RELATIONSHIP between all things, without separating them.

But that's something being prepared. It comes in a flash, for a minute, then things fall back into

⁸⁸Following that vision, V. heard an awesome voice, saying from behind that red light: "This time She will pull through, but I will come back in 1972 and that will be the last battle." Satprem deliberately did not repeat this baleful prophecy to Mother, so as not to concretize it.

their old way.

We could say the same thing for the vital: the vital gives an intensity which nothing else seems capable of giving; well, that same intensity exists in the Supramental, but without division. It's an intensity that doesn't separate things.

I've had both experiences, but in a very short-lived manner. Those are things that are just now being worked out.

* * *

Soon afterwards:

I've received questions from T.F.'s class. One of them I started answering.... They're rather stupid, those questions (*Mother hands papers to Satprem*).

"How does one become conscious of the physical being?"

See that, the physical being! It's senseless!

You answer: "The near totality of humanity is conscious ONLY of the physical being. Through education, the number of people conscious of their vital and mind goes on increasing. As for the human beings conscious of their psychic being, their number is relatively minimal."

They're a bit... they're very ignorant, these children.

If at least they asked, "How does one awaken the consciousness of the physical being?"

Oh yes, that has a meaning! We could tell them: If that's what you mean, it's precisely the goal of physical education. And teaching is an attempt to replace the Consciousness with... (*laughing*) an inner library!... If I joke too much, they won't understand anymore!

We can tell them this: The way to really awaken the physical consciousness is physical education. It's physical education that teaches the cells to be conscious. But to develop the brain, it's study, observation, intelligent education – especially observation and reasoning. And naturally, for the whole education of the consciousness from the standpoint of character, it's yoga.

Another question: "Does the central will of the physical being have a particular center in the body?"

The psychic being?

The physical being.

Physical! It's senseless!... It's the brain, that's all.

Here it's more interesting: "Can one have the experience of death without dying?"

Surely! You can have the experience in a yogic way, you can even have it materially if... (*laughing*) if death is brief enough not to give the doctors time to declare you dead!...

They won't understand!

We can answer "Yes," quite simply – so as to tell them, "Mind your own business!"

"After death, what is the part of the being that becomes aware that one is dead?"

Any part of the being that lives on becomes aware that the body is no longer there! It depends.

"How can one say with certainty that the physical body is dead?"

Only when it decomposes.

"You said, 'Decomposition of the cells often starts before death....' How to control or check the process of disintegration?"

(Mother laughs) By keeping good health! By taking care to preserve the physical equilibrium. Enough!

* * *

Towards the end:

Do you have headaches?

No, but as soon as I want to work, it gets veiled, as if something were cutting me off: I can't catch the inspiration, it's blocked. Then if I insist, I get headaches and aching eyes.

You've caught my disease!

It's obviously something we must conquer, otherwise it wouldn't be there.

(silence)

There is a state of being (a state of being or way of being) in which these... (what should we call them? It's higher magic), these practices of higher magic have no effect. There is a state of consciousness in which they cannot act, it's beyond their field of action.

For it to be active, that state of consciousness must be sufficiently material, that is to say, in the most material part of the psychic. It's a field of consciousness that belongs to the psychic world. But it must be in the psychic TURNED TOWARDS MATTER. And not just a thought: it must be a spontaneous way of being.

It can be expressed in different ways.... It's a terrestrial manifestation of divine Love in its form of... it has something to do with benevolence – it's not "benevolence," but a way of existing, feeling, seeing, acting, which is a sort of... (words are stupid), a "psychic benevolence," which is an expression of divine Oneness *(Mother shakes her head at the inadequacy of words)*. The mental transcription takes all the truth out of it.

It's something I feel but cannot describe; something exceedingly powerful in the sense that even materially, quite materially (physically, materially), if someone comes to kill you, he can't. He comes and approaches you, but then he can't do it. There have been examples.

But I FEEL it. The origin of it is psychic, but it can concretize and create a certain kind of vibration.

Well, if in one's consciousness one lives in that, there's absolutely no magic that can act. I feel it, because from time to time it comes, and at such times everything is clear. And it acts especially here (*gesture around the head*).

"Benevolence" (*laughing*) is the ridiculous human distortion of "that." It's a very, very peculiar vibration. What we might call "one of the ways of being of divine Love." And it can become a very material vibration.

It must be to teach us to cultivate that!



October

October 5, 1968

(Mother is unwell again. Satprem could not see her for a week.)

Everything is in a daze.

I can no longer see, no longer hear, I spend my nights coughing.

The doctor can't make any sense of it. Medically, everything is supposed to work very well, then in a few minutes everything gets disorganized.

I see you as if through a thick fog.

All that is inside seems to want to come outside.... I am familiar with this sort of magic.

V. has had another vision. He went to the Vatican.

To the Vatican!... In his sleep?

He wasn't asleep: he could hear the noise of the [Ashram's] generator. It was a vision at 5:30 in the morning. He found himself in an immense hall with red carpets. There were all kinds of people there, each moving about according to his order. Then, in a corner, seated in a big armchair, there was a man wearing a red hat, a sort of miter,⁸⁹ and in concentration. He was concentrated, and was repeating something with a certain gesture of the hand, as if turning something in a circle. V. instantly knew it was him. A man with intense blue eyes, long eyelashes, not strong physically but with a very powerful appearance, a thin, pointed nose, a sparse beard like that of someone who doesn't shave properly or hasn't shaved for two or three days, about fifty-five years old. A man who gave the impression of a great egoistic ambition, says V. And he was intently watching P.L., particularly your symbol which P.L. wears around his neck. And he was repeating something while turning his wrist.

Oh, that's it! That's why: P.L. went back there, and it's since then that the attacks have come back.

Yes, P.L. is the link.

(after a silence)

Yes, they have come back.

At times, in the space of a few seconds it falls on you in such a way as to make you think you're going mad. Last night, it was terrible.

And you, are you better?

⁸⁹V. is an Indian who had never seen a miter in his life and does not know what it is, but his description tallied precisely.

Yes, it went away completely, just as suddenly.

When you spoke to me last time, I took the thing... (*gesture of pulling out an invisible dark point from Satprem's atmosphere*).

I can't speak; as soon as I speak, I start coughing. But if you like, we can remain quiet.

(meditation)

* * *

(During the meditation, Mother's attendant silently walks through the room, without making the least noise on the carpet. A few seconds later, Mother stops the meditation:)

Has someone come in the room?

Yes, Vasudha.

(Mother coughs) Impossible to speak.

Oh, the other day, on Durga's day,⁹⁰ I went over there [to the music room where Mother sees people].... I told you last year that she had come and made her surrender. This time, I went there (it was the first time I'd come out); as soon as I entered the room, I felt there was something, an impending attack. So I sat down, kept very still, and called the Lord as usual so He would fill the room with his light. And it was She who came in a golden light – a glory of adoration and consecration! She stood there (*immense gesture*). It was magnificent! Magnificent. And the whole morning was very good. Then, in the afternoon, things went wrong again.

Couldn't you strike at these people a little?

I can't strike! (*Mother opens her arms*) I no longer can!

I smile at them.

I tell them, "Come, come, what's the use?"

Durga, too, I have taught her not to strike.

So, till Wednesday. I hope things will be better.



October 9, 1968

⁹⁰The puja or yearly celebrations to Durga, this year on September 29 (Sunday).

It's still worthless (*Mother coughs*). I can't even hear myself speak.

And you, are you all right? Is it all over?

*Yes, yes, it's over!*⁹¹

Do you have news from there?

From Rome? Yes, some time ago, P.L. wrote me another letter turned to you. Would you be interested in another vision of V.'s?

He saw something again?!... But is he aware of this affair?

Not at all! It so happens that a few months ago (he didn't understand why), he chanced to see the Pope twice. He didn't at all know why.⁹² The first time, he found himself there, in front of a throne, in front of this man [the Pope], who at first fixed his gaze on him and tried to hypnotize him. As he began to hypnotize him, V. started repeating your name within himself. Then the Pope stopped that gaze, gave him a smile and asked him, "Where do you come from?" V. replied, "I come from Sri Aurobindo's Ashram." Then the Pope answered, "Oh, I know the Mother very well!"

(Mother smiles)

V. didn't understand the reason for it, what it meant. Then, a second time, he went there once more, saw the Pope again, who received him kindly and told him, "Oh, I would very much like to return to India." V. said to him, "If you come to India again, you must come and see Mother." He answered, "Certainly, if I go back to India, I'll go and see Mother."

Well, well!... And then?

Then, following that, when you spoke of these attacks coming from there, the thought suddenly occurred to me: "Let me ask him to watch what's happening, what's going on there." And two days later, he had that vision of that man repeating something, concentrated and watching P.L.'s atmosphere. Then, a few days ago, he saw something else again, but it wasn't there, it was here.

Oh!

On your terrace, a sort of bear – huge, all black, nearly ten feet high, with pointed ears, sitting there regally, and watching. He had taken up position there. He was settled north-west of your terrace, looking north-west.

*(Mother keeps her eyes closed,
smiling)*

⁹¹It was going to last for some more time!

⁹²Let us note again that V. is Indian and not particularly interested in the papacy.

Whatever can that be! (*Mother coughs*)

But that's surely what makes you cough!

(*Mother laughs*)

A bear? What does a bear mean? A black bear?

A bear...

All black, with very long ears!

(*Mother laughs*)

And V. said he was still seeing those waves.... You remember he had seen those red waves coming over you; now it's not that: it's over your house, waves of gray color, and they seem more "scattered," he told me.

(*Mother remains in a long concentration*)

A big beard, like this (*floating gesture*). It's not Sri Aurobindo's beard, it's bushy and well trimmed.

A huge head. But it's not a bear!... Only, I don't see the upper part of the head, just the beard: like this, a big beard (*same gesture*). A yellowish white – dirty white.

(*Mother goes back into concentration*)

I am surrounded by [invisible] people and things, the room is full of them!

I constantly see. At night (especially at night), I see moving forms that look like... You know how J. is dressed,⁹³ or Dr. Agarwal⁹⁴ ... Oh, speaking of Dr. Agarwal, when Pralhad [his son] died, his mother was very anxious to know if he had come to me. I told her, "Nothing, I haven't seen anything." So I don't know if it's as a result of that or if I thought about it, but two days ago (the day before yesterday), I went for a stroll in a forest of the vital!... Mon petit, it was beautiful! Oh, a magnificent forest, and so well maintained, so clean, oh, it was lovely! A really magnificent place, really magnificent. Then, I suddenly see a youngish Pralhad there, a mere lad, coming towards me and telling me (*in a despairing tone*), "*I don't know, can't find the religion.*" I told him, "You don't need a religion!" He said, "Oh, there's another man here who can't find a religion." And that was Benjamin!⁹⁵ I said, "He's an idiot!

⁹³Like Punjabis, with a long jacket and tight-fitting pants.

⁹⁴Who wears a "Gandhi cap" and sports a long beard.

⁹⁵A disciple who died six years earlier, in December 1962. See the story of his death in *Agenda 4*, January 12, 1963.

He doesn't need to find a religion!" There you are: Benjamin lost in a mar-vel-ous forest (it's beautiful, you know!) because *he* can't find a religion! And Pralhad looking for a religion!... So I wanted to send a line to his mother to tell her, "Be consoled, Pralhad is in a very beautiful place!..."

He looked very well. He was very well dressed....

Oh, how ridiculous!

(silence)

But at night, the room is full – with open eyes!

I see people... people as big as giants, moving about like that, and clumsily. But they don't blunder about. On the contrary, they try to make themselves useful, they don't blunder about.... *(Laughing)* They do useless things with great seriousness!

(silence)

Oh, what a beautiful forest, mon petit! They must be the forests of... It's between the subtle physical and the vital, as if joining the two – the subtle physical to the vital. Trees as I have only seen in Japan; trees rising straight like columns, planted in rows – magnificent! With light-colored grass, very light, pale green. Grass on the ground, air – lots of air – and at the same time nothing but trees: a forest. But not thick, not crowded. Well then, in that magnificent place, instead of rejoicing, the fool *(Mother takes a wailing tone)*: "I don't know what happened to me, I have no religion"! *(Mother laughs)* So I told him, "But you should rejoice! No religion – you are in a place much more beautiful than all religions!" *(In a whining tone)* – "I don't understand...."

(silence)

There's no work.... Are you all right?

Yes, quite all right.... But you can hear me just the same!

Yes, behind a veil. Especially because just now you shouted!

But I didn't!

(After a silence) All these vital worlds are worlds of suggestion. You are in one wave of suggestion: everything is frightening; you are in another wave of suggestion: everything is charming; you are in another wave: everything is magnificent. Like that. It's odd. Like worlds that exist through suggestion. And it's between the subtle physical and the material vital, like this *(Mother presses her right hand against her left one)*, as close as can be.

I have an idea that there also exists a world of medicines which is like that! Because the same medicine, given at different times for the same troubles, produces different results – the same medicine. So if, from within, you make a resolve, if you say, "You will agree with the medicine" (to find out its precise action), then a sort of mischievous little spirit comes and says *(in a mocking tone)*, "What's wrong with you?!" But the medicine knows nothing about it, because depending on the case... Ah, let me tell you, it's a comedy!

And almost everything is like that, almost everything. And in the end... But I must say that two or three times I wondered if I wasn't on the verge of madness; two or three times I wondered if EVERYTHING wasn't like that, except the Supreme.

So then, would He be putting on an act for Himself, to amuse Himself?... But it's no fun! I told him, "Maybe it's fun for You, but WE don't find it fun!"

But speaking of beauty, these last few months I've seen things... oh, the most beautiful things I've ever seen in my life.

There.

So let's have pity for this (*Mother points to her throat*) and pity for you too, it mustn't be fun!

Oh, Mother, listen...

(*Mother takes Satprem's hands*) You're still warm.

No, no, I'm quite fine!

(*silence*)

Yes, all that I have seen lately is very beautiful, and with open eyes. It's to compensate the fact that I can no longer... (*Mother looks around her*). No, it's something in the sight that I don't understand – and how many things I don't understand, oh!...

There is, at the same time, the fact of an all-powerfulness without limits, and of a powerlessness without limits. And all that here, at the same place (*Mother closes her two hands together, one on top of the other*)... And by temperament I am sensible enough not to talk, because if I were to say all that I see, all that goes on and all that's there... they would say, "That's it, she's gone, she's lost her balance; with her mind she's lost her head!" (*Mother laughs*) So I take a very serious look and say to myself, "Let's see, let's take one of their so very important problems – problems of life and death to them – let's see, let's look at it straight in the face, let's be a little serious...." (*Mother laughs*) And it's all right, the balance is still there!

