

Mother's Agenda  
Vol. 6

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**January 6, 1965**

*(About the music composed by Sunil for January 1, 1965:)*

*It's odd, all that music of the past, European music, which I knew very well and admired, it seems to me almost void of substance, while here, there is a contact right up above: you plunge into it instantly.*

Yes, that's right. When I heard his music for the first time, something suddenly opened up and I was right in the middle of the place I know, from which true Harmony comes – suddenly.

\* \* \*

*(A little later, regarding the serious operation Satprem has just undergone:)*

... Don't let people eat you up.

*And I would like to be what you want me to be.*

Yes, mon petit. I want you to be peaceful, happy, luminous, and ... (*Mother draws great waves in the air*) living in the eternal Becoming – the sense of eternity, always. That's what I want. Because ... the opening up above is there, you have it – it is there and there is a descent; it's the bustle outside that is tiring.

Take some rest, and by that I mean letting oneself flow into the eternal Movement without tensing up, without thinking, "I've got this to do, that to do, and this and that...."

Don't let people pester you. I have told Sujata....

**January 9, 1965**

... You must get better, mon petit.

All I can say is that there is a fierceness in the resistance to the descent of the Truth. This descent is totally concrete and evident, of course, and everything averse to it is resisting with terrible fierceness – it can't last. But we must bear up, that's the difficulty.

For me, there is a struggle every minute with all that is most negative in life, in the terrestrial consciousness, with what REFUSES to admit the possibility of divinity. In other words, the materialistic concept in its most stubbornly dark aspect.

However ... in the consciousness up above, even in the mental consciousness, there are no consequences (I mean that the fierceness of the struggle doesn't change anything, the phenomenon is simply witnessed), but it's this poor body that receives the blows.

The main thing is for it to last.

And for that, we must do just what we are obliged to do to keep our balance: total inertia wouldn't help, but an effort of action is bad. So don't worry too much, and above all don't see people.

**January 12, 1965**

*(Regarding an old "Playground Talk" of March 8, 1951, in which Mother spoke of the being that possessed and "guided" Hitler: "Hitler was in contact with a being whom he considered to be the Supreme: that being would come and give him advice and tell him all that he had to do. Hitler would withdraw into solitude and wait long enough to come into contact with his 'guide' and receive inspirations from him which he would afterwards carry out very faithfully. That being whom Hitler took for the Supreme was quite simply an Asura, the one called in occultism 'the Lord of Falsehood,' and he proclaimed himself to be 'the Lord of Nations.' He had a resplendent appearance and could pull the wool over anyone's eyes, except one who truly had occult knowledge and could thus see what was there, behind the appearance. He could have deluded anyone, he was so splendid. He*

*generally appeared to Hitler wearing a breast-plate and a silver helmet (with a sort of flame coming out of his head), and there was around him an atmosphere of dazzling light, so dazzling that Hitler could hardly look at him. He would tell him all that he had to do – he would play with him as with a monkey or a mouse. He had set his mind on making Hitler do all possible kinds of folly ... until the day when he would come a cropper, which is what happened. But there are many cases like that one, on a smaller scale, naturally. Hitler was a very good medium, he had great mediumistic capacities, but he lacked intelligence and discernment. That being could tell him anything and he would swallow it all. That's what prodded him on little by little. And that being would do that as a pastime, he didn't take life seriously. For those beings, people are very small things with which they play as a cat plays with a mouse, until the day when they eat them up.")*

I knew that being very well (for other reasons ... the story would be too long to tell), and once, I knew he was going to visit Hitler – I went before he did: I took his appearance, it was very easy. Then I said to Hitler, "Go and attack Russia." I don't exactly remember the words or the details, but the fact was that I told him, "Go ... In order to have the supreme victory, go and attack Russia." That was the end of Hitler. He believed it and did it – two days later, we got the news of the attack.<sup>1</sup> And then, the next day, that is, when I came back from Hitler, I met that being and told him, "I've done your job!" Naturally enough, he was furious!

But all the same, in that consciousness, there is with that being (the Lord of Falsehood, one of the first four Emanations), there is despite everything a very deep relationship, of course. He said to me, "I know, I know I will be defeated eventually, but before my end comes I will wreak as much destruction on earth as I can."

Then, as I told you, the next day, the news of the attack came, and that was really the end of Hitler.

As for Sri Aurobindo ... (you know that there is a place in Russia where they were defeated<sup>2</sup>), Sri Aurobindo had foreseen the defeat and had worked the night before, and that's how it happened – we knew ALL THE DETAILS.

We never told this, of course, but it was perfectly precise.

But I knew that being, I had already seen him in Japan – he called himself "the Lord of Nations." And he really was a form of the Asura of Falsehood, that is, of Truth which became Falsehood: the first Emanation of Truth, who became Falsehood.

And he hasn't been destroyed yet.

\* \* \*

*Then Mother prepares the aphorism for the next Bulletin:*

108 – When he watched the actions of Janaka,<sup>3</sup> even Narada the divine sage<sup>4</sup> thought him a luxurious worldling and libertine. Unless thou canst see the soul, how shalt thou say that a man is free or bound?

This raises all sorts of questions. For instance, how is it that Narada was unable to see the soul?

To me, it's very simple. Narada was a demigod, as we know, and he belonged to the overmental world and was able to materialize – those beings don't have a psychic being. The gods don't have in themselves the divine spark which is the heart of the psychic being, since only ON THE EARTH (I am not even referring to the material universe), only on the earth was there the Descent of divine Love that was the origin of the divine Presence in the heart of Matter. And naturally, as they don't have a psychic being, they don't know, they have no knowledge of the psychic being. Some of those beings even decided to take on a physical body in order to experience the psychic being – not many.

They generally did it only partially, through an "emanation," not through a complete descent. It is said, for instance, that Vivekananda was an incarnation (a *vibhuti*) of Shiva's; but Shiva himself ... I have had a very close relationship with him and he clearly expressed the will to come down on earth only with the supramental world. When the earth is ready for supramental life, he will come. And almost all those beings will manifest – they are waiting for that moment, they do not want the present struggle and darkness.

And, certainly, Narada was among those who used to come here.... After all, it was fun! He would play a lot with circumstances. But he didn't have the knowledge of the psychic being and that must have prevented him from recognizing the psychic being when he found himself in its presence.

But all those things cannot be explained: they are personal experiences. This knowledge isn't objective enough to be taught. It comes from my relationship with all those beings, from exchanges with them – I knew them even before I knew the Hindu tradition. But you can't say anything about a phenomenon that depends on a personal experience and has value only for the one who had the experience. Because everyone has the right to say, "Well, yes, YOU think that way, YOUR experience is that way, but it has value only for you." And it's perfectly true.

What Sri Aurobindo says was based on his erudition of India's tradition, and he says what was in agreement with his own experience, but he based himself on an erudition and knowledge that I don't have.

I can only repeat what he said.

*All that can be asked is how do you see the soul? To see the soul, you must yourself know your own soul.*

Yes, to be in contact with the soul, that is to say, with the psychic being, you must carry in yourself a psychic being, and only men – the men of evolution, those issued from the terrestrial creation – possess a psychic being.

All those gods are without a psychic being, it's only by coming down, by uniting with the psychic being of a man that they can have one, but they themselves don't have one.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, about Satprem's illness. It may be noted that since his operation – for a complicated peritonitis – Satprem has been a victim of violent bouts of fever with fainting spells, as if the heart were giving way. Yet he walks about and goes on with his work. This Agenda will again be interrupted for more than a month, Satprem having to be taken to the Vellore hospital, 120 miles from Pondicherry.)*

... You must emerge from this (*Mother touches her forehead*) completely, but emerge, you know, into Freedom (*gesture of a bursting above*), because I have some things I'd like to tell you, beautiful things, but I can tell them only when you feel that ... you are on top of the situation.

It will come.

Not that I am unaware that your condition isn't very pleasant,<sup>5</sup> I am under no illusion, but it's in order to progress by leaps and bounds.

There you are.

The main thing is to bear up. And in order to bear up, I have found only one way: that calm – the inner calm – a calm that must grow all the more ... (how can I put it?) complete the more material the struggle is.

There has been lately (especially since January 1st) a sort of bombardment by the adverse forces – a rage, you know. So we have to keep like this (*Mother becomes still like a statue*), that's all. And when one has been shaken physically, one shouldn't ask too much of the body, one should give it a lot of peace and quiet, a lot of rest.

*My difficulty is that I'm very absorbed by this body. It absorbs me, it absorbs a lot of my consciousness. The physical mind, for instance, invades me completely.*

Yes, I know very well! But that's always the difficulty, it's everyone's difficulty. That's why in the past you were told, "Get away from it all! Let it puddle about peacefully – get away from it all." But we don't have the right to do that, it's contrary to our work. And ... you know, I had reached an almost absolute freedom with regard to my body, to such a point that I was able not to feel anything at all; but now I am not even allowed to exteriorize, can you imagine!

Even when I am in some pain or when things are rather difficult, or even when I have some quiet (at night, that is) and I say to myself, "Oh, to go into my beatitudes ... ," I am not allowed to. I am tied like this (*Mother touches her body*). It's HERE, here, right here that we must realize.

That's why.

It's only now and then, for a precise action (sometimes it comes like a flash, sometimes just for a few minutes), that the great Power of the past (which I used to feel constantly) comes, brrm! does its work, then goes away. But NEVER FOR THIS BODY. Never. It doesn't do anything for this body – it isn't a higher intervention that will change it, it's ... from within.

And because, first, of what you know, because of what you have seen, because of your contact with Sri Aurobindo, because of your contact with me, the same thing is happening to you, and that's what makes the difficulty. That's why I am telling you, "It doesn't matter, don't worry if you are preoccupied with your body: simply try to take ADVANTAGE of this – advantage of this preoccupation – to bring the Peace, the Peace into your body...." I am constantly enveloping you, as it were, in a cocoon of peace. And then if in this mind, too, which vibrates and vibrates, fidgets all the time (really like a monkey), if you can bring into it ... it's a Peace that doesn't come through the higher mind: it's a Peace that acts DIRECTLY in this material vibration – a Peace in which everything relaxes.

Don't think – don't think you have to transform this physical mind or oblige it to fall silent or abolish it: all that is still activity. Simply let it run, but ... bring the Peace, feel the Peace, live the Peace, know the Peace – the Peace, the Peace, the Peace.

That brings fever down instantly – almost instantly.

It's the only way.

And naturally, people who come, letters, all the things that come from outside bring along that same bustle – that should be kept to a minimum.

Sujata is very peaceful, contact with her is good.

**January 16, 1965**

*(From Mother to Satprem)*

Saturday evening

Satprem, mon cher petit,

Today at noon, I spoke to the doctor about you, and he explained your case to

me and told me what has to be done.

He has convinced me, and I think it is the swiftest way of being radically cured. Thus you will take that week<sup>6</sup> as an exercise in "inner contact."

Naturally, I will be with you in light and love.

*Signed: Mother*

**January 24, 1965**

*(From Mother to Satprem)*

*(All of Satprem's letters from Vellore, like the others, unfortunately disappeared. Satprem had written to Mother asking for a mantra, especially since he had given up the Tantric discipline.)*

January 24, '65

Satprem,  
Here is Ganesh who dances so you may be cured SOON.  
Tenderness

*Signed: Mother*

P.S. I heard your request, and I have sent you a mantra that begins with OM. I would like you to hear it within. Try. With my love.

*Signed: Mother*

**January 31, 1965**

*(From Mother to Sujata)*

Sujata, my dear child,  
I am with you always and with Satprem too. You must both be calm and trusting, all will be well.  
With all my tenderness

*Signed: Mother*

Learn, Satprem and you, to feel CONCRETELY my presence in your hearts. This is a wonderful opportunity to make this progress.

*February*

**February 4, 1965**

*(From Mother to Satprem in hospital)*

February 4, '65

Satprem, mon cher petit,

Your mind is still too critical, too anxious for traditional or classical accuracy. That is why you haven't received the mantra.

But do not worry, I will give it to you orally when you are back. In the meantime, rest peacefully in the Eternal. With you, in love and deep joy.

*Signed:* Mother



February 19, 1965

*(Regarding the mantra Satprem asked for when he was in hospital but did not receive.)*

The mantra ... Did you get my note?... Several times while walking for my japa, I sent you the mantra insistently.

The truth is that I intend to give you a beautiful present. Only, for it to be truly a beautiful present, it is necessary that the mind shouldn't interfere in any way; otherwise I won't be able to pass the Power on to you along with the words.

It's a Power that has been growing from year to year.

Up to now, I have kept it exclusively for myself, but when you asked me, I looked to see if there was something that suited you, and I so to say received the intimation to give you mine. But for that, you know ... it must be received in perfect silence in order for that growth in force, in power, not to be stopped.

You must know the words because we had the opportunity to talk about them; but they're not what matters. I told you ... (*Mother turns to Sujata:*) Sujata, you will hear, but you will keep it in your silent heart, won't you? Nothing must come out.<sup>7</sup>

*(To Satprem:)* Bring your chair nearer, stay very near, be quite at peace.... I explained the mantra to you several times, and finally, one day, I wrote the explanation, because it was coming back again and again, and so I thought it was to make me note it down (*Mother looks for a paper*). I wrote this:

The first word represents ...

I put "represents" because the word is always a symbolic form of something infinitely greater than it. It's one of the things one should feel: it is like a means of contact. A means of contact that you make more and more effective, first through the sincerity of the concentration, of the aspiration, then through habit, through use, while taking care when you use the mantra always to remain in contact with That which is beyond it. And it makes a kind of concentration, as if the word were being charged with force, increasingly charged like a battery, but a battery that can take an indefinite charge. So I wrote (it seemed more exact to me), "The first word 'represents' ..." It represents:

the supreme invocation ...

In other words, the Highest you can attain in your aspiration and in your invocation – the purest, the highest. "The purest," I mean, to be exclusively under the influence of the Supreme. So I wrote:

the supreme invocation

the invocation to the Supreme.

With the first word, you invoke the Supreme in all that you can attain and all that you will attain, indefinitely. The word has to be progressive.

The second word represents:  
total self-giving ...

You invoke, then give yourself totally ...  
perfect surrender.

Perfect surrender in all the states of being. That comes progressively, it comes through years of repetition, but that's what the word must represent when it is said: total self-giving to ... this Supreme, who naturally is beyond all conception. Perfect surrender, that is, spontaneous surrender, which requires neither effort nor anything – a surrender that must be perfectly spontaneous. This, too, is something that is attained little by little; that's why I said that the mantra is progressive, in the sense that it grows more and more perfect.

The third word represents:  
the aspiration ...

It's not exactly what one asks for, it is ... The only word, really, is aspiration. It's infinitely more than hope: there is the certainty that things will be that way, but one never forgets that THAT is what one wants. And I add:

what the manifestation ...

It's really the physical, terrestrial manifestation; that's what we are concerned with for the moment, but it's the beginning of something else. So, for the moment:  
what the manifestation  
must become ...

This terrestrial manifestation must become:

Divine.

"Divine," one puts into the word the reflection of all that one has put into the word "Supreme."

But as I told you in the beginning, the slightest mental activity lessens the power; there must be a thrust of the whole being, with as little thought as possible.

I can give you this (*Mother gives her note to Satprem*). You can keep it.  
You know the three words....

The first word represents: the supreme invocation the invocation to the Supreme.

The second word represents: total self-giving; perfect surrender.

The third word represents: the aspiration, what the manifestation

must become – Divine.

*(long concentration)*

OM.....

\* \* \*

*(A little later, the conversation turns to the events of February 11, when during Satprem's absence the Ashram was attacked by rioters and several buildings were looted and set on fire.)*

Do you have anything to ask or to say?

*Many things have happened in the last month or two....*

On the evening of the attack, on the 11th, a little after seven in the evening, I had for the first time, in a concrete, total way, the physical – physical – earth consciousness. It was a STATE of consciousness that was given to me, the state of consciousness of the earth. The physical, bodily consciousness no longer existed: it was the PHYSICAL earth consciousness. And that physical earth consciousness was concentrated, its attention was concentrated on this little point of Pondicherry. Tiny little point of Pondicherry. And then, it was all seen as if from ... not exactly from very high up, but as if it were a tiny little thing (*microscopic gesture*), yet with an accuracy for details, for the smallest element. And that physical earth consciousness was the consciousness of the PHYSICAL TRUTH of the earth – the physical Truth-Consciousness of the earth; to be precise, the quality of the vibration of Truth in the physical earth consciousness.

And the vision, the perception (it was like a perception, you know) wasn't exactly from very far because it had the accuracy of a microscope, but all was ... an object of observation. At that moment, all the fires were starting, then hundreds of brickbats (not stones: brickbats) were bombarding all the windows and doors (all our windows, all the doors have been smashed in), which means infernal din: a pack of several hundred people, all drunk, bellowing, and shouts all over the place. So that bombardment of stones and those flames leaping up to the sky – the whole sky was red – it was all seen ... I was simply seated at my table; when the attack started, I was having my dinner, and a little before it started, that experience came, that consciousness: I wasn't this body anymore, I was the earth – the physical truth-consciousness of the earth, to be exact – with a PEACE, a STILLNESS unknown to the physical.... And it all seemed like an absolute Falsehood, without any element of truth behind it. Yet at the same time, I had a microscopic perception (but absolutely precise and exact) of all the points of falsehood IN THE ASHRAM'S ATMOSPHERE that established the contact.

So if that consciousness that was there had been collective, if it had been possible to receive it collectively, NOTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN TOUCHED: the stones would have been thrown, but wouldn't have hit anyone. That's how it would have been. For instance, a stone (a brickbat) was flung and hit my window; it fell on the roof there (even causing a water leak that had to be plugged), and I saw ... that very minute, I saw in the consciousness of the people present the exact vibration of Falsehood that had allowed the stone to hit there. And AT THE SAME TIME, simultaneously (it can't be said, but it was simultaneous), everywhere, all over the town and especially over the Ashram here, I saw all the points, the exact vibration of Falsehood in everyone or everything that made the contact possible.

The experience began a little after 7, 7:10, and it lasted till 1 in the morning.

At 1 in the morning, I had to do another work, because one of our boys, T. (that boy has the makings of a hero), almost single-handedly saved the clinic, but it cost him a fractured skull. At the time, they thought he was done for. They brought me the news, and when the news came I saw, I felt all of a sudden the other experience recede, and then that I was becoming the universal Mother with all the power of the universal Mother. And then, that T. became quite small, like this (*gesture of something tiny in the hollow of the hand*), and I held him in my hands – but he was all luminous, all luminous – I rocked him in my hands, telling him, "My child, my little child, my dear child ...," like this, and for several hours.

That's what saved him, I think. Because his skull was fractured, it had caved in; it had stopped just short of damaging the brain – the caved-in piece was inside, they had to operate, cut open, and remove it. It had stopped just short of the brain. So he will pull through. And I know that that's what saved him.

But the other experience had lasted from 7 to 1 in the morning, till this work had to be done. And NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT in the head, not a single thought – nothing, complete Silence. It went on like that till the morning.

Afterwards, my ordinary consciousness as you know it came back, but with a perception of movements that had become very clear – perception of movements in the atmosphere, of formations of thought, of vital possibilities.... All that has become very clear.

And with the consciousness absolutely certain, because there have been other details.... Three days earlier, Kali was in a fury because things weren't as they ought to be on the earth, and especially among the people whose mission it is to prepare the new world. She was ... she really was in a fury. She saw all the blunders everywhere, and it made such a powerful vibration in the atmosphere, as though she wanted to begin her Dance; as for me, I kept telling her, "Calm down, calm down...." On the morning of the 11th, she was here and she kept going on about this, that, about the blunders in the government, in the town, in the Ashram, in this and that – she saw everything. I tried to calm her down, but really without success. Finally, when I saw there was no way, I said to the Lord, "Look after her and do what needs to be done, I beg You" – I handed over the responsibility to Him. And then, the same evening the attack started, and I saw it was her dancing.

So I thought, "We really had something to learn!" And I saw, I had that experience and I KNOW now (I know it in a certain, absolute and unforgettable way) which is the vibration of Truth in the Physical, in which state the Physical must be so as to respond to the Truth – so as to BE the Truth. Now I know. So that I, too, have learned my lesson. But everyone has learned something, and I hope it won't be forgotten.

And this morning (this is rather interesting), I received a letter from R. telling me, "That evening I had an extraordinary experience, but now it's beginning to appear like an impossibility, like something unreal...." The exact moment when the experience came over me (of course, when he received the news of the attack, his first reaction was that of human fear, with the hands becoming cold and so on, but he sat down, he braced himself, he called me), and then he felt a Peace come down from above, something he had never felt before, which swept through his whole being, took hold of him entirely and lasted for ... I don't know, I think he said till eleven at night – it lasted a long time. He had experienced a little bit of it from time to time, but it had never been like that: it came down into him, it seized hold of him entirely. And he says, "I could move about: it was THERE, it didn't budge, it was inside me." So I thought, "At last someone who felt! There has been at least one who felt."

But at the time, I saw so clearly in which people the vibration responded to the vibrations of Falsehood: that sort of movement which is like a tremor in Matter. So I know the people. But I must say there is around me someone, one person who had the true physical vibration (I had known it for a long time, but now I've had concrete proof: it's P.), and no one can understand, no one can know it, but I knew it: physically, not a single response, like this (*immutable gesture*). So I told him to look after the defense and organize everything.

No one can know it, the mind cannot understand those things (while I had known it for so many years), because people see only outer things, the outer form, outer movements and reactions, but they don't see the inner possibility. Well, anyway, I immediately told him to look after the defense (besides, he hadn't asked me, he had started looking after it), and I told everybody, "Do what he tells you to do." He organized everything. You know, it's something which is like this (*gesture with closed fists, unshakable*), which PHYSICALLY DOES NOT BUDGE. Mentally, it's nothing, it's easy.

It is like a physical magnet for the true physical vibrations. It doesn't go through the mind or through intelligence or even through the vital: it's physically a sort of magnet that attracts physical Truth.

\* \* \*

*As Satprem is about to leave, regarding his illness:*

You know, the true Vibration would have cured everything. But as things are ...  
Well, the only way to react against all that is just to attract that Peace. Now I have caught hold of it. If you tune in ...  
Give me your hand....

## **February 24, 1965**

*Mother reverts to the events of February 11*

Just a few days before the event, I wrote something (*Mother looks for a note:*)

The human race tolerates and accepts superior beings only on condition that they are at its service.<sup>8</sup>

It was such a strong experience at the time of saying it (in English), and then a day or two later, the attack took place.

\* \* \*

*(Regarding the experience of the Vibration of Truth in the physical world on the evening of February 11:)*

... I could see the whole difference between this Vibration that had no contact with the formation of Falsehood and violence, and then the inner tremor, which naturally made contact automatically and allowed that manifestation of Falsehood to have an action.

It was Kali's force that came. But that's all right, that's what she wanted; she found we were nodding off!

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

Oh, if you want to be amused, I have received a letter from Alexandra David-Neel.... You know that we had been corresponding and that she was the "great protector" of Tibetan lamas (one of them was her "son" and he died there, so she was feeling quite lonely). I told her that we had been put in contact with all those Tibetans<sup>9</sup> and I suggested she might take another one with her (because she had written to me about this). And I added that they would certainly be very glad to serve her in gratitude for the great intellectual progress they would be making with her – she never forgave me! Never forgave me. Because I wrote "intellectual" instead of "spiritual" (I consider she is quite incapable of making anyone progress spiritually, while intellectually, she is first-rate). And since that time, no more letters, nothing. The other day, I got a letter in which she writes (*Mother imitates the supercilious tone of the letter*), "Dear friend of the past, I have heard about the attack on the Ashram" (you should have read the letter, it was marvelous!), "and I hope that nothing untoward has happened to you. But now that the Ashram's invulnerability has been destroyed, attacks may recur, so I presume you will leave Pondicherry...."<sup>10</sup> (*Mother laughs*) I simply answered her, "Dear friend of always (*laughing*), do not worry, all is well. Above the forces of destruction, there is the divine Grace, which protects and mends," and I simply put, "Yours very affectionately." And I enclosed in the letter the message<sup>11</sup> of the 21st.

That woman is eating herself away. Every time I had the opportunity, I spoke to her about Buddha's love; I told her, "But Buddha was full of love!" And that makes her blood boil!

Well.

\* \* \*

*Later*

Have you read my answer in the last *Bulletin*? (*Mother hands the text to Satprem*)

Those who wish to help the Light of Truth to prevail over the forces of darkness and falsehood, can do so by carefully observing the initiating impulses of their movements and actions, and discriminating between those that come from the Truth and those that come from the falsehood, in order to obey the first and to refuse or reject the others.

This power of discrimination is one of the first effects of the Advent of the Truth's Light in the earth's atmosphere....

I was asked the question and I answered (in English).

But there is something interesting here. I have noticed this: if you try EVERY SECOND to discern the impulse of your action, how difficult it is! To discern

whether it comes from the ego, whether it comes from darkness, whether it comes from the Light... And when you want to express as purely as possible what exclusively comes from the Supreme, you have to work at it every second and it is ... there was a time (not so long ago) when I used to consider it was materially practically impossible – not in the main lines or in the great movements that come from the higher parts of the being, but in all that is purely material, absolutely material. And all of a sudden, at the beginning of this year, with this *Salute to the advent of the Truth*<sup>12</sup> there came a sort of very sharp inner sense, very sharp, very precise, and so QUIET, So quiet, which gave the power to clearly see the origin of a material impulse or a material reaction, EVEN IN VERY SMALL THINGS. It was very interesting. So I studied carefully, and it has become almost automatic.

Previously it took an inner discomfort, a feeling of some friction to make me aware that it wasn't the true thing; but now it isn't like that: it is seen BEFOREHAND in the space of half a second.

That's what I have tried to say here. If people could receive THAT, those who have goodwill would quite naturally follow the indication every minute.

And it was like a preparation for what happened that night [of February 11], in which from that terrestrial physical consciousness I could see down below (as clearly as material objects) the vibration that made contact with that formation of Falsehood, and THE Vibration, that sort of state in which nothing made contact, nothing could touch.

Since then, several people have told me their experience, and it's like a proof. For instance, on the night of the 11th, C. went out (he was safe indoors), he wanted to telephone the police and had to go across the yard. (It was literally a shower of brickbats; they had demolished the wall of the volleyball ground and were using the stones: they brought them in rickshaws to bombard us with them.) But C. himself told me that when he went out, everyone shouted to him, "Come back in, come back in! You are mad!" But he went across (stones were raining everywhere): not one hit him. And he felt it was impossible for them to hit him; that my protection was around him and the stones couldn't hit him. And indeed, they didn't hit him – they just fell away.

I've had several instances like that.

It was like a demonstration of the discernment between the vibration that responds to Falsehood, and the vibration in which there is no response, which means that no contact is possible – they are different worlds. It's a world of Truth and the other one is a world of Falsehood. And this world of Truth is PHYSICAL, it is material: it's not up above, it is material. And that's what must come to the fore and take the place of the other.

*The "true physical" Sri Aurobindo spoke of?*

The true physical, yes.

*(Sujata:) That evening, N.S., too, ran barefoot on glass splinters, and nothing happened to him.*



Yes, that's how it is.

And the brickbat that fell on the window here, I know why it hit its mark, I SAW (I saw everything from up above in exact detail), but there was all the same that sort of Peace which was there in that consciousness; that brickbat they kindly threw at my window (because we had left all the lights on here), hit the mosquito netting (which isn't even a wire netting: it's a plastic netting), bounced on it when it should have come through, fell on the roof above and made a crack (we didn't know, we only heard the noise, but the following night there was heavy rain and it came through, so we found out). Well, normally, that stone that had enough force to break the roof's concrete should have come in – it couldn't. And it was unthinkable – unthinkable that anything could happen, absolutely unthinkable, the idea simply didn't occur.

## February 27, 1965

*(Regarding the Playground Talk of March 10, 1951: "In the physical form there is the 'spirit of the form,' and that spirit of the form persists for a time, even when outwardly the person is said to be dead. And as long as the spirit of the form persists, the body isn't destroyed. In ancient Egypt they had that knowledge; they knew that if they prepared the body in a certain way, the spirit of the form wouldn't go away and the body wouldn't be dissolved. In certain cases, they succeeded wonderfully. And if you go and violate the sleep of those beings who for thousands of years have remained like that, I can understand that they aren't too pleased, especially when their sleep is violated out of an unhealthy curiosity legitimized by scientific ideas. At the Guimet Museum in Paris, there are two mummies. Nothing remains in one; but in the other, the spirit of the form has remained very conscious, conscious to such a point that you can have a contact of consciousness with it. It's obvious that when a bunch of idiots come and stare at you with round eyes devoid of any understanding, saying, 'Oh, he is like this, he is like that,' it's not likely to please you. You know, in the first place they do something odious: those mummies are enclosed in a box with a special shape to fit the person, with everything needed to preserve them; so they open the box with more or less violence, they remove some wrapping here and there to see better.... And as ordinary people were never mummified, they were beings who had achieved a considerable inner power, or else members of the royal family, people of some initiation....")*

Those things about mummies, I knew them when I was nine or ten, they are memories from that time. I would find again some objects I had used in the past (that's how I was later able to rediscover the track). I had at least – at least – three incarnations in Egypt (three that have been found).

But my first contact took place when I was quite small, nine or ten, and it was with that mummy at the Guimet Museum: I was speaking about that experience.

\* \* \*

*(Then the conversation turns to a person in the West who would like to make an offering of money to Mother:)*

People's inspirations shouldn't be contradicted, I feel them as very living, and so the Force acts (*gesture far away in space*).

And when they give, it opens them inwardly: it creates in themselves a possibility of receiving.

\* \* \*

*(Later, Mother adds a comment to the "Declaration" she made on the occasion of the events of February 11: "We do not fight against any creed, any religion. We do not fight against any form of government. We do not fight against any caste, any social class. We do not fight against any nation or civilisation. We are fighting division, unconsciousness, ignorance, inertia and falsehood. We are endeavouring to establish upon earth union, knowledge, consciousness, truth; and we fight whatever opposes the advent of this new creation of Light, Peace, Truth and Love."<sup>13</sup> February 16, 1965.)*

That makes our outer position clear. Many people think we are trying to establish a "new religion" or that we are against this or that religion; there are many ideas like that everywhere. But that doesn't interest us at all! Those are all the human activities in every form – they are approximations.

All human hopes are approximations, all human realizations are approximations: it's something that tries, that tries to express what isn't expressible yet – we don't have the means to express it.

And it's precisely in order to create those means that we are endeavoring to enlighten consciousnesses.

The possibility is inside, very deep inside, but it's still asleep.

**March 3, 1965**

Have you brought something?

*There's a beautiful aphorism.*

*(Satprem reads:)*

109 – All things seem hard to man that are above his attained level and they are hard to his unaided effort; but they become at once easy and simple when God in man takes up the contract.

It's perfect. There is nothing to say.

Just two or three days ago I wrote something in reply to a question, and I said something like this: Sri Aurobindo is the Lord, but only a part of the Lord, not the Lord in His totality because the Lord is All – all that is manifested and all that is not manifested. Then I wrote: There is nothing that isn't the Lord, nothing – there *is nothing* that isn't the Lord, but those who are CONSCIOUS of the Lord are very rare. And this unconsciousness of the creation is what constitutes its Falsehood.

It was so obvious suddenly: "This is it! This is it! ..." How did Falsehood come about? – Just like this: it is the creation's unconsciousness that constitutes the Falsehood of the creation. And as soon as the creation becomes conscious again of BEING the Lord, Falsehood will cease.

And that's how it is indeed: everything is difficult, everything is laborious, everything is hard going, everything is painful, because everything is done outside the Lord's consciousness. But when He takes possession of His domain again (or rather when we let Him take possession of His domain again) and things are done in His consciousness, with His consciousness, everything will become not only easy but marvelous, glorious – and inexpressibly joyful.

It came as something obvious. People ask, "What is it that is called Falsehood? Why is the creation made of Falsehood?" – It isn't an illusion in the sense of being nonexistent: it's quite existent, but ... it's not conscious of what it is! Not only unconscious of its origin but unconscious of its essence, of its truth. It isn't conscious of its truth. And that's why it lives in Falsehood.

This aphorism is magnificent. There is nothing to say, of course, it says everything.

**March 6, 1965**

(*Mother looks at a letter not yet opened*) I wrote something to K. and he must have replied ... very indignantly, no doubt!

*What did you tell him?*

(Mother looks for a note) "We have faith in Sri Aurobindo, he represents for us something that we formulate for ourselves with the words we find the most adequate to express our experience. For us those words are obviously the best to formulate our experience. But if in our enthusiasm we were convinced that they are the only ones suitable to express correctly what Sri Aurobindo is and the experience he gave us, we would become dogmatic and would be on the verge of founding a religion."

*Oh, yes, indeed!*

I had written to him (he had read something in *White Roses*) and he had answered me (he was indignant), "How can you say that Sri Aurobindo doesn't express the WHOLE Lord, that Sri Aurobindo is only a part of the Lord!" I didn't answer directly, I told him, "Take care not to become dogmatic...." And he has never understood anything.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

I have found some quotations from Sri Aurobindo ... marvelous! Yesterday, I wrote something to someone else (it was in English). There was first a quotation from Sri Aurobindo: "The Power that governs the world is at least as wise as you ..." (*[Mother laughs]* don't you know this quotation from Sri Aurobindo? It's marvelous), "and you need not be consulted for its organization, God looks to it." Something like that. Then, below, I put my message of February 21: *Above all the complications of the so-called human wisdom stands the luminous simplicity of the Divine's Grace, ready to act if we allow It to do so.* And on the other page I wrote this in English (*Mother looks for a note*):

"In conscious communion with the Supreme Lord, I declare that I do what the Lord wants me to do so as to serve on earth His Truth and His Love."<sup>14</sup>

He had deplored (*laughing*) some accusations of mine against people, especially against the Catholic religion (although he isn't a Catholic at all – he is a

staunch Hindu), he thought it wasn't wise from a legal standpoint and that I risked running into trouble (!) So I told him privately, "You know, the whole world's opinion of me, everyone's opinion is like zero, I couldn't care less." Then he gaped in horror! And I told him, "Here, now you will meditate on this in all humility," and I gave him what you've just read.

But I don't want it to get around. It came strongly on that occasion, like a necessity, I had to say that, but the time hasn't come yet to declare it publicly.

\* \* \*

*(Then Satprem asks Mother if he should "officially" inform his Tantric instructor that he has given up that discipline and now prefers to the Tantric attitude of personal effort that of abandon to the Force above.)*

It's better not to say anything, because he can't understand.

You know, he is still in that state in which leaving one's path is still regarded as leaving spirituality.... Why disturb him?

Maybe some day he will understand within.... But I have looked at the problem a lot and I think he has reached the summit of his present evolution – only in another life will he go farther. It would take a sort of inner catastrophe for it to be otherwise – I don't wish a catastrophe on him. So it's better to leave him alone.

**March 10, 1965**

*(Mother first reads a note relating to the events of February 11:)*

Behind all the destructions – the big destructions of Nature – earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, floods, etc., or the human destructions – wars, revolutions, riots – there is always Kali's power and upon earth Kali works for the hastening of the terrestrial progress.

Whatever is Divine not only in its essence but also in its realisation is above these destructions and cannot be touched by them.

In all cases the extent of the damage gives the measure of the imperfection and must be taken as a lesson for indispensable progress.

*Yes, it's the sequel to what you said the other day: those vibrations*

*that enter only insofar as they meet a response.*

Yes, exactly.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, regarding an old Playground Talk of March 12, 1951, in which Mother said that man's two chief occupations are forgetting and keeping himself amused.)*

Now I would say many things....

For instance, when the Lord draws nearest to men to establish a conscious relationship with them, it is then that, in their folly, men do the most foolish things.

It's true, absolutely true. It is when everything falls silent in order for man to become conscious of his Origin that, in his folly, to keep himself amused, man conceives or carries out the most stupid things.

*To keep himself amused, because he can't bear the strength of the Light.*

Yes.

*The pressure is too strong.*

Yes, some are afraid, they panic. They can't bear it, so they do anything to get out of that state.

\* \* \*

*A little later*

While you were in hospital, I had a sort of ... I can't say it was a "vision" because it was very ... it was lived. It was lived in the subtle physical world, which is symbolic of Reality (the forms are symbolic of Reality, they express Reality, and at the same time they are self-existent). Almost every night I spend some time with Sri Aurobindo in that world, and things are always happening that are indications.<sup>15</sup> But that night, it was quite particular.

Sri Aurobindo and I were in an extremely comfortable car, and we were both resting in an eternity of peace and bliss – quietly, next to each other. The car was driven by ... the eternal Driver. It was supreme Bliss, you know. Until suddenly, outside the car (I don't know how), two papers were thrown on the road, and one of the papers was a letter (it was an envelope that had come by mail, there were

stamps on it), and the other was something written; and with a lightness (the car was still moving), quite a divine lightness, Sri Aurobindo leaps out of the car onto the road to pick up the letters. I said to myself, "Ah, the Bliss is over ... (*laughing*) now we'll have to get back to work!" And I also got out of the car (which disappeared).

Sri Aurobindo picked up those letters (at that moment I knew exactly what they meant, but it's secondary), then he took me by the hand (that is, his right hand took my left hand: I was on his right), and we started walking on the road. And while we were walking on the road, after a time (there were many details and things I am not telling because they are incidental, they had their meaning at the time but they don't matter), while we were walking on the road, he suddenly leaned over towards me and showed me that I was walking on flint. (You know, when the road is made of chips of stones and slightly cambered to make water flow away? On the side some earth has been washed away and sometimes the stones are bared.) And I was walking on those stones – no, he was walking on them and he showed them to me, so I had him walk in the middle of the road and I started walking on the stones so he wouldn't walk on them (but I didn't feel the stones at all). And then I noticed (I looked at him at that moment), I noticed Sri Aurobindo's head ... a *glorified* head, truly a supramental head, a marvel! And his whole body, EVERY PART OF HIS BODY was someone in whom he was manifesting for a particular work or reason, or a particular action in relation to me; and as for me, I wasn't a person, I was only a Force (I noticed that I didn't have a body). And I saw all those who were participating (not their physical appearance, but I knew who they were): for this one, such and such a thing; for that one, such and such a thing; the hand, such and such a thing; the arm, such and such a thing ... and so on. And I saw his feet: they were my feet with "getas" on; they were my feet, my feet with getas on. And it was my feet with getas on that didn't want to let him walk on the stones, on the side of the road, and that was why he left it...

It was wonderfully clear and meaningful! And I saw, I knew exactly someone's place in the Work; and in that Work, in that relationship with me, he was supported, directed by Sri Aurobindo.... The whole thing in detail.

It was a revelation with an absolutely wonderful exactness. And that concern he had... First, the feeling that I WAS his feet (but his white feet with getas on, as mine are) and that he didn't want me to walk on the edge, on the rugged stones of the road, and that's why he left ...

It has left me with an absolutely unforgettable impression because it was a revelation of the play of forces – of what things TRULY are in spite of their appearances, which are deceptive.

*(silence)*

His head was a splendor. And it dominated everything, that was what did the directing – it was the splendor of his supramental conception that directed everything. And everyone had his place.

I had lots and lots of visions while you weren't here; but they weren't visions,

of course: it was intense life, and a life that's TRUE – intense and intensely true.

And then, that sort of thing he was holding with his hand [Mother], which was watching all that, was simply the consciousness, the consciousness that works, the true consciousness; and the feet were my physical presence on the earth.

It was truly very interesting.

And I learned the exact place, the relationship of those who work. But I cannot reveal it. But what I always told you about your place and your work was perfectly true – I saw it at that moment. Perfectly true. Some things were revelations about other people – not many people; not many, but those who have a true relationship with me for the work. And very different relationships, in different worlds, on different levels and for different activities. But they aren't very numerous, and it was very precise. And then I saw that what I had seen for you was perfectly correct, and that he is HERE, you understand: to do the work, he is with you. When I told you he was in your book, it's an absolute fact.

That was one of the things I had decided to tell you one day, because ...

It's a world in which things are true. True, and of a reality other than the humanly conceived reality: everything becomes just an appearance; often a false appearance, false in its division, anyway.

*(silence)*

I can't tell you to what extent this body was not only happy but full of a sort of blissful glory at being His feet. When I saw that, it was a marvel. And at the same time, there was the sensation, the clear perception of all the relationships for the Work, with the feeling and sensation, the exact perception of the relationship I have with those people – not very many, but I know them.

## **March 20, 1965**

It seems to be a time of *testing* (as they say in English, in the sense of a "touchstone"), a test of equanimity – not an equanimity of the soul: a test of integral equanimity, even in the cells of the body. As if someone were saying, "Ha, you want the earth to change; ha, you want Matter to become divine; oh, you want all Falsehood to disappear – very well, let's see if you bear up." There.

Because if we rely on what Sri Aurobindo said, time is clearly very short; if the supramental forces have to effectively dominate (maybe not outwardly, but effectively) life on earth in 1967, that doesn't leave much time....

*And probably, the nearer we draw to the appointed hour, the tighter*



*it's going to become.*

There are odd phenomena. You didn't meet this B. when he was here?... He introduced me to certain things I was unaware of: it seems there are in various corners of the world people who have received messages, and in particular a being who calls himself *Truth* and who speaks in my name. He says, "The Mother says ... the Mother says ..." and also, "The Mother will make declarations, and you will have to take them very seriously." All sorts of things like that (people whom I don't know). Then there is someone, among those same people who receive messages and revelations, a spirit (I don't know if he is that same "Truth" or someone else, I don't remember in detail), who said, who "announced 1967" – this is interesting. And I don't know those people at all. And it doesn't seem possible to me that they could have had in their hands books by Sri Aurobindo or me, I don't think. He announced that in '67 (I repeat roughly), we would have reached the point of the *pushbutton* that triggers the destruction (because in those countries, they boast of being able to trigger a terrible destruction by pushing a button), and just when the catastrophe is about to take place, the supreme Power, as he says in a picturesque way, will push its own button and everything will be transformed – just when people expect complete destruction, the complete transformation will come.

That's the domain in which their imagination works. They receive messages of that sort. Which means that people seem to be feeling very strongly that just before the change there will be an extremely critical moment. Only, of course, they tell you that in a quiet tone, "The transformation will come and everything will be saved" – that's all very well, but ...

*The work has to be done.*

Ah, we shouldn't sit back and say, "Oh, then everything is fine!" (*Mother laughs*)

Because it doesn't seem possible to me (though I don't know), it doesn't seem possible to me that the state of the earth is adequate to justify an integral transformation. As for Sri Aurobindo, he used to say that it would come in stages, that there would first be a sort of small formation, or a small creation that will receive the Light and be transformed, and that's what will work as a leaven for the general transformation.

There are all the Christian, Buddhist theories, Shankara, all those who declare that the world is an "unreal Falsehood" and that it must disappear and give place to a "heaven" (a "new world" and a "heaven"). And this is among the most "aspiring" elements of mankind, those who aren't content with the world as it is, who don't say, "Oh, as long as I am here and alive, things are fine; afterwards, I don't care" – enjoy the short life. "Afterwards, well, it's over, and that's that; let me make the most of the moment I've been given." What a queer conception! ... That's the other extreme.

*But in fact, if we go back to the source, there was an Evangelist (I think it was St. John) who announced "a new heaven and a new EARTH."*

Yes, a new earth.

*Both are there.*

It's St. John.

*They haven't understood anything.*

No.

And naturally, the ancient Vedas and all the old traditions announced a new earth, that's well known.

*But even the Christians.*

Even the Christians, yes. St. John said that there would be a new earth – that there would be, in fact, a new Christ, who corresponds to that of the Hindus.

*Kalki?*

Yes, Kalki. The description is very similar.

*And the Maitreya Buddha, too.*

Yes, but it seems we should be more cautious about him. According to Alexandra David-Neel, it's not a truly authentic text, it came afterwards, after Buddha's descendants: it isn't what Buddha himself is said to have preached. There is a controversy here. Of course, Alexandra belonged to the Buddhism of the South, which is very rigid and absolutely rejects all the fancies of the Buddhism of the North with its innumerable bodhisattvas and all the stories (they've got so many stories! pulp novels). And she rejected all that, saying it wasn't part of Buddha's authentic teaching.

Buddha said that the world, this terrestrial world (maybe the universe, I don't know, the point isn't very clear), in any case the terrestrial world is the result of Desire (but I know someone who used to say [*laughing*], "Yes, it's God's desire to manifest!"), and that when "Desire" disappears, the world will disappear and there will be Nirvana. In other words, once the desire to manifest has disappeared, there is no Manifestation anymore.

I don't think Buddha was ignorant; I think he knew very well the existence of invisible beings, of immortal beings (what men call gods) and probably the existence of a supreme God, too – he very likely knew it. But he didn't want people to think about it because it appeared to contradict his opinion that the world was the result of Desire and that, once Desire was withdrawn, the world withdrew – if there is an immortal world, things cannot happen that way.

Basically, the further one goes, the more one realizes that all human teachings

are opportunistic: they are told with an aim "in view"; one thing is told, and the other (not that it's not known) is deliberately ignored. It seems hard to me to find a different explanation, because as soon as you have passed beyond the Mind (and those people appear to have done so), all knowledge is ... (what's the word?) *available*, obtainable.

*(silence)*

It's something that can be seen constantly: when you don't give people a pre-digested food, in the sense of selecting what has to be retained and rejecting the rest, they don't absorb it ... or else they do their own digesting of it, which is the worst of all.

*But minds are increasingly opening to other possibilities that had until now remained hidden by religions. Minds are ready to understand the "esoteric" revelations of religions.*

*(Mother nods her head without conviction)*

*That's the present progress.*

The first result is the creation of a general malaise – they feel as if the earth they're standing on isn't steady anymore: it quakes. They find it uncomfortable.

*(long silence)*

For me, the problem is completely different... Up there in the Mind and above, everything is fine – everything is fine; but the big difficulty is to change the physical, to change Matter.... You get a feeling that you have touched – touched a secret, found a key – and the next minute, pfft! it no longer works, it's inadequate.

I was telling Pavitra a few days ago: all those physical disorders of the body, those disorders in the functioning or even organic disorders, suddenly (naturally, the constant state is one of aspiration: an intense, continuous, conscious aspiration) and suddenly – suddenly – an almost stupefying Response: all disorder disappears, not only inside but around (around, sometimes over a rather vast extent), and everything becomes automatically organized, harmonized, without the least effort, and it starts ... *(Mother draws the great waves of the eternal Movement)* moving within an extraordinary progressive harmony; then, with no apparent reason, without anything having changed in the consciousness and any outer circumstances making a difference, pfft! it reverts to what it was before: disorder, conflict, chaos, things that grate. And then, as you aren't conscious of the why, you don't have the key!

I told him, that's why people who very much tried to find, but in vain, spoke of "God's Will"; but that ... *(Mother shakes her head)* that seems to be irreconcilable with, as I said, the knowledge you have when you have passed beyond the Mind. The Mind can say that to itself in order to give itself peace, but it's thoroughly,

thoroughly unsatisfying, because it postulates an unacceptable arbitrariness, which is felt as contrary to the Truth. But then, how do you explain those kinds of reversals?... Naturally, others, like Buddha, spoke about Ignorance; they said, "You are ignorant; you think you know, but you are ignorant." But the key he gave isn't satisfying, either.... Because when you have taken care to establish down to the cells of the body an apparently unshakable equanimity, how can you accept the ignorance factor?

Which means that the further you go, the nearer you draw to the Goal, the more ... inexplicable it appears to be.

So for me (I mean for this body), the only recourse is a blissful *surrender* (*gesture of immobile offering Upward*), and not a heavy, not an inert surrender: intense, intense! And in a joy, oh, extraordinary. That's the only thing.

I don't know, maybe for others it [the ecstasy] is allowed to last, but for this body ... After a while, all the problems from outside come back, that is to say, all the vibratory difficulties of the world are allowed to reach it again in order to be taken up and transformed in the Light of the Lord. And the whole problem crops up again.

You know, problems of illness, problems of possession (vital and mental possession), problems of egos that refuse to yield (and this results in circumstances which, humanly, are described in the ordinary way: such and such a thing has happened to so-and-so – but that's not how it comes into the consciousness), well, if you look at things in a sufficiently general way, those problems REMAIN problems. There is indeed something, but a "something" that is still elusive (elusive in its essence): it has to do with feeling, with sensation, with perception, also with aspiration – it has to do with all that, and it is ... what we habitually call divine Love (that is, essential Love, that which is expressed by Love and seems to be beyond the Manifestation and Nonmanifestation, which, naturally, becomes Love in the Manifestation). And That would be the ALL-POWERFUL expression. In other words, That is what would have the power to transform into divine consciousness and substance all the chaos we now call "world."

There was the experience of That [the experience of the great pulsations], but it was an experience ... (how can I put it?) of a drop that would be an infinite, or of a second that would be an eternity. While the experience is there, there is absolute certitude; but outwardly, everything starts up again as it was one minute before – That (*gesture of pulsation for a second*), puff! everything is changed; then everything starts up again, with perhaps a slight change that's perceptible only to a consciousness (perceptible to the consciousness, but not concretely perceptible), and with, generally, violent reactions in the Disorder: something that revolts.

So, to our logic (which is obviously stupid, but anyway), it means that the goal is still very far away, that the world isn't ready.

You see, all of a sudden, through the intensity of the aspiration, of that sort of thirst for "the Thing," contact is made – contact is made; it isn't even a contact between two different things, it is ... That which is all. But it is in Time that the

Thing is expressed, and then it doesn't last, so much so that even the resulting effect doesn't seem to be able to last. Although there is something there that contradicts: the effect is lasting, but imperceptible as long as it isn't general; so immediately it's a translation into the world of Time, Space, and so on.

Whereas "That" is beyond Time and Space. When you have gone from the Creation to Noncreation (which do not follow each other, they are concomitant), if you go beyond, you encounter this "something" which, I don't know why, I call Love.... Probably because the vibration of true Love (what I call divine Love, which is at work in the world) bears the closest resemblance to That. It is something absolutely inexpressible, which belongs neither to "receiving" nor to "giving," neither to uniting nor to absorbing, nothing like all that.... It's something very particular.

*(long silence)*

I remember, that night I spoke of, I WAS that Pulsation, and each burst of pulsation created. Well, it was the first expression of That in the Manifestation; and it was already in action, it was already in movement. But the Vibration BEHIND that is ... I might say the potentiality of everything – of everything that becomes perceptible to us through the Manifestation; because it is everything that in our consciousness gets divided into various possibilities, like truth, love, life, power, etc. (but all that is nothing, of course, it's dust in comparison). And it's everything together; not the union of different things: it's EVERYTHING – everything, and it is absolutely ONE, but everything is there. And That is what one finds beyond the Manifestation and the Nonmanifestation – the Manifestation almost looks like child's play in comparison. That Pulsation was the origin of the Manifestation.

And Nonmanifestation is blissful Immobility – it's more than that, but it's essentially that: blissful Immobility. It's the supreme and supremely divine essence of rest. And both [Manifestation and Nonmanifestation] are together, and they come from That.

I have a very strong feeling that it's only That, only with That that things can change, all the rest is inadequate.

And if I remember right, Sri Aurobindo said that this manifestation (which he too calls Love) would take place AFTER the supramental manifestation, didn't he?

*First Truth, then Love.*

Then Love.

Yes, he said there were different "levels" in the Supramental – but that (*smiling*) is the sauce that makes things more easily digestible (!) Everyone says things in the way he finds the easiest to assimilate.

But the experience – the experience – is always beyond words, always.

*(silence)*

And it's rather strange: all these cells have in their aspiration an Ananda of Light, of Truth, but that doesn't satisfy them completely, that is, they still have a sensation of helplessness.... Of course, it's all the Darkness, all the Falsehood, all the Disorder, all the Disharmony of the world that you constantly absorb every time you breathe (not to speak of all that you absorb with food, and all the rest – the worst of all – that you absorb mentally through contact with others, mentally and vitally). And all that has to be changed, transformed, constantly. Well, the cells feel their helplessness to face the work if That, that Vibration, isn't there. They find that Vibration irresistible, they find it's the only irresistible one.

Naturally, there is a progress (a work that can be noted, discerned) in the consciousness of the cells, in their receptivity and their resistance to Disorder; but it's just a progress, meaning that the possibility, and even the recurrence of disorder, decomposition, disharmony, wrong functioning, none of that is conquered at all, not at all.... There is a growing feeling of being the docile instrument of the supreme Will, to such a point that the cells feel that whatever they may be asked to do they can do, but there is at the same time the very clear perception that the field of what is asked of them is still very limited – very limited – and that they would be unable to do better or more. And that's what gives weight to the notion of wear and tear, of aging – not that they feel like that, but in material fact, what is asked of them is very limited.

*(silence)*

On the 19th I had a very clear experience: I was with A., who was in a dreadful – dreadful – state of agitation, revolt, confusion ... everything one can imagine. And for certainly nearly three quarters of an hour, he kept throwing it all on me violently. I was there – I didn't notice it! I was laughing, speaking, acting, moving around, and the body felt per-fect-ly fine. I came back to my room here, P. and V. were here and they had heard (he was shouting like a madman), they had heard the whole thing; they were full of a sort of horrified pity because of what that boy had inflicted on me – and INSTANTLY the cells felt the fatigue, the terrible tension ... which they had NOT FELT all the while, not for a minute! When I got up to leave A., everything was charming, it was fun; and instantly when I entered this room, there was a fatigue and tension COMING FROM THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS! So then, I looked carefully (as an experience it was interesting, naturally), and I said to myself, "Strange how it can influence the cells TO THIS EXTENT. Of course, I started drawing the consciousness within, and it went away. But it went away because I worked for it to, while before I hadn't worked not to be tired: it was spontaneous.

It gave me an interesting measure of the interdependence.

The body follows the action very well and does all that it has to do, but when around it there are consciousnesses that feel or think otherwise, that still has a considerable action; although the consciousness isn't affected: it's perfectly lucid, it sees the whole play all the time, and it is conscious of the forces that come and of the whole play. So how is it that, the consciousness being conscious of the

forces that come, those forces still have the power to act on the cells directly?... That's a problem.

It means a cellular interdependence that makes the program very, very, VERY difficult.

It interested me. Absolutely no fatigue and that sort of feeling of living in the universal, eternal Rhythm, like that (*great gesture in waves*), and amused all the time, I am all the time amused; and instantly: tension, fatigue, a need to rest, to concentrate.

And visibly – visibly for the consciousness – the vibrations came from the others [P., V.].

So an all-powerful vibration is needed to go vrrm! (*gesture of flattening all around*), and then to annul everything in its action.

But as Sri Aurobindo wrote, if that came (*Mother laughs*), maybe it would destroy too many things!

Because those were vibrations of goodwill, there was no hostility, nothing, absolutely nothing – the hostility was before, with A.! The revolt and so on. And it had no effect WHATSOEVER.

After that, I said to myself, "How little we know! How limited all our understanding is in comparison with what IS: the mechanism."

Well.

## March 24, 1965

Anything new?

*Sujata had rather a bad dream: she came into a house which some people were supposed to keep a watch on, to protect, but no one had kept watch and so enemies had got inside. Sujata entered the house and found a room in which Sri Aurobindo was, and Sri Aurobindo's foot had been injured – he was groaning. He had been hurt by the adversaries that had been allowed to enter the house. Seeing Sri Aurobindo injured, she ran off to fetch you.*

Maybe it's quite simply the image of what happened on February 11?

The foot means something physical.

I think that's what it is, just the symbolic image of what happened.

*It's not something that will go on?*

A premonition? No.

It's the symbolic form of what occurred.

I told you my dream in which I was different parts of Sri Aurobindo's body.... The foot is his physical action through certain people or through the Ashram or through me.

I don't think it is serious. It's the image of what occurred, recorded somewhere.

(silence)

There is a rather curious development. For some time now, but more and more precisely, when I hear something, when someone reads something to me or I listen to some music or am told of some event, immediately something vibrates: the origin of the activity or the level on which it's taking place or the origin of the inspiration is automatically translated as a vibration in one of the centers. And then, depending on the quality of the vibration, it's something constructive or negative; and when at some point it makes contact, however slightly, with a domain of Truth, there is ... (how can I explain?) like the spark of a vibration of Ananda. And the thought is absolutely silent, still, nothing – nothing (*Mother opens her hands Upward in a gesture of complete offering*). But this perception is growing increasingly precise. And that's how I know: I know the source of the inspiration, where the action is located and the quality of the thing.

What precision! Oh, an infinitesimal precision, in the details.

For instance, the first time I felt this in a clear way was when I heard Sunil's music on *The Hour of God*; that was the first time, and at the time I didn't know it was something completely organized, a sort of organization of experience. But now, after all these months, it has become classified, and it gives me an absolutely certain indication, which doesn't correspond to any active thought or any active will – I am simply an infinitely sensitive instrument for receiving vibrations. That's how I know where things come from. There is no thought. That's how the vibration of Sujata's dream came to me (*Mother gestures down, below her feet*): it was in the realm of the subconscious. So I knew it was a recording.

And the other day, when Nolini read me his article, it was neutral (*vague gesture to a medium height*), neutral all the time, and then, suddenly, a spark of Ananda; that's what made me appreciate it. And when you read me just now that text by Y., when she expressed her experience of the sunrise, there was a little beam of light (*gesture to the throat level*), so I knew. A pleasant beam of light – not Ananda, but a pleasant light here (*same gesture*), so I knew there was something there, that she had touched something.

And there are degrees in quality, you know, it's almost infinite.

It's the means given me to appreciate the position of things.

And completely, completely outside thought. The thought comes AFTER. For instance, for this dream, when you asked me the question, I said, "Logically, since the vibration is here (*indicates below the feet*), it must be a memory." And with a kind of certainty because ... because the perception is perfectly impersonal.

It's an extraordinarily sensitive mechanism, and with an almost infinite field of



receptivity (*gesture of gradation*).

My means of knowing people now is also like that. But for a long time now, when I see a photograph, for instance, it hasn't been going through thought at all; there are neither deductions nor intuitions: the photograph causes a vibration somewhere. And funny things happen, too; the other day, they gave me the photograph of a person, so I have a very clear perception: from the place that is touched, from the vibration that responds, I know that this man is used to handling ideas and that he has the self-assurance of someone who teaches. I ask (just to see), "What does this man do?" They tell me, "He is a businessman." I said, "Well, he isn't made to be a businessman, he doesn't know the first thing about business!" And three minutes after, they tell me, "Oh, excuse me, I am sorry, I made a mistake, he is a teacher"! (*Mother laughs*) That's how it is.

And it's constant, constant.

It is the appreciation of the world, of the vibrations of the world.

That's why I asked you just now to give me your hands – why? Precisely to see the vibration. Well, I felt what in English they call *a sort of dullness*, and I said to myself: something is wrong.

And no thought, nothing: simply vibrations.

So, what's wrong?! ... (*Mother laughs while looking at Satprem*) Yes, that's it, it's a sort of "dullness."

*Yes, I am quite submerged in matter.*

That's right.

*It's no joke.*

No, but don't you want to get out of it?

*Oh, I am assailed! And then, my body also doesn't help me much.*

Oh, no, the body never helps. Now I am convinced of it. You can, to some extent, help your body (not to a great extent, but up to a point, anyway), you can help your body, but the body doesn't help you. Its vibration is at ground level, always.

*Yes, it's heavy.*

Without exception. Without exception, it brings you down, and above all it's something that makes you dull, so dull – something that doesn't vibrate.

*It's heavy.*

But with this sadhana I am doing, there are some threads that lead you along, and I have some sentences by Sri Aurobindo.... For the other sadhanas, I was used to it: all that he said was clear, it showed the way, you didn't have to look for it. But here, he didn't do it; he only said or made certain remarks now and then, and those remarks are helpful to me. (There is also my meeting him at night, but I don't

want to count too much on that, because ... you grow too anxious for the contact, and that spoils everything.) There are in that way several remarks that have remained with me and are, yes, like leading threads. For instance, "Endure ... endure."

Let us assume you have a pain somewhere; the instinct (the instinct of the body, of the cells) is to tense up and try to reject – which is the worst thing to do: it invariably increases the pain. So the first thing that must be taught to the body is to stay still – not to have any reactions. Above all no tensing up, and not even a movement of rejection – a perfect stillness. That's corporeal equanimity.

A perfect stillness.

After perfect stillness, there is the movement of inner aspiration (I am always referring to the aspiration of the cells – I am using words to describe something wordless, but there is no other way to express oneself), the *surrender*, that is to say, the SPONTANEOUS AND TOTAL acceptance of the supreme Will (which is unknown to us). Does the total Will want things to go this way or that way, that is, towards the disintegration of certain elements or towards ...? And then again, there are endless nuances: there is the passage from one height to another (I am speaking of cellular realizations, of course, don't forget that), I mean that you have a certain inner equilibrium, an equilibrium of movement, of life, and it's understood that in order to go from one movement to a higher movement, there is almost always a descent, then a new ascent – there is a transition. So does the shock received impel you to go down in order to climb up again, or does it impel you to go down in order to abandon old movements? Because there are cellular ways of being that have to disappear in order to give way to others; there are others that climb down in order to climb up again with a higher harmony and organization. This is the second point. And you should wait and see WITHOUT POSTULATING IN ADVANCE what has to be. There is especially, of course, the desire: the desire to be comfortable, the desire to be in peace and all that – that must cease absolutely and disappear. You must be absolutely without any reaction, like this (*gesture of immobile offering Upward, palms open*). And then, when you are like that ("you," meaning the cells), after a while the perception comes of the category the movement belongs to, and you just have to follow the perception, whether it is that something must disappear and be replaced by something else (which one doesn't know yet), or whether it is that something must be transformed.

And so forth. And it's like that all the time.

Let me give you an example to make it a little clearer: I constantly have what's conventionally called a "toothache" (it doesn't correspond to anything in reality, but anyway people call it "having a toothache"). I had difficulty eating, a congestion, and so on. The attitude: you endure – you endure to the point when you don't even notice that things are going wrong. You endure, but you are aware (and besides, the external signs are there: a swelling of the gums, etc.). There was a period (it's been in that state for a long time, but anyway), a period that began with a first swelling, in December – control, work, etc., all the necessary inner precautions. Then one observes the movement; "one" wants to know where it

leads, what it is (it's a long story, quite uninteresting – interesting only because it is instructive). And two nights ago, the situation was apparently the same as usual, the same thing, when suddenly there was a will to stay awake, not to sleep, and then I had the clear perception of a congestion and that it was becoming necessary to take out those things (bits of tooth that were moving – they were moving now more, now less, but it began in December), to take them out in order to let the congestion out. Previously, too, bits of tooth had moved, and one day they had come out by themselves, without difficulty – when the time had come for them to go, they had gone; so I remembered that: why not wait for that moment? That was the attitude for a long time. And then the cells were curiously shrinking back from a very close contact with something [a dentist] that wasn't in complete harmony with the directing force of the body. This is how, in common language, it was translated: T. (who is very nice, no question of that) doesn't know either the habits or the reactions or the type of vibration or what's necessary – she doesn't know anything. So how to make contact? Two nights ago, this came to me clearly: this is what you must tell her (and the exact words of the letter to be written), and you MUST send for her tomorrow morning. Then everything fell quiet, it was over, I went on with my night as usual, as every night. The next morning, I wrote what had been decided and she came; and, well, when she came she knew what she had to know and she did exactly what had to be done. She even said, "I will do only what you tell me to do."