So then, tell V. that as for his black bear, I saw it as a brown man, with a brown overcoat and a hat... (you know, those pointed caps) which formed the ears!

But what is it?

Someone who wanted to be useful and did useless things, I told you – I don't know why, I don't know what he wanted. Maybe he wanted to see me?... He didn't seem to be looking – a rather stupid air.

Those things... you give them a little pat on the head like that: "You're quite nice!"

So there.

(*Mother looks at Satprem
with "those eyes"...*)

And the sense of the Presence of the Supreme.



October 11, 1968

(Mother is still unwell.)

Do you have anything to say? *(Mother coughs)*

I wouldn't like to make you talk.

It doesn't matter.

I don't know why, a thought has been coming to me....

Tell me.

This process of transformation, one does feel it must take place in the body, but might it not rather be after all a sort of condensation of power progressively building up around you or behind you, which would one day materialize into a being?

It's possible – it's possible, the thought occurred to me too.

Then? Go on.

That's all... that image came to me: a condensation of you. Somewhat like, you know, that story (on quite a lower level) of the stones that "consensed" in the courtyard of the Guest-House, when stones were thrown into the Guest-House.⁹⁶ But instead of a lower magic, it would be a higher magic, if I may say so: a luminous condensation of Truth.

*(Mother remains in
contemplation till the end,
not saying anything)*



October 16, 1968

96A cook who had been dismissed went to a fakir (or Muslim Tantric) to get revenge. For several weeks in a row, at certain times of the day stones rained in the courtyard of the Guest-House: a disciple even had his arm injured. It was a condensation of vital forces. Amrita picked up some of those stones and preserved them to study them scientifically, but they were real stones, whose only peculiarity was that they were covered with moss all over. That was in 1921. Sri Aurobindo wrote a letter to Dilip on the subject (on February 2, 1943).

What do you have to say? Nothing?...

It's sad to see you like this.

I don't understand what's going on. Unless it's all the same thing [from the Vatican], but then it's really very obstinate.

Oh, the other day, I got a wave of their magic. It came back and went away. It remained for a day.

Ah?

It's something that takes hold of the brain and leaves you in a daze.

No, today it isn't the brain, it's... *(After a long silence)* I can't even say what it is.

Doesn't Sri Aurobindo say anything?

I haven't seen him these last few days.

(long silence)

I don't understand.

I do nothing but cough all the time.

This state I am in now began this morning, it's quite new. Yesterday, I was in pain, but it was physical. This is something different.

(silence)

It's strange.... The consciousness has become more and more, more and more intense *(gesture spread out above)*, something like this *(same gesture)*, dominating everything and... I think the most accurate way to put it is, not active.

This [the body] is like something floating within this consciousness, but it's not active.

(silence)

I can't explain.

It's like an ocean of light that keeps doing its work, and then, in it, there floats something... *(Mother shakes her head as if not knowing what this "something," her body, is).*

It's not cut off,⁹⁷ but not active, that's all.

(silence)

For instance, every morning I see four people; I don't speak, but the consciousness is fully there, it works, does its work with a power of concentration. Then they go away – and it goes away.

But this [the body] doesn't even have the sense of being an instrument, you understand.... I don't

⁹⁷Mother means that this "something" (her body) is not cut off from the ocean of light, only it is not active.

know what it is. It's not an instrument. I don't know what it is.

(Mother "looks") It's deep ultramarine blue. Do you know that color?... That's it.

(long silence)

Don't you have anything to ask? We could see if it makes something come *(gesture of contact with the ocean)?*

No, I was surprised that Sri Aurobindo didn't come to tell you what's going on or anyway to explain....

Yes, he did: yesterday morning, I had an attack (for the first time in my life), an attack of stomach cramps, very painful, and like a child I asked to be cured – and he cured me! I saw him, felt him.... But you see, he is interested in this [the transformation], that's all.

Of course, there is a reason, something that for some reason isn't revealed to me. All this isn't useless – not in the least, and also not... (what's the word?) *unexpected*, you understand?

Things seem to be organized for something to happen – what? I do not know.

(silence)

I think we must patiently wait until things have run their course.

Yes, all that is certainly for a reason, it's certain.

Yes.

We'll know afterwards.

Oh, last night, I think, there was a whole activity with P.L., I don't know what.

At night, things constantly happen, but I don't remember – I am deliberately not allowed to remember.

Of course, one doesn't want this [the body] to tire itself. One wants it to remain quite still, very still, as still as possible, for some reason or other.

We mustn't fret, we must wait patiently, and we'll see.

We'll see.

(Mother goes into a long contemplation)

Not to worry.

It's obviously not the time to say anything.

We'll see.

*(before leaving,
Satprem lays his forehead
on Mother's knees)*

I don't at all have a sense of weakness, not at all *(gesture of descent of the Force)*. That is, it [the Force

from above] is always there.

*Oh, yes!... Yes, it's there!*⁹⁸

Something is going on, we'll see.



October 19, 1968

(Mother speaks these words haltingly; they are interspersed with long silences, as though dropping from far away... perhaps from eternity.)

I can remain without coughing, but because of that I can't speak... There's nothing we can talk about. So there.

(silence)

The material, the physical is learning – it's learning what it is – and that's very interesting. But... it's very hard to express.

(silence)

You see, I remain for hours and hours on end without speaking, and it's like a development unfolding logically, but... This cough must be deliberate, to prevent me from speaking. Because I see things clearly.... One seems to waste one's time speaking.

I remain, I can remain for hours, hours and hours like that, watching the development – a development at once universal and personal; but "personal," there is so to speak no person, it's something curious. There's a series of states of consciousness being organized.

(silence)

There is in an almost constant and general way the impression that material things – not only things, but perceptions, sentiments (kinds of odd sentiments that have nothing to do with...) and ways of being, perceptions, consequences, reactions – all that constantly strikes me as being... (yes, I might put it like this), as being different from what people think.

I don't know how to explain.

We could say that causes and consequences... (But it's not something thought, that's what is difficult.) It's certainly something I am now discovering, so... I don't know if it's the cause or the process of deformation between what is and what's perceived (what's lived, perceived).

⁹⁸As usual, an awesome cataract when one is at her feet.

*(Mother remains absorbed
for a long time)*

It's still inexpressible.

One feels it can last... It's almost on the fringe of time, one doesn't know how to explain.

Inexpressible.

With, now and then, something like the reflection of an ineffable Happiness, but without motive; yet at other times there is a sort of... (what should I call it?) sadness or melancholy (I don't know how to explain), also without motive, and which seems to be the result of the deformation of the other.

Very well. We must be patient.



October 23, 1968

I've been given a quotation from Sri Aurobindo.... I find it very interesting.

"What happens is for the 'best' in this sense only that the end will be a divine victory in spite of all difficulties – that has been and always will be my seeing, my faith and my assurance – if you are willing to accept it from me."

Sri Aurobindo
December 28, 1931

I find it very interesting. Because when people are told, "It will be for the best," they always think it's the best as they imagine it!

* * *

(Mother goes into a meditation, then abruptly comes out of it:)

And your book?⁹⁹

It's not easy.... I am revising it.

Oh!

⁹⁹By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin.

It's a terrible work to do.

No, if one takes that attitude, one is never done with it! It will never reach the end. One revises following a certain current, then when one has reached the end, one enters another current, and then... It's endless.

I knew a painter like that; he was a great painter: Gustave Moreau. But there are few paintings by him, because he was a man who kept doing his paintings over again. He would progress, his vision would progress, and his painting would always appear to him to be outside, unfinished – it couldn't be finished! So it's only when he died that they could get his paintings – there were many of them, and they were magnificent. Only, each of them was a movement towards something....

Have you seen his house? He left his house with all that was inside, they made it into a museum.

(silence)

Silence, that's all I can offer you.

(meditation)



October 26, 1968

I have nothing to say. I can speak, but I have nothing to say!

Are you all right?

I hardly cough anymore.... But I have nothing to say.

(silence)

This physical, this physical consciousness (I don't think it's a personal physical consciousness), the general physical consciousness was, in this body, seized with such a pity, oh!... I can't say "pity"... it's something very special: a very intimate, very tender compassion for the human physical condition. But it seized me in massive proportions! Nothing else remained in the consciousness, and if I hadn't controlled it, I would have started crying and crying....

That has been the dominant note of these last few days.

And as if underneath, as if coming from the depths, beneath, the perception of this Compassion – the divine Compassion – the perception of the way the thing is seen and felt by the Divine.... That was wonderful.

It really was a dominant note.

And there are so to speak no contradictions from outside – I don't see many people: among them,

there is only ONE person, one person who lives in a joyous consciousness. Only one among all the people I know. Even then, it's because that person lives in a very harmonious vital-mental consciousness and is contented.... Besides, I feel that if one were to scratch a little... [the person's joy would vanish].

Yes, the condition of human bodies is very miserable.

It's miserable.

Yes, very much so.

It's really miserable.

Oh, it's not at all, it has nothing to do with vital or mental difficulties or any of that.... The body isn't conscious of that, not interested in that – not interested: when people recount vital or mental difficulties, it finds them quite childish. But the MISERY this body lives in – that's what is awful.

There have even been moments...

There is, as I said, a CONSTANT call – constant call to the Divine, and even the strong (how can I put it?) perception of his Presence, so then there is a sort of contradiction.... When it began, I said, "How can You want this?"

You see, for a very long time – for years – the spontaneous attitude (it's not the result of an effort), the body's spontaneous attitude has been, "It's my incapacity, my ignorance, my helplessness, my stupidity... that bring about my misery." It considers itself to be solely responsible for all its miseries. But then, that's the difficulty, it's this contradiction: "Why, why do You want things to be like this? Why?"

So I spend almost entire days and nights in silence (I mean, without speaking), but seeing – seeing... And there isn't any sensation or perception of a separate individuality; there are innumerable experiences, dozens of them every day, showing that it's the identification or unification with other bodies that makes you feel this person's misery, that person's misery, the misery of... It's a fact. And it's not felt as being another body's misery, it's felt as your own. Which means it has become difficult to make a distinction on a plane... (*Mother stretches her hands out into the distance*). There is a plane ever so slightly more subtle than the quite material plane.... So one isn't complaining about one's own misery, it's that EVERYTHING is one's misery.

In other words, it's not an egoistic complaint.

There is a very clear and spontaneous perception that it's impossible to extract a small part from the whole and make something harmonious out of it when the whole isn't harmonious.

But why, why?... I can't understand.... As long as the body felt separate (in the past – very long, very long ago), when it felt itself to be a body separate from others, and more importantly, separate from the Divine, then it made sense: there's nothing to say, it's quite natural, it makes sense. But now that for it EVERYTHING truly is the Divine, how, how can that fail to bring about Harmony?... You understand, when on the vital or mental level (and above, of course), you have the experience of identity, you have at the same time the Bliss. Here [in the body], there is the experience of identity, but No Bliss. Why?

Maybe if the body had managed to remain separate, it could have felt something – but that's not true! It would have been a falsehood.... You see, this identity isn't the result of an effort, not the result of a will: it's a FACT – a spontaneous fact, I didn't make the least attempt to get it. It began like that. And this body itself is in a state... which I can't call "precarious," but which is nothing particularly

cheering. It hasn't resulted in a physical harmony for the body.

Because there's all the rest.

Precisely!

Now and then, for... not even a few minutes (it's a few seconds), there is a clear perception of the true Identity, which is perfect Harmony, and then all disorders cease to exist – but... materially they exist! Take a very simple instance: my teeth are all loose in my mouth – it's a FACT – and it's true that logically, such a condition should be very painful: it's not. And I see that it is so because of a Presence – that I understand very well. But it doesn't get cured, far from it! It's incurable.¹⁰⁰

This physical is truly... a mystery.

I understand people who have said, "It must be abolished, it's a falsehood." Yet that's not true, it's not a falsehood, it's... what is it? If we say "a deformation," it doesn't mean anything.

(silence)

But the power to relieve (not to heal: the power to relieve), far from having diminished, has increased. When I am told that someone is ill, at least ninety-nine times in a hundred, I have already EXPERIENCED the thing, and what I am told makes me say, "Ah, it's so and so." I have already experienced it as being part of my physical being (*gesture in the distance*), an immense physical being, you know, immense and without precise form. And it's this precision and this division that are... (what should I say?)... are they the obstacle or the cause (probably both) that prevent the Harmony from being established? It's because we REALLY are separate.

But then, can you conceive how a world that's not really separate would be?... Because, you understand, the question is serious: if for the world to exist as it is, it has to be really separate, and if being really separate is the cause of all misery, then... And yet, in another way (I don't know how), in another way I know (it's not "I" who knows: there's no "I" there), I know, I KNOW (it's the great "I" who knows) that the desertion, the disappearance of this world is NOT the solution.... But what is it?...

This is the only world where division is no longer the result of a state of consciousness, but a FACT. So?... Everywhere else, it's the result of a state of consciousness: if the consciousness changes, the state changes – not here. It's the only world: here. And yet... it [division] is a falsehood.

(silence)

One can easily conceive of a considerable improvement with the establishment of the true Consciousness, because, as I said, there are experiences (quite fleeting, but still) that are very concrete, of even a material harmonization which, seen in that way, looks very much like a miracle. But one conceives that reestablishing the True Consciousness and, along with it, the Harmony it brings, would make a considerable difference.... Probably a difference sufficient for a harmonious and progressive state to be realized – in harmony, not in misery.

That may be the supreme miracle the Divine is trying to achieve: separation – an existing fact – and the state of consciousness of Oneness.

¹⁰⁰In a letter (see Cent. Ed., vol. 26, p. 352-353), Sri Aurobindo told the story of a yogi who could prolong his life at will (and lived for more than 200 years), but who kept the same toothache till the end, without ever being able to cure it. He was Swami Brahmananda, who, one day in the 1900s, told a disciple of his (Sardar Mazumdar), "As for the tooth, I have suffered from it since the days of Bhao Girdi," that is, since 1761.

(silence)

Now, at any rate, I know.... The work in the other states (even, even in a subtle physical) is relatively child's play. The difficulty is here.