And I will add a detail (not a very pleasant one, but it gives the measure of the truth): there were two bits of tooth she had to extract; first she extracted one, and it was just about normal, then she pulled the second one out, and there was a sort of hemorrhage: a huge quantity of blood had accumulated, thick and black – the blood of a dangerous congestion. But I had felt it (there was a pain in the brain, a pain in the ear, a pain ...), and I thought, "That's not good, I should take care." The body was conscious that something was amiss. And quite an unusual hemorrhage. I even remarked to T., "It's good it came out." She said, "Oh, yes!"

All this to tell you that the thought is absolutely still, everything takes place directly: questions of vibrations. Well, that's the only way to know what has to be done. If it goes through the mind – especially through that physical thought, which is absolutely idiotic, absolutely – you can't know; as long as that works, you are always driven to do what you shouldn't do, particularly to have the wrong reaction: the reaction that helps the forces of disorder and darkness instead of contradicting them. And I am not talking about anxiety because it's a long, a very long time since my body stopped having any anxiety – a long time, years – but anxiety is like swallowing a cup of poison.

This is what is called physical yoga.

To get over all that. And the only way to do it is for all, every one of the cells, every second, to be (*gesture of immobile offering Upward*) in an adoration, an aspiration – an adoration, an aspiration, an adoration, an aspiration.... And nothing else. Then, after a time, there is joy, too, and then it ends with blissful trust. When that trust is established, everything will be fine. But ... it's much easier said than

done. Only, for the moment, I am convinced that it is the only way, there is no other. There. Give your hands....

**March 27, 1965**

*I find that all those meats they have given me to "build me up" make me heavy, especially with the hot days starting again. Couldn't I go back to vegetarian food?*

It doesn't really have an action on the consciousness, I am absolutely certain of that. Meat can give the body a feeling of great solidity, but in my opinion, solidity is most important, most important – I don't believe in a spirituality that "etherealizes," that's the old falsehood of the past.

No, the body's heaviness ... You must not only conceive but understand and accept that the purpose of this heaviness is to repair the body's internal damage, and the body must in fact change this heaviness into a sort of constant tranquillity so that order is restored everywhere.

I don't believe that the impression of being "light" is a good impression. Because both the so-called lightness and the so-called heaviness have ABSOLUTELY nothing to do with the yoga and the Transformation. All those are human sensations. The truth is quite different from and quite independent of those things. The truth, of course, is the cells' conscious aspiration to the Supreme; it is the only thing that can actually transform the body; and it is very, very independent of the domain of sensations.

On the contrary, it's good for the nerves to calm down, and I think that when the nerves strengthen, their first movement is to calm down, and that gives the impression of a heaviness, almost the impression of a *tamas*, but it's a sort of quiet stability, which is necessary. There. That's how I see it.

Basically, in order to cure the misdeeds of that physical mind, it's not bad to become ... we could say in jest, vegetarian in the sense of becoming a plant – the peaceful life of a plant, like that (*gesture, stretched out in the sun*).

Yes, there is a kind of vegetative immobility which is excellent for overcoming the agitation – the frantic agitation – of that physical mind.... Oh, look, it's the sensation of a waterlily floating on water: those large leaves spreading out like that – a very quiet, still water, and a waterlily.

The waterlily is the white flower opening up to the light, above those large, floating leaves.... Oh, how good it is to be carried.

When the nerves have really calmed down because one has eaten well, one can go into a blissful contemplation – don't be occupied with anything, above all don't

try to think: like this (*gesture of floating, offered*), invoking the Lord and his Harmony – a luminous harmony – and then lying like that at least half an hour, three quarters of an hour after the meal. It's very good, it's excellent. Don't fall asleep: blissful – nothing, being nothing. Nothing but a blissful tranquillity. That's the best remedy.

I think that's easier after eating well!

Try to be a waterlily.... A waterlily, that's pretty!

Even watching animals is very pretty – they know far better than men how to rest.

We could make a slogan: if you want to keep well, be a waterlily! (*Mother laughs*) ... I see the picture of a pond in the sun.

In reality, I deserve some credit for asking people to eat well.... You know that I had difficulties: for two days, it was nearly impossible for me to eat – and I am so glad! But I always scold myself: it's a weakness – a moral weakness. I am in a very good position to say so, because I have the same difficulty as you with those questions of food, and that's very bad. It's not out of personal taste for food that I am preaching (!), but in order to react against the other tendency. Every time something comes and prevents me from eating, immediately, spontaneously, the body says, "Oh, thank you, Lord, I don't have to eat!" I catch myself and give myself a slap.

April 7, 1965

Are you sleeping well?

*Not too well, and my sleep isn't conscious: I don't see you.*

Oh, mon petit (*laughing*), sometimes I say to myself, "What a fine thing it must be not to be conscious!"

Constantly, you know, the whole night, without stop, it streams past – there are, of course, moments when I go into a blissful state, but I am not granted that for long. I'd really like to spend at least four or five hours like that, but I am not granted it. Constantly, constantly ... and what carryings-on!

I can't say.... It's neither superconscious nor subconscious ... I might say it is intraconscious – it's just the underside of things. And then ... (*Mother shakes her head*)

*(silence)*

From a semihistorical point of view, it would be very interesting to tell everything that goes on day by day; because it isn't limited to a particular place or a certain number of people: it's a very terrestrial activity. It would be very interesting, of course. But it would take at least an hour or two in the morning to note down the whole night! And I would have to be quite undisturbed, otherwise it all goes away. But it would make tremendous documents.

If I am given some prediction, it's in a very symbolic form, or in a curious form: a form I could call "analogous," meaning that I am shown analogous facts that occurred in the history of the earth (sometimes the history of the earth that isn't historical, that's prehistorical), and with a special coloration, a little more internal than the plain stark fact; there is along with it a vibration which is at the same time a mixture of thought, feeling and especially force – a force of action. It comes like that with a sort of power of projection into the future (*Mother draws a trajectory going from the past event into the future*), and in between the two, there is the curve resulting from the terrestrial progress. So, basically, it would be rather interesting ... provided there is nothing else to be done!

But it's clearly visible: for instance, a word or a sentence or a gesture or a thought or an impulse that has its vibratory point specifically somewhere [in the past], and then its whole line of consequences (*same gesture of trajectory*), its whole curve of consequences. The whole thing, seen at a glance (*Mother depicts a screen on which a picture is suddenly frozen*). The curve: such and such a thing goes ... brrt! over there. But the outcome (which would give a spectacular and high-sounding value producing a considerable effect) is never given to me. No,

what would make a reputation of great prophet is never given to me (that's not what I am after, but it's never given). Simply (*same gesture of trajectory*), such and such a thing will go this way, brrt! and then all this is going to happen, here, here (*Mother marks various points along the trajectory*); but as for the outcome – silence.

But anyway, you can only note that down if you don't have any work to do! And in fact, it has never been of any use. Do you think prophets have helped men?... I don't think so. What was to happen always happened, and prophets foreseeing it didn't stop it from happening.

**April 10, 1965**

I have been asked a question (*Mother looks for a note*):

*How can I love the Lord? I have never seen Him and never He speaks to me.*

This is my answer:

*It is not what one sees or hears that one loves, it is love that one loves through the forms and sounds, and of all love the most perfect love, the most loving love is the Lord's love.*

When I wrote it, it was an extraordinarily intense experience: one cannot love anything but love, and it is love that one loves behind all things – it is love that one loves. It is Love that loves itself everywhere.

And form and sound are excuses.

(*silence*)

Do you find it hard to understand?

!?

No, because I gave it to N. to read – he *just blinked*; I gave it to U. to read – he *just blinked*.... So do you ... *blink*, too?

*No! I find it ...*

Oh, good! Then it's all right! If at least one person understands, that's enough.

*That's the truth, it IS love.... Others will understand.*

I like that. It has a sort of childlike simplicity: "... and the most perfect love, the most loving love is the Lord's love."

**April 17, 1965**

*You said there had been a step forward. Is there something new?*

I had always said that there were two points on which the future hadn't been revealed to me. First, what the first form of supramental life on earth would be exactly, that is to say, the stage that will follow man as he is – just as there was a stage that followed the animal (and which, in fact, disappeared), what is the stage that will follow man, and will perhaps be destined to disappear, too? Then the other point, which was more personal: could the transformation of this body go far enough to allow an indefinite prolongation, or would the work on the cells be somehow partly wasted?

I can't say I have answers, but in both directions there has been some opening, as it were. The feeling that I was in front of a wall and it's opening up, I am allowed to proceed. Well, the conclusions aren't there yet, but in both directions we have actually taken a step forward because it's open – there isn't a wall any longer, it's open.

Especially that feeling of being stuck has gone away.

The first discoveries aren't worth telling because they aren't precise or concrete or definitive enough. There is just this sense of relief: instead of standing in front of something that blocks your way, phew! you can breathe and walk on.

The consequences will be for later.

*(long silence)*

The transition between the two appears really possible only through the entry – the conscious and willed entry – of a supramentalized consciousness into a body that we could call an "improved physical body," in other words, the human physical body as it is now, but improved: the improvement produced, for instance, by a TRUE physical training, not in its present exaggerated form but in its true sense. It's something I have seen fairly clearly: in an evolution (physical training is developing very fast nowadays, it's not even half a century since it started), in evolution, that physical training will bring an improvement, that is, a suppleness, a balance, an endurance, and a harmony; these are the four qualities – suppleness (plasticity), balance between the various parts of the being, endurance, and harmony of the body – that will make it a more supple instrument for the supramentalized consciousness.

So the transition: a conscious and willed utilization by a supramentalized consciousness of a body prepared in that way. This body must be brought to the peak of its development and of the utilization of the cells in order to be ... yes,



consciously impregnated with the supreme forces (which is being done here [in Mother] at the moment), and this to the utmost of its capacities. And if the consciousness that inhabits that body, that animates that body, has the required qualities in sufficient amount, it should normally be able to utilize that body to the utmost of its capacity of transformation, with the result that the waste caused by the death of decomposing cells should be reduced to a minimum – to what extent?... That's precisely what still belongs to the unknown.

That would correspond to what Sri Aurobindo called the prolongation of life at will, for an indefinite length of time.

But as things are at present, it would seem there is a transitional period in which the consciousness has to switch from this body to another, better prepared body – better prepared outwardly, physically (not inwardly); "outwardly," I mean, having acquired certain aptitudes through the present development, which this body doesn't have, of the four qualities – which it doesn't have in sufficient amount and *completeness*. That is to say, those four qualities must be in perfect accord and in sufficient amount to be able to bear the work of transformation.

I don't know if I can make myself understood....

*Yes, but you are talking about "switching" to a new body?*

In that case, one would have to switch to a new body. But a switching (from the occult point of view, that's a known thing), a switching not to a body to be born, but to an already formed body. It would take place through a sort of identification of the psychic personality of the body to be changed with the other, receiving body – but that, the fusions of psychic personalities, it's possible, (*laughing*) I know the procedure! But it requires the abolition of the ego – yes, the abolition of the ego is certainly necessary; but if the abolition of the ego is sufficient in the supramentalized individuality (can I use the word individuality? I don't know ... it's neither "personality" nor "individuality"), in the supramentalized being, if the abolition of the ego is done, completed, that being has the power to completely neutralize the presence of the ego in the other being. And then, through that neutralization, the shrinking that always comes from a reincarnation would be canceled – that's the dreadful thing, you see, that time lost in the shrinking into a new being! While through that conscious passage – willed and conscious – from one body to the other, the being whose ego no longer exists has an almost total power to abolish the other ego.

All that occult mechanism needs to be developed, but for the consciousness it's almost rational.

That would be the procedure.

The conditions for the almost indefinite prolongation of the life of the body are known, or almost known (they are more than sensed – they are known), and they are learned through the work that must be done to counteract the EXTREME FRAGILITY of the physical balance of the body undergoing the transformation. It's a study every minute, as it were, almost every second. This is the extremely difficult part. It is difficult because of all the reasons I have already explained,

because of the intrusion of forces that are in a state of imbalance and have to be, as they come along, brought back to the new state of balance.<sup>16</sup> That's where you find the sign of the unknown.

Voilà. It's there.

But it's not blocked anymore. The path is open, one can see – one can see.

It will come.

But the transition which is really hard to perceive is the transition from the animal creation (which is perpetuated, of course) to the supramental formation; that transition hasn't taken place yet. The passage from that creation to the supramental creation of a body – that's what we don't know. It is the passage from one to the other: how? It still is a somewhat more difficult problem than the passage from animal to man, you understand, because the process of human creation is refined, but it is the same ... Oh!

*(The conversation is cut short by the doctor's entry)*

... While here, it is a new form of creation.

## **April 21, 1965**

*About the last conversation, a quotation from Sri Aurobindo came to mind.*

Which quotation?

*You were speaking of the first form of supramental life.*

On the earth.

*Yes, in an "improved physical body." I wondered about that ... especially when you speak of "switching to a new body."*

What were you wondering?

*This, in particular: The difference between the present human body and the supramental creation is so considerable, the substance must be so different...*

Of course.

*... that I am wondering to what extent even an improved physical body could be of use? Because the thing is going to be so different. Whether*

*this body is old and bent or young and very supple, does it really make any difference, since ...*

That's not what I meant by "improved." Whether the body is young or old doesn't make any difference, because the advantages are balanced by drawbacks. I have also looked at the problem – it doesn't make any difference.

Switching to a new body may become a necessity, that's all, but it's secondary.

What I meant by an "improved physical body" is that sort of mastery over the body that's being gained nowadays through physical training. I have seen lately magazines showing how it had started: the results in the beginning and today's results; and from the standpoint of the harmony of forms (I am not talking about excesses – there are excesses everywhere – I am talking about what can be done in the best possible conditions), from the standpoint of the harmony of forms, of strength and a certain sense of beauty, of the development of certain capacities of endurance and skill, of precision in the execution combined with strength, it's quite remarkable if you think of how recent physical training is. And it's spreading very quickly nowadays, which means that the proportion of the human population that is interested in it and practices it is snowballing. So when I saw all those photos (for me, it's especially through pictures that I see), it occurred to me that through those qualities, the cells, the cellular aggregates acquire a plasticity, a receptivity, a force that make the substance more supple for the permeation of the supramental forces.

Let's take the sense of form, for example (I am giving one example among many others). Evolution is openly moving towards diminishing the difference between the female and the male forms: the ideal that's being created makes female forms more masculine and gives male forms a certain grace and suppleness, with the result that they increasingly resemble what I had seen all the way up, beyond the worlds of the creation, on the "threshold," if I can call it that, of the world of form. At the beginning of the century, I had seen, before even knowing of Sri Aurobindo's existence and without having ever heard the word "supramental" or the idea of it or anything, I had seen there, all the way up, on the threshold of the Formless, at the extreme limit, an ideal form that resembled the human form, which was an idealized human form: neither man nor woman. A luminous form, a form of golden light. When I read what Sri Aurobindo wrote, I said, "But what I saw was the supramental form!" Without having the faintest idea that it might exist. Well, the ideal of form we are now moving towards resembles what I saw. That's why I said: since there is an evolutionary concentration on this point, on the physical, bodily form, it must mean that Nature is preparing something for that Descent and that embodiment – it seems logical to me. That's what I meant by an improved physical form.

The other point is quite secondary, it's incidental, it isn't in the line of evolution. I am only saying that it's a method that CAN be used, and it has been used in the past.

*Switching to a new body?*

Switching to a new body. The method may be used again, IF IT IS FELT TO BE NECESSARY. It wasn't the central idea, it was perfectly incidental – it may happen. And all I said was that the consciousness of these cells having lost the sense of ego (I think they have lost it, though this body was formed without the sense of ego – at any rate, if it was necessary at a given time, it no longer is), having lost the sense of ego, it finds no difficulty in manifesting in another body. And this is a perfectly practical and material experience, I mean I have had multiple experiences of this consciousness using that body, this body, that other body ... for certain things; of course it was momentary, not in a permanent way, but at will and anyway lasting long enough to make me experience it concretely.

But this is a personal affair, it has nothing to do with the public or collectivity, while the other point is interesting: I have a feeling it is Nature's collaboration, pushing humanity in that direction in order to prepare a matter more receptive to the ideal that wants to manifest.

*When I thought about the last conversation again, it seemed to me that the gap between the two creations, the animal and the supramental, is so huge that it doesn't make much difference whether the body is more supple and so on.*

The gap isn't so huge. The gap is huge in the MODE OF CREATION, that's where there is a huge gap. That's where it is difficult to conceive how we will switch from one to the other and how there can be intermediaries.

*Exactly, I suddenly remembered in this connection a quotation from Sri Aurobindo that seemed to me interesting. It's in "The Human Cycle," at the end of "The Human Cycle." Here's what he says: "It may well be that, once started, it [the supramental endeavour] may not advance rapidly even to its first decisive stage; it may be that it will take long centuries of effort to come into some kind of permanent birth. But that is not altogether inevitable, for the principle of such changes in Nature seems to be a long obscure preparation followed by a swift gathering up and precipitation of the elements into the new birth, a rapid conversion, a transformation that in its luminous moment figures like a miracle."<sup>17</sup>*

This is very interesting.... Yes (*laughing*), he said this to me a few days ago!  
It is true.

Basically, once there is a body formed, precisely, by an ideal and an increasing development, a body with sufficient stuff and capacities, sufficient potential, there may very well be a rapid Descent of a supramental form, just as there was one with the human form. Because I know that (I know it from having lived it), I know that when the transition – a very obscure transition – from the animal to man (of which they have found fairly convincing traces) was sufficient, when the result was plastic enough, there was a Descent – there was a mental descent of the

human creation. And they were beings (there was a double descent; it was in fact particular in that it was double, male and female: it wasn't the descent of a single being, it was the descent of two beings), they were beings who lived in Nature an animal life, but with a mental consciousness; but there was no conflict with the general harmony. All the memories are absolutely clear of a spontaneous, animal life, perfectly natural, in Nature. A marvelously beautiful Nature that strangely resembles the nature in Ceylon and tropical countries: water, trees, fruits, flowers.... And a life in harmony with animals: there was no sense of fear or difference. It was a very luminous, very harmonious, and very NATURAL life, in Nature.

And strangely, the story of Paradise would seem to be a mental distortion of what really happened. Of course, it all became ridiculous, and also with a tendency ... it gives you the feeling that a hostile will or an Asuric being tried to use that to make it the basis for a religion and to keep man under his thumb. But that's another matter.

But that spontaneous, natural, harmonious life – very harmonious, extremely beautiful and luminous and easy!... A harmonious rhythm in Nature. A luminous animality, in fact.

That's how we began, and it began that way because there was a descent of the higher human mental consciousness into the form that existed. The phenomenon may recur in the same way, with the difference that it can be more conscious and willed – there may be the intervention of a conscious will. It would, or it could happen through an occult process – well, I don't know, there are all sorts of possibilities, one of which could be the conscious passage of a being who has used the old human body for his development and his yoga, and who would leave that form once it became unnecessary in order to enter a form capable of adapting to the new growth.

Here, the two possibilities meet.

But for the time being, there is no question of that because although the development of physical training is extremely rapid, it's still clear that it may take hundreds of years.

There is a quotation from Sri Aurobindo in which he says that the first point to be acquired is prolongation of life at will – it isn't directly immortality: it is prolongation of life at will. He wrote it in the articles on *The Supramental Manifestation*.

**April 23, 1965**

Every night now, almost without exception, I spend a part of the night in someone else, who seems to be me – it's "me," but the circumstances are completely different, the relationships are completely different. And last night, I don't know how (oh, it was a long story), I saw myself: I was wearing a sari and my hair was loose, and it was white! It was white with some black streaks that had remained black; and suddenly I saw my face in a mirror, and that's how I knew it was someone else.

And it seems to be quite a daily occupation, a very regular occupation, with people totally different from one another, totally different, but all of them in contact with Sri Aurobindo's thought or Sri Aurobindo's Work. Some I know very well, with people around them whom I know very well; some others I don't know so well.

The previous night, it was difficult because I was ("I was" – who was I? I don't know) harassed and attacked by someone who didn't want to leave me alone and whom I found totally repugnant, who was to me an embodiment of falsehood and hypocrisy. It was a symbolic being (the whole thing was symbolic) and he represented something, almost like one of the human vices, something symbolic and very widespread, and what a nuisance it was, oh! ... I called on everything to get rid of it. But I didn't find out who I was – it was "me," but outwardly I don't know.

But last night, as it happened, in the course of all the circumstances, I was with someone whom I know very well (not materially) and I had white hair, and that person told me, "Oh, it's very fine, just go ahead like that...." Then I saw my face.... I had a pale face, but not white, and white hair falling onto the neck, very white (the white of black hair), with a few black tresses in it – white hair. And I said, "But no! When one has white hair ..." (I don't know what language I was speaking because one doesn't hear any sounds, one understands inwardly) ... "white hair like this isn't pretty." So (*laughing*) when I came back to my usual state, I thought, "Oh, but what a strange face I had!"

It's a little tiring. Every time there's a new difficulty to be overcome, a problem to be solved, something to be set in order....

**April 28, 1965**

*Mother looks absorbed*

... Ultimately, until one has the power to do everything, one knows nothing.  
This has been my experience these last few days, increasingly clearly.

As long as you don't have the power to do everything, that is, as long as you don't have the supreme Power, you know nothing. And the supreme Power is ... Let me make myself clearer (*Mother smiles*). Someone is dying from cancer in America. I said to that someone that what would happen would be the best for his soul; I said it at a time when the so-called human knowledge still imagined it could cure him. He has lost his speech, but not consciousness – neither hearing nor consciousness (it's a cancer of the brain). The doctor (most eminent, of course, the best you could find) says he only lives on through sheer willpower – and HE doesn't want to live! (Yet he lives on, life goes on.) He doesn't want to live, he wants to die. But of course he can't say so, he can't speak anymore. And the doctor, on his part, in his ignorance, bewildered by the phenomenon, says it's through his will that he lives on.

I received all this news this morning; for several hours I have been living through the consciousnesses with this problem: the fact that he is still living. And there is always (for consciousnesses such as those) "Death" with a big question mark – what is it exactly? What happens exactly [when one dies]? What is the change in consciousness? Is there a change in consciousness? What happens?... Because my work (the promise I gave) consists in making him, before he leaves his body, conscious of the eternal Truth. So for at least three hours this morning I was confronted with this problem (that's why I was completely withdrawn when I came), and I said to myself, "But ... until one is the master of life and death, one knows nothing!"

That's why I was a little absorbed.

*(silence)*

For so many, so many years I have had all kinds of experiences. For about sixty years I have been constantly looking after people who are said to be "dying" – constantly. Well, there are almost as many cases as there are people – there are categories, but the cases are innumerable (and I am not referring to external cases, to the material event: I am referring to the inner cases). This is to say that I have been put in almost constant contact with the phenomenon, and yet, it remains a problem.... At least twice in this existence, I have gone through what people call "death" – and both times the experience was different. The experience was different, yet the apparent fact was the same.

And if I look at it in a certain way (explanations, of course, are meaningless),

if I look at it in a certain way, I mean, to have the true key ... one has it only with the Power. Well, that Power ... (*Mother shakes her head*)

It's hard to explain if I want to make myself understood. For instance, many times (many times, very often), people told me they wanted to die for some reason or other; and by doing a certain thing, it happened. The "thing" wasn't always the same, but the result was in appearance always the same: the person left his or her body. I even had near me, at least twice, very clearly and precisely, people who were supposedly "dead," who had left their body in that way, and they knew nothing about it! Therefore, for that part of their being, it made no difference.<sup>18</sup> And it has also happened that I've "resurrected," as it is called, someone who had been declared dead. This is to tell you that all the various possibilities (not all, but many), all that has been shown to me.

Naturally, it is always a movement of the consciousness [that brings about death] and a certain movement of the will, but ...

What I was wondering about today (not "wondering" – words are always wrong – because it isn't mental, I wasn't wondering mentally), but suddenly there came in front of me, like this (*gesture indicating a cinema screen*): could what is called "death" be by chance a multitude of different things?... We say "life," "death," and we oppose that death to life – could it be, by chance, that what people call "death" is a multitude of different things, of different possibilities?

(*silence*)

What is it?

Human science answers: there is an analogous phenomenon in all cases – decomposition. But that ...

We are in a constant state of decomposition – everything, all life is constantly in a state of decomposition and transformation; all the food we absorb is constantly in a state of decomposition. So ...

It may simply be the incompleteness, I mean the limitation of our vision, our perception: we see the details too much instead of seeing the whole. You know, I had a sudden feeling with the tension of the concentration: What is the physical perception of the totality of the physical world? What is the consciousness of the totality of the physical world? Isn't, for that consciousness, isn't all that we call death and life a phenomenon analogous to the phenomenon of decomposition, assimilation, transformation that takes place in every living being?

It's enough to leave you completely dazed!

It is the cellular transformation, the progressive cellular transformation which is, on the scale of the human being (of the human being, of the animal, etc.), what we call "death."

We will talk about it again.



**April 30, 1965**

I spent part of the night in your rooms – didn't you know?... How did you sleep?... As usual.

*I don't know.*

How can I explain?... (*Smiling*) It was like a round of inspection of the "spiritual sanitary" conditions of the different lodgings (1). I am putting it like this, but it was rather curious; it was like a force, yes, or a sort of consciousness that came to inspect the different premises from the standpoint of spiritual health – it was rather curious, interesting. It had started with a visit to my own rooms here; then I asked for the explanation of the principle, if I may say so, on which that inspection was based, and when the explanation was given, I said, "Well, let's go and see Satprem's home, then." And I even had a sort of feeling that you didn't know (mind you, in fact I knew nothing about it, it's just what I saw last night) that the mosquito netting they put at your place is mine, the one that was here before.

*Yes.*

Oh, you knew it.

And then that force (it was a force, it was a being, it was an action, it was ... – not a human being) said when I spoke of going to your home, "Oh, but he is in exceptional conditions!" "Ah, why?" I asked "Oh, he has that netting, and all the air that comes in – the subtle air – becomes impregnated with your atmosphere as it enters." (*Mother laughs*) I said, "Good."

It was early this morning, between two and three, you were sleeping.

May

May 5, 1965

*You look pale.*

I am not feeling very well.

*(silence)*

I feel as if I am not here, and this has been going on since ...

My body is far away from me.

Last time, in the afternoon of the day you came, the 30th, I was rather in a poor condition [Mother had "heart" troubles]. And since then I have felt as if ... I am rather far away from my body.... I am in a very, very diluted consciousness (*widespread gesture*), very diluted.

*(Mother goes into meditation)*

I have a feeling that only one thing exists: making contact – putting the divine Vibration in contact with Matter. And this is the only thing which is REAL. Things seem to have clarified these past few days, since the 30th; and this morning when I got up, it was so strong that it was really the only thing existing. To such a point that there was a spontaneous perception that whatever thought clothes this thing in, or whatever the organization of life, it's totally unimportant – it's only men who attach importance to that, but from the standpoint of the Work, only this matters: being in this state I am in (which is a very particular state), in which the vibration, the vibration of Matter is put in contact, united – united – with the divine Vibration.

All the rest ... unreal.<sup>19</sup>

*(long silence)*

I feel as if the circulation isn't working, I don't know how to explain it.

*(Mother goes into concentration)*

It's like this (*vast, expansive gesture*), im-mo-bile.... But with a great intensity of vibration – the vibration that doesn't move.<sup>20</sup>

Do you have any news from your mother? I am asking you because yesterday I was in contact with her and with your brother....

*(long meditation)*

It can go on like that indefinitely.

So what are we going to do? If it goes on, it'll be a long time before we've finished our work!

*We have time.*

Indeed we have – when one thinks one has time, it takes years! Anyway, I am not doing it deliberately – it's thrust upon me, and then there's nothing that can be done.

But are things better for you?

*Yes, Mother.*

*(silence)*

There is a growing sense of a Power that's beginning to be limitless. But that state is in fact linked with those difficulties [heart or circulatory troubles]. And, you know, I don't make any decisions, I don't do anything [to attain that state]: I am like this (*immobile gesture, palms open to the Heights*), in "something" that feels as if it could be eternally like that. But within it, I perceive waves, movements (and sometimes concentrations, when it has to do with world events) that have a stupendous power.

We just have to keep still and, well, we'll see what will happen anyway.

But as for you, you must get physically stronger and stronger.

*I am all right.*

That's very, very important, because we will have a lot of work to do together; I know that.

**May 8, 1965**

*(Every time Mother receives Satprem, she translates one line from "Savitri" that has been copied for her in large characters. Today's line is from the debate between Death and Savitri's heart:)*

And never lose the white spiritual touch

*(Mother repeats)*

And never lose the white spiritual touch<sup>21</sup>

Sans jamais perdre le blanc contact de l'Esprit

*(silence)*

Yesterday, I read with H. Savitri's series of experiences when she begins with self-annulment: *Annul thyself so that God alone exist* (I no longer remember, but that's the idea).<sup>22</sup> It begins with self-annulment, then she has the experience of BEING the All, that is, of being the Supreme (the Supreme in herself) and the entire Manifestation and all things. There are three passages. It's absolutely ... an absolutely wonderful description. It's extraordinarily beautiful.<sup>23</sup>

It's a chapter that doesn't have a title.

*(Mother vainly looks for the passage in "Savitri")*

First she meets her soul: a house of flames. She enters the house of flames and unites with her soul ["The Finding of the Soul," VII.V]. It's after that. After, there is Nirvana ["Nirvana and the Discovery of the All-Negating Absolute," VII.VI]. She goes into Nirvana – and becomes just a violet line in Nothingness.<sup>24</sup> Then finds herself back in her body – that's where it begins. A chapter without a title [VII.VII].

I'll find it some other time.

*(Mother puts aside the book)*

It has been a revolution in the atmosphere, that's why I am telling you about it. Because all the experiences described [in *Savitri*] are precisely the experiences I have. So then, suddenly, in the body .. I was over there in the music room, and H. was reading to me; then when she had finished reading, all of a sudden the body sat up straight in an aspiration and a prayer of such intensity! It was a dreadful anguish, you know: "See, the whole experience is here [in Mother], complete, total, perfect, and because this thing [the body] has lived too long, it no longer has the power of expression." And it said, "But why, Lord? Why, why do You take away from me the power of expression because this has lived too long?" It was a sort of revolution in the body's consciousness.

Things have been much better since, much better. There has been a decisive change.

You see, it was the exact description of the body's present state, yet it constantly feels fragile, in a precarious balance. And then, with all its aspiration, it said, "But WHY? Why?... See, the experience is all there – why isn't it expressed?"

As always (*laughing*), I had the feeling that the Lord was laughing and saying to me, "But since such is your will, it will be that way!" Meaning simply: it's you who CHOSE to be like that.

And it's perfectly true. All our incapacities, all our limitations, all our

impossibilities, it's this idiotic Matter that chooses them all – not with intelligence, but with a sort of feeling that "that's how things must be," that they are "naturally" like that. An adherence – an idiotic adherence – to the mode of the lower nature.

Then there was laughter, tears, a whole revolution, and afterwards all was fine.

But nobody on earth will be able to convince me it isn't because this material nature chooses to be that way that it is that way.

And the Lord looks on, smiles, waits ... (*laughing*) for the body to be cured of its idiocy.

He does all that is needed, but ... we don't take any notice.

It's the trigger of FAITH that's not there, that famous faith Sri Aurobindo always mentions.

When people write me long letters (what letters I receive! laments all the time: my health is going wrong, my work is going wrong, my relationships are going wrong – laments all the time), and I always see, behind, that Consciousness, luminous, magnificent, marvelous – sun-filled, you know – exactly as if to say, "Whenever will you be cured of that mania!" The mania of the tragic and the lower.