(silence)

So one may conceive of an improvement, even a considerable improvement, a state far more harmonious than the existing one. The existing state... it's hell, really; it's only thanks to this Possibility that it's not hell. It's because behind that hell, there is this Possibility – which is living, real, existing, tangible, livable – otherwise it's infernal.... You understand, one gets the impression that all the states of being have been whipped together (you know, like when you make mayonnaise!), all the states of being well mixed together like that, in a great confusion, so naturally the "horrible thing" is bearable... because of all the rest in there. But if you start separating... Oh! (*gesture of horror*)

What do YOU have to say?

Well, it means that the consciousness of the WHOLE must change. It's always the same problem: when the WHOLE totality has progressed, changed its consciousness, the material "fact" should become different.

It appears to be like that.

That's the problem.

There's no escape, no way to divide that.

EVERYTHING must change.

Individuality is merely a means of action for the transformation of the whole.

I understand why they said one had to escape! It demands such a transformation... it's almost an eternity of time.

Once you've got out of it, you're out of it, but all the time you've spent to...

"One" can't be transformed without everything being transformed!

Yes, that's it. That's right.

That is to say, "one" accelerates the transformation of the whole.

Yes.

But that means the great *surrender*: "It's like that, it's like that...." Frightful.

That's why there are people who escape (even though it's no use, because they'll have to come back): it's to get some rest! (*Mother laughs*)

It's perfectly obvious that if it weren't unbearable, it would never change. And if it's unbearable, well... it really makes you feel like running away – which is impossible, of course, it's foolish to think you can get out of it: it's not possible. Only, for a time... you rest.

It means abandoning the work. It delays the result.

And yet... yet you feel that if by some miracle ONE individual succeeded in physically supramentalizing himself, it would be such an example for the rest of the world that... I don't know, it would change it radically.

But that would still be partial.

Yes, but it would strike consciousnesses so much..

It wouldn't be general, it could only be partial. But it WILL be. It's part of the Plan. But the perfection of ONE realization depends on a total realization. There may be a certain "quantum" of realization, that's undeniable – that's precisely what the supramental race will realize, obviously. It's obvious.

But I mean that if, now, through some miracle, ONE became luminously true, it would strike the rest of mankind so much that it would be turned back onto the path of Truth – ONE example.

Yes, of course. But that...

(silence)

Let's hope for it!

(silence)

That's the true surrender... oh!...

(long contemplation)

Maybe the miracle of true surrender?... (It's not even *surrender*, it's something like an acceptance, which is at the same time the abolition of any separation.) That would be perfect... maybe. It has to be seen.

There.

So the next time is your birthday – a new birth.

(silence)

Since you have conceived of it... it means you must try to do it.



October 30, 1968

(Regarding the message Mother has given to Satprem for his birthday.)

"Here are the Light and the Divine Love
which are always with you on the path,
every outcome of which
is only the starting point
for a new stage."

It's precisely the experience I've had these last few days (yesterday, I think), just before writing the card. We always set an end to things – but there isn't any. There isn't any. The truth is, one rises like this (*Mother draws a curve that reaches a point in space*), but it's in order to go like this (*gesture of a new curve rising higher from that point on*), and again like this – for ever and ever.

It may be an individual consciousness, not necessarily an impersonal one; for the individual consciousness, too, it's like this: a great curve (*Mother draws a trajectory up to a point*), and like a springboard to go farther. So it was a vision like that, of something developing – developing while it expands and grows illumined.

We might say, the Consciousness growing more and more conscious of itself. That was the impression.

And everything is a means for it to grow conscious of itself.

That explains everything, besides. That's what explains everything.

The means for the Consciousness to become conscious of itself.

(silence)

And this work of growing awareness (self-awareness) in the body is really very interesting. Very interesting.

What would you like to ask me for your birthday?

You don't have anything to ask?

I'd like to do better.

(meditation)

* * *

*Then Mother writes the message
she intends to give for 1969:*

"No words – acts."

It seems you already gave this message for 1950?

One repeats oneself!

Things repeat themselves, yes.... Nineteen years!

We haven't made progress.

Yes, we have! I feel we've come a long way.

(Mother nods without saying anything)

Last time you asked me, "Where do I stand?" So when I wrote your card, I remembered your question. I thought I should write something for you about that. Then I evoked Sri Aurobindo in his portrait.¹⁰¹ I wrote, "Here is the Light and the Divine Love which always accompany you...

"Which are always with you on the path..."

And there I asked, "Well, where do we stand?" (for you). And he answered...

"...every outcome of which is only the starting point for a new stage."

He made me have the experience these last few days. It was the answer to your question. It goes on indefinitely (*Mother draws an immense road*), so "Where do I stand?" (*same immense gesture*) – *there's as much of the path behind as there is ahead!* (*Mother laughs*)

But are things moving?

Of course they are! They keep moving all the time.

Yet one doesn't clearly feel the consciousness developing....

Ah?

One feels the Light growing stronger, the Truth more living.... In a sense, there are no more questions; that's for sure, there are no more questions. But... what? One feels the consciousness isn't developing much.

(meditation)

If you don't have anything to say...

I would like to serve you better.

Don't you worry! It's quite fine.

(silence)

¹⁰¹There is a photo of Sri Aurobindo along with the birthday card.

I've lost the habit of speaking, for me it's very difficult.

(silence)

I have a very strong impression that "one" wants us to learn something. Very strong. And I don't know what it is.

It's... something like the secret of the functioning.

There's a constant demonstration, through all kinds of little facts, that the process we conceive of, or understand, or have accepted, is false, not in conformity with reality, and one wants to make us find, discover – but discover WHILE LIVING IT – the true process of the Manifestation: the why and the how. The why: there's an impression like that. The how... *(Mother shakes her head as if the thing were eluding her)*.

So there. And that's the state of consciousness I am in all the time. I am there as if pushing and pushing... *(groping gesture, then the thing escapes)*.

(silence)

I clearly feel it's only an identification... [that can give the key]. Yes, like a conscious identification, that is, with the consciousness remaining fully awake.

There.

We'll see next year where we stand!

Mon petit...

Have a good year, mon petit.



November

November 2, 1968

Anything?

I got a letter from P.L. But it's not complete.

How do you mean?

I'd written to him and told him V.'s vision, with the description of the person doing magic at the Vatican, and I'd asked him, "Look silently and see if it corresponds to someone." He writes, "Yes! I know who it is."

Oh, he said yes.

Yes, he says, "I know who it is and I'll send you his photo." I am waiting for the photo.... Here's what he writes: "V.'s vision has come to show me the accuracy of the person's description: it is Msgr. Z, archbishop in the Holy See's State Secretariat, an intimate friend of the Holy Father's and his private collaborator...."

Oh!

"I am looking for his photo to send it to you...."

Oh, but he is a dangerous man.

And P.L. says: "That vision comes to me the very day when I am told that the Holy Father has given instructions to his closest collaborators for the formation of a program of action to shake the lethargy of millions of Catholics asleep in the routine of unconscious religious practice.¹⁰² Here are the most important names in the committee: X Italy's cardinal; Y, France's cardinal; Z, the Pope's factotum; then Msgr. Z..."

That same man.

"...and me!... The meetings will take place 'sub secreto specialissimo,' a formula equivalent to 'top secret.'"

Oh, he'll be in it!

Yes, he will, that's the extraordinary thing!

It's interesting.

¹⁰²This is the beginning of the Roman Catholic Church's great reforms.

It's quite extraordinary. And this Msgr. Z will also be in it. P.L.'s letter goes on: "You may remember that I had been told about a promotion at the Vatican; that promotion, announced while I was in Pondicherry, gave rise to the basest intrigues, so that the nomination was stopped. And paradoxically, I have been given its duties without the title.... They have decided to test me, and to do so for a period of at least four years.... The struggle for power in this milieu is frightening. But I see all that from such a distance! I have the sensation that it's all about someone else, not me, and that embarrasses those around me, for I do not react to injustice. (And what injustice! – If they knew how indifferent I am to this little world.) There is the sad panorama. You will now realize why the Samadhi's peace and sweetness are so dear to me and intimate to my soul. At times I feel like a feather blown here or there by the wind, and my whole effort is anchored in the light Sweet Mother has put into my psyche. Right from the first moment of the day my tenderness rises towards her, and then I see that what I do is not important, but the MANNER is...."

(long silence)

How many Catholics does he say there are?

Five hundred million, I think.

!!! That's half the population of the earth?

Not quite, I think, but...

*(Mother remains in meditation
for a long time)*

Still, that you should have a man in this gang is a victory.

Yes.

I was looking at this: what can we do? *(Mother shakes her head)* Adopt his [the Pope's] program? Awaken those...?

Five hundred million.

I don't see what we can do. Unless they construct something false, but then it won't have any force. "Christ's reincarnation"? *(Mother shakes her head)* To find something, they should move a little away from tradition – they can't.

(silence)

The basis should be the manifestation of supramental forces.... Only, there's no question of anything like that in religion, of course. If there had been any question of a Force or a Light or a change in the atmosphere announcing Christ's reincarnation, they could have gone along in that direction, but there's nothing of that sort.¹⁰³

¹⁰³Let us note that Mother does not mind in the least speaking of "Christ's reincarnation" rather than Sri Aurobindo's – as long as men move on.

There are some vague Scriptures that mention it. But they're regarded as crank esotericism.

(silence)

I don't know if I was right, but I nevertheless advised P. L. not to distribute Sri Aurobindo around like that and to remain quiet.

It would be no use.

The only result would be to have him blacklisted.

Yes.

(Mother remains in meditation)

It's still a period of transition.

(long silence)

One wonders what it will take to shake all this?

(Mother goes again into a meditation, then gives a start)

There was in my hand a vase containing Divine Love [pomegranate] flowers; I wanted to hand it to you, and when it came above my knees... Did you see that movement?

Yes.

It was the vase falling on my knees. It didn't fall on the floor, it fell here....

What does it mean?

(long silence)

I don't know what it means.

At any rate, I have a clear feeling that we can't do anything. We can be witnesses, but without any active manifestation. We can't do anything.

*It's the same thing with Sri Aurobindo in France. I told you I had sent the translation of *The Human Cycle*; the publisher has finally answered me that it was "good for publishing houses specialized in this sort of subject." A second publisher told me the same thing. And I am waiting for a reply from a third....¹⁰⁴*

¹⁰⁴It is only in 1973 that France's doors will abruptly open.

Yes, that's it. Exactly.

(silence)

There is the feeling that things are moving, but it's still a subconscious action. Any conscious, outer action would only make a mess. Nothing to be done.

(silence)

The Power goes on and on and on increasing, but it doesn't want any precise, outer manifestation – none of that. Like this: action in silence.



November 6, 1968

(Regarding a visit paid by Satprem to Bharatidi, an old French disciple, at the Vellore hospital where she is to be operated on. Bharatidi, a member of France's Far East College, is well known for her sparkling wit and liveliness and her biting irony.)

So did you go and see Bharatidi?

Yes, Mother. She is fine, this Bharatidi, what force she has! And what sense of humor – she is really a queen.

Yes.

There's a great nobleness in that woman.

Oh, yes. Did you give her my note?

Yes, tears came to her eyes.

They're going to operate on her tomorrow.

Tomorrow morning.

But I wondered if it was really indispensable. They don't even know if it's cancer.

It's a tumor, which may be cancerous or a simple tumor.

Anyway, she is making arrangements, she has already distributed all her money.

They say that if they don't operate, it will go from bad to worse.

Yes. How old is she?¹⁰⁵

Over seventy, I think. They're preparing her with blood transfusions. She's physically very weak, emaciated. But she has that energy....

She didn't know she had that?

No.... But it's heartening to see a human being with such dignity...

Oh, yes.

...and recounting with humor the visit of missionaries and sisters trying to convert her (because it's a Protestant hospital)....

Is it?

So there are bishops, nuns, and once they came into her room to try and convert her. She tells the story with such humor: "I am not afraid of death, I know we are born more than once!" So the others have nothing left to say.

Yes, she sent me a message through M.: "I am not afraid of dying because I know we do not die." It's good.

(long silence)

There was a strange relationship between my mind and hers.... When I used to observe things and talk about them, I would have Bharatidi's voice and manner of speaking and seeing! I always wondered why, until I looked: there was a life when we were together, in a single body. That was very long ago.

Strange. It was very interesting.... All of a sudden, I would speak with her voice: the sound, the words, everything was quite like her.¹⁰⁶

Yes, she has a lovely mind, really lovely.

Before coming here, she was Buddhist¹⁰⁷ and Communist – fervently Communist.

(silence)

Are they militant Protestants in that hospital?

Oh, yes! There are big signs everywhere in the rooms: "He died for our sins," and verses from the

¹⁰⁵Suzanne Karpelès, or Bharatidi, was born on March 17, 1890, in Paris.

¹⁰⁶See in *Addendum* a letter from Mother to Bharatidi, showing well enough the sort of relationship that existed between Mother and Bharatidi.

¹⁰⁷Bharatidi was a specialist of Pali (used by the southern schools of Buddhism) and Sanskrit.

Bible all over the place.

Oh!

They are Protestants through and through. You can hear religious chants all the time....

(after a silence)

Those Protestants are much worse than the Catholics.

I always remember a Danish woman (she was the mother of Hohlenberg¹⁰⁸ who came here), who once happened to come to Paris, and whom I had at lunch with me one day. If you had seen that woman... I don't remember the occasion, but the talk turned to the Catholics, and she flew into such a rage! She shouted, "Those idolaters!..." *(Mother laughs)* It was frightful!

They're worse.... I've known both, seen both: the Protestants are worse. They are much more... they're hard. Very hard. They did away *(laughing)* with all that was artistic in the Catholic religion! They've turned it into something...

It's mental moralizing.

Yes, that's right.

Do you know the story of that "evangelist" (I think), a pastor who used to live in the house where H. now lives? Naturally he had contacts with the Ashram, and I don't know how, he came across a few "messages" [given by Mother], and thought I was claiming to be a god – declaring I was a god. And that would make him hopping mad! He would shout, "Aah! Aah! Our god at least died on the cross, he suffered for us...." Like that. "... But look at her living comfortably...."

It's frightful.

"...At least that's something worthwhile: he suffered for us, he died on the cross!"

Yes, I saw that in the hospital, there was a big sign: "He died for our sins."

How horrible!

A sign big as this [gesture]

Oh, how horrible.

It's barbarism, that's all.

Yes.

(silence)

They are relatively few, far fewer than the Catholics.

But their religion is so shallow, so shallow and hollow that in reality it's nothing. The day it gives

¹⁰⁸The painter who did a portrait of Sri Aurobindo in profile, standing.

way, they'll be quite dumbfounded.

Yes.

That's what is happening in America, besides: it's giving way right and left. With the Catholics, there are still a few roots....

There was a time when I did a comparative study of all that I used to see and feel in all the religious sanctuaries, and that's really something interesting. In Protestant temples, it stopped at the mind, there was nothing else – nothing: dry, very dry. A mind, and behind it, nothing.

As for the Catholics, it depended a lot on the church or the cathedral – on the place – a lot. Varied. So then, I would compare with all the other sanctuaries.... You understand, in the course of my travels I would always go and see – very interesting.

Buddhist temples are VERY FINE. Obviously nihilistic, but there is always a very concentrated atmosphere – concentrated and SINCERE. A sincere effort.

In temples here... Oh, I met all kinds of things (lots of little devils), but all kinds of things. Here it was really interesting.... In one temple the godhead came to me and asked me to help her have influence on people! She told me, "I'll give you all I have, but you must see that..." (she didn't use those words – I am translating). I was riding in a car towards her temple, and on the way she landed in the car! It was so unexpected! She told me, "Do come. See that my power increases and I'll give you all I have!..." (It's in that temple that once a year they cut the necks of hundreds of chickens.¹⁰⁹) So I said to her, "No." If I could have prevented all that slaughter!...

But I like the atmosphere of many temples here.

Yes.

There's such an old vibration, so old....

Yes.

You feel you are finding again millennia that are so familiar.

Yes.

(long silence)

Did they put those "notice boards" in her room?

Yes, yes, everywhere.

She didn't ask for them to be removed, did she?

There's even a Bible in one corner.... No, no, no question of having that removed!

In her room!

¹⁰⁹Mother told this story in *Agenda 2* of April 29, 1961.

Yes.

And when you were ill there, did they put a Bible?

No, I didn't see the Bible, but there was also a sign (I forget what).

They propagandize.

Oh, yes, of course.

(long silence)

Is there nothing, no work? Do you have anything?

V. has again seen something. Something unexpected. Every evening, he comes to meditate at the Samadhi, and there he has never seen anything in his whole life: for years there has just been Sri Aurobindo, that's all, never anything else. The other day he came, and all of a sudden he had a vision: he saw Kali coming out of the Samadhi from the spot where Sri Aurobindo's head is – an all-blue Kali, covered with gold ornaments.

On which day?

Some four or five days ago.

*(Mother remains
silent for a long time,
then a misunderstanding follows)*

I don't much like feeling her in there.

What surprised him was that instead of being naked, she was covered with gold.

What?

Oh, excuse me! You're speaking of Bharatidi!

Never mind, what did you say about Kali?

What surprised him was that she was covered with gold instead of being naked.

She was coming out of the Samadhi? No, that doesn't surprise me.¹¹⁰ But my reflection was regarding Bharatidi.... That is to say, she mustn't die, because that's a very bad place to die.

Yes. When I was hospitalized there, I had a dreadful impression.

Yes.

¹¹⁰Let us recall that gold is the color of the supramental.

I kept saying, "I must get out of here, I must get out of here...."

Oh, yes, I constantly wanted you to get out of that place. Very well.

* * *

ADDENDUM

(A letter from Mother to Bharatidi written about 1963, at a time when Mother was not receiving any disciple, except sometimes people about to marry. Bharatidi, then seventy-three, had written to Mother to ask her if she should marry to be entitled to see her....)

O Bharatidi, our dearest friend!

Do not marry, that would be such a great pity for all – for you would have to leave the Ashram, at least during the honeymoon....

Let me tell you the truth. If I do not see you, it is because I cannot speak, and worse still, cannot hear, and how could I see you without hearing all the very interesting things you always have to tell me?

My program is generally five minutes' meditation, sometimes even less – how can I ask you to climb two flights for that?

If you do not mind, let us wait a little until the pressure (not the blood's!) has subsided.

As for me, you know this, I have the great advantage of being with you without need of the physical presence, and your voice often resonates to my inner hearing – and I always answer in silence.

I now add this long written discourse to send you my best wishes for the new year.

With all my tenderness
Signed: Mother



November 9, 1968

(Bharatidi's death marked a sort of turning point in Mother's life, or the beginning of an unfortunate series: Amrita, Mother's faithful treasurer, was going to leave a few months later, in January 1969, followed by Pavitra in May 1969; then Mother's personal attendant, Vasudha, would fall gravely ill in August 1970, and finally Mother's cashier, Satyakarma, would leave in December 1970. Thus the few reliable disciples around Mother were going away – why this migration?... The atmosphere was going to change greatly: "I am surrounded by Falsehood.... They are all lying!... A general dishonesty," she was soon to say.)

She's gone, Bharatidi.

Yes, we've been very sad.

I think she wanted to go, because she had arranged everything. The trouble is the place.... She left during the night [of November 7], and I spent a very, very bad night, that is to say, I suffered a lot. And I didn't see her; she didn't come [to Mother], but her thought was there constantly. I don't know, I didn't see her. I didn't see her, I knew she had gone only when I was told.

I feel her thought very strongly.

Oh, very strongly, very strongly, and constantly. And strangely, there's a sort of insistence on finding... (how can I put it?) what happens when one leaves – that's what surprises me. Constantly, constantly: What happens when one leaves one's body?

I felt the same thing.

The same thing. But it's HER THOUGHT that is like that. And very insistent, very insistent – again and again.... So what happened? At first, because I hadn't seen her [after her death], I thought it was her old Buddhism and she had gone into some Nirvana. But then, her thought constantly coming like this: "And what happens when one leaves one's body?" That's the strange thing. And it's SHE who's putting the question. It's that thought.

Yes, that very thought came to me very strongly too.

Yes, but that's it. It's the whole problem coming like this: what happens when one leaves one's body? And I kept looking and looking and looking (I spent hours looking) – no Bharatidi. No form: a thought.

For me, it's very strange, I may say that never has a being's disappearance struck me like this one. Why? I don't know.

I may say that I've never been so occupied with someone's departure as I have been with hers – never. And constantly, "But what happens after death?..." As if... There's only thought and no form: I don't see her at all – not at all. I remember how she was physically, but I don't see her. And constantly the problem: what happens...? Then I remember all my experiences, all the people I've seen die, all my very concrete experiences.... And why does it come like this: "What happens after death?" As if there were a sort of preoccupation: "No one will ever know" (I might translate it like this), "no one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death." And it's SHE, it's HER thought. I can't say "she," but her thought. Her thought as if she were telling me (you know how she was!), "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death." Like that, with her irony.

She didn't want to come back to Pondicherry.¹¹¹

No, she didn't.

The last few years (maybe the last two years, I don't know), she felt she was going to be converted. When she saw me, when she was sitting in front of me, she would feel she was going to be converted.

¹¹¹According to her wish, Bharatidi was cremated at Vellore itself. She wanted no one from the Ashram to be present at the time of her death or her funeral.

And she didn't want that. She wanted to keep her Buddhism, her nihilistic Buddhism, materially expressed as Communism.

When I said goodbye to her, she had magnificent eyes. She looked at me... luminous eyes, with such force, such beauty.

She knew she wouldn't see you again.

Oh, those magnificent eyes...

She knew she wouldn't see you again.

But I think it's this: her psychic being had become conscious, and her whole mind didn't want to emerge from its conception. I saw that. I saw it: when I held her hand like this, she would have the impression that she was going to be COMPELLED to change her conception, and she didn't want to. So she would get up abruptly and go.

She was an indomitable being, Bharatidi.

(Mother laughs) Yes, extremely mental. Extremely mental. The vital she had dominated; the physical... It was all mental, mental, mental.... And with a sort of concentration in her mental being.

She must have had a bad night, it must have been difficult – because here it was very, very difficult, and I didn't know it had to do with her. As soon as I knew, I went and saw there (I knew it in the morning), because it wasn't a good place (but she didn't care, now she's gone out of it). But then her mind, constantly, constantly: "What really happens after death?..." And for hours! I would do something else, be busy: for hours it kept coming back.... In the end (it lasted the whole day yesterday, and this morning it was still there), this morning I told her, "Listen, Bharatidi, be quiet, and if you are quiet, you will know." Since then, nothing anymore.

A mind so strong, and... yes, essentially rebellious.

When she came to see me, it was very interesting. She would come, she was attracted; and she knew it, once she told me, "Yes, I am attracted." She would sit down, take my hand, then I would see her go like this (*gesture of stiffening*), something was going on, going on [in Bharatidi], and then... all of a sudden she would get up and go.

She told me one or two words like that, but she didn't want – didn't want to get out of her conception. So then, something strange must have happened to her: "What happens after death?..." And it kept coming back like that: "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi after her death."

It's curious. But I finally gave her peace. I think she's better now.

She even told me (it was almost a conversation!), "You who know what death is, you don't know what my death is!" (*Mother laughs*) It's true, I don't know! "You don't know what has happened to me and what's happening to me.... What's happening to me? What?" I must admit it's the first time – it has never happened in my life. It's the first time, the first person like that.

And the contact was only with the mind; I don't know what happened to the rest.

As for me, I was full of her.

Oh! (*Laughing*) Maybe she... (*gesture of entering Satprem*). It's quite possible! Quite possible. I told her, "If you like, that whole part of your mind which I like very much can stay in me." I told her, "If

you are happy to come, you can." Then I observed to see... But it's possible, she may have come. Something from her seemed to me to go into P., that girl whom she liked a lot. I think she's dispersed her vital, and that mentally... (*gesture of entering here or there, into those who are receptive*). But I told you before, there had always been a contact [with Mother], so it doesn't make much difference. But I think that's it.

I was full of her.

That's it, that's right! (*Laughing*) She divided herself up: communist, a communist death!

Yes, that's it. The psychic being went away peacefully, the mind scattered. Yes, because it was her, but it was... I can't say a "person" (there's no person), but it was inside. It was inside, it wasn't like something outside (that's general). And insistent.

Yes, that's it, she scattered herself.

(*silence*)

But deep down in Bharatidi, I feel something very painful. A being who suffered a lot, who was very lonely, who would have liked to love but couldn't.

She couldn't.

I feel I know Bharatidi very well.

Ah?

Her revolt, as you say, her independence, and that love she dominated and didn't want to show to anybody.... When she looked at me, really there was... I can't say, there was some thing in that look, I felt all that.

(*long silence*)

You remember, you gave her my note where I had written, "My love is with you," so she replied to that (she instantly saw why I had written that), she replied, "I am not afraid of death because I know one doesn't die." It was M. who brought her reply back to me the next day.

Yes, she arranged things DELIBERATELY like that.

Oh, but she got herself operated on IN ORDER to die.

Oh, yes, she knew very well. She knew. She found it a convenient way to die.

She's fine.

(*silence*)

She must have dispersed herself deliberately, and gone inside all those who were close to her, receptive – where there was a receptivity.

She's dispersed herself.

In fact, to give an accurate translation of the vibrations I received (it lasted the whole day), it was, "You think you know" (I am translating), "you think you know what happens after death?... Then will you tell me what happened after Bharatidi's death!" Like that.

Now I understand everything!

She was against individualism, and so... She didn't want it.

Naturally, in the course of all that, I told her once (it was yesterday), I told her (said to her mind: it was her mind – not even the whole mind, now I understand it's only a piece of it), I told her, "For you it's like this, but it's different for everybody." Afterwards, she quieted down.

Yesterday, it was even very interesting, because I told her, I said to her mind, "Yes, if you like, you can settle in and make use of this instrument [Mother], but you know, you will have to renounce your preferences and prejudices!" She still used to have terrible reactions when she found that people didn't behave properly with her. So I told her, "All that will have to go!" (*Mother laughs*).

But now she is quiet. Last night I succeeded in quieting her.

I don't know if that's what I saw, but the night she left, during the night a scene came to me: I was in a little harbor which seemed sunlit, and then I saw a huge, dark-blue wave coming, and it came as if to engulf the place where I was.

Oh!

A dark-blue wave, very high.

Dark blue is the mind.

(long silence)

(Mother laughs) She's managed the whole affair quite successfully

(silence)

But there was in her mental formation a DEEP PITY for human suffering, and especially, especially an extraordinary Compassion. Oh, precisely for the suffering of death, for that transition, that moment of transition – the suffering of death. That used to preoccupy her very much. And that's what was there the whole night of her death; it was a very bad night – bad in the sense that I suffered a lot, and very difficult. Didn't sleep for one minute.

Then, when I learned she had left, the first thing that came (*gesture of mental vibration*): "Oh, how lonely she must have felt when she died!" And it preoccupied me a lot, until her thought told me, "Now it's over, we won't think about it anymore." She must have had a difficult moment.

She even told me, "You were with me, but it was too deep...." It was in the active mind that she was.

But then, she herself said, "No, now it's over, we won't think about it anymore." And all that was without form – she certainly didn't want there to be a form! I looked for it a good deal, but didn't find anything.

That's it, I felt the pressure [of Bharatidi's mind], I told her, "Very well, I'll give you refuge, but not to your preferences."

Very well.

But that dispersed mind, in what way will it continue to be?

Yes, in everyone: it has united. That's what she did, mentally she didn't want to continue to exist INDIVIDUALLY. With the psychic, you can't play jokes of that sort – it went away. But she didn't concern herself very much with her psychic – it was the belief she didn't want to believe in, of course! But mentally she dispersed herself (that's not very difficult).

But it should make a difference in the consciousness of the person into whom she's come?

Oh, yes, it should. As for me, I told you that the contact already existed, and moreover I did it deliberately, I accepted deliberately, so it can't make any difference in me; but in P., for instance, it may very well make a difference. To the extent of the person's receptive consciousness, it will make a difference. For example (but this is the quite material mind), she knew Pali very well.... If there is someone receptive, it will be good. She had a good knowledge of Pali. I'd have been very happy if it had come, but it didn't. I don't know where that fragment went. But to be passed on, it would take someone very, very plastic, because that's already very material.

I've seen instances, I've met people who suddenly got knowledge they didn't previously have, knowledge that came ready-made. She must have chosen someone.

If it had come, I would have been very happy.

All that came was general ideas, overall visions, and something that absolutely wanted to convince me that after death there is dispersion.

She had a very strong mind, very strong. Perhaps a small embryo of psychic being. But it was a whole mental organization.

(long silence)

She liked me very much, but she didn't have any trust in me! I represented what she didn't want to know!

Yes, as Sujata puts it, it was love she was afraid of.