Somewhere in the reason, one understands – it isn't that reason doesn't understand, but the reason has no power to make this matter obey.

And every minute, I have now the feeling of a choice between victory and defeat, sun and shadow, harmony and disorder, the easy solution ... truly, the comfortable or pleasant and the unpleasant; and the feeling that if you don't intervene with authority, there's a sort of ... oh, it's a combination of cowardice and spinelessness: it's something limp – limp, you know, slack.

When I speak like this, it's very simple and it seems very easy, but EVERY MINUTE you are hanging between three possibilities (generally three) for the body: the fainting or the acute suffering, the indifferent, mechanical movement, or the glorious Mastery. And I am talking about washing your eyes, rinsing your mouth, doing any of those absolutely indifferent little things (in big things it always goes well because nature is in the habit of thinking that one should bear oneself "properly" to rise to the occasion – all that is ridiculous), but in little things, that's how it is. So the head whirls, and hup! ... And you can see – you can see with extreme precision – the three possibilities, and if you aren't constantly attentive (*gesture of a closed fist, of authority and control*), the physical nature, with such repulsive spinelessness, you know, absolutely disgusting, lets itself go.

This repeats itself hundreds upon hundreds of times a day.... So if this isn't called "sadhana," I don't know what a sadhana is! You see, eating is a sadhana, sleeping is a sadhana, washing is a sadhana, everything is a sadhana. What's a sadhana least of all is, for instance, receiving someone, because the body immediately keeps quite still – it calls the Lord and says, "Now be here," and then everything is fine (because it keeps still). The visitor comes, the body smiles, everything is fine – the Lord is there, so of course everything goes very smoothly. But when we're dealing with what we call "material" things, the things of daily life, it's hell, because of that idiot.

The other day, after you left, I couldn't eat anything! I couldn't eat because the body felt it was being diluted in the world like that (*expansive gesture*); so it was being diluted (which is quite all right, the experience is proceeding well), but it had a feeling that it couldn't eat – why? I don't know. And it was impossible. The doctor, who was there as always during my meals, said, "What's wrong?..." (Because the day before, there had been an attack, a sort of malice: I started vomiting; it happens to me once in six or seven years; an affair recurring at long intervals; and it was serious, but it didn't last long.) But the other day it was something else: the body felt it was being diluted (you remember, you said I was white), and when it came to eating, the body said (*in a moaning tone*), "Look how I am, I can't eat." If I had had a little time (*laughing*), I would have given it a good smack and told it not to make such a fuss! But I didn't have time, it was time for me to sit down and eat – and I couldn't eat. So I had difficulty the whole day, because naturally those little pranks make life difficult.

But what to people is unconscious, what they don't understand or call "illness," is to me as clear as daylight; and it's always a CHOICE, there is always a choice every minute (for the material nature), and if the will isn't unshakable, if you aren't holding on to the higher Will with desperate and unrelenting eagerness, you let yourself go; and then the body becomes stupid: it faints, it has pains.... That same day when I couldn't eat (after lunch I always rest for some time to ... well, those are the hours when I put the body in direct reception of the Force – it doesn't last very long, I don't have much time), but as soon as I lay down on the chaise longue, such pains! Howling pains that take hold of you ... (*gesture to the waist*) at those spots that are open to the adverse attacks. I was lying down, but I was fully conscious then and I said to myself, "Oh, very well! You want to make a big scene.... All right, I will bear everything and I won't make a sound – and I won't budge, and you're going to keep still." Then I started repeating my mantra quietly, as though the body weren't in any pain. And after a while, the pain went away. The body saw it was no use, so it went away!

And I KNOW it's the same for everything, for all "illnesses," without exception. I see, I know the "origin" of illnesses, of the various disorders, all that is now crystal clear (it's a story that it could take hours and days to tell), and that's how it is. So when, in a more or less dogmatic or literary way, the sages say, "Disorder occurs because the nature has decided to be in disorder," it's not so silly.

It's ... oh, a spinelessness which is one of the things most contrary to the divine Glory. The spinelessness that accepts illness, you know. And I am saying this to my body, not to anyone else – others, that's not my business, it's their work, not mine; I mean, I am present [in them] only as the divine Consciousness, and then it's very easy, a very easy work; but the work here, the sadhana in here ...

But sick people ... when I tell them, "Be sincere," I know what I mean: if they REALLY want the Divine, all that must stop. That's all.

I've made myself late again!

You know what's called *self-pity*? (*Mother caresses her cheek*) "Poor little thing, how you suffer! How you are to be pitied!" Well, the material nature is like

that, it says, "I want to be like You, Lord; but then why do You leave me in this condition?" – a good slap and march!

**May 11, 1965**

*After having translated "the" line from "Savitri":*

One a day, that would be 365, and the way we are going, how many would it be?

*104 a year.*

It doesn't matter, we're living in eternity.

Previously, I used to translate three or four lines every day; sometimes less, sometimes more, and it used to go very fast. But now, mon petit, (*laughing*) I have no time left for anything! It's traditional or agreed upon that I "must" take something in the afternoon to make a break between morning and evening – I never have the time! Those who are supposed to leave at 4 o'clock leave at 4:45.

*You would need a police force near you ...*

Yes.

*... someone with authority, pitiless, who would say, "Time is up, out you go!"*

Yes, a police force.

And above all I shouldn't be asked, because if they come and tell me, "Oh, so-and-so wants to see you; oh, so-and-so has sent a letter ... ," I can't very well answer, "Ah, no! Now I am resting"! It's a bit ... It's not a pleasant feeling and the rest wouldn't be very restful. But it has reached the point (there are four secretaries, as you know) where one chap said, *I'll shoot him* – one of the four secretaries, because he didn't pass on the letters. So you understand (*laughing*), your police force would be in danger!

We can only smile, it's the best remedy – laugh and smile. We must learn to laugh, more and more.

**May 15, 1965**

We are still in the thick of a period of battle.

There are moments when everything seems to be going wrong, seriously wrong, and then the next minute, everything goes triumphantly well, then it starts going wrong again – it isn't *steady*.

At times, there is a sort of harmony in the functioning so perfect that it leaves you dumbfounded, then the next moment, everything appears to be disorganized. So I don't know if it's to make us more supple. It must be to make us plastic.

External circumstances, too: at times everything works out – everything works out with such benevolence and, really, extraordinary timeliness; then the next minute, people become increasingly stupid, malicious and unwilling to understand ... (laughing) and sometimes the same people! And there are some who have extraordinary, remarkable experiences that point to an advance at full tilt, then they suddenly fall back into an unspeakable stupidity.

It's the hot and cold shower, to make us more supple.

Very well.

And you, how are you?

*The same thing, too: ups and downs.*

**May 19, 1965**

*In connection with an old Playground Talk (of March 14, 1951)*

*I feel like asking you a very simple question. You say here, "If we always had the feeling that what happens under any circumstances is the best, we wouldn't be afraid...." Is it truly the best that happens under any circumstances?*

It's the best in the given state of the world – it's not an absolute best.

There are two things: in a total and absolute way, at every instant, it's the best possible with regard to the divine Goal for the whole; and for someone who is consciously attuned to the divine Will, what happens is the most favorable to his own divine realization.

I think this is the correct explanation.



For the whole, it's always, every instant, the most favorable to the divine evolution. And for the elements consciously attuned to the Divine, it's the best for the perfection of their union.

But it shouldn't be forgotten that it's constantly changing, it isn't a static best; it's a best that, if retained, wouldn't be the best of the next moment. And it's because the human consciousness always tends to want to retain statically what it finds or considers to be good that it finds this best always eludes it. That effort to retain is what warps things.

*(silence)*

I looked at the problem when I tried to understand the position of Buddha, who reproached the Manifestation for its impermanence; to him, perfection and permanence were one and the same thing. In his contact with the manifested universe, he had observed a perpetual change, and so his conclusion was that the manifested world was imperfect and had to disappear. And the change (the impermanence) does not exist in the Nonmanifest, therefore the Nonmanifest is the true Divine. When I looked and concentrated on this point, I saw that his observation was indeed correct: the Manifestation is absolutely impermanent, it's a perpetual transformation.

But in the Manifestation, perfection is to have a movement of transformation or unfolding identical to the divine Movement, the essential Movement. Whereas all that belongs to the unconscious or tamasic<sup>25</sup> creation tries to keep its existence unchanged, instead of lasting by constant transformation.

That's why certain minds have postulated that the creation was the result of an error. But we find all the possible conceptions: the perfect creation, then a "fault" that introduced the error; the creation itself as a lower movement, which must end since it began; then the conception of the Vedas according to what Sri Aurobindo told us about it, which was a progressive and infinite unfolding or discovery – indefinite and infinite – of the All by Himself... Naturally, all these are human translations. For the moment, as long as we express ourselves humanly, it's a human translation; but depending on the initial stand of the human translator (that is, a stand that accepts the primordial "error," or the "accident" in the creation, or the conscious supreme Will since the beginning, in a progressive unfolding), the conclusions or the "descents" in the yogic attitude are different... There are the nihilists, the "Nirvanists" and the illusionists, there are all the religions (like Christianity) that accept the devil's intervention in one form or another; and then pure Vedism, which is the Supreme's eternal unfolding in a progressive objectification. And depending on your taste, you are here or there or here, and there are nuances. But according to what Sri Aurobindo felt to be the most total truth, according to that conception of a progressive universe, you are led to say that, every minute, what takes place is the best possible for the unfolding of the whole. The logic of it is absolute. And I think that all the contradictions can only stem from a more or less pronounced tendency for this or that position, that other position; all the minds that accept the intrusion of a "fault" or an "error" and the

resulting conflict between forces pulling backward and forces pulling forward, can naturally dispute the possibility. But you are forced to say that for someone who is spiritually attuned to the supreme Will or the supreme Truth, what happens is necessarily, every instant, the best for his personal realization – this is true in all cases. The unconditioned best can only be accepted by one who sees the universe as an unfolding, the Supreme growing more and more conscious of Himself.

*(silence)*

To tell the truth, all those things are without any importance (!) because in any case what IS exceeds entirely and absolutely all that the human consciousness may think of it. It is only when you stop being human that you know; but as soon as you express yourself, you become human again, and then you stop knowing.

This is undeniable.

And because of this incapacity, there is a sort of futility in wanting absolutely to reduce the problem to what human comprehension can understand of it. In that case, it's very wise to say, as Théon used to, "We are here, we have a work to do, and what's necessary is to do it as best we can, without worrying about the why and the how." Why is the world as it is?... When we are able to understand why, we'll understand.

From a practical standpoint, that's obvious.

But everyone takes his stand.... I have all the examples here, I have a little selection of samples of all the attitudes, and I see the reactions very clearly. I see the same Force – the same single Force – acting in this selection of samples and, of course, producing different effects; but those "different" effects are, to the deep vision, very superficial: it's just "they like to think that way, so then they like to think that way." But to tell the truth, the inner advance, the inner development, and the essential vibration aren't affected – not in the least. One aspires with all his heart to Nirvana, the other aspires with all his will to the supramental manifestation, and in both cases the vibratory result is about the same. And it's a whole mass of vibrations which prepares itself more and more to ... to receive what must be.

There is a state – an essentially pragmatic state, spiritually pragmatic – in which of all human futilities, the most futile is metaphysics.

\* \* \*

*A little later, Sujata asks for Mother's permission to consult an eye specialist:*

Is it just to change your lenses?

*To have my eyes tested, too.*

To have them tested? Mon petit, you can see ten people, those ten people will

tell you ten different things! The instability of the diagnosis is for me something absolutely certain. Because there aren't two identical cases – there are analogies, there can even be families of cases, but there aren't two identical cases; so in everyone there are variations. And unless the gentleman is very intuitive, he will start reasoning and then he is sure to make a mistake, or else to tell you some "vaguenesses" like "you are nearsighted" or "you are farsighted" (!) So much so that there aren't two identical cases of cataract – there are symptoms that repeat themselves and are very similar, with a very close analogy, but there aren't two identical cases. And those who are truly sincere will tell you so, but there isn't one in a thousand! And they will make great speeches – they will authoritatively announce something that they don't know.

*(To Satprem:)* Your brother wouldn't be happy if he heard me!

*Yes, he would!*

He would be happy, wouldn't he. Your brother is a sincere man. I have known one or two sincere doctors, and they admitted to me quite clearly that it was like that. I told them, "From the spiritual standpoint, there cannot be two identical cases. Nature never repeats itself – there are families, there are analogies, there are similarities, but there aren't two identical cases; therefore you know very well that you don't know. When you study it on its own level, the immense complexity of the possibilities of physical reality is such that unless you have a direct and intimate perception, you cannot know what will happen."

Now that the body knows a little, when something is wrong or goes awry for some reason or other (it may be because of transformation, it may be because of attacks – there are innumerable reasons), my cells are beginning to say, "Oh, no doctor, no doctor, no doctor! ..." They feel the doctor will crystallize the disorder, harden it and take away the plasticity necessary to respond to the deeper forces; and then the disorder will follow an outward, material course ... which takes ages – I don't have the time to wait.

I never say this to people who ask me, never; I always tell them, "Go and see the doctor and do as he tells you." Because unless the body itself (some people have that, but not many, very few), if the body itself says, "No, no, no! I don't want," then it's ready; but if the body keeps telling you, "Maybe the doctor will help me out, maybe he will find ..." – go ahead, go ahead! Do as he says.

The cells must begin to feel that it means a danger of halting the progress, of putting you back in contact with the old-never-ending-story: "If that story amuses you, we'll go through it again." Well, they are no longer amused, they don't feel like going through it again.

*(To Sujata:)* But this is another matter: if you have a nice goodwilled doctor, very patient, very experienced in lenses and with a magnificent collection of them (!), if you go and see him and he takes some trouble, he will be able to help you. But a gentleman who, with all his so-called science, looks down on you and tells you, "You have this and that and such-and-such a deformation ..."

*(Sujata:) I don't think there's any deformation, nothing, it's inside rather, as if the canals weren't very clean, so the sight cannot get through.*

(Mother laughs) What you're saying isn't very scientific!

*(Satprem:) Her sinuses are in poor condition.*

So then, the surgeon gentleman will tell you, "We'll operate," (*laughing*) and the gentleman who isn't a surgeon will want to give injections.... No, to make it easier for you to read or work, you can get the right lenses; and then my own remedy is to sit very still – very still – with your elbows on a table and your eyes in your palms and then if you can have in your heart an aspiration and tell the Lord, "Lord, take possession of Your domain, enter Your kingdom here, do a little cleaning," like that ... even formulating the thing in a very childlike manner (the Lord isn't a pontiff, he doesn't like ceremonies: he likes sincerity), here, like this (*gesture to the heart*), something that says, "Oh ... oh ...," that really wants – that's all. Tell him like that, "Come here, come, enter my eyes, come, do come, look through these eyes." It's much stronger than all the rest.

Only, it's very good to get lenses to make your work easier in the meantime. But, for that, you don't need a pontiff; you need a man with goodwill who knows how to choose lenses....

**May 29, 1965**

*(Regarding X's visit)*

... He has become more sober, he doesn't speak so much anymore. You know he had made a prediction about Ml's wife? What was her name?... (Names ... it's something rather odd: when people have left their body, their name goes away, I can no longer remember it – it's cut off, there is a break; I have to stop and let a sort of material memory come back, but in my consciousness it's cut off, there isn't any name anymore: the name has gone away along with the body – which is quite as it should be, of course.) He had told her, "Oh, you will live another ten years." – The next month, she left. So I think it threw some cold water on him, because obviously people attach a great importance to those things. At any rate, he shouldn't have told her, because it interrupted all my work – all my work was to make her unite with her soul before she went, so that all that could be taken along in the spiritual life would be taken along. And I was working at it, but then when

the other one told her she was going to live ten years, naturally she wasn't in a hurry anymore! I lost at least ten days because of that. And she left the day after the contact was made – she found her soul, she became quiet, very quiet ... and the next day she was gone.

I haven't lost hope that X might be progressive. If he is progressive, all will be well. Maybe in two or three years he will be a new man with a new consciousness? The stuff is good.

I saw the other day – it was very interesting, the very day he was on his way here (I wasn't thinking of him – I never "think" of people), suddenly I saw all that the knowledge of the pundits and those who profess to follow a spiritual life (the whole class of sannyasins, pundits, purohits,<sup>26</sup> etc.), all that that represents. (I am not referring to religions in other countries: it's specific to India.) And they are people who have a knowledge, a mental knowledge, of course, but very precise and very exact, of the movements in relation to the Overmind: all the gods and godheads and their ways of being and the relationships between men and gods; and they have tried to organize and formulate the relationships men have with gods so that, as was said in the past, men would not be "the cattle of the gods" – they have tried to change the human position with regard to deities. It's interesting, it's a whole interesting field ... which to me does not represent the true thing. They on their part think that is spiritual life – it's not spiritual life, but it is a higher mental region which borders on the Overmind, which even enters into the Overmind, and which is completely organized; it's a sort of "legislation" of the relationships between men and gods. From that point of view, it's interesting.

I saw that very clearly: the place it has in the universal organization. And if it's in its place, then it's quite all right – when a thing is in its place it becomes very good.

And when X came, they took him to Auroville,<sup>27</sup> and there is there a small Ganesh temple that was bought along with the land, on condition that the small temple be respected and people be allowed to come and offer prayers if they want to. They showed him the temple, he was very glad, then they asked him what should be done for the rites – "Oh, Ganesh will look after that, don't worry!" (*Mother laughs*) He said that very nicely.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards. The context in which Mother made the following remark has been forgotten.)*

It seems Ramakrishna told Vivekananda, "You can see the Lord just as you see me and hear His voice just as you hear my voice." Some people took this as a declaration that the Lord was on earth in the flesh (!) I said, "No, that's not it! What he meant is that if you enter the true consciousness, you can hear Him – I say, much more clearly than you hear physically and see Him much more clearly

than you see physically." – "Oh, that ...". Immediately their eyes open wide, it becomes something unreal!

\* \* \*

*Then Mother prepares the next aphorism:*

110 – To see the composition of the sun or the lines of Mars is doubtless a great achievement; but when thou hast the instrument that can show thee a man's soul as thou seest a picture, then thou wilt smile at the wonders of physical Science as the playthings of babies.

It's the continuation of what we were saying about those who want to "see."

*Do the wonders of physical science make you smile?*

The wonders are all very well, it's their business (!) But it's their overweening self-assurance that makes me smile. They think they know. They think they have the key, that's what makes one smile. It makes one smile. They think that with all that they have learned they are the masters of Nature – it's childish. There will always be something that eludes them as long as they aren't in contact with the creative Force and the creative Will.

It's an experiment that can be done very easily: a scientist may explain all the phenomena before our eyes, he may even use physical forces and make them do whatever he likes (they have obtained amazing results from the material point of view), but if you just ask them this question, this simple question, "What is death?", in reality, they have no idea. They will describe the phenomenon as it occurs materially, but ... if they are sincere, they are compelled to say that it doesn't explain anything.

There always comes a point when it no longer explains anything. Because to know ... to know is to have power.

*(silence)*

Ultimately, what materialistic thought finds easiest to admit is the fact that they cannot foresee. They foresee many things, but the course of world events is beyond their predictions. I think this is the only thing they can admit: there is a gray area, an area of the unpredictable that eludes all their calculations.

I have never spoken to the typical scientist having the most modern science, so I am not entirely sure, I don't know to what extent they admit the unpredictable or the incalculable.

What Sri Aurobindo means, I think, is that when you are in communion with the soul and have the soul's knowledge, that knowledge is so much more

wonderful than material knowledge that you almost smile with disdain. I don't think he means that the knowledge of the soul makes you know things of material life that science can't teach you.

The only point (I don't know if science has solved it) is the unpredictability of the future. But maybe they say that's because they haven't yet reached the perfection of their instruments and methods! For instance, maybe they think that just when man appeared on the earth, if there had been the instruments they now have, they would have been able to foresee the transformation from animal to man, or the appearance of man as a result of "something" in the animal – I am not aware (*Mother smiles*) of their most modern pretensions. In that case, they should be able to measure or perceive the difference in the atmosphere now, with the intrusion of "something" that wasn't there – because that still belongs to the material field.<sup>28</sup> But I don't think that's what Sri Aurobindo meant; I think he meant that the world of the soul and the inner realities are so much more wonderful than the physical realities that all the physical "wonders" make you smile – it's rather that.

*But the key you speak of, that key they don't have, is it not precisely the soul? A power of the soul over Matter, a power to change Matter – to work physical wonders, too. Does the soul have that power?*

It has that power and it uses it CONSTANTLY, but the human consciousness is unaware of it! And the great difference is that the human consciousness becomes aware, but it becomes aware of something that's ALWAYS there! And which the others deny because they aren't aware of it.

For instance, I've had the opportunity of studying this: For me, circumstances, characters, all events and all beings move about according to certain "laws," if I may say so, which aren't rigid, but which I perceive and because of which I can see: "This will lead to that, and that will lead there, and this person being like that, such-and-such a thing is going to happen to him, and ..." It's growing increasingly precise. I could, if it were necessary, make predictions based on that. But the relation of cause and effect in that domain is, for me, absolutely obvious and corroborated by facts. While for them, who do not have that vision and that consciousness of the soul, as Sri Aurobindo says, circumstances unfold according to other, superficial laws, which they consider to be the natural consequences of things; quite superficial laws that do not stand up to a deeper analysis, but they don't have the inner capacity, so that doesn't bother them, they find it obvious.

I mean that this inner knowledge doesn't have the power to convince them, that's an experience I have almost every day. So that when, concerning some event or other, I see, "Oh, but it's perfectly, perfectly obvious (for me): I saw the Lord's Force act there, I saw such-and-such a thing happen, and so, quite naturally, this is what must take place," for me, it's as obvious as could be, but I don't tell what I know, because it doesn't correspond to anything in their experience, so to them it's raving or pretension. Which means that when you haven't had the experience yourself, another's experience isn't convincing, it cannot convince you.

The power isn't so much of acting on Matter – that's something happening CONSTANTLY – but ... unless hypnotic means are used (and they are worthless, they don't lead anywhere), the difficulty is to open the understanding (*gesture of breaking free at the top of the head*), that's what is so difficult.... The thing which you haven't experienced is nonexistent.

Even if in front of them a kind of miracle takes place, they will find a material explanation for it; to them, it won't be a miracle in the sense of the intervention of a force and power different from material forces and powers. They will find their own material explanation for it, it won't be convincing.

You can understand only if you have yourself touched that domain in your experience.

And you see very clearly – very clearly: it's insofar as something is awakened that there is the possibility of an understanding. This is the solid ground, it's the base.

*All in all, the question may not be so much a "transformation of Matter" as of becoming conscious of the true unfolding.*

That's precisely what I mean. The transformation can take place up to a point without your even being conscious of it!

You see, it is said that there is now a great difference, that when man came, the animal didn't have the means of taking notice; well, I say it's exactly the same thing: in spite of all that man has realized, man doesn't have the means; certain things may happen, but he will know they did only much later, when "something" in him is sufficiently developed to enable him to take notice.

Even with scientific development taken to its utmost, to the point where one really feels there is almost no difference left, when, for instance, they reach the oneness of substance and there seems to remain just an almost insensible or imperceptible passage from one condition to the other [the material to the spiritual], well, no, it's not like that! In order to perceive that sort of identity, you must carry already in yourself the experience of the OTHER THING; otherwise you cannot.

And precisely because they have acquired the capacity to "explain," they explain for themselves the inner phenomena, so that they remain in their negation of inner phenomena: they say they are like extensions of what they have studied.

Only, owing to man's very constitution (because there is so to speak no human being who doesn't have at least a reflection or a hint or a beginning of relationship with his subtle, inner being, his "soul"), owing to that, there is always a flaw in their negation; but they consider it a weakness – and it's their only strength!

*(silence)*

It is really when you have the experience – the experience and knowledge and identity with the higher forces – that you see the relativity of external knowledge; but before that, no, you cannot see, you deny the other realities.



I think this is what Sri Aurobindo meant; it's only once the other consciousness is developed that the scientist will smile; he will say, "Yes, this is all very nice, but ..."

Basically, one cannot lead to the other. Except through a phenomenon of grace; if there is inwardly an absolute sincerity enabling the scientist to see, to have the foreknowledge, the perception of the point at which things elude him, then that may lead him to the other state of consciousness, but NOT THROUGH HIS METHODS. There must be ... something must give in – something must give in and accept the new methods, the new perceptions, the new vibrations, the new state of soul.

Then it's an individual question. It isn't a question of class or category: it's the scientist who becomes ready to be ... something else.

*(silence)*

We can only state an assertion: all that you know, however beautiful it may be, is nothing in comparison to what you can know if you are able to use the other methods.

There.

*(silence)*

That has been the object of my work all these last few days: how to get at that refusal to know? ... It has been there for a long time. And it's the sequel to what Sri Aurobindo said in one of his letters: he says that India, with its methods, has done much more for spiritual life than Europe with all her doubts and questions.<sup>29</sup> That's exactly the point. It's a kind of refusal – a refusal to accept a certain method of knowing that isn't the purely material method, and a negation of the experience, of the reality of the experience – how can they be convinced of it?... And then, there is Kali's method, which is to give a sound thrashing. But ... it's a lot of damage for little result, if you ask me.

No, it is still a big problem.

It seems that the only method capable of overcoming all resistances is the method of Love; but in fact, the adverse forces have perverted it in such a way that a large quantity of sincere people, of sincere seekers, seem to be armor-plated against this method, because of its distortion. That's the difficulty. That's why it takes time. Anyway ...

June 2, 1965

*Mother tries to read a paper with a magnifying glass:*

It's quite peculiar, it doesn't help me anymore.... Is it clean? (*Mother holds out the magnifying glass to Satprem*) There seems to be a haze.

*Yes, it's clean.*

It's rather strange, this eyesight. There always seems to be a veil between me and things, constantly; I am so used to it; I see everything very well, but as if there were a slight veil. Then all of a sudden, without any apparent reason (an outwardly logical reason, I mean), a thing becomes clear, precise, sharp (*gesture: leaping to the eyes*) – the next minute, it's over. Sometimes it's a word in a letter or written somewhere, sometimes it's an object. And it is a different quality of vision, a vision ... (how can I explain it?) as if light were shining from within things instead of shining on them: it isn't a reflected light. It isn't luminous, it isn't like a candle, for instance, or a lamp, not that, but instead of being lit by a projected light, things have their own light, which doesn't radiate.

It's becoming more and more frequent, but with perfect illogic. Which means that I don't understand the logic of it at all; I don't know why this thing ["lights up"] rather than that thing, or that rather than this: suddenly something leaps to the eyes – "Ah!" – and it's gone in a flash. And the vision is so precise! Extraordinary, with the full understanding of the thing seen while you are seeing it. Otherwise, everything is as if behind ... is it a veil? I don't know.

Sometimes (often), the same thing happens to me with speech. I feel as if I am speaking from very far away or from behind a woolly substance that blunts the precision of vibrations. In its extreme form, it's because of this that I sometimes don't hear – nothing: when some people speak to me, I hear absolutely nothing. With others, I hear the drone of a sound devoid of meaning. And with other people, I hear EVERYTHING they say. But it's a different way of hearing: what I hear is the vibration of their thought and that's what makes it very clear.

I have the same thing with hearing, the same thing with sight. It begins with taste, but that doesn't interest me much, so I don't take notice, I don't pay attention. But a few days ago I had the experience that the quality of tastes had changed: certain things had an artificial taste (the usual taste is an artificial taste) while others carried in themselves a TRUE taste; so this is very clear – very clear and very precise. But it's not so interesting a subject, so I am not occupied with it so much.

What struck me the most is sight. Hearing ... for a very, very long time – years – I've had the feeling that when people don't think very clearly, I can't hear. But that's not quite the point: it's when their consciousness isn't ALIVE in what they're saying – it's not so much a question of "thought," it's their consciousness that isn't ALIVE in what they're saying; it's a mental machine; then I don't understand anything at all – nothing. When their consciousness is alive, it reaches me. And I have noticed, for instance, that people whom I don't hear think it's because I am deaf in the ordinary way, so they start shouting – which is even worse! Then it's as if they were throwing stones in my face.<sup>30</sup>

There must be an action on the organs.

But it's my eyes that I find the most interesting. For instance, I noticed this while washing early in the morning: I go into the bathroom before turning the light on, because I turn it on from inside; but I see just as clearly as when the light is on! It makes no difference. And then everything was as if behind a kind of veil. Then I turned my attention (or rather my attention was drawn) and I said to myself, "But all this is becoming so lackluster, it's completely uninteresting!" And I started thinking (not thinking, but becoming aware of one thing or another), and suddenly, I saw that phenomenon of a bottle in the cupboard becoming so clear, so ... with an inner life (*gesture as if the bottle lit up from inside*). "Oh!" I said – the next minute, it was over.

But I seemed to be told, "Yes, you can. You no longer see this way, but you can see that way; you no longer see the ordinary way, but you can see ..." (*inward gesture*). I have been left with enough vision to be able to move around freely, but this is clearly the preparation for a vision through the inner light rather than projected light. And it is ... oh, it's warm, living, intense – and of such precision! You see everything at the same time, not only the color and shape, but the character of the vibration: in a liquid, the character of its vibration – it's marvelous. Only, it lasts a moment, it's like promises that come and tell you (like when you make a promise to someone to comfort him and give him heart), "It will be like this." Very well. (*Mother laughs*) In how many centuries, I don't know!

But when I used to use this magnifying glass, I could read very well (I stopped because of those hemorrhages, though my eyes seem to be well again), but now it's absolutely no use! (*Mother looks at a file with the magnifying glass*) It doesn't grow any clearer, there is always the same cloudiness. It's bigger, that's all. (*Mother looks again*) Strange, it's bigger but it's the same thing, there is the same veil ... of unreality.

As for the sense of smell, the nature of my sense of smell changed long, long ago. To begin with, I practiced this (a long time ago, years, many years ago): being able to smell only when I wanted to and only what I wanted to. And it was perfectly mastered. It already prepared the instrument a great deal. I can see it was already a preparation. I can smell things ... I can smell the vibratory quality of things rather than simply their odor. There is a whole classification of odors: there are odors that lighten you, as if they opened up horizons to you – they lighten you, make you lighter, more joyful; there are odors that excite you (those belong to the

category of odors I learnt not to smell); as for all the odors that disgust you, I smell them only when I want to – when I want to know, I smell them, but when I don't want to know, I don't. Now it's automatic. But my sense of smell was very much cultivated even when I was just a child, very long ago: at that time I cultivated the eyes and the sense of smell, both. But my eyes have been used for everything, for all the visions, so it's something much more complex, while the sense of smell has remained as it was: I can smell people's psychological state when I come near them; I can smell it, it has an odor – there are very special odors ... a whole gamut. I've had that for a very, very long time, it's something that's quite dominated, mastered. I am able not to smell anything at all: when, for instance, there are bad odors that upset the body's system, I can cut off the connection completely.

But I don't notice a great change in this domain because it had already been cultivated very much, while my eyes are much more ... (how can I put it?) ahead, in the sense that there is already a much greater difference between the old habit of seeing and the present one. I seem to be behind a veil – that's really the feeling: a veil; and then, suddenly, something lives with the true vibration. But that's rare, it's still rare.... Probably (*laughing*) there aren't many things worth seeing!

Oh, listen, it was Y.'s birthday the other day. I told her to come. She came: her face was exactly like her monkey's! She sat down in front of me, we exchanged a few words, then I concentrated and closed my eyes, and then I opened my eyes – she had the face of the ideal madonna! So beautiful! And as I had seen the monkey (the monkey wasn't ugly, but it was a monkey, of course), and then that, "Ah!" it struck me, I thought, "What wonderful plasticity." A face ... oh, a truly beautiful face, perfectly harmonious and pure, with such a lovely aspiration – oh, a beautiful face! Then I looked a few times: it was no longer one or the other, it was ... it was something (what she usually is, I mean), and it was behind the veil. But those two visions were without the veil.