Oh, yes.

Very well.

Did she still have any family?... I suppose they've been informed?

Yes, she had prepared a dozen letters with all the addresses – to be filled in.

Letters in which she was announcing her death!

She had just written the addresses and left the letters blank, to be written. She had even prepared a telegram for someone. Oh, it was all... organized.

(silence)

You know, she sent me everything in her that was contrary to what Sri Aurobindo said – she made a nice bundle with it and sent it all to me! (*Mother laughs*) Never mind! I looked at it, received it quite seriously, very seriously – I didn't send it back, didn't sweep it away: I received it all, sorted it all out,

organized it all....

But never before in the... (how many?) ninety years of my life have I been so occupied with someone's death as with hers, precisely for that reason, because she wanted to give me proof of "dispersion": "No one will ever know what happened to Bharatidi...."

I didn't tell her, "That is childishness!" because, as she no longer had a body, I treated her gently. But the moment, the transition was difficult... painful. There was a painful moment when she felt very lonely. Mentally very lonely, of course. Physically, she had her little Krishna [her servant] there. It wasn't physical, it was mental – because of her conception.

Very well.

We'll see.

Her psychic has gone to rest.

(silence)

But if you feel in you a difference in thought, in ways of thinking, tell me! *(Mother laughs)*



November 13, 1960

It's really an interminable work. It's this certain... (what should I call it? We can hardly call it "mind"), this mind of the physical.... It seems it's being educated. But it's an interminable work.

For instance, its habit of building possibilities, or foreseeing (we can hardly call it "building" or "foreseeing"... it's a sort of very dark thing deep down) possibilities and imagining events, with the whole pessimistic and dramatic side shown in all its ridiculousness. So then, I don't know, it's obviously to learn to control and direct that, but... At first sight, it just has to be swept away, it's absolutely useless: you waste your time with it and make a bad job. You fill the atmosphere with a quantity of thoroughly disgusting formations with pulp-fiction imaginations.

There is an attempt at control, but all that is still very, very dark.

(long silence)

Lots of people from the United States are coming here at the moment, and they bring news of an appalling crisis over there, a crisis of discouraged pessimism.... The whole youth seems to be in a woeful state of depression and discouragement.

They've discovered all that was hollow, false, unreal in the old way of seeing life, and they haven't found anything to replace it with.... A few rare individuals (we get their letters, or they come here) say that they came across Sri Aurobindo's teaching and found it to be the salvation. But they are very few. And the majority of people don't understand – they don't have the intelligence needed to understand.

So everywhere they're sinking back; there has been an effort to emerge from that exclusive search for personal satisfaction, and it has led to extravagances; but now the very absurdity of those

extravagances has become apparent, so they're sinking back very deep, and they haven't found – they haven't found the true path. Because it's not a mental path.

Everywhere there is still the cult of the mind, that's the terrible thing.

In Europe it's terrible! They would have the intelligence needed to understand, but they're shut inside their mental fortress.¹¹²

Yes.

There's an attempt to bring Sri Aurobindo in, but they don't want him. They know better, they know everything!

(long silence)

The difficulty, too, is that there have been so many false prophets and charlatans of Hinduism and of "Asia's Truth" that the true thing can't get in. It's full of charlatans. The atmosphere is as if rotten....

(Mother nods her head)

It's teeming with swamis, with this and that.... So what can the Truth do in all that?

(Mother goes into contemplation)

Interminable work, that's all. That's the impression this body has. It's at peace. Interminable work.

And it doesn't have... (how should I put it?) a clear vision of the path or the process, so... It only understands one thing: never forget, never at any time, not even for a second, what it calls "the Divine" and wants to reach. That's all.

And then, from time to time, there are flashes, like flashes from the Grace, absolutely wonderful... But they last for one second.

(silence)

Not very encouraging.

There's only one thing: like a building up of force... a force that MIGHT be a Power. I do feel it's slowly, slowly building up.... So then, maybe that's what is vibrating... and maybe there's an impatience to act? I don't know.

But it's not precise yet.

And a very clear awareness of all the obstacles, of all that's against, of the general attitude. With the very clear perception that... one must remain veiled. Exactly. This is the time when one must remain

¹¹²Things have changed a great deal since then.

veiled. That's all.

But saying it makes it far more precise than it really is.



November 16, 1968

It's the physical being educated.

When the vital and the mind are there, they use the physical as an instrument for their will and whims – usually it has no independent life. So then, in the space of a few days, a few weeks, it has been educated all over again. It remembered all the experiences it had and sorted them out again, so to speak, and it has reached a sort of homogeneity wholly centered around the divine Presence.

It has had several experiences of this Presence.... Spontaneously, for the body, it's a "conscious Light"; a conscious Light it sees everywhere, feels everywhere, whose presence it constantly feels. But once or twice it saw a figure. That surprised it a lot and it wasn't too reassured (!), it wondered if it wasn't an imposture or... But a great Presence (*gesture like a human figure*). The details of shape weren't there, but... It was like a concretization meant for the physical, of this conscious Light which was there, you see, and was as if concretized (*gesture of gathering*) into a shape which was luminous, too, which could be seen, and with such power! Above all, it was like the Power of the Lord – it was awesome. And the body's impression was that That could do anything. There was nothing That couldn't do. I can't say arms or hands or legs could be seen; it wasn't that, it was a shape, but as if with a head and shoulders: a shape, you understand. And to begin with, as I said, the first time the body saw it, it was slightly alarmed: "What's this? Is it an imposture?..." Then, as always, the "Thing" came over it and said, "Quiet, quiet, quiet...." Not words: like waves. So it kept very still, and it felt an awesome Power. It came when the body was very still and had stopped worrying, and That seemed to be telling it, "This is how I act on people." And it was a sort of concretization or materialization of this conscious Light. You couldn't see any eyes or a nose or a mouth or anything of the sort: it was an immense figure ("immense," anyway the part that was like a head was touching the ceiling).

I saw it twice, and both times it was when I was calling the Lord so He might act; for some reason I was calling the Lord onto someone or for something, and the body was like this (*gesture of aspiration or call*). And once I saw it behind someone. It was like... (*Mother clenches her two fists*) like condensed Power.

Two cases (but one was especially clear) in which things didn't seem to be as they should have been; there seemed to be a disorder to set right, and as always, I was making contact – simply making contact.¹¹³ And that was when I felt it became that Power. I didn't say anything – didn't say a word, didn't make a gesture, didn't say anything – and the circumstance changed. It wasn't here: it was something physically happening elsewhere. And it was changed in that way.... There was another case in which it was someone's will and thought that needed to be changed – but that I don't know, I haven't any news yet, I don't know.

¹¹³Between the Force above and the person or circumstance.

The development seems to be moving towards that: an action on people and on the earth, quite physical.

Several times, when the body was... simply disgusted at its pettiness, its incapacity, its ignorance, its stupidity... (*laughing*) the response was very fine: "Be quiet! It's not you who do things." So the body wondered (*laughing*), "But then, what use am I?!" It said... I don't know, I got the impression of the place where two currents are joined (you know, when you connect one current with another?), the impression that the body was like that, that was its use!... It had the sensation of being like one of these tools... (*Mother points to the electric socket*).

A socket.

*(Mother laughs
silence)*

That is to say, becoming conscious of its very existence instantly hampers the work. It ought... not to be aware that it exists.

In fact, that's what makes it ill, that's when it's conscious of itself.

(silence)

Just today, I saw a German lady who worked for a while in N.'s dispensary. Naturally, she noticed he lacked everything he needed from a modern viewpoint; and for a reason I don't know, she has to go back to Germany, but she wants to come back with the full equipment. And she asked to see me before leaving. I'd never seen her before. She came, I told her a few words about what she should do, then she didn't want to leave anymore! She was sitting. So I simply did as I usually do, that is, the body... (I don't know how to explain) seems to disappear, then the Lord (*gesture of Descent*) ...And then a thing which has happened, I don't know, maybe hundreds of times: poff! she got up and... (*laughing*) did a "pranam" and left. Hundreds of times it's happened! And you know... it's a Supergoodness (I don't know how to explain it to you), something so marvelously loving and good and... but it's awesomely powerful! I think what terrifies them is the power. It happens all the time. The body goes like this (*gesture of standing back or disappearing*), and the Presence is there. And I simply look. But nine times out of ten, they take flight!

Some are used to it and are on the contrary very happy, but they aren't many.



November 20, 1968

(Mother looks weary. Her face is swollen by a tooth abscess.)

Do you have anything?

Yes, news from the Vatican.

Oh!... tell me, it's interesting.

P.L. has sent photos of the man supposed to be doing magic. You know that he is an intimate friend of the Pope's, his private collaborator, and at the same time archbishop at the State Secretariat of the Holy See. Here's his photo.

Oh, he wears such a big hat!

(Mother looks for a long time)

And what does V. say?¹¹⁴

He isn't here at the moment.

Are archbishops dressed like this? What nationality is he?

He is from [such and such a country].

(Mother remains silent)

Brother A.¹¹⁵ has become close to the Consul and his wife... and with people he speaks ill of the Ashram. I don't know why. These people, their whole mentality is based on "the end justifies the means." That's what comes out of the photo.

(silence)

And we've heard that a whole Catholic school with chaplains is coming on a visit to the Ashram... From where? I don't know. From France, I believe.

But give these people all you can and they give you all the poison they can.

Yes.

And the best among them are like that.

They don't simply come to see and learn: they come to discover all that they can criticize – and in the appearance, there's no dearth of things to criticize!

(Mother goes into a long meditation)

I think it will take a lot more time before all this changes.

114V. is the disciple who had a vision of a prelate repeating mantras.

115A Catholic monk who has been lodging at the Ashram for about a year.



November 23, 1968

I've had an interesting experience.... Not yesterday evening but the evening before, someone I won't name told me, "I am fully in the physical consciousness: no more meditations, and the Divine has become something up above, so far away...." Then, instantly, while he was speaking, the whole room FILLED with the divine Presence. "Oh," I told him, "Not up above: HERE, right here." And at that moment, EVERYTHING, the whole atmosphere... you know, the very air seemed to change into divine Presence (*Mother touches her hands, her face, her body*): you understand, everything was touched, touched, permeated, but with... above all, there was a dazzling Light, a Peace like *this (massive gesture)*, a Power, and also such Sweetness... something... you felt it would be enough to melt a rock.

And it hasn't left. It has remained.

It came like that, and has remained.

And the whole night was like that – everything. Even now the two things are there: a little of the ordinary consciousness, as if mechanically, but I just have to remain still or concentrated for a second and it's there. And it's the BODY'S experience, you understand, physical, material, the body's experience: everything, absolutely everything is full, full, there's NOTHING but That, and we are like... everything is like something shriveled, you know, like dried-up bark, something dried up. You get the impression that things (not completely – superficially) have become hard, dry, and that's why they don't feel. That's why they don't feel Him, otherwise everything, but everything is NOTHING but That; you can't breathe without breathing Him, you understand; you move about, and it's within Him that you move about; you are... everything, the whole universe is within Him – but MATERIALLY, physically, physically.

It's the cure of the "drying up" that I am now seeking.

I feel it's fantastic, you understand.

And then, when I listen, It also says things; I told Him, "But then, why do people always climb up above?" And with the most extraordinary, fantastic humor: "Because they want me to be very far from their consciousness!" Things like that, but not formulated so precisely: impressions. Several times – several times I heard: "Why do they go so far away to seek what's..." (you know, the theories that have said, "It's within you")... "to seek what's everywhere?"

I didn't say it to that person, first of all because the experience wasn't a continuous thing as it now is.

And above all, there was: NO NEW RELIGIONS! No dogmas, no fixed teaching. Avoid – at any cost avoid turning it into a new religion. Because the moment it was formulated in an... elegant way that imposed itself and had a force, IT WOULD BE OVER.

You get the impression that He is everywhere, but everywhere, and there's nothing else. And we aren't aware of it because we are... shriveled up (I don't know how to put it), dried. up. We've made (*laughing*) tremendous efforts to separate ourselves – and we've succeeded! We've succeeded, but only in our consciousness, not in the fact. In the fact, It's there. It's there. There's NOTHING but That.

What we know, what we see, what we touch is as if bathing, floating within That; but it's permeable; it's permeable, absolutely: That goes through it. The sense of separateness comes from here (*Mother touches her forehead*).

Perhaps the experience came because, for several days, there had been a very great concentration to find, not exactly the why or the how, but the FACT, the fact of separateness, the fact that everything appears so stupid, so ugly.... I was assailed, assailed by kinds of living memories of all sorts of experiences (all sorts: from things read to paintings, films, and life, people, things), memories of this body, all the memories we might call "antidivine," in which the body had a sensation of repulsive or bad things, like negations of the divine Presence. It began like that. For two days I was like that, to such a point that the body was almost desperate. Then the experience came, and it hasn't moved. It hasn't moved. It came: vrrff! finished, hasn't moved. You see, experiences come and then draw back – but this hasn't moved. It's there right now. So the body is trying to be fluid (*Mother makes a gesture of spreading*), it's trying to melt; it's trying, it understands what it is. It's trying – not succeeding, obviously! (*Mother looks at her hands*) But its consciousness knows.

But that experience is having effects: some people have felt relieved all of a sudden, one or two absolutely cured. And when something goes wrong in the body, it doesn't need to ask: the trouble is set right quite naturally.

That hasn't even given the body a need to stop doing anything and to remain wholly concentrated in its experience, no: no desire, nothing. Like this: floating... floating in a luminous immensity... which is within! (*Mother laughs*) The immensity isn't only outside: it's within. It's within. This (*Mother touches her hands, this separate appearance*), you really feel it's... I don't know how to put it, but it only has reality in the deformation of the consciousness – but not the human consciousness: something that happened, something that took place in the Consciousness... (*Mother shakes her head*) I don't understand.

(silence)

All the theories, all the explanations, all the stories that are at the root of every religion, it all seems to me... like a distraction. So then, you wonder, you wonder... (I am going to say something...) whether the Lord hasn't been putting on an act for Himself!...

But it's difficult to express. I've spent days when I really lived all the horrors of the creation (and in the consciousness of their horror), then that brought about this experience, and... the whole horror vanished.

It wasn't moral things at all: it was mostly physical sufferings. Especially THE physical suffering. And that physical suffering, I saw it: a physical suffering that lasts – unceasing, going on night and day. And all at once, instead of being in that state of consciousness, you are in the state of consciousness of this exclusive divine Presence – the pain is gone! And it was physical, quite physical, with a physical reason.¹¹⁶ You understand, doctors might say: "It's for this reason, that reason..." – quite a material thing, absolutely physical: poff! gone.... Your consciousness changes – it comes back.

And if you stay long enough in the true consciousness, the appearance, that is, what we call the physical "fact" itself, disappears, not just the pain.... I have the feeling of having touched... (there's no mind to understand, thank God!), of having touched the central experience.

But it's a very small beginning.

One would have the impression or certitude of having touched the supreme Secret only if the

¹¹⁶Mother's face was swollen by a tooth abscess.

physical were transformed.... According to the experience (the experience in tiny details), that's how it should be. But then, would there first be ONE body in which this Consciousness was expressed, or must everything, but everything be transformed?... That I don't know.

It would happen if the play – the play of separateness – came to an end. That would be the solution of the transformation. A phenomenon of consciousness.

But it's so concrete, you see!

(silence)

Only, the other consciousness is still there.... Just now, this morning, I saw a considerable number of people: everyone of them came, and I looked (there was no "I looked": for the PERSON there, it was like that, I was looking at him), the eyes were fixed [on the person] like that, and then there was the perception and vision (but not "vision" as it's understood: it's all a phenomenon of consciousness), the awareness of the Presence; the Presence permeating that sort of bark, of hardened thing, permeating, permeating everywhere. And when I look, when the eyes are fixed, it makes a sort of concentration [of this Presence].... But it's certainly quite a transitory and intermediate state, because the other consciousness (the consciousness that sees things and *deals with them* as usual, with the perception of what goes on in the individual, what he thinks – not so much what he thinks as what he feels, the way he is), that's there. It's obviously necessary, too, to maintain contact, but... It's clearly still an experience, not an established fact. What I mean by "established fact" is the consciousness established in such a way that nothing else exists, it alone is present – it's not yet like that.

(long silence)

And what about you? What do you have to tell me?

I have felt a change in the atmosphere.

Ah!

Oh, yes. Five or six days ago, I had a sense of something oppressive...

(Mother laughs)

Oppressive. And last night, oddly enough, at one point I saw you lying flat on the ground. Then I drew near you and asked you, "Wouldn't you like a cushion under your head?" You told me, "No, nothing." And you were lying flat on the ground....

Well, well!

What does it mean?

*(Mother remains silent
for a long time and
does not answer)*

But this notion of the "descending" Supermind, of a "permeating" Consciousness, is OUR translation.... The experience came as the experience of an eternal fact: not at all something just now taking place. That it's all the result of states of consciousness is certain (whether there is something beyond, I do not know, but at any rate I have the positive experience of that). It's movements of consciousness. Why, how?... I don't know. But looking at it from the other side, the fact that something belonging to this terrestrial region as it is has become conscious, is what gives the impression that something has "taken place".... I don't know if I can make myself understood.... I mean that this body is just the same as all the rest of the earth, but for some reason or other, it happens to have become conscious in the other way; well, that normally should be expressed in the earth consciousness as a "coming," a "descent," a "beginning".... But is it a beginning? What has "come"?... You understand, there's NOTHING but the Lord (I call it "the Lord" for the convenience of language, because otherwise...), there's nothing but the Lord, not anything else – nothing else exists. Everything takes place within Him, consciously. And we are... like grains of sand in this Infinity; only, we are the Lord with the capacity of being conscious of the Lord's consciousness. That's exactly it.

(silence)

Before that experience, when I was in the consciousness of all the sufferings and horrors of physical life, at one point something came (it didn't "say" – we are forced to use words, but all this takes place without mentalization), an impression... to translate I would say, "Aren't you afraid of going insane?..." Do you understand? (It's a translation.) So then, the body spontaneously replied, "We are ALL insane, we can't get more insane than we are!" And things instantly calmed down.

(long silence)

It's here that this consciousness is (*Mother touches Satprem's chest*). This (*gesture pointing to the mind and above*) is just light, light... (*immense gesture*). But in this body, this consciousness is here (*same gesture to the chest*). I mean the consciousness... that we are within the Lord.

I know, the consciousness that's here knows that this way of speaking is quite childish, but it prefers this childish way to one that would try to be precise and would be mental.

(Mother looks at the clock)

Oh, it's late.... I've talked a lot, bah-bah!



November 27, 1968

(Mother has a severe cold. In fact, she has been in the same painful curve since July.)

What you said last time could perhaps be used for the February Bulletin? It seems very important....

I don't remember at all.

You touched the "central experience" of the transformation.

Oh, that's right.

It's going on.... The body has the impression that it's beginning to understand. For it, naturally, there are no thoughts at all – none at all; but it's states of consciousness. States of consciousness complementing one another, replacing one another.... To such a point that the body wonders how one can know with thought; for it, the only way of knowing, the only way of experiencing, is consciousness. It's growing increasingly clear from a general point of view. And it's applying it; it's applying it to itself, that is to say, a work is going on to make all the parts of the body conscious not only of the forces they receive, the forces going through the body, but of the action of its inner working.

That's growing increasingly precise.

It's mostly this: for the body, everything is a phenomenon of consciousness, and when it wants to do something, it almost no longer understands the meaning of "knowing how to do it"; it must be CONSCIOUS of the manner of doing it. And not only for itself, but for all the people around it. That's becoming such an obvious fact.... So to learn from someone else, to learn, for instance, the manner of doing a thing – for the body it's only by doing it and at the same time applying the consciousness that it can learn. And what one explains, what someone else may explain, seems... it seems hollow – lifeless, hollow.

It's becoming more and more like that.

(silence)

You didn't answer my question about that vision of you lying flat on the ground....

(Mother laughs) I think it's the symbol of perfect surrender. I was lying on my back, wasn't I?

On your back, on the ground.

On my back, yes. It must be the pictorial expression of the body's attitude.¹¹⁷

It's the attitude of perfect receptivity in complete surrender.

Because that's true.

I truly don't know if there are "parts" or organs that still have what we might call their "spirit of independence," but truly the body has made its surrender, that is, it has no will of its own; it has no desire, no will of its own, and it's all the time as if "listening" – all the time – to perceive the Indication.

It's beginning to know the exact spot or function that isn't... I can't say "transformed," because that's quite a high-sounding word, but not in harmony with the others, and causing a disorder. That's becoming a perception of every moment. When something apparently abnormal takes place, there is the

¹¹⁷Soon after Satprem left at the end of the conversation, Mother sent him a line containing the sentence that follows.

understanding, the awareness of why it occurs and what it must be leading to: how an apparent disorder can lead to a greater perfection. That's it. It's a tiny little beginning. But it has begun. The body is beginning to be a little conscious. And not only for itself alone, but for all others too, it has begun: seeing, perceiving how the Consciousness (with a capital C) acts in others. And in fact, at times (words lag WAY BEHIND the experience), there no longer is the perception of division: there is the perception of diversity (that's becoming very interesting)... the diversity (if it weren't for what we might call the "latching on" of separateness), the diversity that, in the true consciousness, would be perfectly harmonious and would make a whole that would be perfection itself (*Mother makes a round gesture*).

It's the latching on – what happened?... What happened?...

It remains to be seen if, for some reason or other, it was necessary or if it was an accident – but how could it be an accident!... For the moment (there's no thought, so it's a little vague), for the moment there is an impression... I might put it simply like this: the impression of a TREMENDOUS acquisition of consciousness, which has been gained by paying the very high price of all the suffering and all the disorder.... Yesterday or today (I forget when, I think yesterday), at one point the problem was so acute (*Mother touches her cheek and throat*), and then the divine Consciousness seemed to be saying, "In all this suffering, it's I who suffer" (the Consciousness, you understand), "it's I who suffer, but in a way different from yours." I don't know how to express it.... There was a sort of impression that the divine Consciousness was perceiving what to us was a suffering, that it existed – it existed for the divine Consciousness. But not in the same way as it exists for our own consciousness. So then, there was an attempt to make understood the consciousness of the whole at the same time, the simultaneous consciousness of everything... to express myself I might just say, the consciousness of suffering (the most acute disorder) and of Harmony (the most perfect Ananda) – both together, perceived together. Naturally that changes the nature of suffering.

But all that is very conscious of being some kind of chatter. It's not the translation of what is.

There is also the perception that little by little, following all these experiences, every aggregate (what, for us, is a body) is getting used to having the power to bear the true Consciousness.... It requires a play of adaptation.

But you know, Sri Aurobindo too wrote in Thoughts and Glimpses, I think, that suffering was a preparation for Ananda.¹¹⁸

Yes. I must say there are many things from Sri Aurobindo that I am beginning to understand in a very different way.

I told you it was here (*Mother points to her nose, mouth and throat*) that there was the most complete resistance. As an experience it's very interesting, but it's still in full work....

(silence)

The impression of being on the verge of touching something, and then... it escapes. Something is missing.

(silence)

118"...Pain that travails towards the touch of an unimaginable ecstasy." See also *Thoughts and Aphorisms*: 93 – "Pain is the touch of our Mother teaching us how to bear and grow in rapture. She has three stages of her schooling, endurance first, next equality of soul, last ecstasy."

Still a long, long, long way to go.



November 30, 1968

For February 21 next, couldn't we broadcast at the Playground the recording of that very important conversation, you know, on the "central experience"?¹¹⁹

No.

* * *

Impossible to speak.... The body constantly feels it's learning – learning to live. And learning to be what it must be. Constantly, night and day.

And that's all.

It has everything to learn.

And very acutely, the sensation that speech distorts, the word distorts.... The body doesn't like speaking.

(long silence)

For example, these last few days, it was wondering about one thing; are there bodies that are proud?... There are lots of bodies that are proud when the vital and the mind are in them. But without that... it's not possible! Not possible.

(meditation)

But it constantly has the sensation not only of the Presence but of the divine Action, like this (*gesture like a flow passing through Mother and onto people*), and it doesn't even think, "It's through me," not even that. It feels (to translate) that it could be through anything. Some very precise actions take place, and the body is conscious, but never conscious that it's doing the action, or that the action is taking place through it. The sense of "it" doesn't exist... except, now and then, for the impression of something somewhat inert; it still has the sensation of its inertia – it's not the full Consciousness. But it doesn't even bother about that, it's not its business.

There's a keen and constant observation of EVERYTHING, each and every thing going on – inexpressible.... By the time you've said it, a whole lot of other things have taken place.

There you are.

¹¹⁹Conversation of November 23. Through the "Notes on the Way" or otherwise Satprem always wanted to make Mother's experience known to the Ashram, but did not at the time understand the reasons for her reluctance.



December

December 4, 1968

(Mother still has a cold)

What's new? Nothing?

Yes: V.¹²⁰ saw the photo of the Vatican man, and he confirmed, he said, "This is the man."

This is the man... *(Mother looks at the photo)*

Oddly, he's an intelligent man. But these people are hypocrites; they think in one way and act according to another principle.

He isn't obtuse, he's a man who can understand.

As for me, he strikes me as a cruel man.

Cruel...

V. also said, "He can kill."

He can kill... maybe.

It's the other side of his nature. There are many people who could kill if they had the courage to.

In their feelings, they do kill.

(silence)

The body's *tapasya* is something quite interesting, really interesting. The body... You know, its modesty is total; it has a keen sense of all its limitations, all its incapacities, all its ignorance, all... and at the same time – at the same time – the ABSOLUTE sense of the divine Presence, absolute; and a divine Presence that can break everything to pieces if it wants to. It's quite interesting... A Presence with such power! A power... which is incalculable, with no possible comparison with earthly things.

The body has a very, very strong impression (a sort of awareness) that its sufferings stem from its incapacity. There's a sort of perception that it has a HABIT of turning into suffering something it can't bear.

(silence)

I saw Z just before. She was in full revolt, because long ago I had told her something she didn't understand regarding films [shown at the Ashram] (it's not exactly that, but anyway), and she slipped into a hole. So she was here (I was holding her hand), and this body felt it was all the same kind of

¹²⁰The disciple who had for the first time seen that mitered prelate repeating mantras.

matter – this sort of commonality and identity – and it was at once amused and very sweet. And then, there was here, like that, such an awesome Power, *mon petit*; the body was conscious That could crush a being to a pulp. And It remained like that (*gesture of a quiet witness*), not acting. The Power, which has the capacity to manifest with the vital power (It dominates the vital and has the capacity to use it), and which can dissolve things in perfect stillness. It's extraordinary.

But the body isn't mistaken, it knows what it is. It knows what it is. And it knows one thing, that it's only when (and because) it can be absolutely peaceful – peaceful like something completely transparent and still – that this Power can act. The body knows. It knows the only thing asked of it is that total, transparent stillness.

(silence)

To come back to this man from the Vatican, he belongs to the type of people who have principles of action and can kill their dearest friend (or have him killed) like that, out of conviction. That's clear.

It's the type of the "Grand inquisitors."

Yes.

If we want peace and quiet, it's best not to attract their attention!

But he's watching P.L.: in V's vision, he was watching your symbol around P.L.'s neck.

Is P.L. wearing it?

I don't know. V. saw P.L. with your symbol around his neck, and this man was looking at your symbol.

But I don't think P.L. wears it?

I think he does, but hidden, of course, not on the outside!

Hidden doesn't matter.

Yes, but anyhow this man is watching, he's keeping his eye on it.

P.L. would do well to be on his guard.

I told him.

They're going to be on the same committee!¹²¹ That's very interesting! (*Mother laughs*) Very interesting.

But... (how can I put it?) I've left this whole affair [of the Church reforms] in the hands of the Grace. And I expect interesting things to occur, because there, we don't know... What people don't know is the miraculous power of the Grace, even over the worst disbeliever, even over the worst enemy.

¹²¹For the reforms of the Church.

(silence)

The body is very simple, it has a child's simplicity. This morning it was assailed with visions – not "visions," I don't know what to call them... they weren't exactly recollections, but things coming and all of them expressing hatred, violence (all that side, you know), and the body saw, it saw and felt, and said so spontaneously (it continues to be in this constant communion with the divine Presence), it said to the Lord, "Why do You carry all that in Yourself?" With a child's candor and simplicity: "Why do You carry all that in Yourself?" And just when it said that, there was a sort of vision, a vision extended over the whole earth of all the horrors constantly committed on it: "Why do You carry...?" So then, the Answer is always, always the same (it's like this, it's here like this [*gesture around the head*]): "In my Consciousness, things are different." Or, "In my Consciousness, things have a different appearance." And there was this insistence: "Work to have the true consciousness. The TRUE consciousness that contains everything.