And for me that's how it is, I don't see people, I no longer see (but that has been going on for a long time), I no longer see the way people do, the way they are used to seeing. At times someone tells me, "Have you noticed, so-and-so is like this or like that?" I answer, "No, I haven't seen anything." And at other times I see things no one else sees! It's a much more complete development than simply switching from one vision to the other.

But my senses of smell and vision were developed a lot between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. It was a conscious, willed, methodical education, which had interesting results. And which did a great deal to prepare the instrument for now.

*(Mother looks at the time)*

Oh, see there, I've chattered away again – he is the one who makes me chatter away!

**June 5, 1965**

*Mother shows the text of a letter she has sent in answer to a disciple:*

... She speaks like a child, and it has the charm of the child. She told me, "Oh, I beg you, ask the Lord to be quick and sort things out!" (*Mother laughs*) So I answered:

We are always free (*laughing*) to make our proposals to the Lord,  
but after all it is only His will that is realized.

And the child's logical conclusion: "Oh, then I have to want what He wants" – that's the point. That's what I said some time ago: one must be in the "It pleases Him"; not only in what is objectified, but in That which objectifies.

It's put in a childlike way, but it's so true and so simple! The more you see things in detail, the more you notice that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, even more than that, if you are tense or hurt, or pained or bothered, it's simply because things aren't exactly as you had told yourself they should be – this is for intelligent people; for less "intelligent" people, it's a sort of desire: they want things to be "that way" (they feel it much more than they think it), and then when things happen in another way, oh, they get a shock. But if they had wanted it beforehand, it would have been a pleasure – exactly the same occurrence. The occurrence would be exactly the same. If they had wanted it beforehand, they would have said, "Ah, at last this has been realized," and just because they didn't think of it, because they didn't see it: "Oh, how horrible!" Almost everywhere and almost constantly that's how it is. I see it more and more in the small movement of every minute.

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother starts sorting old scattered notes on all manner of slips of paper. She holds out to Satprem a first slip:)*

What is it?

*It's about young I.*

Oh! I.... – I. is Amenhotep.

That was very amusing (I didn't tell his mother), but I saw him a year or two

ago when he arrived from America with his parents. They came here to see me. I saw him, I wasn't thinking of anything, I was simply looking at him (meaning that I was taking him inside me). He wasn't quite like an ordinary child, he had rather princely manners. I noticed it, but nothing special apart from that. I saw him in the morning, then in the afternoon when I rested, I had a vision, that is to say, I relived a life in Egypt. It was ancient Egypt, I saw it from my costume, from the walls, from everything (I don't know if I have noted it there), anyway it wasn't modern. And I clearly was the Pharaoh's wife, or his sister (I don't remember now), and suddenly I said to myself, "This child is impossible! He keeps doing what he isn't supposed to do!" (*Mother laughs*) So I went out of my room, entered a great hall, and the little child was busy playing in a gutter! (*Laughing*) Which I found completely disgusting! So his tutor ran up to me immediately to tell me (I must have noted it): "Such is the will of Amenhotep."

That is how I knew his name.

What did I write?

"I. in ancient Egypt. A temple or palace of ancient Egypt. Light- and fresh-colored paintings on the very high walls. Clear light. About the child, very bold, independent and playful, I hear the end of a sentence: 'Such is the will of ...tep.' The entire name is uttered very clearly, but when I got up (too abruptly), only the syllable 'tep' was retained by the memory of the waking consciousness. It was the tutor speaking to me about the child. I am the Pharaoh's wife or the high priestess of the temple, with full authority."

That was my first memory on waking up. But he is Amenhotep. What's written there?

*It's a note on Amenhotep: "Amenhotep III is the builder of Thebes and Luxor.... His palace, south of Thebes, was built with sun-dried bricks covered with painted stucco. His wife, Taia, seems to have come from a modest family, but was showered with honours by him and their son. The son succeeded his father under the name of Amenhotep IV. He was a religious reformer who replaced the cult of Ammon with that of Aton (the Sun). He took the name of Akhenaton." [Encyclopedia Britannica]*

That's the one.

He's a tough little fellow, dear me! They have a hard time with him.

I didn't tell his mother.

When they are here, everything is fine. But as soon as they go to Bombay, where the husband's family is, he falls ill, he becomes absolutely unbearable, he is impossible – here, he is controlled. And strangely enough, they put in his bedroom friezes of simplified animals (I saw some photos, they look very much like Egyptian paintings), and he is very happy there, very calm.

It's amusing.

And I wasn't thinking of anything at all; I was looking at that child (who is obviously a conscious and very self-assured being), I looked at him and it amused me; then I put it out of my mind. And later on, I had that vision and I knew it was he – I saw him. "Such is the will of Amenhotep."

\* \* \*

*Mother goes on sorting her scattered slips of paper:*

There are all kinds of things, because I shove everything in here indiscriminately – bits of notes, private letters, things I never sent....

And what's this?

*You leave free hand to the bandits and ...*

Oh, this is a message I sent mentally to the Government of India! They wanted to lend money to the "Lake estate"<sup>31</sup> and they asked for guarantees, all sorts of dreadful things, as if they really were dealing with a gang of bandits. I refused. I told them, "Keep your money, I don't want it at such a price." But I wrote this and for a long time kept it here, on my table (that's my method, I do that for my work). I was very angry and I wrote:

You leave free hand to the bandits ... and you take all sorts of insulting measures against honest people.

It hasn't been published. Those papers are actions: occult actions. I write them, keep them, and then I "recharge" them.

You can classify this one in the "subjects for meditation" (!) ... on the Government's manners.

Sometimes, for someone or other, I'll write a sentence in that way, but I won't send it, I'll keep it; then, after a week or two weeks or a month, the person tells me he had an experience and that I told him such and such a thing – the very thing I had written. It's a very good method.

And also when you want to destroy something, you write it down, then you tear it up and burn it.

*Yes, but the Government is deaf!*

(Mother laughs) It had some effect, a lot of effect. We received apologies, almost. But it isn't over yet; they said they would give (not lend: give) without asking for any guarantee.

Very well, we'll see.

\* \* \*

*Mother sorts another paper:*

You know, it's always the same thing: I don't "think" – I don't think, I don't try to answer, I don't have any questions; when I read something, a letter, I let it enter into the Silence, and that's all. Then, suddenly, at any moment, prrt! up comes the answer. It doesn't come from my head, which is perfectly still: it just comes. And it pesters me: it comes and repeats itself until I've written it down. So I have papers in every corner and pens in every corner! I take a paper and write, then it's over; and as soon as it's written down, I have peace. And when I have time to start "writing" a letter, I settle down, I choose a good piece of paper and I write it out again.

But the papers and pens depend on the place where I've written!

*(Satprem looks at a slip of paper, page 3, in ink, with another slip, page 2, of a different size, in pencil, and no page 1.)*

I keep them in every corner of every room!

\* \* \*

*A little later, regarding another note:*

"In spiritual life, one is always a virgin every time ...

I never sent it. It was someone (a Frenchwoman) who had a rather curious experience and wrote to me she had suddenly felt that, in love, she was a virgin when she met me, and that it was with a virgin's love that she came to me. So I answered, because it's true:

"... one is always a virgin every time one awakens to a new love, for in each case it is a new part of the being, a new state of being that awakens to divine Love."

I wrote it, but didn't send it.

\* \* \*



*Another note:*

"People, in their blindness, leave the light ...

*(Mother takes over)* which they are used to, in order to go to the darkness, which is new for them! ... That is for the children who have been brought up here and want to go and study in America or wherever. One of them went away to study "true education" ... in England! So that was a bit too much.

\* \* \*

*Another note:*

If you want peace in the world or upon earth, first establish peace in your heart.  
If you want union in the world, first unify the different parts of your own being.

That went to "World-Union"!<sup>32</sup>

\* \* \*

*A last note or reflection of Mother's on her present yoga:*

"When, through those around me, the outer world tries to impose its will on the rhythm of the inner life, it creates an imbalance which the body does not always have the time to overcome."

**June 9, 1965**

So, how is your mantra?

*Fine, Mother, it's a beautiful Mantra.*

I had a rather interesting experience.

You know, there is always an impression that if you let someone else know the

Mantra, it will lose some of its force, but I said to myself, "Never mind, I will do it," and the minute the decision was made, naturally I stopped thinking about it – it was gone. And in the evening of the day when I told you the Mantra, towards the end of the day, suddenly the words came with a warmth and intensity, as if ... (how can I put it?) they were rounded out with force. Then, at the same time, I remembered I had told you the Mantra, so I looked, and I saw it was what your consciousness had added to it – I was very glad.

I told you there was a great power in it, but it has become (how can I explain?) warmer (*Mother laughs*). I don't know how to put it ... yes, it's as if a warmth of richness had entered into it – like a potential power (not yet manifested, that is, but potential), a very warm power of joy that had come into it. So I was very happy.

(*silence*)

I have a whole mantra [besides the main Mantra], I told you, for years now, and it is extremely complete: it applies to all necessities and all occasions, it's a long series. But for some time it has become very spontaneous, too, and very self-living: when I want to see quite concretely where someone stands (someone meditating in front of me, for instance), I recite the mantra (within, of course) and I watch the reactions, because the mantra deals with the *surrender* of all the parts of the being and all the modes of life: it's very complete. So according to the reactions [in Mother's centers], I see very clearly. The other day, when X came, I did it (it was the first time I had done it with him), I did it, and when I came to a certain point ... (*Mother smiles*) he couldn't bear it! He sort of stiffened, bowed to me and got up. Before that, he had remained very silent, very quiet. But that ... (*Mother laughs*) You see, I invoke the Lord and ask Him to manifest His various ways of being or realizations (it's not taken in a mental sense, not at all), but when I said – I say many things, but up to that point he had been quiet, silent, still, and at one point (because it comes in a logical succession), I said, "Manifest Your Knowledge" – he felt uneasy, as if he felt he was being thrown out of himself! So I tried to calm that down, but he couldn't bear it – after five minutes, he got up and left. A real unease; because, as for me, I am inside people (I am everywhere, of course), I feel just as if it took place in my own body.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards, Mother asks Satprem to read a letter she has just written:*

This is advice to childlike mentalities (childlike not in terms of age), the same thing as, *You say that you can't love the Lord because you have never seen Him....* It's the same kind of level. But I like it because at least they don't pretend to be intelligent. And yesterday a child announced to me that it was his birthday and that there were two questions he wanted to ask me, in English: *Where does God live?*

or *Where is the house of God?* (something of the sort) and *Can I ever see Him?* So I replied to him just as one replies to a child, with the child's simplicity:

*God lives everywhere and in everything, and you will be able to see Him if you can find Him deep inside yourself.*

In fact, we should have a "children's section" with answers for children – I, for one, find it much more instructive than philosophical things. I find it much more direct than intellectual transcendences, in which there is always a bit of pretension; you know, they are "above all that childishness" – and it's just as childish.

**June 12, 1965**

*Regarding a letter Mother wrote to a disciple:*

... There are all kinds! Complications, lots of complications; there are all kinds of ill will, at least of people who go round in circles instead of going forward. And stupid inventions. The other night ... Because the head is always still, like this (*gesture to the forehead, palms open to the Light from above*); I give thanks to the Lord for that, and it's always like that; so I don't decide what's to be done, I don't decide what's to be answered – nothing: when it comes, it comes. And some people had played a really nasty trick (*[laughing]* I couldn't care less!) and I wasn't budging. And as it happens, in the middle of the night, a force comes, takes hold of me and tells me, "Here's the answer, here is what you must say." I say, "Very well" (I was lying in bed, of course) and I don't budge. (*Mother puts on a more imperative tone:*) "Here is what you must say." – "Oh, very well!" And I still don't budge. (*In a still more imperious tone:*) "Here is what you must say." (*Mother laughs*)

So I got up, went over there, and in the dark I wrote what I had to say!  
And then it was over.

*(Mother then takes up the translation of "Savitri": The Debate of Love and Death.)*

(Mother reads the text) Aha! What a joker!

... Then will I give thee all thy soul desires

He's a joker.

All the brief joys earth keeps for mortal hearts

*But I don't want them!* – He is a real joker.

And what happens to him?

... My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time

Oho, that's what you think!  
And Satyavan can never again be thine.

X.III.636

Not true, old chap!

*(Mother translates)*

Alors je te donnerai tout ce que ton âme désire ...

[Then will I give thee all thy soul desires]

The soul doesn't desire anything! It's easy to say, "I will give thee all thy soul desires," the soul desires nothing. So he doesn't commit himself to much!

He's a joker – he made him quite a joker.

**June 14, 1965**

*(Mother looks for a card to reply to a disciple on. One card is illustrated with a big fish.)*

*What's the fish a symbol of?*

I don't know. The Buddhists use the symbol of two intertwined fish. I think it's Multitude?

*I often have underwater dreams: the other day, for instance, I went under water (and without any difficulty) and there were hosts of fish – I was fishing under water. But those fish were dead, or had just died – hosts of fish that weren't decomposing, that were still good, but dead, because they didn't have any more air or water.*

Generally, fish in the sea mean Multitude.<sup>33</sup> But there must be many meanings; I have told you that Buddhism often uses the image of fish as a symbol.

Symbolisms, mon petit, there are hundreds and hundreds of them. And people always oppose them, but ultimately they are just different ways of seeing one and the same thing. According to my experience, everyone has his own symbolism.

For snakes, for instance, it's quite remarkable. Some, when they dream of

snakes, have the feeling they're going to meet with catastrophes; I myself have had all sorts of dreams with snakes: I had to go through gardens full of snakes everywhere – on the ground, in the trees, everywhere – and not kindly snakes! But I knew very well what it meant; during the dream itself I knew it: it depended on certain mental conditions around me and ill will – mental ill will.<sup>34</sup> But if you have mental control and power, you can go through, they cannot touch you. And other people, when they see a snake, think it is the universal consciousness. So we can't say. Théon used to say that the serpent is the symbol of evolution, and those who were with him always saw rainbow-colored serpents, with all the colors, and it was the symbol of universal evolution Basically, to tell the truth, everyone has his own symbolism And for myself, I have seen that it depended on the periods in my life, on the activities, on the degree of development. There are things I see again now in which I see another meaning, which was behind the meaning I had seen.

It's very interesting, but it belongs entirely to the domain of relativity.

It's very mental.

I remember, for instance, there was a time when I used to see people in the form of animals! ... It was the indication of the type of nature they belonged to. And I remember, when I was still in France, having one day seen (I was sitting in a large room) hosts of small animals coming, especially rabbits, cats, dogs, all kinds of animals, birds; they kept coming and coming, all of them onto my knees! And there were hosts and hosts of them.... And there suddenly entered the room a big tiger, which rushed at them all and vrrf! sent them scurrying off in all directions! (*Mother laughs*) But the animals were people ... and the tiger, too, was someone.

It's amusing.

But now I see that there are superimposed depths: you have one symbolism, then deeper, there's another symbolism. And ultimately, all form is a symbol. All forms: our form is a symbol – not a very brilliant one, I admit!

Oh, if I had nothing to do and spent my time just writing down my activities of the night, what I see and hear and do in the night with everybody ... oh, all kinds of people, in all kinds of countries. And things, hosts of things, so many, many things I never saw physically and never thought of – totally unexpected things.

It's more interesting than novels, and how! It just requires a lot of time.

\* \* \*

*(Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," from The Debate of Love and Death. Then she stops in the middle of a line:)*

I can't hear anything just now, I am in ... Well, the feeling is absolutely of being inside a blanket of fog ... (*Mother "looks"*) a very pale pearl-gray fog. And a fog for both sound and sight.

As if things were far, far away, far away from me: things, people, noises, images, everything, far, far away ... (*Mother takes up "Savitri" again*):  
My will once wrought remains unchanged through Time  
And Satyavan can never again be shine.

He made him a bit stupid, because even if Satyavan doesn't come back in this body, what prevents him from taking another!

He's bragging!

And Savitri (or "the Voice") afterwards tells him, you remember, "Ah, we'll keep you all the same, we still need you for a while." When he has been beaten hollow, when he is finished, she tells him, "We'll still keep you because we still need you,"<sup>35</sup> don't you remember?

A nice gift... Oh, it is true that in many cases it's indispensable. I remember having read a story, at the time when I used to receive ... I think it was *Le Matin*, the newspaper *Le Matin*. There were novels in it and I used to read the novels to see the state of mind of people. And there was an extraordinary novel in which the main character was a woman who was immortal (she had been condemned to immortality by God knows which deity), and she tried her best to die, without success! It was stupid, the whole thing was stupid, but the standpoint was reversed: she was compelled to be immortal and ... she said, "Oh! When will I be allowed to die?", with the ordinary idea that death is the end, that everything is over and one rests. And she had been told, "You will be able to die only when you meet true love..." Everything was topsy-turvy. But when I read that, it set me thinking a lot – sometimes it's the most stupid things that set you thinking the most. And to complete the story ... you see, she had been someone, then someone else, a priestess in Egypt, anyway all kinds of things, and finally (I don't remember), it was in modern times: she met a young married couple; the husband was a remarkable man, intelligent (I think he was an inventor); his wife, whom he loved passionately, was a stupid and wicked fool who spoilt all his work, who ruined his whole life ... and he went on loving her. And that's what (*laughing*) they gave as example of perfect love!

I read that maybe more than fifty years ago, and I still remember it! Because it set me thinking for a long time. I read that and I said to myself, "Here's how people understand things!"

It was, oh, certainly more than fifty years ago, because I had already come upon the "Cosmic," Theon's teaching and the inner divine Presence, and I knew that the new creation would be a creation of immortality – I immediately felt it was true (that it was a way of expressing something true). So then, when I read that, I thought, "Here's how people make everything topsy-turvy! Head and feet upside down." And I pondered for a long, long time over the problem: "How to bring this to the true position?" And I set to work... Already at the time, I used to practice adopting that standpoint, looking at things from that standpoint, understanding how that standpoint could exist. And those two things made me ponder: the will to die, and what that man considered to be "perfect love" – two

idiotic things.

But I discovered what was true in it; that's what was interesting: I tried and tried to find, and suddenly I felt that aspiration towards the immutable, immutable peace. Well, it was upside down: only immutable peace can give you eternal existence. There, it was all upside down, the idea was to cease existence in order to find immutable peace. But it's immutable peace one is after and that's what compels the cessation of existence, in order to allow the transformation to take place.

And love, which is unconditioned: it doesn't depend on whether you are loved or not, whether you are intelligent or not, whether you are wicked or not – that goes without saying. But it was put in a ridiculous way. But it goes without saying, love is unconditioned, otherwise it isn't love, it's what I call bargaining: "I give you my affection so you give me yours; I am nice to you so you are nice to me"! That's how people understand it, but it's stupid, it's meaningless. That's something I understood when I was quite small, I used to say, "No! You may wish others to be nice to you if you are nice to them, but that has nothing to do with love, no, nothing, absolutely nothing." The very essence of love is unconditioned.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

We are putting together ... (what can I call it?) a set of rules (oh, that's an ugly word) for admission to the Ashram.... Yes! ... Not that if you accept the rules you're admitted, it's not that, but when someone is admitted, we tell him, "But, you know, here is ..." (when he is potentially admitted), "here is what you are committing yourself to by becoming a member of the Ashram." Because requests for admission are pouring in like locusts, and at least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it's from people who want to come here to be comfortable and rest and do nothing – one in a hundred comes because he has a spiritual aspiration (oh, and even then ... it's mixed). So they shouldn't tell us afterwards (because we've had such experiences), "Oh, but I didn't know it was that way," with the excuse that they hadn't been told. For instance, "I didn't know we weren't allowed to ..." (*Mother questions herself for a moment*) What isn't allowed?... (*Then, laughing, she points to Satprem:*) Smoking isn't allowed. And drinking alcohol isn't allowed, being married isn't allowed, except nominally, and so on. And then you have to work, and all your desires aren't automatically satisfied. So they send me letters, "But you told me that ..." (oh, things I never said, naturally), "at such-and-such a date" (you understand, sufficiently far back for me not to remember!), "you told me that ..." And from what they write I see very clearly what I said and how they turned it upside down. So now we'll prepare a paper that we'll give them to read, and we'll ask them, "Have you clearly understood?" And when they have said

they've clearly understood and have signed, at least we'll keep the paper, and when they start being a nuisance, we can show it to them and tell them, "Beg your pardon, we told you this wasn't a ..." (what's the word?) "an Eden where you can stay without doing anything and where your bread is buttered on both sides!"

So I put as first condition (I wrote it in English): the sole aim of life is to dedicate oneself to the divine realization (I didn't put it in these terms, but that's the idea). You must first (you may deceive yourself, but that doesn't make any difference), first be convinced that this is what you want and you want this alone – primo. Then Nolini told me that the second condition should be that my absolute authority had to be recognized. I said, "Not like that! ", we should put that "Sri Aurobindo's absolute authority is recognized" (we can add [*laughing!*, "*represented* by me," because he cannot speak, of course, except to me – to me he speaks very clearly, but others don't hear!). Then there are many other things, I don't remember, and finally a last paragraph that goes like this (*Mother looks for a note*).... Previously, I remember, Sri Aurobindo had also put together a little paper to give people, but it's outdated (it was about not quarreling with the police! And what else, I don't remember – it's outdated). But I didn't want to put prohibitions in, because prohibitions ... first of all, it's an encouragement to revolt, always, and then there is a good proportion of characters who, when they are forbidden to do something, immediately feel an urge to do it – they might not even have thought of it otherwise, but they just have to be told about it to ... "Ah, but I do as I like." All right.

(*Mother starts reading*) To those ... I am making a distinction: there are people who come here and want to dedicate themselves to divine life, but they come to do work and they will work (they won't do an intensive yoga because not one in fifty is capable of doing it, but they are capable of dedicating their life and of working and doing good work disinterestedly, as a service to the Divine – that's very good), but in particular, *To those who want to practice the integral yoga, it is strongly advised to abstain from three things....* So, the *three things* (*[laughing]* you put your fingers in your ears): *sexual intercourse* (it comes third) *and drinking alcohol and ... [whispering] smoking.*

I must tell you that I was born in a family in which nobody smoked: my father had never smoked and neither had his brothers – anyway, no one smoked. So since my early childhood, I hadn't been used to others smoking. Later, when I lived with artists ... Artists smoke, of course (it seems it gives them "inspiration"!), but I detested the smell. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to be unpleasant, but I detested it. Then I came here – Sri Aurobindo smoked. He smoked deliberately, he smoked in order to say: one can do the yoga while smoking, I say one can smoke and do the yoga, and I smoke. And he smoked. And naturally all the disciples smoked, since Sri Aurobindo smoked. For some time, I even gave them pocket money so they could buy cigars (they smoked cigars – it was ghastly!). Then I came to live in Sri Aurobindo's house, we spoke freely, and one day I told him, "How awful the smell of smoke is! (*laughing*) It's disgusting!" So he said to me, "Oh, you don't like the smell?" "Oh, no!" I said, "Not only that, but I had to



make a yogic effort to stop it from making me feel sick!" The next day, he had stopped. It was over, he never smoked again.... That was kind. It wasn't on principle, it was because he didn't want to impose the smell on me. But I had never said anything: it was simply because he asked me just like that, while talking, so I told him. And when he stopped smoking, everyone had to stop too – smoking wasn't allowed anymore, since he didn't smoke anymore.

No, for those who don't smoke (*laughing*), others' smoke is very ...

But it was the same thing for food, meat and so on. For a long time we ate meat; it was even very funny. Pavitra was a strict vegetarian when he came, and at the time, not only were we not vegetarian but the chickens were killed in the courtyard (!) and ... (*laughing*) Pavitra had the room right next to the kitchen – the chickens used to be killed under his nose! Oh, poor Pavitra! Then it stopped for a very simple reason (not at all on principle): feeding people with meat is far costlier than being vegetarian! It meant complications. I was personally vegetarian out of taste – everything is out of taste, not on principle. I became vegetarian at the beginning of the century, oh, a long time ago ... (yes, it must have been more than sixty years ago), because in my childhood I was forced to eat meat, and it disgusted me (not the idea: it was the taste I didn't like, it disgusted me!) and the doctor said I should be given *pickles* and all sorts of things to mask the taste. So as soon as I was independent and free, I said, "Finished! (*laughing*) Ah, no! I won't eat meat anymore" – not as a rule, since now and then I still take foie gras (that's not vegetarian!) and for a long time I went on eating crayfish or lobster, things like that – no rules, oh, for heaven's sake no rules, but taste. But as you said earlier,<sup>36</sup> it's "complications," that's exactly how I felt. And when I moved to this room (you know that they stuck me in bed for I don't know how long – I can't manage to find out how long, no one wants to tell me), and when I started eating again, the doctor made me take chicken bouillon; but for that chicken bouillon they had to assassinate one chicken a day – they assassinated one chicken every day for me to have my chicken bouillon. Then, when the hot season came, they told me that the chickens were sick (the heat make them sick) and that, after all, maybe it wasn't so good to eat sick-chicken soup! So I said, "Stop it, do stop it!" And once I had stopped, ah, my heart was glad: "Now (*laughing*) we don't assassinate chickens anymore!" So I said, "Finished, we won't do it again." But as it happens, it's precisely during that time that I put on two kilos (at the time the doctor used to take my weight), and he said, "See, you have put on weight!" I told him, "But I am not keen to put on weight!"

You see (*to Sujata*), in front of him I speak frankly! (*laughing*) You should do as I say and not do as I do!

Not on principle – no principles: out of taste.

There, mon petit.

**June 18, 1965**

You remember what I had said? That it would be an *improved* physical body that would make the transition between the human body and the supramental body?...<sup>37</sup> Last night Sri Aurobindo told me in his own way that it was correct, that it was true. It was very interesting.

Very interesting.

Last night, for a long time, we went to all sorts of places unknown to me: towns, countrysides, forests, etc. It lasted a very long time. And once, we were there, near a forest (near a road that crossed the forest) and we were busy and "talking" when all of a sudden, he leaped to his feet.... You know, he never wears any clothes, so to speak; when I saw him the first time in his house (his supramental house), in the subtle physical, he was without clothes; but it's a kind of vibrant matter: it's very material, very concrete, and it has a sort of color that isn't a color, which is a bit golden and radiant – it doesn't send out rays, but it vibrates with a radiant light. And at least nine times out of ten he is that way; generally, when we are together for some work, he is that way. Last night he was that way. So then I was busy (we had arranged something and I was busy) when, suddenly, I see him leap to his feet and run a hundred-meter sprint. At first I was shocked, I said to myself, "What's this?!" And with great ease, you know: he darted off, then stopped a few minutes, and then ran back. Then he stopped again, and went off a third time on a sprint: like the 100-meter race they run. But the third time, he had grown tall, with a slim body. Grown tall as if to demonstrate to me: this is the way the body will be transformed. He had grown very tall, very strong.

It was very interesting and absolutely unexpected.

The second time, he was stronger than the first; and the third time, he was magnificent: a tall, superb being with that vibrant, radiant substance. And what a sprint! What leaps! It was fantastic. The last time, it was fantastic, as if he skimmed over the ground.

We "speak" very, very rarely. Sometimes he tells me something, but it's with a special import and a special aim – we understand each other without words. There he didn't say anything, but I understood.

It was part of a very long activity, but that thing struck me very much because it was like the answer [to what I said some time ago]. He said, "Yes, it's true, you are right, it is like that." And that change in his body over the three times: the first time he was as I knew him, but younger and more agile; the second time, he was already stronger; and the third time, he was magnificent.

I wanted to tell you this.

That's all.

Now, what do YOU have to tell me?

(silence)

Very well, I am not saying anything more!

*There still remains the question I asked you on the same subject: I find it hard to see how the supramental body, which is made of a very material but nevertheless different matter...*<sup>38</sup>

Ah, I had another experience about that a few days ago.... You know that they are speaking of a substance "denser" than physical substance.... What do they call it?... (*Mother cannot remember*) Théon had already spoken about it, but I thought it was his imagination. But I have been told that it has been scientifically discovered and that the amount of that "denser matter" seems to be INCREASING.

What do they call it? There is a name. I don't remember now, but some time ago, a month or two, someone who came from France told me that in scientific circles they now seem to be saying that matter denser than physical matter appears to be increasing in amount on earth – this would be extremely interesting.<sup>39</sup>

As for Théon, he used to say that the glorified body would be made of a matter denser than physical matter, but with qualities that physical matter doesn't have. And this substance does have qualities, they say, that Matter doesn't have, like for instance elasticity. Well, a few nights ago (I don't remember when), I was in a place in which a sort of pale gray substance had been collected, which looked like diluted clay (a paste, that is). And elastic, (*laughing*) glutinous! It was like diluted cement, but very pale, a really lovely pearl gray, and sticky: it could be stretched like chewing gum!

And then there were a number of people who had gathered there to bathe in that substance. Some were crawling in it with delight! They were smearing themselves all over with it, and it was sticky! And I myself ... Once you were there, you were inevitably plunged in it to some extent: it seemed to be there even in the air; you couldn't avoid it. But there was a lady who took great care of me so it wouldn't be too inconvenient: I remember that I had a sort of luminous dress, white and red (white with red decorations) in which I wrapped myself so that substance wouldn't stick to me. But I watched the whole thing, and I saw, for instance, our Purani<sup>40</sup> wallowing in it, sliding with delight, dripping with that mud all over! And everybody was in that mud. Only, it was a mud of a very lovely pearl gray, but was it sticky! And in the morning when I woke up, I said to myself it must be the new substance in preparation – it's not yet fully ready but it's in preparation.

There were some highly amusing details: it was arranged like the establishments, you know, in those big stylish spas. It was like that. And people came there to take baths in that substance.

What do they call it?... Pavitra would know the name. I used to know it: Théon

had given it the name they give it today. But I don't remember. A matter denser than physical Matter. But elastic.

And probably a matter that will undergo some transformations, I don't know. That cloak I put on was perhaps the symbol of ... It was white with golden threads and red embroidery designs (it was very beautiful), and I wrapped myself in it so that the mud wasn't bothersome.

*What was it the symbol of?*

Of the force that will transform that into an acceptable substance.

*(silence)*

The consciousness that will learn to use that substance (just as there was a consciousness that learned to use the body's substance) will probably know how to turn it into something that can be used. Because we have grown accustomed to it, but obviously it's a sort of superchemistry that made this corporeal substance. We find it perfectly natural, but it hasn't always been this way – there is a long way from the jellyfish, for example, to this body.

I had the impression of a substance that has to undergo a work of adaptation, transformation, utilization, and that would serve as an outer form for the supramental being.

My impression is that Sri Aurobindo already has his subtle supramental form. For instance, when he has to move, he doesn't give the impression of being subject to the same laws as we are; but as it's subtle, it doesn't appear surprising. And also a sort of ubiquity: he is in several places at the same time. And a plasticity, an adaptability according to the work he wants to do, the people he meets. In those activities I am quite aware that I see him in a certain way, but I think others don't see him the same way – they see him differently, probably wearing clothes. When he ran in the forest, we were all alone, and it was a large forest without anyone there; then a few minutes later, we were somewhere else and there were people, other people to whom he spoke, and I didn't at all feel that the others were seeing him without clothes: they were certainly seeing him wearing clothes.

I saw him once, rather long ago: I told you the story of his boat, made also of clay.

*Of pink clay.*<sup>41</sup>

Yes, it was a sort of clay, it was pink clay. Well, at the time he seemed to be wearing clothes. You see, it doesn't have the fixity of our matter.

It was like that vision of the "supramental ship,"<sup>42</sup> in which everyone was dressed by his own will.

But in my night activities, it's perfectly natural, I don't give it a thought – I don't stand there, observing with the petty idiotic understanding of habit: it's all perfectly natural.

There, we've chatted long enough!

*(Sujata:) You, too, are tall at night.*

I can't hear, mon petit, I am in a cloud!

*(Sujata repeats:) At night, when one sees you, you look tall.*

Of course! Oh, but I know that! All the people look small to me, and that's the only thing that makes me notice – I am not aware of being tall, but they look small to me.

I am tall.

*(Sujata:) You are at least this tall [Sujata points to the ceiling, about fifteen feet high].*

Yes, I have noticed: I often look at people like this (*Mother leans over her armchair*). But it's perfectly natural, I don't have a feeling of being tall.

*(silence)*

Last night, at one point we prepared a certain number of things that were at the same time like food, medicine, and a way to transform Matter. It had different colors, it was in test tubes, and he explained it all to me. But that wasn't the first time: it has happened very often. But then, the best part of it is that when I wake up, all the precise details are immediately swept away! I seem to feel a hand that comes and takes it all away – on purpose.

But I remember, I still have the image in which he is demonstrating things with his test tubes. There was a man ... who looked like a scientist (a man about forty years old, between forty and fifty, young but not very young) and very thoughtful-looking. He was sitting. I don't know what his nationality was, I don't remember, but he was modern; he was modern, with modern clothes, and Sri Aurobindo showed him his test tubes with things in them and the effect on a totality of matter. I was there, looking on (I was looking with great interest), and I understood everything then. And I still see the image, but the mental knowledge, the mental translation that would have enabled me to say, "Now I know," prrt! taken away. It's the same thing every time.

Which means it must be given to people other than me for them to use it, because they have a brain better prepared than mine, and better conditions of research.

It's clear that the work is getting done.

*(silence)*

Another thing, yesterday ... Something being prepared.... In the past, when Sri Aurobindo was there and I lived in that house which is now the "dormitory annex," there was a large verandah, and I used to walk up and down on the verandah (Sri Aurobindo was in his room, working), and I would walk alone; but I was never alone: Krishna was always there – Krishna, the god Krishna as he is

known, but taller, more beautiful, and not with that ridiculous blue, you know, that slate blue! Not like that. And always, we always walked up and down together – we would walk together. He was just a little behind (*gesture behind, almost against the nape of the neck and the shoulders*); I was a little in front, as if my head was on his shoulder, and he would walk (I didn't have the feeling of my head resting on his shoulder, but that's how it was), and we would walk, we would communicate. That lasted more than a year, you know, every day. Then it ended. Afterwards I saw him from time to time (when we moved to the new house I saw him); sometimes at night when I was very tired, he would come and I would sleep on his shoulder. But I knew very well that it was a way Sri Aurobindo had of showing himself. Then when I came here [to Mother's present room], Sri Aurobindo had left, and I began walking up and down while reciting my mantra. Sri Aurobindo came, and he was at exactly the same place as Krishna was (*same gesture, just behind the head*); I would walk, and he was there, and we would walk together day after day, day after day. And it was becoming so concrete, so marvelous that I started thinking, "Why look after people and things, I want to remain like this for ever!" He caught my thought, and he said, "I am not coming anymore." And he stopped. I said, "Very well," and I started my mantra to the supreme Lord, and I tried a lot to have Him come and walk with me, but in no other form but Himself. And the Force, the Presence, everything was there, and I would feel Him more and more clearly, staying like that, just behind me, impersonal. For a few days, I've had a sort of feeling that I was close to something; and yesterday, for half an hour: THE Presence – a Presence ... An absolutely concrete presence. And it is He who told me, "First Krishna, then Sri Aurobindo, then I."

Only (*laughing*), He doesn't want the effect to be the same and me to say, "Now I am fed up with people!"

\* \* \*

*(The important digression that follows was set off by a banal question:  
Mother asks Sujata if her new typewriter is working well.)*

*(Sujata:) They have adjusted the keyboard in such a way that it's very hard to use the typewriter.*

But it's international, isn't it?

*Yes, but they have tried to "improve" on it.*

Ah! ... It was the same thing when I was in Japan, all that they were taught they would "improve" on – it would become absolutely unworkable! After the American occupation, they understood.

(silence)

"One" is wondering if, really, it won't be necessary to have an American occupation here, which would have the double effect of converting the Americans and making the Indians make some progress.... Practical progress is what they would make, as the Japanese did. And the Americans are now the disciples of the Japanese: from the point of view of Beauty they have made wonderful and absolutely unexpected progress. If the Americans came here, they would be converted, they would become ... oh, they would understand spiritual life. Only, of course, it wouldn't be too pleasant (!) But it's the surest method – it's always the dominator that learns the lesson from the dominated. The Americans might become the most militant spiritualists in the world if they occupied India. Only, the Indians would have a bad time.... But they would become very practical, they would learn to put order in what they do – which they quite lack (just see, I didn't make you say that for that typewriter).

It's troublesome. It's something in suspense [the American occupation]. In my active consciousness, I don't want it. First, it would take a long time – it always takes a long time. A lot of time wasted, a lot of suffering, a lot of humiliation. But it's a very radical method.

At any rate, if a new domination is indispensable, it would be INFINITELY better for it to be by the Americans than by the Russians because what would be learned from the Russians is an UNNECESSARY lesson: it's community, the truth of community – the Indians knew it before the Russians (the Sannyasins were the ideal community); they knew it before the Russians, so they have nothing to learn there, it would be perfectly unnecessary. And to tell the truth, I am completely indifferent as to whether or not the Russians become spiritualists, because the Russians, in their soul, are mystics – they are AT LEAST (at least) as mystical as the Indians. So all their community and Communism is pretentiousness. It would be no use – no use at all.

An American occupation is a *drastic* method, but ... Oh, when I see here the extent to which they can be imbued with the English spirit, oh, it's hideous – I don't like the English. And the English ... the English have learned the maximum from the Indians, but for them the maximum is nothing much. The Americans want to learn. They are young and they want to learn; the English are old, stale, hardened and ... oh, so conceited – they know everything better than everyone else. So they learned very little. They benefited the maximum, but that's very little; their maximum is very little. The English ... (*gesture of sinking*) they are destined to sink underwater.<sup>43</sup>

Oh, I hope you're not recording this!

*It seems more likely that the Chinese would be the ones to come here, not the others.*

Oh, but the Chinese ... The Chinese come from the moon, what are they doing on earth! The origin of the Chinese isn't earthly: it is lunar.

*Yes, but still, it seems they would be the ones to come here rather than the Americans or Russians?*

Than the Americans ...

*Circumstances seem rather...*

No, the Americans can come here to "save" India from China.

*(silence)*

To be under Chinese domination ... it's better to die first. They are ... from the point of view of sensitivity, they are monsters.

They are monsters.

They are lunar – lunar, that is, cold, icy.

No, there's no wavering between the two. The Chinese, the Chinese domination over the earth is ... it means the earth hardening, the earth growing cold like the moon. Oh, that would be dreadful.

Ah, good-bye, my children.

We don't want catastrophes.

## **June 23, 1965**

Have you heard of Auroville?...

For a long time, I had had a plan of the "ideal city," but that was during Sri Aurobindo's lifetime, with Sri Aurobindo living at its center. Afterwards ... I was no longer interested. Then, we took up the idea of Auroville again (I was the one who called it "Auroville"), but from the other end: instead of the formation having to find the place, it was the place (near the Lake) that caused the formation to be born; and up to now I took a very secondary interest in it because I hadn't received anything direct. Then that little H. took it into her head to have a house there, near the Lake, and have a house for me next to hers to offer me. And she wrote to me all her dreams; one or two sentences suddenly awakened an old, old memory of something that had tried to manifest – a creation – when I was very small (I don't remember what age), and that had again tried to manifest at the very beginning of the century when I was with Théon. Then I had forgotten all about it. And it came back with that letter: suddenly I had my plan of Auroville. Now I have my general plan; I am waiting for R. to make the detailed plans because since the beginning I have said, "R. will be the architect," and I have written to R.

When he came here last year he went to see Chandigarh, the city built by Le Corbusier up there in Punjab, and he wasn't very happy (it seems to me rather



mediocre – I don't know, I haven't seen it; I only saw photographs that were dreadful). And when he spoke to me, I saw that he was feeling, "Oh, if I had a city to build! ..." So I wrote to him, "If you want, I have a city to build." He is so very glad, he is coming. And when he comes, I'll show him my plan, then he will build the city.<sup>44</sup>

My plan is very simple.

It will be up there, off the Madras road, on top of the hill. (*Mother takes a piece of paper and starts drawing*) Here we have (naturally in Nature it's not like this: we'll have to adapt – it's like this up there, in the ideal), here, a central point. This central point is a park I had seen when I was a little girl (perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world with regard to physical, material Nature), a park with water and trees like all parks, and flowers, but not too many (flowers in the form of creepers), palm trees and ferns (all species of palm trees), water (if possible, running water) and, if possible, a small waterfall. From a practical point of view, it would be very good: at the edge, outside the park, we could build reservoirs that would provide water to the residents.

So in that park I had seen the "Pavilion of Love" (but I don't like to use that word because men have turned it into something ludicrous); I am referring to the principle of divine Love. But it has been changed: it will be the "Pavilion of the Mother"; but not this (*Mother points to herself*): the Mother, the true Mother, the principle of the Mother. (I say "Mother" because Sri Aurobindo used the word, otherwise I would have put something else – I would have put "creative principle" or "realizing principle" or ... something of that sort.) And it will be a small building, not a big one, with just a meditation room downstairs, with columns and probably a circular shape (I say "probably" because I am leaving it for R. to decide). Upstairs, the top floor will be a room, and the roof will be a covered terrace. Do you know the old Indian Mogul miniatures with palaces in which there are terraces and small roofs supported by columns? Do you know those old miniatures? I've had hundreds of them in my hands.... But this pavilion is very, very lovely: a small pavilion like this, with a roof over a terrace, and low walls against which there will be divans where people can sit and meditate in the open air in the evening or at night. And downstairs, at the very bottom, on the ground floor, simply a meditation room – a place with nothing in it. There would probably be, at the far end, something that would be a living light (perhaps the symbol<sup>45</sup> made of living light), a constant light. Otherwise, a very calm, very silent place.

Adjoining it would be a small dwelling (well, a dwelling that would still have three floors), but not of large dimensions, and it would be the house of H., who would act as keeper – she would be the keeper of the pavilion (she wrote me a very nice letter, but she didn't understand all this, of course).

This is the center.

All around, there is a circular road that separates the park from the rest of the city. There would probably be an entrance gate (there has to be one) into the park. An entrance gate with a keeper of the gate. The keeper of the gate is a new girl who has come from Africa and has written me a letter saying she wanted to be the

"keeper of Auroville" to let in only the "servants of the Truth".... (*laughing*) It's a very nice plan (!) So I will probably put her as keeper of the park, with a little house on the road, at the entrance.

But the interesting thing is that around this central point, there are four large sections, like four large petals (*Mother draws*), but the corners of the petals are rounded and there are small intermediate zones: four large sections and four zones.... Of course, this is only in the air: on the ground it will be an approximation.

We have four large sections: the cultural section in the north, that is, in the direction of Madras; in the east, the industrial section; in the south, the international section; and in the west, that is, towards the Lake, the residential section.

I will explain myself: the residential section, where there will be the houses of people who will have already subscribed, and all the others who come in their numbers to have *a plot in Auroville*. That will be towards the Lake.

The international section ... We have already approached a number of ambassadors and countries so each country would have its pavilion there: a pavilion for every country (that was my old idea); some have already accepted, anyhow it's under way. Each pavilion has its own garden with, as far as possible, a selection of the plants and produce of the country represented. If they have enough money and space, they can also have a sort of small museum or permanent exhibition of the achievements of the country. And the pavilion should be built according to the architecture of the country represented: it should be like a document of information. Then depending on the amount of money they want to put in, they can also have quarters for students, conference rooms, etc., the country's cuisine, a restaurant of the country – they can have all sorts of developments.

Then the industrial section ... Already many people, including the Madras government (the Madras government is lending money) want to set up industries, which will be on a special basis. This industrial section is in the east, and it's very large: there is plenty of space; and it must slope down to the sea. North of Pondicherry, there is indeed a rather large expanse which is totally uninhabited and uncultivated; it's by the sea, going northward along the coast. So this industrial section would slope down to the sea, and, if possible, there would be a sort of wharf (not exactly a harbor, but a place where boats can berth), and all those industries with the necessary internal means of transport would have a direct possibility of export. And here, there would be a big hotel, the plan of which R. has already done (we wanted to build the hotel here, in the place of the "Shipping Company," but the owner, after saying yes, said no – that's very good, it will be better there), a big hotel to receive visitors from outside. Quite a few industries have already signed up for this section; I don't know if there will be enough space, but we'll manage.

Then in the north (that's where there is the most space, naturally), in the direction of Madras: the cultural zone. There, an auditorium (the auditorium I have

dreamed of doing for a long time: plans had already been made), an auditorium with a concert hall and grand organ, the best you find now (it seems they make wonderful things). I want a grand organ. There will also be a theater stage with wings (a revolving stage and so on, the very best you can find). So, here, a magnificent auditorium. There will be a library, there will be a museum, exhibition rooms (not in the auditorium: in addition to it), there will be a cinema studio, a cinema school; there will be a *gliding club*: already we almost have the government's authorization and promise – anyway it's already at a very advanced stage. Then, towards Madras, where there is plenty of space, a stadium. And a stadium that we want to be the most modern and the most perfect possible, with the idea (an idea I've had for a long time) that twelve years (the Olympic games take place every four years), twelve years after 1968 (in 1968, the Olympiad will be held in Mexico), twelve years after, we would have the Olympic games in India, here. So we need space.

In between these sections, there are intermediary zones, four intermediary zones: one for public services (the post, etc.), a zone for transportation (railway station and, if possible, an airfield), a zone for food supplies (that one would be towards the Lake and would include dairies, poultry farms, orchards, cultivation, etc. – it would spread to incorporate the *Lake estate*<sup>46</sup>: what they wanted to do separately will be done as a part of Auroville); then a fourth zone (I've said public services, transportation, food supplies), and the fourth zone: shops. We don't need many shops, but a few are necessary to get what we don't produce. These zones are like quarters, you see.

*And you will be there, in the center?*

H. hopes so! (*Mother laughs*) I didn't say either yes or no to her, I told her, "The Lord will decide." It depends on my "health." Moving from here – no: I am here because of the Samadhi, I remain here, that's quite certain; but I can go there on a visit (it's not so far away, it takes five minutes by car). Only, H. wants to be in peace, silence, far from the world, and it's quite possible in her park with a road around it and someone to stop people from entering – one can be really in peace – but if I am there, that's an end to it! There will be collective meditations and so on. So if I have signs (physical signs, first), then the inner command to go out, I will go there in a car and spend an hour in the afternoon – I can do it from time to time.... We still have time, because it will take years before everything is ready.

*You mean the disciples will remain here.*

Ah, the Ashram remains here – the Ashram stays here, I stay here, that's quite clear: Auroville is ...

*A satellite.*

Yes, it's the contact with the outside world. The center in my drawing is a symbolic center.

But that's H.'s hope: she wants a house where she would be all alone, and next to it a house where I would be all alone – the second part is a dream because for me to be "all alone" ... you just have to see what goes on! It's a fact, isn't it, so it doesn't go well with the "all alone." Solitude must be found within, it's the only way. But on the level of life, I will certainly not go and live there, because the Samadhi is here; but I can go there on a visit. For instance, I can go for an opening or certain ceremonies – we'll have to see, it won't be for years. It's going to take years to be realized.

*So, Auroville is meant more for the outside.*

Oh, yes! It's a town, so it is the whole contact with the outside. And an attempt to achieve on earth a slightly more ideal life.

In the old formation I had made, there had to be a hill and a river. A hill was necessary because Sri Aurobindo's house was on top of the hill. But Sri Aurobindo was there, in the center. It was arranged according to the plan of my symbol, that is to say, a central point with Sri Aurobindo and all that concerns Sri Aurobindo's life, then four large petals (which weren't the same as in this drawing, they were something different), then twelve petals around (the city proper), then around that, there were the disciples' residential quarters (you know my symbol: instead of [partition] lines, there are strips; well, the last circular strip formed the residential place of the disciples), and everyone had his house and his garden: a little house and a garden for everyone. And there were means of communication; I wasn't sure if it was individual transportation or collective transportation (like those small open trams in the mountains, you know) that crossed the city in all directions to bring the disciples back to the center of the city. And around all that, there was a wall with entrance gates and guards at each gate, so people entered only with permission. And there was no money: within the walls, no money; at the various entrance gates, people found banks and counters where they deposited their money and received in exchange tickets with which they could have lodging, food, this and that. But no money. And inside, absolutely nothing, no one had any money – the tickets were only for visitors, who entered only with a permit. It was a fantastic organization.... No money, I didn't want money!

Oh, I've forgotten one thing in my plan: I wanted to build a workers' housing estate. But it should be part of the industrial section (perhaps an extension on the edge of the industrial section).

Outside the walls, in my first formation there was on one side the industrial estate, and on the other the fields, farms, etc., that were to supply the city. But that really meant a country – not a large one, but a country. Now it's much more limited; it's not my symbol anymore, there are only four zones, and no walls. And there will be money. The other formation, you know, was really an ideal attempt.... But I reckoned it would take many years before we began: at the time, I expected to begin only after twenty-four years. But now, it's much more modest, it's a transitional experiment, and it's much more realizable – the other plan was ... I nearly had the land: it was at the time of Sir Akbar (you remember?) of

Hyderabad. They sent me photographs of Hyderabad State, and there, among those photos, I found my ideal place: an isolated hill (a rather large hill), below which a big river flowed. I told him, "I would like to have this place," and he arranged the whole thing (it was all arranged, they had sent me the plans, and the papers and everything declaring it to be donated to the Ashram). But they set a condition (the area was a virgin forest and uncultivated lands): they would give the place on condition, naturally, that we would cultivate it, but the products had to be used on the spot; for instance the crops, the timber had to be used *on the spot*, not transported away, we weren't allowed to take anything out of Hyderabad State. There was even N. who was a sailor and who said he would obtain a sailing boat from England to sail up the river, collect all the products and bring them back to us here – everything was very well seen to! Then they set that condition. I asked if it was possible to remove it, then Sir Akbar died and it was over, the whole thing fell through. Afterwards I was glad it hadn't worked out because, with Sri Aurobindo gone, I could no longer leave Pondicherry – I could leave Pondicherry only with him (provided he agreed to go and live in his ideal city). At the time I told Antonin Raymond, who built "Golconde," about the project, and he was enthusiastic, he told me, "As soon as you start building, call me and I will come." I showed him my plan (it was on the model of my symbol, enlarged), and he was quite enthusiastic, he found it magnificent.

It fell through. But the other project, which is just a small intermediate attempt, we can try.

I am under no illusion that it will retain its purity, but ... we will try something.

*Much will depend on those you will entrust with the financial organization of the project.*

The financial organization, for the moment, is looked after by N., because he is the one who receives the money through that "Sri Aurobindo Society" and who has bought the lands – there is already a good amount of land bought. That's going well. Naturally the difficulty is to find enough money, but for example, for the pavilions, it's each country that will meet the expenses for its pavilion; for the industries, it's each industry that puts its money into the business; for the residents, each will give the money necessary for his land. And the government (Madras has already promised it to us) gives between 60% and 80% (partly a *grant*, which means it's given, and partly a *loan*, free of interest and repayable over ten years, twenty years, forty years – a long-term repayment). N. knows his way about,<sup>47</sup> he has already got results. But depending on whether money comes in fast or only little by little, it will go faster or slower.

As regards the construction, it will depend on R.'s plasticity....

I am not concerned about the details at all, there is only that pavilion that I would like to be very pretty – I see it. Because I saw it, I had a vision of it, so I'll try to make him understand what I saw. The park, too, I saw – those are old visions I had repeatedly. But that's not difficult.

The biggest difficulty is water, because there is no nearby river up there; but

they are already trying to harness rivers. There is even a project to divert water from the Himalayas and bring it across the whole of India (L. had made a plan and discussed it in Delhi; of course, they objected that it would be a little costly!). But anyway, without going into such grandiose things, something has to be done to bring water; that will be the biggest difficulty, that's what will take the longest time. As for the rest – light, power – it will be made on the spot in the industrial section – but you can't manufacture water! The Americans have given serious thought to a way of using sea water, because the earth no longer has enough drinking water for people (the water they call "fresh"<sup>48</sup> ... it's ironical); the amount of water is insufficient for people's use, so they have already started chemical experiments on a big scale to transform sea water and make it usable – obviously that would be the solution to the problem.

*But it already exists.*

It exists, but not in a sufficient proportion.

*Yes, in Israel.*

They do it in Israel? They use sea water? Obviously, that would be the solution – the sea is there.

It has to be studied.

Then the water would have to be sent uphill.

*A yacht club wouldn't be bad, too [laughter]*

Ah, certainly: with the industrial section.

*Near your harbor, here.*

It won't be a "harbor," but anyway. Yes, the hotel for visitors with a yacht club next to it, that's an idea. I'll add it (*Mother makes a note*).

*It would surely be a great success (!)*

Oh, you know, there's a flood of letters, mon petit! From everywhere, every country, people write to me, "At last the project I have been waiting for!" and so on. It's a flood.

There is also a *gliding club*. We have already been promised an instructor and a glider – that's promised. It will be in the cultural section, on top of the hill. Naturally the yacht club will be by the sea, not on the lake; but I thought (because there is a lot of talk of deepening the lake, it has almost silted up), I thought of a seaplane station there.

*There could also be sailing on the lake.*

Not if there are seaplanes. It's not quite large enough for sailing. But it would be very nice for a seaplane station. But it will depend: if we have an airfield, it

won't be necessary; if we don't have an airfield ... But in the *Lake estate* project, there was already an airfield. S., who has become a *Squadron Leader*, also sent me a plan for an airfield, but for small planes, while we want an airfield that can provide a Madras service regularly: an airfield for passengers. There has already been a lot of talk about this, there have been talks between Air India and another company, but then they didn't agree – all sorts of silly little difficulties. But all that will fall off naturally with Auroville's growth – people will be only too glad to have an airfield.

No, there are two difficulties. The small sums of money, we have them (as I said, what the government can lend, what people give to have a *plot* – *all* that is coming), but the problem is the massive sums: because it takes billions to build a city! ...

The Americans are ruining themselves.... There is a queer phenomenon: money seems to have been swallowed up somewhere, to have vanished from circulation – in America the dollar's value is dropping, they are moaning. Here, people are ruined.... There's an industrialist who had a magnificent industry (it seems it was marvelous), and with that *income tax* the government has succeeded in ruining him – he closed down. Then he partially reopened and filled in new papers for his new company and new industries; now, he had a dog, he had given a name to his dog, and he signed the papers with the dog's name! And he put the dog's photograph.... (*Laughing*) So, naturally, he got letters asking him if he thought people were idiots. He answered, "No, only a dog would accept your conditions." Not bad, eh?

*Yes, they think people are idiots.*

They are ruining the country.

There was only one place where things were still easy: it was Africa – now it's finished; now the Africans (*laughing*) are worse than anyone! You know how many friends we had there, how many things we used to receive from there – it's completely finished. And they are ruined. So they come here and meet with all these difficulties.

*Human beings really make everything complicated!*

Yes, but of course!

*You'd think they enjoyed it.*

I wrote a few lines, you remember, about the government. Where did I put that? (*Mother looks for her note*) I've added something (it will be for later, it will be the beginning of my "political series"):

You leave free hands to the bandits and take insulting measures against the honest people.

It will be like that so long as the country is not governed by the wisest people.

The wisest people are those who can freely and correctly read the hearts and the minds of men.

It was in the form of a conversation. I tell those who govern:

"You leave free hands to the bandits and take insulting measures against the honest people."

So the reply:

"But how can we tell the bandits from the honest people until we see them at work?"

I said:

"Yes, it will always be like that, you will always commit the same sort of blunder ... until the country is governed by the wisest people."

"Ah, but how can one know if they are the wisest people?"

"The wisest people are those who can freely and correctly read the hearts and the minds of men."

\* \* \*

*A few weeks later, on September 7, Mother was led to put the project of Auroville in perspective:*

Auroville wants to be a universal town ...

A universal town – not international: universal.

... where men and women of all countries will be able to live in peace and progressive harmony above all creed, all politics and all nationalities, straining to realize human unity.

**June 26, 1965**

*(Sujata shows Mother a sort of cyst that has developed in her neck. This banal incident is the starting point for a capital discovery: the "cellular*



*spinning.")*

It's a tumor. Probably a hair that coiled up and the body covered it in a layer of skin, and then, out of habit, went on building skin around it: one layer, then another layer, then ... It's an idiotic goodwill. And that's how it is for almost all illnesses.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

*I have a little problem I'd like to put to you. I would like you to give me an indication or ask Sri Aurobindo for an indication. It's about the translation into German of certain words: the word "mind" and the word "spirit."*

So?

*All the German translators are quarreling with each other, not one agrees with the other.*

Yes, I know!

*For a long time I have been in touch with C.S. about the German translation of the book [The Adventure of Consciousness]. He has thought about it a lot (so have I), and finally P. has made a suggestion. The word for "spirit" in German, "Geist," is used indifferently, and of course especially to denote the mind – as in French "esprit" is used very vaguely. So P. suggested we keep the word "Geist" for the mind and qualify it: thinking mind, illuminated mind, etc. But the word "spirit" would still have to be translated, and there is no word for it in German. There exist a few adjectives that derive from the Latin word "spiritus," but nothing for "spirit." P. suggested we use "der Spirit," derived from Latin. C.S. hesitates. So I wanted to ask you if you had some impression or other. Can we introduce "der Spirit" in German? That's the sort of thing that brings all the German translators into conflict.*

But there's no guarantee of their accepting a suggestion.

*If the word goes into the translation of this book as a first step and the book is read widely enough, it will provide a basis for them to accept it. I don't know.*

What's the Sanskrit for "spirit"?

*It's Purusha, in opposition to Prakriti, Nature.*

But you say that C.S. doesn't want this "Spirit"?

*He's reluctant. He objects that it's a Latin word and not a German one.*

What is the word they use? The same as for "mind"?

*Yes: "Geist."*

That won't do. "Geist" won't do at all. For the mind, it's all right.

*Yes, that's what I felt, and also it would be very good to say "Übergeist" for the supermind.*

(Mother nods her head) What language will future people speak! ... All this is very poor. All these languages are poor. In India alone, from one region to another they don't understand each other – without English they wouldn't understand each other at all.

Is there nothing better than this "Spirit"?... Purusha won't do at all, it's too long, three syllables.... Let's just say that to C.S. But if he doesn't like it, it's going to give him a lot of trouble.

It's a stopgap.

But in French, too, everything we say is an approximation! Which means that if you adopt your own language, it's quite all right, but you are the only one to understand it truly.

*If we take a new word, it should be a word with force, that's the important point.*

Words like *Tat, Sat, Chit* are strong, but Purusha ... Let's just propose "Spirit."

\* \* \*

*(Mother asks Satprem to read her a letter that has just come from the United States. The letter announces that someone who had been dying has miraculously regained the use of reason and speech:)*

Now that's very interesting, my children! Because when I got the telegram announcing that he was dying ...

First I should say that when he had his cancer, E. asked me to intervene; I answered her, "I accept, but what will happen to him will be the best from the SPIRITUAL standpoint – not at all according to human conception." He refused the doctors' treatments, he went from bad to worse; then that telegram, which I still had here till the day before yesterday. And when I received that telegram

announcing it was the end, all of a sudden I said, "Very well, he is going to start being cured." And I didn't say anything to anyone. Afterwards, E. sent me a letter asking me what she should do with all the things that would pass to her by right. But persistently there was, "Now it's going to get better and better ...," and everyone was expecting the telegram announcing the end. And now this!

It's interesting.

It was a cancer OF THE BRAIN.

(silence)

He has started speaking, thinking again.... It's really interesting. But the idea (not "the idea" – oh, you see, it's impossible to speak, *mon petit*) ... what was seen was this: this man has never believed in a divine force or a reality higher than what is manifested in man or anything, and the "idea" was that he should feel an intervention (which he would call by any name he liked) higher than anything known on earth.

Did he recognize it?... What does she say?

*No, no! "Does this patient give to You any credit for his marked and miraculous improvement? I have put the question to him specifically – 'No, I do not,' such is the reply. Nor does the doe, nor does anyone observing the case. So be it."*

So what do they think it is? That's strange.

(silence)

It's the precision with which I knew [he would improve] that's remarkable. Only, I didn't say anything – I never say anything, of course. I don't say anything for an occult reason: talking, uttering things disrupts the action a lot.

It was based on an action OF NATURE – of Nature answering a pressure from above. And it was visible, you know: it wasn't something thought out – it was visible.

Life is funny, you have no idea how funny! I find that interesting.

It was clearly a higher Command to the material Nature, and it has obeyed.

I don't know if he will be cured – that's not certain. But the important thing was that he should regain understanding and speech.

**June 30, 1965**

*(About a cyst)*

*What should be done for Sujata?*

What did the doctor say?

*They are going to operate on her tomorrow.*

Did he say it should be cut out?

*Yes, but since she mentioned it to you, it has become much smaller!*

(Mother laughs and examines Sujata's cyst:) Does it still hurt? ... It's better to remove it because if a small bit is left, it will start again. But it's true, it's smaller.

*(Sujata:) And it keeps getting smaller.*

Tell the doctor it's getting smaller, he will see – maybe he will say we should wait a few more days?... It's true (*laughing*), it's much smaller.<sup>49</sup>

*(silence)*

I saw the "eye doctor" the other day, because it was his birthday. He came (I didn't know he was a doctor: I was asked to see him for his birthday, I said yes), he came and someone must have told him I had eye troubles (!) or whatever, I don't know; so he had prepared eye drops! He came, sat down, and then I looked at him (as I look at everyone, to see). Then ... he looked very surprised (*Mother smiles*), I don't know why, and he said very timidly, "I brought drops for you, but I don't think you need them." (*Mother laughs*) He looked quite surprised!

*(silence)*

Oh, something curious happened two nights ago. I was with Sri Aurobindo, it was in a room ... oh, what a room.... Well, it was magnificent, very high-ceilinged, very large, and without anything at all in it; but it was a very large room, and there were kinds of French windows opening out on a balcony or a terrace (it overlooked a town), and those windows, from top to bottom, were a single pane of glass: it gave a magnificent light. He was there. Then for some reason or other I felt he wanted a cup of tea. So I set out in search of his cup of tea, and went through rooms, halls, even construction sites (!), looking for a cup of tea for him; and they were all large rooms – all the rooms were large – but contrary to the one in which he was, which was so clear, the others were dark. And there was a large hall which was like a dining hall, with a table and everything needed to serve meals, but dark – and also there wasn't anything left. There were people (people I

know) who said, "Ah, (*in a sorry tone*) it's all finished" – they had finished everything, they had eaten up everything! (*Mother laughs*) They had swallowed up everything, there was nothing left. Finally, I found someone in a sort of kitchen down below (someone whom I won't name, I know her), who told me, "Yes, yes, I'll bring you that right now, right now!" And she brought me a pot, saying, "Here." I went off with my pot, then I felt somewhat suspicious, and once outside, I lifted the lid ... and the first thing I see is earth! Red earth. I scratched off the red earth with my fingers, and underneath (*laughing*), there was a slice of bread!