And this morning, the body understood: the problem was very clearly understood. (None of this is thought out, I don't know how to explain... it's not positively sensations, but... it's perceptions... I don't know [*Mother feels the air with her fingers*].) But the body clearly understood why division is, for a while, for the growth of the being, necessary. Because if there were from the start the perception it now has of everything within the Lord, absolutely everything, for instance all the things that even not so long ago (though in a different way) were still giving it a sort of horror – certain kinds of cruelty, certain things were really giving the body a sense of horror... Now it's no longer like that, but it still can't be happy with such things; it can be indifferent (*gesture of a Witness*), – but it can't be happy. And it has understood why that horror was necessary; why there was a time when the manifested world, the world of manifestation, needed to appear outside and separate from the Lord.... (*After a silence*) One must... one must have that immutable Peace, one must be as vast as the universe to be able to bear the idea that EVERYTHING is the supreme Lord.

And the body has understood that it's only now it has the experience because it's only now it is sufficiently conscious and surrendered (surrendered in the true sense; I might almost say "identified," but that's too high-sounding a word, it doesn't want to use it, it knows it's not like that and identification will be something else), but quite simply that it's now capable and ready to bear the idea that everything is the Lord, that there is NOTHING but the Lord. Previously, for quite a long time, it still needed to feel that all these movements (*gesture forward*) lead to the Lord, while all those movements (*gesture backward*) lead away from the Lord. For a long time, the choice was necessary. And now, now it's doing its tapasya to be able to bear this idea – but without admitting or accepting movements of degradation and cruelty.... That is, with the nascent impression that things are not what they seem to be; that we only see the appearance and they are not what they seem to be.

But the brain cannot understand. The Mind can speculate on anything, but this is something else, the mind isn't there. The brain, its capacity... (*Mother remains gazing*).

No later than this morning, the whole morning, there was... (what should I call it?) it has the nature of wonderment, but not the joy of wonderment, and it doesn't have the stupidity of bewilderment, it's... something... a state, yes. The body notes the way life is (or at least the way life is for our outer, active consciousness), the way life is, the way it APPEARS to be... and it's very hard for it not to say, "Why, why, why? WHY?.." And then, when it sits looking like that, it becomes sad, sad, so very sad; then it feels that's not the thing. And what's that sadness?... It must be... it must be the door that leads to something else... which it doesn't yet understand.

Why, why is this world like this, why? Why all these horrors, why?... That's how the body was this morning. And it has the impression – just as it has that very strong, very strong sensation of being within the Lord – it has the impression of what that leads to, of what is to come. And then, with

TOTAL trust, total.... But it doesn't yet know.

It's all the time – constantly, unceasingly – all the time brought face to face with this experience that when you are like this (*Mother tips two fingers on one side*), that is, turned to the Divine, things work out miraculously – miraculously... it's unbelievable; and being like that (*Mother tips two fingers on the other side*) is enough for everything to be disgusting, to go wrong, to grate: a TINY LITTLE movement either of trusting opening, or of the ordinary consciousness (not at all a consciousness of revolt or negation, not at all: merely the ordinary consciousness, the consciousness of life as people have it – the ordinary consciousness), and it's enough... things become appalling; and then, like this (*gesture in the other direction*): miraculously marvelous. For microscopic, unimportant things, you understand, that is to say, for EVERYTHING – no question of "important" or "unimportant" things, nothing of that sort – for everything it becomes simply miraculous, yet it's the same thing! In one case you are in pain, you suffer, you are miserable, you even fall ill, and in the other case... And it's the same thing.

But it has reached the point where now the body is quite astounded that one can live the ordinary life with the ordinary consciousness and be contented! It finds that appalling, you know, appalling. And that way of living in chaos, ugliness, wickedness, selfishness, violence, oh... and cruelty and all possible horrors, and of finding it all perfectly natural.... That's when the body says to itself, "It must be... it must have been necessary as a stage in the development, and it's an effect of the Grace, so there's nothing to say, there's only to admire."

But it's absolutely certain – absolutely certain – that if the world, if the creation were as it appears to be to this bodily consciousness as it now is, there would be only one thing to do – to blot it out!... That's obviously the explanation of, and justification for, all nihilistic religions and philosophies. It takes a thoroughly unconscious insensitiveness to be able to live happily and contentedly in this horror that is the world. And all this... IS the Lord, and not only IS the Lord but is WITHIN the Lord; that is to say, it's not as we imagine it – things that were driven away, rejected – not at all, not at all: all this is there WITHIN the Lord.... So there.

You see, the body has this experience of being completely disorganized, of having a cold, a pain here, a pain there... and when it's in a certain attitude (we may call it an attitude, I don't know), at any rate in a certain state of consciousness: vanished! All that no longer exists, there's not a trace – there's no cold anymore, no pain anymore, nothing anymore, it's all gone! Though it's ready to come back.... And not only gone (which would be a psychological phenomenon), but the CIRCUMSTANCES of people and things around CHANGE! They become different: in one case, everything is like that – stubborn, twisted – and in the other...

(long silence)

So as a matter of fact, the body's advantage over the mind is that it understands very well (for it, it's natural) that all that way of seeing and speaking is only a way of seeing and speaking; you may have the opposite way and it may be just as true, and yet another way would be quite true, and finally all that one says and thinks is only... ways of seeing. The mind has difficulty with that, but the body knows it very well, very well. But...

(long silence)

Inexpressible.

(silence)

How are your nights?

Not good.

The same?

Yes, not up to much.

Unchanged?... Very well.

The body knows a state in which it doesn't sleep in the ordinary way (what's called "sleep"), and instead there is a state (which we might call a state of harmony, but not active, very still) in which time no longer exists, that is to say, the body may spend two hours, three hours like that, thinking it was five minutes. Now that's how nights are. It's becoming more and more frequent. And I have an impression that's what would change your sleep (I've been thinking about it often, almost every day), like this: going into that state, which isn't at all the ordinary sleep in which you have dreams and activities and the subconscious is so active – no, nothing of the sort.

All that is something beginning. We must have patience.

I've been wondering.... All these last few weeks I have been waking up in the morning with aching eyes. I've been wondering where it came from?

Do you work a lot in the evening?

I work normally. But the strange thing is that as the day goes by, it gets better. Then, in the night, my eyes start aching. What's going on?... I've been wondering if there wasn't something subtle bothering me?¹²²

(Mother remains looking)



December 11, 1968

(Mother reads out the message she intends to give for the new year, 1969:)

No words – acts.

¹²²These strange night difficulties were going to last for a long time and may have been linked to the intrigues around P.L. This *Agenda* will mention them again in 1969.

* * *

(To Sujata:) What do you want for your birthday?

I want to offer myself more integrally.

Offering is you – giving is me!

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem reading an old Playground Talk of July 22, 1953.)

These are things I would certainly no longer write now!... But anyway, they are true on their level (*gesture at ground level*).

(silence)

The experience is continuing and becoming increasingly conscious and almost practical. When someone comes, I seem to see... almost to measure the quantity of veils preventing him from seeing and feeling the supreme Consciousness. It has become very interesting: someone is in front of me, I look at him or her, concentrating and concentrating and concentrating until the contact with the supreme Consciousness is established, and I can measure the reaction: with some, when they are here, it's very difficult to make contact; with others (and it's very unexpected, it has nothing to do with what one may think – it's extraordinary, extraordinary!), with some others, instantly it goes hup! like this (*gesture of piercing a veil*) and contact is made – sometimes with quite unexpected people; with others who do the sadhana, who are quite consecrated, who... it takes such labor! It's really interesting. Really interesting. But then, some people, once contact has been made, won't budge anymore! (I doubt they are aware of what it is, but they won't budge anymore.) Others, on the contrary, start going like this (*tremulous gesture*), they wouldn't mind leaving! (*Mother laughs*) It's hugely interesting!

I remember the time when I used to speak of a "bath of the Lord" which I gave [people] – that business seems to me quite outdated, it's not that! It's... The Lord is there, everywhere and always! (I say "the Lord" so as to avoid making lengthy sentences, but sometimes I say "the supreme Consciousness" to be less – what shall I say? – less childish, because all that is childish, everything we say.) But the experience is becoming more and more wonderful.

How far away I was when I spoke like that [the 1953 talk]! How far away I was.... It was a mental transcription. Well, it doesn't matter; it amuses people. They understand that; what I may do now, they don't understand. And then...

There still remains the habit of saying "I," but I think that's because otherwise, expressing oneself would become very difficult. But I don't think like that, I don't know what that "I" is; what speaks is... it's the consciousness which is specially concerned with the work of this body. You see, this body is used for a work, and there is a Consciousness delegated to be specially concerned with that – that's it a bit more precisely, but we can't always be making sentences!

But how interesting it is!... At times, oh, it becomes so beautiful! And at other times it's so difficult! It takes such a labor, and sometimes (*laughing*) with people who have the finest reputation!... It's really interesting. I am myself surprised.

(silence)

As soon as one speaks, the consciousness goes down. But that's not necessarily to make itself understood, it's because the consciousness is too subtle for the words at our disposal.

(long meditation)

I don't know if I'll ever be able to say things in an expressive way... for the time being, words are terrible veils.

The body is something very, very simple and very childlike, and it has that experience so imperatively, you understand, it doesn't need to "seek": it just has to stop its activity for a minute and... it's there. So then, it wonders why people haven't been aware of that since the beginning? It wonders, "Why, why have they sought all kinds of things – religions, gods... all kinds of things – when it's so simple!" So simple, for the body it's so simple, so self-evident.

All those constructions – religions, philosophies... all those constructions – are a need of the mind to... "play the game." It wants to play the game well. While the body is so simple, so simple, so obvious! So obvious, so simple: "Why," it wonders, "Why, why have they been seeking all kinds of complications... when it's so simple?" The very fact of saying, "The Divine is deep within you"... (it remembers its own experience, you understand) is so complicated, while it's so simple!

It can't explain, can't express, there are no words, but it has a sort of conscious perception of... (*Mother makes a slight twisting gesture with the tips of her fingers*) what distorts and veils. And that's what has become reality for all human consciousnesses.

It's hard to express.

For the body it's becoming such an obvious fact.... It wonders how one can think otherwise, feel otherwise? It's so obvious.

(silence)

You can't imagine the impression I got while listening [to the 1953 Talk]! I felt as if I were going back many lives in time!...

It's helpful.

Helpful...

But people need methods to "make contact," that's the whole thing!

So many useless things in those methods!

Well, yes! Because they instantly get shut inside those methods.

Yes.

Oh, above all it's this "I," this huge *I* in everyone, which comes – comes to falsify everything. But the body is beginning to wonder how, how one can... how? It's not a thought, it's a sort of sensation, I don't know, of perception (language is BELOW its consciousness; it says "I" out of habit; maybe out of need to make itself understood, but mostly out of habit), and the "I"...? It's so conscious that there's ONE *I* (*gesture with one finger pointing above*).

*(Mother smiles,
shakes her head
and remains silent)*

Very well. We must wait – patience, patience – until everything is ready.



December 14, 1968

*(Mother reads three different versions of a message she wants to give for the opening of the School.
Then she selects the first one.)*

They came in succession. It's the experience I had at that moment:

"When one lives in the Truth, one is above all contradictions."

The other two came afterwards:

"Living in the Truth means being above all contradictions."

Then:

"He who lives in the Truth is above all contradictions and all oppositions."

It's completely silent here (*gesture to the forehead*); I just turn (*gesture upward*) and wait, and I think what comes first is the purest, that is, the least mixed with activities; afterwards, it's as if here in the atmosphere it got mixed with mental vibrations.

* * *

I have received a line from P.L.

Oh!

He was about to leave for Spain to do an "opinion poll" about the Church reforms, and he just wrote me: "I have had a terrible experience, which, with Sweet Mother, ended happily. On my

*return from Spain I will tell you what happened."*¹²³

* * *

(Then Mother listens to Satprem reading another Playground Talk of 1953.)

What year is it?

1953.

Oh, how I chattered! *(Mother laughs)* Anyway...

But in fact it wasn't chatter: you were raining Force on those children. That was it.

It's intended for children.

*Yes, but there was all that Force you were pouring on them.... That's what they're now lacking.*¹²⁴

(Mother remains silent)



December 18, 1968

(Regarding the English translation of the conversation of November 23, 1968, which Satprem got Mother to allow for publication in "Notes on the Way.")

People are going to be dazed!

But Mother, if they read with the least understanding, they'll understand it's a central experience.

It IS a central experience.

It's quite curious.... The body hasn't left that Consciousness – the two are there at the same time, and if the other [ordinary] consciousness stops for just two minutes, it's there.

¹²³See further the conversation of December 25.

¹²⁴Mother poured that Force during eight years of Playground Talks....

There are people who follow.

Are there?...

To tell the truth, it's all the same to me!



December 21, 1968

There have been a lot, a whole lot of things these last few days.... But that's enough! (*Mother has just listened to a conversation to be published in the next Bulletin*).

Do you have something to say?... what?

Someone (not me) has asked a question. It seems it's "typical" of the questions people ask after reading your "Notes".... Would you like to know?

It must again be something...

I'll read it to you: "While describing her experiences of last August and September, the Mother refers to the 'exclusion of the mind and vital.' Why do they have to be eliminated for a rapid and effective transformation of the body? Doesn't the supramental consciousness act on them too?"

Certainly it acts! It's ALREADY been acting, for a long time. It's because the body is used (was used) to obeying the vital and especially the mind, so it's to change its habit, to make it obey the higher Consciousness alone. That's why. It's to make things go faster. In people, That acts through the mind and vital – and as I said, it's safer that way. As an experience it's rather risky, but it makes things move considerably faster, because normally you must act on the body through those two, whereas in that way, with them absent, That acts directly. That's all.

As questions go, this one is innocent.

The process isn't to be recommended! Every time I have an opportunity, I say so: people mustn't imagine they should try to do that (they couldn't, but that doesn't matter), it's not recommended. One should take the time needed. But that was because of the number of years... to make things go faster.

(silence)

The strange thing is that there are kinds of demonstrations of the body's natural tendency (I suppose it's not the same thing for all bodies: it depends on the way it was built, that is, father, mother, antecedents, and so on), a demonstration of the body left to itself. This one, for instance, has a sort of imagination (it's something odd), a dramatic imagination: it constantly feels it's living catastrophes; and then, with its faith, which remains there, the catastrophe is turned into a realization; things of that sort, absurd. So for a while it's left to that imagination (that's what happened these last few days), and when it's sufficiently tired of that idiotic activity, it prays, you know, with all its intensity it prays for it

to cease! Instantly, hup! the thing just goes like this (*gesture of reversal*), it turns around at one stroke, and the body is in a contemplation (not a faraway one, very close) of this wonderful Presence which is everywhere.