Anyway, there was a lot like that, I had all sorts of adventures. Then I looked to see if Sri Aurobindo really needed his cup of tea ... because it seemed so difficult! I saw him, there was that wonderful French window, so clear, and then as if recessed into the wall (I don't know) a sort of platform couch, a place to sit, but it was very pretty, and he was seated or half-reclining on it, and very comfortable. And there was a boy (or a boy had come to ask him something), and there were kinds of stairs leading up to the couch; the boy was reclining on the stairs, asking questions, and Sri Aurobindo was explaining something. I recognized the boy... I thought, "Ah, (*laughing*) he's no longer thinking of his cup of tea, fortunately!" Then I woke up. But I thought, "If this is how he sees us ..." having gobbled up everything, you understand.

*But a few years ago you told me an almost identical vision in which you were also in search of food for Sri Aurobindo, and you couldn't find anything: the people who were supposed to prepare it hadn't prepared it or didn't know how to....<sup>50</sup>*

That's it, it was the same thing.

But it was very concrete, very material, and there was a feeling that there HAD BEEN a plenitude – everything was sumptuous – but nothing was left. Everything had been eaten up. I met someone (I am not naming them, but I know them) who told me, "Oh, yes, it was a fine feast, but we have eaten everything up; there's nothing left, we have eaten everything up."

*What does it mean?*

I woke up – not "woke up," anyway when I came out of the vision and pondered over it in the morning, I said to myself, "Oh, if he really sees us like that, having eaten everything up! ..." And I brought him a little earth in a pot!

It left me pensive for several hours.

*(silence)*

But he seemed to be enveloped in a very supple fabric (you know, those things peculiar to the vital, it's a special fabric that isn't woven), and it was a beautiful violet – the violet of a great power.

But the room in which he was ... I still remember that sense of light, such a clear, clear light, so PURE, through the window – you could see nothing but light.

(silence)

So we've gobbled up everything.

I didn't even know there had been feasts; I knew it only when I came into the halls. Besides I wasn't hungry and didn't want anything; I didn't feel I was lacking anything: I didn't need anything, I was happy as I was.

And it wasn't bad will at all, oh, there was a great desire to serve ... (*Mother laughs*) but, "There's nothing left."

*What's swallowing everything up like that?*

I don't know....

I spoke [in the vision] to two people (who are in the Ashram) and to a few people from outside (one or two), and they really had a complete goodwill, they wanted to serve, you see, but there was nothing left. And the one who gave me the pot didn't hesitate, she said, "Yes, yes! I'll give it to you," and she came back with that! Probably unconscious herself that what she was giving me as tea was only earth – bread and red earth.

My tea, as I pictured it, was very golden – clear and golden; and I wanted to give him something with it, I don't remember what.

All this is symbolic, probably.

But ... <sup>51</sup>

\* \* \*

*Before Satprem and Sujata leave, Mother again examines Sujata's cyst, concentrating:*

You know, the trick (there is a trick) is to tell the cells that that's not at all what is expected of them; that, as I told you the other day, what is expected of them isn't at all to gather there into a bundle like that; that it isn't their duty to do that – you must convince them.

It's rather peculiar. It is the origin of habits, of course; they are under the impression that "This is what we have to do, this is what we have to do, this is ..." (*Mother turns a finger in a circle*).

It's the same thing with me, but I told them. Only, one should be conscious of the movement, and then, very quietly but very, very confidently, very confidently, you tell them as you would children, "No, it's not your duty to do this; this isn't your duty."

All chronic illnesses come from that. There may be an accident (something happens, an accident) and then there is a sort of submissive and unconscious goodwill that causes the effect of the accident to be repeated: "We must repeat, we must repeat, we must repeat that ..." (*gesture in a circle*). And it stops only if a

consciousness is in contact with the cells and can make them understand that "No, in this case, you mustn't go on repeating!" (*Mother laughs*)

There are cases in which this power of repetition is extremely useful. I even think that this is what gives stability to the form, otherwise we would change form or appearance, or we would liquefy.

That's what works for durability.

There is this habit of repetition, and then the sense of a fatality. For instance, if you receive a blow or something goes wrong, immediately there is that sense of fatality: "Ah, now it's like that, now it's like that ..." (*same circular gesture*). So here also (all this is going on in the consciousness of the cells), here also you must tell them: "No! It's not irremediable: if you do like this (for instance, something that has been accidentally twisted), if you have the movement in the opposite direction, it will be remediable."

It's not brilliant displays of will or powers at all, it's not that: it's a very, very quiet persuasive power – exerted very gently but very confidently and very persistently.

None of the vital things work – they have a momentary effect, then it's over.

Oh, it's very interesting.

But one has to be very modest to do this work, with no liking for brilliant displays – very modest. And very quiet.

**July 3, 1965**

*After Satprem has read out the last "Comments on the Aphorisms"<sup>52</sup>:*

It was so boring that I felt sick.

*(Satprem protests)*

Anyway, it doesn't matter.

For me it's very different: things always appear old to me, they seem to belong to a faraway past. Especially these last few days.... This cold, for instance (*Mother has a bad cold*), I clearly saw why I caught it (outwardly the reason is very simple: the person who prepares my cards has a cold and I took the cold along with his cards), but why did I really catch it? Well, it corresponded to an arrowlike movement in the consciousness of the cells, and then, naturally, a lag: all that was refusing (refusing or unable – it rather gives a feeling of drowsy things that aren't too eager to make progress) is lagging behind, and naturally that manifests as a disorder.

Very well.

**July 7, 1965**

*(About Mother's recent cold. After listening to the English translation of her last comments on the "Aphorisms" brought to her by Nolini, Mother starts speaking in English:)*

I don't know for others but for a very long time in life when there is an illness (some illness of any kind) automatically the cells forget everything, all their sadhana and everything, and it is only slowly when you get out of the illness that the cells begin to remember. And then, my ambition was (I remember that, it was long ago, many years ago), my ambition was that the cells should remember when being ill – which is absurd because it would have been better to aspire to have no illness! But for a time it was like that. The first time that the cells remembered, oh,



I was very happy. But now, it is the opposite; that is, as soon as the disorder comes, the cells first ... first they got a little anxious: "Oh, we are so bad that we are still catching illnesses" – that was a period; and then, afterwards there was the impression: "Oh, You want to teach us a lesson, we have something to learn" – that was already much better: a kind of eagerness. And now there is an intense joy and a kind of power; a power that comes, a power of aspiration and a power of realization that comes with the sense: "We are winning a victory, we are winning a new victory...."

That has been my condition over the last few days.

I know how this cold came in, it comes only by negligence – not exactly ... *on ne fait pas attention* [people are careless].<sup>53</sup>

For instance, the doctor had a cold, I knew it instantly; instantly I did what had to be done, and I didn't catch anything; but someone else had a cold, I wasn't on my guard, and while handling the things he handled, I caught it: I noticed it when it came in – it was already too late. I said, "All right," then it followed its whole course. It was particularly violent, I think, because the cells were feeling, "Ah!" (the joy first), "Ah, now we're going to make some progress!" Then a sort of force, of power of transformation came like that, along with the illness, and that's why the illness developed to the full. At one point it was going to exceed a certain limit and it would have become very inconvenient for the work, so I said, "No, no! Take care, because I can't stop my work like that." As if to say, "Enough of these bad jokes, you don't want to be ill any longer." Then a force came, something ... like a boxer.

It was very, very interesting.

And the play of the will on the cells, the way in which the cells obey the will, is very interesting. Because, it goes without saying, now it isn't an individual will (it isn't a personal will, it's nothing that looks like the old business of before), but it is ... the Will for Harmony in the world: the Lord in his aspect of harmony. There is the Lord in his aspect of transformation and the Lord in his aspect of harmony. But the Lord in his aspect of harmony has a harmonizing will; so when that will for harmony comes, it acts in its turn, saying, "Not everything for the Will for Transformation! Things shouldn't go too fast because everything will be demolished! The will for harmony should be there and things should follow a rhythmic and harmonious movement," and then everything is sorted out.

To tell the truth (it has been a very intense study these last few days), I don't know what an illness is. They speak of viruses, they speak of microbes, they speak ... but we are entirely made up of those things! It's only their *interplay*, their way of adjusting and harmonizing among themselves that makes all the difference. There is nothing that isn't a "microbe" or a "virus" – they give ugly names to the things they don't want, but it's all the same thing! ... For the cells, that's not the problem – the problem is not that, but whether to follow the Will for Transformation (which sometimes is a bit brutal – brutal compared to the very small thing a body is), or whether to follow the Will for Harmony, which is always pleasant, and is always there, even when outwardly things are decomposing.

It's a truer explanation, it explains things better than all the notions of illness.  
I don't believe much in illnesses.  
There aren't two identical illnesses.  
I am sure (I am not a scientist, but if I knew), I am sure that there aren't two identical microbes.

\* \* \*

*Then Mother takes up "Savitri": The Debate of Love and Death.*

Is he going on? What does he offer Savitri?

*"Daughters," "sons"!*

Oh, he is base (*laughing*), base with vulgarity. (*Mother reads:*)  
Daughters of thy own shape in heart and mind  
Fair hero sons and sweetness undisturbed ... (X.III.637)

See that joy! Oh! ... How vulgar that being is! Can there really be people who are tempted by this?

I think Sri Aurobindo deliberately made this Death very vulgar to discourage all the illusionists and Nirvanists.

But even when I was quite small, five years old, it seemed to me *commonplace*, while if I had been told, "Let there be no more cruelty in the world," ah, there is something I would have found worthwhile. "Let there be no more injustice, let there be no more suffering because of people's wickedness," there is something one can dedicate oneself to. But producing daughters and sons ... I have never felt physically very maternal. There are millions and millions who do that, so do it again? – No, truly that's not what one is born for.

**July 10, 1965**

*(About an "idiotic" tuberculosis:)*

How are you?

*Not too well.*

Where aren't you well?

*Here, there [gestures].*

Oh, mon petit, all sensations are false! That's an experience I have dozens of times every day, in every detail. We feel we need this, we feel we need that, we feel pain here, pain there ... but it's all false. In reality, it means we have left the state of Harmony, that Harmony which is always there; but we have left it, so we need this, need that, have pain here, pain there. Something is lacking, and That is what is lacking.

There are three states, we could say: the state of Harmony – that is the one we reach towards all the time, and sometimes we catch it for a few seconds, then everything works out as if by miracle; then the usual state of Disorder, in which we are constantly on the verge of something unpleasant, in a precarious balance; and when the disorder grows more visible, there is what they call an "illness," but it isn't real. You see, we think the body is in good health, that it's balanced, and that "something is introduced from outside, which causes you to fall ill," but it's not like that! We are ALWAYS off balance, the body is always off balance (more or less), and it is something else, above, a Will or a Consciousness, that holds it up and makes it work. So if we can call on that Will – that Will for Harmony – and if we can have the Flame within, that Flame of aspiration, and make contact, we emerge from so-called illness, which is unreal, an unreal and false sensation and just one way of being of the general Disorder, and we enter into Harmony, and then everything is fine. Last night I experienced this again, and that's why I can assert with certainty: all sensations are false.

*But when there are obvious external signs, bleeding, for instance [hemoptysis]?*

Well, yes, it's a disorder. But disorder is everywhere! If it's any consolation to you, my body too is in disorder.... It isn't clearly a disorder but an almost total lack of harmony – it's the constant condition of life; it's the result of effort, of resistance, of enduring, and also of that tension of being in search of something you hope to reach, but which always eludes you – the something that eludes you is That, it's that Harmony (a Harmony which, in its perfection, is Ananda, that's obvious). And the constant state is like that. In fact, that's what causes fatigue, tension and so on. Last night, I spent the whole night looking at that, and I was wondering, "Why is that so?... We are constantly in that state, straining after something that eludes us." And then the senses, the whole realm of the senses seems to be in a constantly false state, and they use that state of tension to give you the feeling that this is going wrong, that is going wrong, and this and that.... And if by ill luck there is a vague hint of mental collaboration (from that famous physical mind), then things go awry, they become something really unpleasant.

But it's not inescapable. It's not inescapable and it's not real – what I call "real" is something that comes from the supreme Will directly. That is true; the rest isn't

true, it's the product of all the confusion (*zigzag gesture downward*) and of all the disorder of the human consciousness – illness isn't true. I don't think that one illness in a hundred (oh, maybe in a thousand) is true. Some are the expression of a Will for something wrong to be well shaken, demolished, so that, in that chaos, something truer may take form – but that's an exceptional state.

I have a very extensive field of experience. I receive a flood of letters from just about everyone, writing about their little disorder, their little illness, their little trouble, and naturally asking for all that to be set right. So that puts me in contact with the vibration (all the people here: that makes a lot), and, well, I can truly say that there isn't, oh, there isn't one case in a hundred that is the expression of the direct Will – it's something ... (*gesture of a zigzag fall*) which goes like this and which in the human consciousness gets into a tangle like a wire that's so twisted that you can't untangle it anymore. And because of that state, you are on the verge, yes, of a discomfort (that's almost constant), of an illness, a disorder. And it is the defeatist mental collaboration (because a special characteristic of this mind is to be defeatist), the collaboration of the defeatist mind and the false senses that make for us the life we live, which is no fun.

For two hours last night I saw that, with proof to back it up, examples. I looked, and I was almost horrified to see the extent to which senses distort – and they distort ... (I don't know, there may be people who distort for the better, [*laughing*] I'm not one of them! But they must be marvelous optimists), the senses distort all the vibrations and constantly turn them into disagreeable things, unpleasant ones at any rate, or even "indications of danger," "warnings of catastrophe." It was fairly repugnant. But I gave free rein to that whole movement in order to see clearly, and all the cellular and other organizations started moaning and groaning, as if saying, "But this life is in-tol-er-a-ble, it's intolerable." And I listened to that a little while to see; and here, there and everywhere, there was a general groan. And in the end (*gesture of descent of the Will*), in one second it all went away! ... It was a whole act those senses were putting on for themselves. We are ri-dic-u-lous beings, that's all (*Mother laughs*). That was my observation of last night.

Naturally, people aren't openly and constantly like that because another consciousness is there a little and controls things, but if you leave them on their own ... I did the experiment, you see, of leaving that field of cellular consciousness fully free, and then there was moaning and groaning. But there was behind, in the background, deep down in the cells, that sort of faith, of absolute need for the Ananda; so they were complaining: "We have been deceived; we are for That alone, why aren't we given it?" (I am adding words to it, but there were no words: there were sensations.)

Of course, we don't take notice, because in the stream of life that's not what governs – fortunately! We look at it from a certain height and don't want to see it – but IT IS THERE. And it is terribly defeatist.

You don't know ... Me too, if I had been told that some time ago, I would have said no!

*Yes, but when day after day certain disorders repeat themselves, you say to yourself that there is something wrong.*

But it isn't "something" that's wrong! Nothing is right – everything is going wrong.

You know the play by Jules Romains in which the doctor declares that a healthy man is a man who doesn't know he is sick? Well, that's the feeling it gives; the disorder is constant, and just because we live in another consciousness we don't see it, but if we observe we are sure to find it. You know, if I observe from that angle, there is absolutely nothing anywhere that is normal, that works harmoniously – nothing. Everything is like this (*same zigzag gesture*) and it's chaos, and it keeps on working simply because it isn't left to itself, because there is a higher Will that uses all that, making the best of a bad job. But it is a bad job.

I have looked at all the cases (because it interests me a lot), I have looked at your case, I have looked at her case, I have looked at every case, but there isn't one case in which one can say it is a true illness. The idea of illness is: a body (a physical being, anyway) that lives according to certain laws, till suddenly a disorder, something works its way into the body, establishes itself and upsets it; but it's not that! It's not that: it's something that isn't in order – the body isn't in order; only, something predominates in the consciousness, something which is in contact with the disorder, but isn't bothered by it and keeps going. And I have done the same study with supposedly healthy people: it's the same thing. So the conclusion is that the full power should be released, which means that all that sort of disorderly muddle must be made to be governed by a higher Will that imposes itself – it imposes itself. Then, if order isn't completely restored, at least it's kept within certain limits and the body can go on being used as an instrument for the Will that seeks to manifest.

I see this very clearly, not only for this body – for the others too; but for this body, it is seen in the minutes" details, because the observation is more constant: it would already have had at least a hundred reasons to die, and if it hasn't died, it's not to blame. It's not to blame, it's because there was something (which fortunately isn't a personal will) that said, "No, go on! Go on, carry on, don't pay attention to yourself." Otherwise, it's falling to pieces.

Now, all this isn't to tell you to do as I do; if you want to tackle the thing from the ordinary angle and to consider it as an "illness," go and show yourself to the doctor and take medicines; I am not opposed to it, but it's just one way of seeing things.

Now, tell me what your *grievances* are! Yes, what do you observe that's not working?

*(Satprem gestures to his chest, here and there)*

I can tell you that doctors' mental distortions are frightful: they stick in your brain, remain there, and return after ten years. I know it from personal experience, it comes back all the time: "The doctor said it was this, the doctor said it was that,

the doctor said ..." Not with words, but it comes.

But that doesn't matter, we can tackle the disorder from that angle and then see.

*But I don't believe in their medicines! Their medicines have had no effect on me.*

They have had no effect? They haven't on me either! But that makes no difference, I still take them!

*I am following a course of treatment.*

Oh, you're following a course of treatment.

*Yes, tablets.*

Oh, that's useless!

*That's how I feel. Well, I don't know.*

You don't know. Like poor Pavitra, who has tried all sorts of treatments, and then ...

So what's wrong? Do you have difficulty breathing?

*It's a bit like that. And also hot, very hot.*

Yes, (*laughing*) it's hot!

*Yes, that also! In the evening especially, the body is something of a boiler. A little blood comes out, too.*

Haven't you tried this? You must get hold of the contact with the body's cells and tell them it's not necessary that blood should come out – (*laughing*) it's not part of the game! You can make fun of them a little: "You don't need to do that!" Believe me, it's so ludicrous that the only way to deal with it is to laugh at it.

*Yes, we shouldn't take any notice.*

No, not that! If you don't take any notice, the cells will go on with their dance and will on the contrary think you approve of their way of being. You must pull the Will, you must get hold of the Will – the Will, I am putting it into you, mon petit! I am not asking you to use something illusory: I am putting it into you, a for-mi-da-ble Will. And peaceful, you know, something which doesn't use violence, which is like this (*gesture of massive, imperturbable descent*).

I can tell you at any rate that it's as effective as medicines! And it doesn't have the drawbacks of medicines, which cure you of one thing and give you another.

How long have you been taking medicines?

*Since Vellore. The treatment takes two years.*

They said two years? Then you should go on for two years! You should do as they say. They have, oh ... they have a hypnotic power over the material consciousness, which is a bit ... disturbing.

I could tell you all sorts of stories, but anyway, stories about doctors aren't amusing; there are always ridiculous details. And it comes back: you throw their suggestion out of the window, you don't bother about it, you think it's all over, and it's gone into the subconscious; and suddenly, one fine day, a tiny little incident, and it comes back, formidable: "The doctor said this ... such and such a doctor said this – the Doctor with a capital D said this," or "Medical Science said this," and the cells begin to panic – a frightful hypnotic power.

No, it's an interesting subject ... (*laughing*) I seem not to be taking your misfortune seriously (!), but it's a very interesting subject, I assure you. To me, it belongs entirely to the world of Disorder, it doesn't have any deep truth – it doesn't. So if one lets the power of Truth act, it must give way. I am not saying it gives way willingly, I am not saying it goes away as if by miracle, no, but it **MUST** give way.

Oh, I could keep talking for hours!

*You should sit down [Mother has been standing all the time].*

No. I am not particularly keen to sit down!

*(silence)*

What is that treatment?

*It's the treatment prescribed in those cases.*

Yes, yes, the classic thing ...

I can tell you (if it helps your physical mind) that in Japan I had a sort of measles (which had its own rather deep reasons) and that the Japanese doctor (who, besides, had studied in Germany, anyway he was a doctor through and through) told me very gravely that I should take care, that I was in the early stages of this wonderful disease, that above all I should never live in a cold climate, and this and that... I was losing weight and so on. That was in Japan. Then I came here and I said that to Sri Aurobindo, who looked at me and smiled; and it was over, we didn't talk about it anymore. We didn't talk about it anymore and it wasn't there anymore! (*laughing*) It was all over. When I met Dr. S., years later, I asked him. "Nothing at all," he said, "everything is fine, there is absolutely nothing, not a trace." And I hadn't done anything, I hadn't taken any medicine or any precaution. Only, I had told Sri Aurobindo about it, who had looked at me and smiled.

Well, I am convinced that's how it is, that's all. But the physical mind doesn't believe in that. It believes that that's all very well in the higher realms, but when we are in Matter things follow a law of Matter and are material and mechanical, and there is a mechanism, and when the mechanism ... and so on and so forth (not with these words, but with this thought). And one has to keep forever working on

that, forever saying, "Oh, put a stop to all your difficulties, keep quiet!"

Only, the Flame must be there – the Flame within, the flame of aspiration and the flame of faith; and then the something that truly wants it to stop. You understand, whether things are this way or that, there is no need for me to present them to my thought and for my thought to accept them; because that's a very dangerous game: when you seek equanimity, you say to yourself, "Well, if this and that happens, what will my reaction be?" And you go on with the little game, till you say, "It's all the same to me." It is a very dangerous game. It's still a way of circling around the goal instead of heading straight for it.

There is only one thing: a sort of flame – a sort of flame that burns all this falsehood.

I have nothing to boast about, you know! I am preaching to this body as much as to others. I should be upright, strong, solid... Why am I stooped like this? I know why, but it's not a compliment. I know why, it's because all this is still subject to all those suggestions from the world, all the medical thought and all that derives from it and all the suggestions from life. And habits. And all these people here ... So there's nothing to boast about. Only, I know (the advantage is that I know it), I know it should be otherwise. I know it and the cells also know it, and I told you, yesterday evening they were crying over it, there on my bed; they kept moaning and groaning: "I was not made for this life of darkness and disorder, I was made for Light, for Strength and Love." And the answer: "Ah! Take it, then!" And they were moaning, "Why am I compelled to be like this?..." And all of a sudden, instead of giving them free play: the full Presence – in one second it was all gone. But the collective suggestion, the collective atmosphere is so ... rotten, I may say, that it acts all the time.

But you (*speaking to Sujata*) are one of those who can say that when I come at night, I am tall and strong. And at night, I work, I am tall, I am strong. And it goes on moaning! It's idiotic. Not only idiotic, but there is still that sort of *self-pity* (*Mother strokes her cheek*), which of all things is the most repugnant: "Oh, poor little thing, how tired you are. Oh, poor little thing, how people tire you, how hard life is, how difficult things are...." And then moaning and groaning like an idiot. If it were just for me, I would give them a good thrashing! But I am asked not to do it, so I don't do it. But I do feel that before the eyes of this wonderful Grace – of this resplendent divine Love and this omnipotent Power – we are deeply ridiculous, that's all.

(*silence*)

There are also mischievous spirits. Mischievous spirits that come and suggest all kinds of things. There is a zone there, very near the physical, very near – a zone infested with worms, *mon petit!* All the bad suggestions of all possible catastrophes, of all malicious ill wills, of all desires.... It's sickening. All that swarms as if you plunged your nose into a vase full of worms. That's troublesome. Well, yes! I will try to make a cocoon for you. Before you go to sleep, when you lie down, you must summon the white Light, my white light, and then I will be



listening. Wrapped like that: a cocoon, a nice little cocoon, all white. That way you can sleep peacefully.

*Nights are horrible.*

Yes, aren't they? That's why I am telling you to call my light. Yes, they are horrible. Do you have nightmares?

*It's not even nightmares – it's disgusting. Three quarters of the things I remember are kinds of sewers, loathsome places. It's ... it's terrible.*

Yes, that's right. If you knew what I am shown! ...

*Two or three nights ago also, I had a symbolic dream. You know that it's your old mosquito netting that was installed in my room?*

Yes.

*Well, a little being had made a hole in it. A being intimate enough because I caught it as you would a child and told him, "But if you make a hole, all the mosquitoes will come in." Then I noticed there was a big tear.*

Oh!

*And I thought, "All the enemies will come in," or "all the mosquitoes will come in." A big tear.*

Did you mend it?

*No, I was very annoyed and so it woke me up.*

(Mother sits concentrating, then asks:) Did your brother, the physician, tell you anything? Did he give you any advice?

*Yes, indications on the number of tablets to be taken, that's all.*

Does he believe in tablets?

*He says, "If one is going to follow a course of treatment, it should be followed in the best possible way."*

Ah, yes, I fully agree, and scrupulously, because it represents a formation. At least ninety percent of the doctors have goodwill, they want to cure you (some don't care one bit, but not many – ninety percent of them want to cure you), so their formation should be given full power. It shouldn't be contradicted because it loses all its effect and then it's no use.

*(the hour strikes)*

Have I talked for an hour? Isn't that disgraceful!

Wait, I had a flower I put aside for you, it's pretty.

The will for victory, *mon petit*, that's the whole thing! Not a will here or there or here (*gesture to various spots of the body*), not that, not the personal victory over disease: the victory over the world. After all, we are here for that; I don't know if it will be for this time, but at any rate that's what is expected of us. We are here for that – to fight. So we are made to fight, and as it is the most (how can I put it?) intimate way, it is the body that is affected.

(*silence*)

I think that's enough for today! Do you eat well?

*Yes, yes!*

Really well or do you just pretend to?

*I eat well.*

Is what you are given to eat good? I mean, is it nourishing?

*Oh, yes, it's very nourishing.*

You have digestive troubles, but do you assimilate?

*I think so.*

Then that'll do. Digestive troubles, *mon petit*, don't stop one from living eighty-six or eighty-seven years. They don't. Since André was born, it has been like that; that means (I was just twenty), that means sixty-seven years. Well (*laughing*), I give you sixty-seven years to live!

And also, you know, as I have always said, with the enemies that want to scare you or want to sadden you or want to worry you, the only thing to do is laugh in their faces, that's all. You get angry? They're happy, they say, "He's angry" – no, no. You hit out? They escape, they're like jelly, it doesn't affect them. But when you laugh in their faces, they are really annoyed! That's the only thing: to make fun of them. Their stories may scare babies, but not us.

As for us, we live in eternity.

And I tell you (it's the normal, natural state of consciousness), it didn't take a minute last night: it took one second, brrf! finished. Then I entered a sort of peaceful joy, like that, which lasted three hours without a break. After that, the work was resumed.

But before you go to sleep, do this: you picture (picture it if you don't see it), you picture a white light. It isn't a crystalline light, mind you, it isn't transparent: it's white – absolutely white, a very bright white, a white light that looks solid. Picture it like that (and it is indeed like that, but you picture it): a white light. It is the light of the Creation, what is she called? ... Maheshwari? (*Laughing*) The supreme Lady up there.

*Yes, Maheshwari.*

Maheshwari's light. But it seems I always had it, because when Madame Théon saw me, it's the first thing she told me; she didn't speak of "Maheshwari," but she said, "You have the white light" that automatically dissolves all ill will. And I did experience it: I saw beings crumble into dust. So you take that, picture that, and you build a cocoon around yourself – you know, just as insects build their own cocoons – you build a cocoon before falling asleep. I will do it here, but your "picturing" is to help it be better adapted, better adjusted. You build a cocoon, and when you are quite wrapped in that white cocoon, when the enemies cannot get through it, you let yourself go into sleep. Then all that comes from outside with a manifest ill will cannot get in. That's certain. Naturally, there is what one carries in one's subconscious ... one must eliminate that by one's own will, little by little.

But this Light is all-powerful, mon petit! (*Speaking to Sujata:*) You too can do the same thing if you have enemies at night.

*(Sujata:) I have seen it, you know, that white light.*

Have you?

*Yes, I have.*

Well, that's very good. You are a good clairvoyant, so of course you have seen it. But I myself saw it, you know, as if it were someone else's light – it's my nature. I was using it even before meeting Théon: I knew nothing, of course, nothing, but I used to see it. And it was Madame Théon who told me, "It is your light." Madame Théon was the first to tell me what I was, what she saw: the crown of twelve pearls over the head. As for me, I had the experience of it, after which I could simply use it at will: I just had to summon it. And I would see it just as I see you, in a perfectly objective way.

But did I tell you the story of I. who was with Dilip? Before meeting Dilip, she had been with a guru, a sannyasin or whatever, and he was absolutely furious at her leaving him, so he cursed her. His curse gave her a sort of thrombosis (you know, when the blood stops flowing and coagulates), anyway it was here, in the neck, near the right arm, I think, and it was very painful – it was even dangerous. She told me about it. I in turn told Sri Aurobindo about it and Sri Aurobindo told me to protect her. I sent my light to the gentleman. That man, frightful things happened to him! He died of a horrible disease. I. went and saw him at that time, a little before he died, and the man (who was conscious) told her, "Here is what your Mother has done with me." He had been conscious. Then I saw that my affair was perfectly objective, because I had never said a word about it to anyone, nothing. And above all, that light had gone through Sri Aurobindo.... I quite simply did that, I put the light, and the gentleman left ... for the curse to stop. And as he wasn't too pure, it resulted in a horrible disease.

Now, my children, good-bye.

So if you want to sleep peacefully, you make a little cocoon before going to sleep. Au revoir, mon petit.

And to you I recommend: the unreality of human notions of disease.

**July 14, 1965**

*Mother holds a series of slips of paper in her hand:*

This morning I was in a sort of zone – a zone or a vein.... You know, the veins of gold inside the earth? It was like that. In the mental banality of the world, there was a sort of luminous vein going past and in which I found myself plunged – it felt pleasant, it felt very comfortable. And I started noting things down, when those people came with all the usual ineptitudes, each one asking something, each one shut in like this (*gesture with blinkers*), so it went away.

I called it, "A few definitions."

The first one was about someone going away who wanted to take something [blessed by Mother] for his family. I told him, "Oh, they aren't receptive." So he asked, "What does being receptive mean?" (He didn't ask me, but when he left the room he was scratching his head and he asked his friend, "What does Mother mean? What does being receptive mean?") I answered in English and it took many, many forms, and today, it's one of the things that came in that "vein." And what's peculiar in this sort of experience is that when it comes, the words take on a very precise meaning; I am not at all sure if it's their usual meaning, but they have the vibration of their meaning, a sort of crystalline little vibration. And it comes without alteration. I put:

"To be receptive is to feel the urge to give and the joy of giving to the Divine's Work all one has all one is all one does."<sup>54</sup>

It's the one that came first. After it, there came the old story of "being pure" – what does being pure mean? It doesn't mean all kinds of old moral ideas, no.

"To be pure is to refuse ...

In other words, there was the sensation of something very active – very active: being passive wasn't enough, it was necessary to be very active.

"... to refuse any influence other than that of the supreme Truth-Love."

"Truth-Love" as one word.

Then a third definition came:

"To be sincere is to unify one's entire being around the supreme inner Will."

To unify one's entire being around the supreme inner Will. And this supreme Will was visible, like a flame that had the shape of a sword; and only what is governed by That is allowed to act.

Then the last one (the last because they brought me my breakfast and I had to stop):

"To be integral is to make a harmonious synthesis of all one's possibilities."

It came along with the vibration it contained. And it could have gone on, it was there, but then I was interrupted. It's more amusing than to listen to their stories, at any rate.

*The inspiration of it all was that vein of gold?*

Yes. It was light, not gold. It was a light like a strip (*gesture*). Then one is bathed in that and one is very happy.

And it brought me (what I have just said is nothing, it was the end) a clear vision of what's necessary for the world, the necessary transformations in the mental atmosphere of the earth to put an end to wars, for instance. The "end to wars" was one of the consequences. And each thing was in its place in relation to the other (*Mother draws a sort of chessboard*), and there was such a clear, clear vision of all the relationships, of all the positions, of all that.

It's great fun.

I mean it's a pleasant distraction. It gives you the feeling of seeing very clearly all that must take place in the realm of ... not exactly of ideas, but of psychological reactions.