It goes like this, and like that (*Mother abruptly turns over two fingers*): it takes no time, there's no preparation or anything, it goes hup! hup! like this (*same gesture*), as if to show the body's stupidity. It's something perfectly idiotic, like a factual demonstration of the stupidity of the body left to itself, and then of this wonderful Consciousness which comes and in which all that vanishes like... something that has no consistency, no reality – it vanishes. And like a demonstration that it's not just in imagination but in the FACT: a demonstration of the Power at work for all this... vain dream of life as it is (which, for the consciousness of this body, has become something so frightful), for it to be turned into a marvel, like that, simply through the turning around of the consciousness.

The experience is repeated in every detail, every field, like a demonstration through fact. And it's not a "long process" of transformation: it's like something turning around all at once (*Mother turns over two fingers*), and instead of seeing ugliness, falsehood, horror, suffering and all that, the body suddenly lives in bliss. And all things have remained the same, nothing has changed, except the consciousness.

So there remains the question (this is something ahead, it's probably coming): how is the experience to express itself materially?... For the body itself, it's perfectly obvious: for, say, an hour, or two, or three, it suffered a lot, very miserable (not a moral suffering: a wholly physical suffering), then all of a sudden, brrff! all gone.... The body has apparently remained the same (*Mother looks at her hands*), in its appearance, but instead of an inner disorder that makes it suffer, everything is fine, and there's a great peace, a great tranquillity – everything is fine. But that's for ONE body – how does that act on others?... It's beginning to perceive the possibility in other consciousnesses. On the moral level (that is to say, the level of attitudes, character, reactions), it's very visible; even sometimes on the physical level: something suddenly disappears – as we had the experience when Sri Aurobindo would remove a pain (*Mother shows a hand of the subtle physical coming and taking away the pain*), we would wonder... "Ah!" Gone, vanished, like that. But it's not constant, not general, it's only to show it can be like that through the fact that it happens in one case or another – to show that things CAN be like that.

We might put it this way: the body has the sense of being shut inside something – shut in, yes – shut as if inside a box, but it can see through; it sees and can also have an action (though limited) THROUGH something that's still there and which must disappear. That "something" gives a sense of imprisonment. How is it to disappear?... That I don't know yet.

There must be found the relationship between the consciousness in ONE body and the consciousness of the whole. And the extent of the dependence, and the extent of the independence; that is, how far the body can be transformed in its consciousness (and, necessarily as a result, in its appearance), how it can be transformed without... without the transformation of the whole – how far? And to what extent is the transformation of the whole necessary to the transformation of the body? That remains to be discovered.

(silence)

If I had to tell everything, it would take hours....

But this "box" you're referring to is a universal box.

Yes!

I've often had an impression that all those so-called human or "natural" laws are only an immense morbid imagination that has been collectively fixed – that's the box.

Yes, that's it! That's right.

So then, how...?

Yes, to what extent can an individual light act on that?... There's the problem.... I don't know.

(silence)

The vision is very clear of the collective progress (our field of experience is the earth) which has taken place on earth; but if we go by the past, a tremendous length of time would still seem to be necessary for the whole to be ready to change.... Yet there is almost a promise that... there is going to be an abrupt change – what, in our consciousness, is expressed as a "descent," an action "taking place": something that wasn't acting until now and which is beginning to act (that's how it's expressed in our consciousness).

We'll see.

As for the body itself, there is a growing experience, that is, increasingly precise, AT THE SAME TIME of its fragility (extreme fragility: a tiny little movement may put an end to its present existence), and at the same time – both at once, simultaneously – the sense of an eternity! the sense of having eternal existence. Both at the same time.

It's really a transitional period!

(silence)

Once or twice, when its... what we might call its "anguish of knowing" was very intense, when it had the full sense of the Presence – the sense of the Presence everywhere, within, everywhere (*Mother touches her face and hands*) – it wondered how (*not* even why, no such curiosity), HOW COME the present disorder? Well, when that was very intense, very intense, once or twice it got the impression: once that is found, it means immortality.

So it's constantly pushing, pushing like that to catch hold of the secret; you feel you're about to find it, and then... Then there's a sort of lull in the aspiration: peace, peace, peace.... You know, once or twice, the impression: "Ah! It's going to be understood" ("understood," that is, LIVED; it's not "understood" with the thought – lived), and then... (*gesture of eluding*). And a Peace coming down.

But the impression: "It will be for tomorrow." But "tomorrow"... what tomorrow? – Not tomorrow on our scale.

We'll see.

But the experiences are innumerable, with all aspects. It would take hours to tell – even then, you always feel that speaking, yes, warps something. It's no longer as simple, no longer as beautiful, no longer as clear. It becomes complicated.

The body has absolutely wonderful moments – and HOURS of anguish. And all of a sudden, a wonderful moment. But that moment can't be expressed.... If we are to judge the degree of development from the proportion of time, well... the wonderful moment lasts for a few minutes, and there are hours of anguish. There are even hours of suffering. So if, from that, you judge the proportion, there's still a very, very long, extremely long way to go....

But what can we do? We can only keep going, that's all.



December 25, 1968

I met X.¹²⁵

Oh!

Yes, by chance. I didn't intend to see him, then I forgot he was here and walked by his street. And he was on his doorstep. I didn't turn back, I went and saw him.

What did he tell you?

Kind... But I had the feeling that what had been there in the past was no longer there.... I always had the impression of a blue light around him (that was my impression in the past), but I didn't have that sensation of power or force....

Maybe it was something you had put there? I did wonder.... Because the impression I had of him THROUGH YOU was far better than he is, far superior to what he is. So I wondered if that power didn't come AT THAT TIME because it was necessary to pull you out of your difficulties.

And I carried out two or three "tests" with him. For example, he boasted he could get me all the money I needed; so I told him, "I need; make it come." (He spoke of "lakhs and lakhs, crores of rupees."¹²⁶) I said, "Very well, I need this much, make it come." – It never came.... You understand, I felt he had boasted of having powers. He had been living there (still is) in the midst of quite a primitive population that was wonderstruck by the least expression of power; he was used to being regarded as quite a "powerful and superior being," and as soon as he came into contact with us and with people accustomed to Sri Aurobindo's visions and to being in another world than this purely vital world, he found himself quite at sea.... He stayed away for three years, I think, or two years. He's coming for his birthday (I'll see him on the 29th), but the last times I gave him meditation, it was... well, there are lots and lots of people like that in India. He has a power that only acts in a very ordinary vital. And nothing really superior.

And as regards the quality of vision, there was quite a curious story. K.'s mother had come here with a married daughter who had just lost her son (a young man who died suddenly). They came here, she was quite unhappy, and when she came to see me, I saw her son in her own atmosphere. I told her, "Your son is with you. If you have the true attitude, you can come into contact with him and feel his

¹²⁵A Tantric whom Satprem followed in the past.

¹²⁶One lakh = one hundred thousand; one crore = ten million.

presence there." She left from here, went to see X, and as they always do, asked him what he knew about her son. X told her authoritatively, "Your son has gone into a shepherd...." So naturally, she's lost all confidence in me, because I don't tell her things with a dogmatic authority, while he spoke like that, with assurance; so she felt sure he was right!... There may be a small part of her son that went into a shepherd (!), I have no idea; as for me, what I saw was the psychic part. But she's lost all confidence, she's never come to see me again. So that's troublesome. It proves he's quite shut inside himself and inside his own conception.

Never mind.....

Didn't he ask you if you were continuing your pujas?

No, nothing. He understood it was over.

(silence)

And then... You know that from every side I've been trying to get Sri Aurobindo published [in France], in particular The Human Cycle. At last I got a letter from a certain J. B., who writes: "For a long time now, a publisher (F.) has been asking me to create a collection in his publishing house. I thought of a few books, mostly foreign ones, grouped around a title such as 'Towards the spiritual mutation' and focused on the present researches, individual and clumsy, often dangerous, but sincere and undertaken in a spirit quite different from that of the former generation, the spirit of a certain youth I am in contact with. The idea is to show these 'young people' that their attempts and aspirations are legitimate, even if they have discovered them through drugs, since in many cases drugs alone have been able to unmoor them from the Cartesian rationalist bedrock, to put before them experiences that, at least, are positive, and to offer them directions and models. In other words, the aspect of amateurism and exoticism found in Z [another publisher] would be replaced here by a practical and technical side, wide open to all spiritual researches, whatever they may be, to all duly controlled 'metapsychical' experiments, serious psychedelic experiments (I have T. Leary in mind, for instance), new theologies... Naturally, there would be room, a major place, for the Oriental endeavor. In sum, it would involve all researches and attempts to crack open that sort of corset within which the Western mind has been going in circles for such a long time. That does not in the least rule out, on the contrary, certain scientific works – of pure science – in which, out of intrinsic necessity, this Cartesianism has already been singularly shaken. Of course, all that would make for quite an ill-assorted backdrop for Sri Aurobindo's thought, a backdrop you will regard as unworthy of it.... The planned Collection might be called 'Spiritual Adventures'...."

We can try.

In the middle of all that?

It doesn't matter. We can try.

Because it can touch people, you understand, that's what is important. We can try.

* * *

Finally there's a letter from P.L. "...My stay in Spain was prolonged more than I had thought...."

Tell Sweet Mother that I am continuing my struggle and my effort, that she follows me everywhere and her protection is my support. I will tell you about my experience. I went to spend a weekend by the sea, where I have a very pretty tiny apartment.... There I meditate and go through all the teachings of Mother again by immersing myself in The Life Divine and the Questions and Answers. I lighted an incense stick. Suddenly my whole body broke into a profuse sweat, and an atrocious struggle began. If I could use religious terms from before my Ashramite experiences, I would say that all of St. Anthony's temptations fell on me to destroy and shatter me spiritually. First, a disarray, a very deep distress of helplessness: What use is my life? What am I doing? Why do I live? My efforts are useless.... Then there was the attraction of woman, which came to ridicule my continence.... Everything was called into question: whys and more whys made my head burst. After that came the invasion of power: Why did you renounce the hope of becoming a bishop? Glory would have come to you.... Then the desire for money.... Everything in a macabre and at the same time attractive carrousel. Finally, total solitude... abandoned by all, all having gone away: my friends, my connections in the Vatican, my family, all of you. How much time went by? I do not know. Nevertheless I think I heard a very small voice... (but I was so weak that I cannot say if it was true) telling me, 'Do not weep, I am with you. If I am with you, others are superfluous, and if you are without me, others won't be able to help you....' I remained in a void... the whole night passed. In the morning, the sunshine, everything was so beautiful! When I returned to the Rome house, I was told I was transformed! So there."

I did say that to him ["I am with you"].

Occultly, those people are very skilled.

For at least two days in a row, I felt he was in a great difficulty.

I thought it was the "others" causing him difficulties....

I didn't say it with those words ["I am with you"] because I never say "I am," but the consciousness was like this: "The Lord is with you." Only, I can't say it with words, because for them, as soon as you speak about "God," their whole religion comes back. It was the FACT of consciousness that I put on him. But you can tell him that it's exactly what I wanted to say to him. It took that expression in him because, in him, I represent... the other side of life.

It's good, it's exactly what I wanted to make him feel.



December 28, 1968

(After listening to the music composed by Sunil for the New Year.)

Did you like it?

It's very beautiful, very powerful.

Isn't it! And it creates an atmosphere.

Usually I play some music for him, and he composes from it, but this time I didn't play, so he took some old pieces of mine; with that he makes contact and composes.

An American musician has come here, and I sent him to Sunil (he's a pianist). He said he'd heard some of Sunil's music there, in America, and at first people are a bit bewildered, but that when they've heard it several times, they become quite enthusiastic.

As for me, I find it creates an atmosphere: it BRINGS DOWN an atmosphere.

And the human voice is quite lovely, well mingled.

* * *

(Then Mother listens to the conversation of December 21: the "universal box.")

It's going on, day after day after day.

And the same thing never happens twice: either it's another spot in the body having the experience (another activity, another movement in the body), or it's an unresolved detail, or else... There's a whole field – a huge field – of studies and observations, precisely about the relationship with other bodies and the extent to which this body does work for other bodies. It's very interesting – oh, very interesting! Because all that is taking place without the intermediary of thought. So the body has a sensation or an experience, or it perceives a disorder, or... and it acts on that; then, after a while, it notices it's not about itself, it's another [body]. That's how it acts.

All that still seems to be in a limited field, but I am not sure it's not far more general. All the time (almost all the time), there seems to be an intervention of the psychic, as if the psychic made the body remember (I don't know how to put it), made the body remember its universality, and as if it weren't only for itself that the body is expressing movements of consciousness – the movements of the higher Consciousness that it expresses: the effect is general.

We'll know that. We'll know all that... later, in...

But the body has a strange sensation, really strange, of being as vast as the earth, even vaster (it can't be expressed, because that's not the true way of saying it), but there's something like this: a sort of inner identity expressing itself in the plane... (*Mother searches for words*)... In the higher Consciousness, it has an effect. I don't know how to put it.

And in that consciousness, the strange thing is the importance of one minute, which to our consciousness is nothing – there it has an importance.... In one minute, something... general can be done. Naturally, all words are stupid, but that's how it is. One minute.

In one minute... To such a point that the body perceives that one minute like this (*Mother slightly rotates two fingers*) is a victory; and one minute like that (*Mother rotates her two fingers the other way*) is a catastrophe. And not only for itself (for itself, it's on a small scale and concentrated, it's not the same thing), but it's general.

It's an observation that began today (for hours, you know), and quite acutely. But it's new – new in its ASPECT; it's the continuation of all that preceded, but in the aspect it has taken on, it's completely new. In other words, the body consciousness may be becoming aware of it in a new way.

All that is an approximation. After some time, maybe it will be more precise.

It's the quality of time that's changing.

There's a sort of intensity of consciousness that alters the value of time (I don't know how to put it).
It's a beginning.

We'll see.

All that isn't expressed well, but how should it be expressed? I don't know. Later, perhaps.
So I'll see you next year, on the very first day of the year.

On Wednesday?

Yes, it's the first day of the year! (*Mother laughs with mischievous delight*)