And it doesn't depend on me, I don't make an effort: it just comes. It's something that comes, then I seem to be plunged in a bath and I only have to look. It comes ready-made, effortlessly. It's a STATE in which I find myself, with, for example, the vision of the terrestrial mental progress, of the way in which the human mentality is organized (*same gesture as if indicating a chessboard*); and it's very interesting because living conditions are conditioned by thought-states, and so I see how the thought-state must be changed in order for life to be changed (*Mother draws currents of force on the chessboard*). And I sit there, as if in a theater, and I watch, and it works.

If I had some peace I would write it down (because it comes all formulated) and it could be interesting. It must belong to the realm of revelation. It's like a luminous strip passing by, but it is all organized. But one needs peace (I scribbled the last note here while they were preparing my breakfast, and after that ...). But

anyway, it's not of transcendent interest; it's only because it's very clear, very precise, and it obviously doesn't have the character of ordinary human thought: it's ready-made, it comes ready-made.

In that state, for instance, all the cells, the whole body keeps still – you no longer have a body, you no longer have cells, you no longer have all those disorders, all that friction: all that goes away. It disappears and another consciousness dominates. You understand why someone who could remain in it would be able to live indefinitely. But it's probably conditioned, in the sense that the others must have their field of activity too, otherwise the progress wouldn't be general. But anyway, it's nothing really transcendent, it's just interesting.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, Satprem proposes to Mother the publication of a few brief extracts from the previous and very interesting conversation on illnesses in "Notes on the Way," a new series started in the Ashram's Bulletin on Satprem's insistence. In fact, Satprem wanted the Ashram to benefit a little from the treasure of Mother's experience – at least a few drops of it. It was those "Notes on the Way" that were, after Mother's departure, coolly and fraudulently renamed "Mother's Agenda" by the heads of the Ashram in the hope of stealing the title, throwing people into confusion, and preventing at any cost the integral publication of the real Agenda, which they dared to declare "not genuine," so afraid were they of Mother's clear perception of the people around her and of the Ashram in general. Satprem remembers how much he had to insist with Mother to be allowed to publish those "Notes on the Way." Her reluctance is now easier to understand.)*

*I wondered if we couldn't use the last conversation for the next "Notes on the Way"?*

It's unpublishable. It goes in the Agenda.

*Why? Would it create a revolution among doctors?*

Yes. Oh, it would make a row!

*It's really too bad we can't publish it.*

It's too belligerent. And also far too personal. Oh, it would be the origin of endless stories, of the spread of numberless legends; and in America, in Africa, in England and elsewhere, all sorts of stories will be told about all sorts of illnesses I have – it will make endless tales. It's impossible.

I can't tell anything about myself, except perhaps one sentence – even when one sentence appears in the *Bulletin*, what a to-do it makes! It always makes an

interminable to-do for me.

*I understand, but it's a pity!*

Later, later. Not now.

*Because those questions of illness are so much part of this yoga.*

Oh, I know that very well, I know, but not now: later.

People make too many personal stories out of what I say; you know, "the anecdote about the guru," as you read them in books.

*They're silly!*

Yes, but (*laughing*) what can you do? They're silly, that's not so easy to cure! I agree, it's perfectly stupid, but ... Ah, let's take up *Savitri*.

## **July 17, 1965**

*(Regarding the last conversation, in which Satprem complained about his bad nights.)*

*But I just can't understand why it's always that side that I remember, always the sewers, the filth.... Because all the same there must be another side, mustn't there?*

(Mother laughs) The reason is simple: that side is very, very close to the ordinary consciousness, so you remember; the other ... there isn't a sufficient "connection," so when you wake up, you forget.

*That's the discouraging thing, besides, because one always remembers the bad side, not the rest!*

Maybe it's to see if we don't lose heart. Just this morning ...<sup>55</sup>

*(silence)*

That must be why: it's to see if we bear up – not even that: to see if our FAITH bears up.

*(silence)*

If we look at the question from a sufficient height, in order to manifest, this Truth-Power needs a response, you follow, and It doesn't want to have any preference: it matters little whether this point or that point, this or that will manifest It; It goes like this (*gesture of a massive, general pressure*), It imposes itself on the earth-atmosphere, and what's capable of responding responds. And then, on the point that responds, the Force manifests.

It isn't the Force that selects the point (I don't know if I am making myself understood): it is a global action, and what's capable of responding responds.

As for us, we want It, we aspire for It, we even know, and naturally, because we know, we have a sort of conviction that we are cut out to respond.... But it's not a question of conviction: it has to be a fact.

And for that ... well, we must bear up.

(*silence*)

On the contrary, I have the feeling that those who know more can do more, and more is asked of them – it isn't that they are asked less: they are asked more.

And this body still belongs almost entirely to the old creation. And its own tendency is to say, "Oh, that's not nice! We have goodwill, and the more goodwill we have, the more is demanded from us." But these are very human notions, very human.... The more goodwill we have, the more is asked of us – not because of some decision or other: spontaneously, quite naturally.

We speak of transformation, even of transfiguration, but there is the passage from the old movement to the new movement, from the old status to the new status, which is a break in equilibrium; and always, for what still belongs to the old creation, a dangerous break in equilibrium is what gives you the feeling that everything eludes you, that you have lost your foothold. And that's when you need unwavering faith. But a faith that isn't like mental faith, which is self-supporting: it is a faith in the sensation. And that (*Mother shakes her head*) is very difficult.

(*silence*)

It's always the same thing: the old system of solitude is relatively very easy: you lie down, cut off all connections, remain in deep contemplation, and wait for the crisis to be over. It lasts for a time, you don't know how long. But when you are like this, surrounded with people, work, responsibilities (not moral ones: material ones), with things that materially depend on you, then ... you must find the way to go on, but without having anymore the support of the usual equilibrium.

It's a bit hard.

But it is clear that if we say, "I am here because of You and for You and at Your service," well, it has to be true, that's all.

\* \* \*



*(Satprem returns to the attack and asks Mother for her permission to publish some of these conversations in the "Notes on the Way":)*

No.

*I would have made cuts in them, at least.*

Oh, but it's more than cuts!

*We have to cut the whole lot? All right!*

No, but you can take selected passages – if they are impersonal.

*Yes, but if we take "selected passages" (it can be done), then it takes on a dogmatic character. It's like declarations. If we remove the occasion on which it was said, it becomes a dogmatic statement.*

Yes, but I don't want to give it. That's categorical.

*I quite understand. Only, the danger of those extracts is that it looks like a teaching: Mother decides "it's like this and like that" – whereas it's not "like that"!*

Yes, yes! *(Mother does not want to hear any more.)*

\* \* \*

*(A little later, Satprem proposes he could ask E. to buy magnetic tapes to record these conversations:)*

Poor E.! Her husband has ruined her.

She nursed her husband, she even almost brought him back to life, and when he recovered speech and consciousness, the first thing he did was to cut off her means of subsistence and discredit her! To thank her, he spread the word that he was no longer responsible for her. Anyway, that's life for you.<sup>56</sup>

Would you like to read her letter?

*(extract from E.'s letter, in the original English:)*

*"... I shall always remember, very vividly, the moment when Your Force took hold and created the rally that even the doctor couldn't understand, the rally that lasted so many weeks. May I tell You the little story?*

*The patient had been in convulsion, the whole right side of the body twitching horribly, speech impossible. There came an easing of it all,*

*and I remember thinking, Why is that brain signaling that body to twitch so – why? And I took hold of Monty's right hand, seated there, on the edge of his bed. And the two right arms became like a big telephone switchboard hook-up – you know, the long cords. So, through the hook-up I called. I called to the Divine Mother, to You specifically, if I may say so, as is my wont. And this time, the You appeared, not above my head, as is usual, but above the patient's head. And to that You I called three times, 'Mother,' as you once taught me to do. That was all. Nothing more complicated than that. You were there, strategically positioned and I pronounced your Name three times. But there was a great current of Force that went through that telephone hook-up, so to speak, a great Power that came down the great long distance from the You through the little man's ailing brain and on down through his then quieting right arm and up through my long right arm to my think machine. And in that there was a deep peace and knowing. Miss Carter was seated on the other side of the bed, it so happened, at that moment, but she did not know that anything took place, even though I quietly closed my eyes for a bit. Odd, isn't it? It seems even odder as I write it. It was so normal as it took place. And it was so normal when, next morning, all trace of the tremor had vanished and all power of speech had returned to the delighted patient. And greater delight of all observers...."*

(11 July 1965)

What do you say about that?

*It's interesting.*

For my part, I was conscious here.

Our letters crossed in the mail.... The day it happened there, I had the experience here and I perceived the Will act: "Now he is going to get better and recover the use of speech and consciousness." It lasted two days, and hup! (*gesture of an abrupt cut*) it stopped.

It was exactly when she had over there the experience you have just read. Then, a few days later, I received her first letter in which she said that he had recovered and that his first act had been to vilify her with all those who were giving her credit. So I wrote to her: this is my experience; and she answered me what you have read.

And it stopped dead, with the feeling: now the proof has been made, it's enough. He has lapsed into his coma again<sup>57</sup> – I don't think he will now live long.... Just long enough to prove human ingratitude.

\* \* \*

*Satprem rises to leave:*

We must bear up. Besides, that's the only thing we can do – what else can we do?... (Laughing) Keep still.

**July 21, 1965**

There is a slight hope that this material mind, the mind of the cells, will be transformed.

*This is good news!*

Isn't it! I am quite astonished. I noticed it yesterday or the day before. I wasn't well, anyway things weren't pleasant, and all of a sudden, here was all this mind saying a prayer. A prayer ... you know how I used to say prayers before, in *Prayers and Meditations*: it was the Mind saying prayers; it would have experiences and say prayers; well, here we are, now it's the experience of all the cells: an intense aspiration, and suddenly all this starts expressing it in words.

I noted it.

And then, interestingly enough ...

It was dinner time; there had been (there always is) a fatigue, a tension, the need for more harmony in the atmosphere ... it's becoming a little heavy going; and there I was, sitting, when all of a sudden, all this straightened up like a flame, oh, in a great intensity, and then it was as if this body-mind, on behalf of the body (it was the body beginning to be mentalized), were saying a prayer ... (*Mother looks for a note*) And it very much has the sense of the oneness of Matter (this has been very strong for a long, long time, but it's becoming very conscious: a sort of identity); so there was the sense of the totality of Matter – terrestrial, human Matter, human Matter – and it said:

"I am tired of our unworthiness. But it is not to rest that this body aspires ...

And this was felt in all the cells.

"... it is not to rest that this body aspires, it is to the glory of Your Consciousness, the glory of Your Light, the glory of Your Power, and above all ...

Here, it became still much more intense:

"... to the glory of Your all-powerful and eternal Love."

And all these words had such concrete meaning!

I wrote this very fast, then I left it there. But here's this mind showing itself to be like the other ... (*Mother looks for a second note*), it has a sort of concern for perfection in the expression; and in the afternoon of the next day (it generally happens after my bath; there is a sort of special activity at that time), after my bath it was in that state and I had to write this (it had become quite like a prayer):

"OM, supreme Lord,  
God of kindness and mercy,  
OM, supreme Lord,  
God of love and beatitude ...  
When it came to "beatitude" ... all the cells seemed to be swollen.

"... I am tired of our infirmity. But it is not to rest that this body aspires, it aspires to the plenitude of Your Consciousness, it aspires to the splendor of Your Light, it aspires to the magnificence of Your Power; above all, it aspires to the glory of Your all-powerful and eternal Love."

There is a sort of concrete content in the words, which has nothing to do with the mind. It is something lived – not just felt: lived.

And then, in the afternoon, it was no longer a prayer, but the observation of a fact (*Mother looks for a third note*).... I found it was becoming interesting. It said:

"The other states of being ...

If you knew with what sort of disdain it spoke, such a superior air!

"The other states of being, the vital, the mind, may enjoy the intermediate contacts ...

In other words, all the intermediate states of being, also the gods, the entities and all those things. And it spoke with a power and a sort of dignity – yes, it was dignity, almost pride, but not an arrogant pride, nothing of the sort. It was the sense of a nobility.

"... The supreme Lord alone can satisfy me."

And then, there was suddenly such a clear vision that the supremely perfect alone can give this body plenitude (*gesture of junction between the High and the Low*).

I found that interesting.

It's the beginning of something.

(*silence*)

It started with disgust – a disgust ... a sickening disgust – at all this misery, all this weakness, all this fatigue, all this discomfort, all this friction and grating, oof! ... And it was very interesting because there was that disgust, and along with it

came a sort of suggestion of Annihilation, of Nothingness: of eternal Peace, you understand. And it swept all that away, as if the whole body straightened up: "Hey, but that's not it! That's not what I want. I want ..." (and then there was a dazzling burst of light – a dazzling golden light) ... "I want the splendor of Your Consciousness."

That was an experience.

(silence)

There is still a bit of friction, but anyway it's better. Just before you came ... You know, there are two, three of them hurling at me everyone's demands, the work to be done, the answers to be given, the checks to be signed; it's quite a task ... you are harassed, mauled as though by claws. And there is this fatigue I feel every day, always, and because of which I need to be left absolutely undisturbed (you seem to be clawed); and I saw it was because all the work this body is made to do doesn't come from That to which it aspires – it doesn't come from up above: it comes from here, from all around, and that's why it grates, as if something were being ground. Then, very consciously, this mind called on that aspiration and on equanimity, on cellular equality: "Well, this is the time to be in equality," and instantly a sort of quiet immobility was established, and things were better, I was able to go to the end.

I feel as if the tail of the solution had been caught.<sup>58</sup> Now, naturally, we must *work it out*.

Anyway, there is some hope.

I had always been under the impression of what Sri Aurobindo said: "This instrument [the physical mind] is useless, it can only be got rid of...."<sup>59</sup> It was very difficult to get rid of it because it was so intimately linked to the aggregate of the physical body and its present form ... it was difficult; and when I tried and a deeper consciousness tried to manifest, it used to cause fainting. I mean that the union, the fusion, the identification with the Supreme Presence without that, without this physical mind, by annulling it, caused fainting. I didn't know what to do. Now that it's collaborating, and collaborating consciously (and with a great power in the sensation, it seems), maybe things are going to change.

Everything that was mental ... I remember very clearly the state I was in when I wrote those *Prayers and Meditations*, especially when I wrote them here (all those I wrote here in 1914): it seems to me cold and dry ... yes, dry, lifeless. It's luminous, it's lovely, pleasant, but it's cold, lifeless. Whereas this aspiration here [in the cellular mind], oh, it has a power – a power of realization – quite an extraordinary power. If this becomes organized, it will be possible to do something. There is an accumulated power there.

(silence)

And the last two nights, the activities of the morning, those that take place in the subtle physical with Sri Aurobindo and all the people here, have suddenly

become concerned with food! But in a very different form. It's always to give me indications about people, about things. The night before last, there was an amusing incident. You know that Mridu, the fat woman who used to cook for Sri Aurobindo, is in the subtle physical. When she died, Sri Aurobindo (I didn't even know she had died), Sri Aurobindo went to fetch her in her house, then brought her to me and put her at my feet here: that's how I knew she had died (I was told the next morning). But I didn't understand what had happened; I saw Sri Aurobindo go into Mridu's house, then come back (*laughing*) with a small bundle like this, and put it at my feet! I was flabbergasted, I saw it was Mridu, and I ran after Sri Aurobindo to ask him, "What on earth does this mean?!" Then everything vanished. The next day, I was told she was dead. And she lives like that, in the subtle physical, and I see her very, very often, very often (she is a little better than she was physically, but not much more intelligent!). But the other night, she brought me big prunes (they were this big), and I ate a few, and found them very good; then Pavitra came along, looked at those poor prunes and told me, "Oh, you shouldn't eat this, there's mold on it!" I remembered it because it amused me. And I looked, saying (*laughing*), "*I don't see any mold, and anyway they are very good!*" And last night, there was a man (whom I know very well, but I can't remember his name) who told me I absolutely must drink milk! (For years and years I haven't drunk a drop of milk.) And he showed me the milk saying, "You see, you should mix the milk in soup, in this, in that." I wondered, "That's odd, why all of a sudden...?" I never, ever used to have dreams of food! (They aren't dreams, by the way: I am not asleep, I am perfectly conscious.) It began two nights ago: first I ate prunes – big prunes like this – then last night, I was told to take milk! But it was so insistent that for a moment this morning I wondered if I should start drinking milk!

This is also new.

The series had begun with that vision (always in the same domain) in which I went to fetch tea for Sri Aurobindo and was given earth with a slice of plain bread!

It's a whole world that's beginning to open up. We'll see. There. So have you brought something?

*But it's true, for a day or two I've had the feeling of a more pleasant atmosphere.*

Ah!

*I don't know if it has to do with me personally, but a more ... yes, a more happy atmosphere ...*

Yes, that's right.

*... that grates less.*

Yes, that's how it must be. We'll see.... If what I perceive is correct, things

must move in that direction.

*Generally when you are "unwell," I am in a terribly bad mood.*

Yes ... Oh, but I say it's the other way around, mon petit!

*(Laughing)* I didn't tell you because I didn't want to be unkind, but I felt like telling you, "Good heavens! What a bad mood you're in, it makes me ill!"  
*(Laughter)*

It's true, it's neither in this direction nor in that one (*gesture from Mother to Satprem and from Satprem to Mother*): it's all one. That's why I didn't say anything. Because our habit is to see like this (*gesture from one to the other*), but it's not true, it's not like that: it is a whole, which in everyone takes its own expression.

All right.

\* \* \*

*A little later, about "Savitri" and the Debate of Love and Death:*

He said he wanted to redo all this passage, but he never did it. And when he was asked (I don't know if it was Nirod or Purani who asked him), he said, "No, later."

And he knew very well that there was no "later." At the time he already knew it.

"No, later."

I don't know....

\* \* \*

*Satprem rises to leave:*

So, you mustn't be in a bad mood. *(Laughing)* You'll tell me I mustn't be ill! ... Very well, very well.

**July 24, 1965**

*(Satprem had written to Mother to ask her the meaning of a dream he had had, in which his brother abruptly came in and announced his son's death. It was an extremely vivid dream. The shock of emotion woke Satprem up.)*

I have got your letter.... I don't think it is premonitory. Do you have any news from there? If something had happened, he would have sent you a telegram.

*Not necessarily.... But what kind of construction or imagination is it, then?*

I will tell you.

I had a similar experience three days earlier – similar, I will tell you in what.

To begin with, last time I told you that this physical mind is being transformed; and three or four days ago, that is, before our last conversation, early in the morning I woke up abruptly in the middle of a sort of vision and activity, precisely in this physical mind. Which isn't at all usual for me. I was here in this room, everything was exactly as it is physically, and someone (I think it was Champaklal) opened the door abruptly and said, "*Oh, I am bringing bad news.*" And I heard the sound physically, which means it was very close to the physical. "*He has fallen and broken his head.*" But it was as if he were speaking of my brother (who died quite a long time ago), and during the activity I said to myself, "But my brother died long ago!" And it caused a sort of tension (*gesture to the temples*) because ... It's a little complicated to explain. When Champaklal gave me the news, I was in my usual consciousness, in which I immediately thought, "How come the Protection didn't act?" And I was looking at that when a sort of faraway memory came that my brother was dead. Then I looked (it's hard to explain with words, it's complex). I looked into Champaklal's thought to find out who he meant had fallen and broken his head. And I saw Al's face. And all that caused a tension (*same gesture to the temples*), so I woke up and looked. And I saw it was an experience intended to make me clearly see that this material mind LOVES ("loves," that's a way of speaking), loves catastrophes and attracts them, and even creates them, because it needs the shock of emotion to awaken its unconsciousness. All that is unconscious, all that is tamasic needs violent emotions to shake itself awake. And that need creates a sort of morbid attraction to or imagination of those things – all the time it keeps imagining all possible catastrophes or opening the door to the bad suggestions of nasty little entities that in fact take pleasure in creating the possibility of catastrophes.

I saw that very clearly, it was part of the sadhana of this material mind. Then I offered it all to the Lord and stopped thinking about it. And when I received your letter, I thought, "It's the same thing!" The same thing, it's a sort of unhealthy need this physical mind has to seek the violent shock of emotions and catastrophes to



awaken its tamas. Only, in the case of A. breaking his head, I waited two days, thinking, "Let us see if it happens to be true." But nothing happened, he didn't break his head! In your case, too, I thought, "I am not budging till we get news," because it may be true (one case in a million), so I keep silent. But this morning I looked again and saw it was exactly the same thing: it's the process of development to make us conscious of the wonderful working of this mind.

*Oh, indeed, as soon as there is a little scratch, something in the being immediately sees terrible illnesses – immediately.*

Yes, that's right. But Sri Aurobindo said it to me. I asked him several times how it was that people (who consciously, outwardly, would rather have pleasant things and favorable events) are constantly attracting and attracting unpleasant things, even terrible catastrophes. I know some women (men too, but they are fewer), women who spend their time imagining the worst: they have children – they imagine that each of them will meet with the worst catastrophes; someone goes away by car – oh, the car will have an accident; they take the train – oh, the train will derail; and so forth. Well, that's why. That's what Sri Aurobindo explained so well: all those parts of the being are terribly tamasic and it is the violence of the shock that awakens something in them; and that is why they attract those things as though instinctively.... The Chinese, for example, have an extremely tamasic vital and an insensate physical: its sensation is totally blunted – they are the ones who invented the most frightful forms of torture. It is because they need something extreme in order to feel, otherwise they don't feel. There was a Chinese who had a sort of anthrax, I think, in the middle of the back (generally an extremely sensitive spot, it seems), and because of his heart they couldn't put him to sleep to operate on him, so they were a bit worried. They operated without anesthesia – he was awake, he didn't move, didn't shout, didn't say anything, they were filled with admiration for his courage; then they asked him what he had felt: "Oh, yes, I felt some scraping in my back"! That's how it is. That's what creates the necessity of catastrophes – of unexpected catastrophes: the thing that gives you a shock to wake you up.

What you are saying here about those morbid and diseased imaginations, I said it myself not long ago: the imagination is instantly defeatist and catastrophic.

*Yes, it's terrible.*

The whole work for a long, long time has been to heal that – to change it, change it.

And usually my nightly activities are never in the material, they are always in the subtle physical, its densest part, if I may say so. Maybe I haven't even had in my life half a dozen visions with the material reality as it is: I saw the room as it is and heard the sound of Champaklal's voice clearly. Then I understood it was this physical mind dreaming, having an activity, and that it was to show me that attraction ... You understand, the door opening abruptly, the man coming in and

telling me (*Mother takes on a tragic tone*), "I am bringing very bad news," and that tense atmosphere, and then, "He has fallen down and broken his head." Then I tried to know who the *he* was, and little by little ... and so on.

With this sort of work to establish perfect equality, I never drive something away immediately, saying, "No, that's not possible." One must be calm and collected in the face of all things. I was calm and collected, thinking, "Let us see, let me wait for two days, and if he has really broken his head (*laughing*), I'll find out!" Of course, nothing happened. And when I got your letter, I had the feeling it was the same thing, but I thought, "Let us see, let us wait...." I looked, and didn't see anything. Through your letter and your words I looked, but didn't see anything. And I had the feeling it was this same physical mind that made contact with a formation – a malicious formation, because such is the habit of the physical mind.

Now that the work is to rectify our way of being, we realize what it is! ... It's really disgusting. It works constantly and is constantly defeatist. As you say, you feel a little pain – oh, is it going to be a cancer?

*And you can catch yourself ten times a day.*

Yes, yes, that state is almost constant.

But this mind itself is making effort, anyway it has become aware, it has realized; it has understood that that condition wasn't very praiseworthy (!), and it's trying to change. Once the problem is identified, it goes fairly fast. Only, the difficulty is that most of our material movements are mechanical; we don't concern ourselves with them, and that's why they always remain as they are. But for some time now I have made it a habit to concern myself with them. It's no fun, but it must be done, that must be rectified.

It is a constant, constant work, for everything, but everything. It's odd: if the question is food, it thinks the food is poisoned or that it won't be digested, or this or that, or that the whole functioning will be upset; you go to sleep – immediately comes the suggestion that you will be agitated, unable to rest, that you will have bad dreams; you speak to someone – the suggestion that you didn't say what you should have said or that it will cause the person harm; you write something – that it wasn't exactly right. It's frightening, frightening.

It will have to change.

Sri Aurobindo told me that it wasn't so strong in Indians as in Europeans, because Europeans have concentrated in Matter a lot and are much more bound there.

Anyway ...

And that prayer I told you the other day was after that; not immediately afterwards, but a day later. As though having had that experience in the physical mind and seen exactly what it was, the nature of this mind, had permitted a progress.

And what gave me an indication of the falsity of that consciousness and its activities was when I made that effort – a tremendous effort – to recall that my

brother had died years earlier; from that I saw the distance between my true consciousness and the consciousness I was in for that dream. I saw the distance of falsity of that consciousness. It gave me a very clear indication. Instead of that quiet and peaceful consciousness which is like an undulation – an undulation of light that always goes like this (*gesture of great wings beating in the Infinite*), a very vast, very peaceful movement of the consciousness, yet which follows the universal movement very quietly – instead of that, there was something strained (*gesture to the temples*), it was as hard as wood or iron and strained, tense, oh! ... Then I knew how false it was. It gave me the exact measure.

*(long silence)*

These last few days I have had a very strong impression that ... I don't know if you remember (were you even born?) when Emile Zola said, "Truth is on the march." You weren't born. He told the court-martial a few home truths and it caused quite a row, and he was advised to leave France because he would have been put in jail. And once he reached England, he said, "It doesn't matter, Truth is on the march." It caused a resounding stir. And I still remember the impression – I was young, but still I was twenty.... There is more than twenty years' distance between us – how old are you? Forty?

*Forty-one.*

Yes, the difference is forty years – more than that: forty-five years.... I was twenty, and it impressed me very much. That affair had a great repercussion. And it came back to me these last few days precisely with the whole perception of that catastrophic and defeatist habit. I had known it for a long time but it appeared to be quite beyond my control; while now it's under control. Not only that, it's disapproved of and deliberately rejected<sup>60</sup>! It's as I said: "I am tired of our unworthiness."

So, conclusion: Truth is on the march.

*(silence)*

There is a lot to do, a whole lot. But it may go relatively fast. When you observe, you realize that what takes the most time is becoming conscious of what must be changed, having a conscious contact that enables it to change. That's what takes the most time. The change itself ... There are recurrences, but it's growing much less intense. It all depends on the amount of unconsciousness and *tamas* in the being; as it grows less, the experience grows stronger.

\* \* \*

*Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri," the Debate of Love and Death:*

... And from the universal standpoint, it is this inertia, this unconsciousness that made the existence of death necessary – the "existence" of death!!

**July 28, 1965**

*(Satprem suggests the publication, among the quotations in the Ashram "Bulletin," of the text of an answer from Mother to a child. Mother shows as little interest as possible:)*

Those things are very powerful when they come, they have a transforming power – they exert a pressure on Matter. And then when they have finished their work, it's over – it's sorted, it goes to some corner. It no longer matters.

They are actions.

They aren't thoughts: they are actions. And once the action is finished, it's finished. I am not going to start talking about what I have done, am I!

\* \* \*

*Later*

Apart from that, how are you? Not too well?

*Yes, physically I am all right.*

Yes, that's right.... It's perfectly obvious that "one" wants us to be like this gentleman who faces everything without ever tiring.<sup>61</sup> It's obvious. Because as soon as something begins to moan, I see the Lord smile, I see his smile (I don't see his face, for me he doesn't have a face!), but I see his smile, and he smiles as if saying, "Still there! ... Haven't you got past that yet!"

We always give ourselves excuses, but that's stupid.

*(silence)*

A calm and persistent will, absolutely unaffected by what happens – that's ultimately what is expected of us....

"Oh, what are those childish reactions! Life is like that. It is like that and will be like that until it changes."

"Oh, I am fed up!"

"You are fed up? Then it means you aren't good for much."

Then you pocket your moaning.

And examples come, so precise, to show you: "See, when you are like this, outer things are like this (*gesture in the wrong direction*); and when you are like that (*gesture in the good direction*), outer things are like that." Then you can only tweak your ears and say, "There, again the same old stupidity."

I don't know if I am understood, but I understand myself! (*Mother laughs*)

## July 31, 1965

*There is a problem I'd like to put to you.*

What problem?

*A practical problem, not a yogic one! It's about Italy, N. and the publication of the book on Sri Aurobindo ["The Adventure of Consciousness"]. N. translated it and gave it to his friend S. to look after the publication in Italy. S. saw a publisher, who asked to read the book in French and found it interesting. And then, I don't know whether on the publisher's suggestion or S.'s, they are asking if it wouldn't be better to publish first a book by Sri Aurobindo like, for instance, "The Guide to Yoga."*

That doesn't exist!

*Yes, you know, fragments of letters were used to make "The Bases of Yoga" and so on, and they gathered it all under the title "The Guide to Yoga."*

It's a compilation made by M. for beginners.

*That's right.*

It's not too good.

*No.*

It's not too good. (*Laughing*) It's like *English without tears!*

*I find it rather limited.*

That little book is all the way down (*gesture at ground level*).

It's difficult to make a book that gives an idea of Sri Aurobindo.

*Because it's always one minor aspect that will be chosen.*

And above all the selection will be done with the idea of being "easy to understand." I had an example yesterday when I spoke to a Dutch woman: I explained to her the difference between the old spirituality that denied Matter and tried to escape from it completely, and the new spirituality, tomorrow's spirituality, which accepts Matter, dominates it and transforms it. For me, it's simple, of course – she didn't understand a thing!

So if one adopts the frame of mind of saying to people things they can understand, one distorts everything.

*For Italy, it's a sort of tactical question. As nothing by Sri Aurobindo has been published yet, is it better from a tactical standpoint to start by publishing a work by Sri Aurobindo, some small work, and then this book?*

But that's not a work! This "Guide to Yoga" is not a work! Sri Aurobindo never says things like that. That's exactly why doing so distorts him immediately.

One good thing would be to have a book by him ready, because people will ask to read Sri Aurobindo after they read your book – that, yes, I agree, we should have something ready, but this "Guide" ...

*But their idea is to publish something before the publication of my book.*

No, it's the other way around! It's the other way around! I don't know, but that's putting the cart before the horse. Unless the Italians walk on their hands! ... That's possible.

No, if we wanted to show something to the public before the publication of your book, it would have to be a sort of biographical and bibliographical note: Sri Aurobindo was born at such and such a place, and so forth, and the list of his works, the totality of the written volumes. That, yes, it would be a good introduction. A bibliographical note – not a small book that distorts everything. A rather complete bibliographical note, something massive! (*Mother laughs*)

So you can tell N. on my behalf that this is how I see the thing: a quite complete biographical and bibliographical note should be prepared to tell them, "Here is the gentleman Satprem is writing about." It could be published along with the book, or published in newspapers to announce the book (that's a practical question, it depends on what suits their taste better). It can be published in some newspapers or reviews or magazines before the release of the book, to announce it.

*Of the book ... which book?*

Your book, as an introduction to your book. And afterwards – after they have read the book – if people ask, "Ah, we would very much like to read what Sri Aurobindo wrote," then we'll have to start translating.

But I think N. is translating *The Synthesis*?

*He told me he had asked you.*

But that's agreed. I thought he had already started work.

For serious people, it's *The Synthesis* and *The Life Divine* that should be chosen.

So tell him this: a biographical and bibliographical note in "dictionary style" that bludgeons you on the head – that's the best thing (!)

*Announcing my book.*

Announcing your book. Yes, as an introduction to the book.

*And afterwards, translations.*

Afterwards, we should see according to the spirit of people's inquiries. He can start *The Synthesis* right away – *The Synthesis* and *The Life Divine* are the two most important things.

*Yes, not the small distorting books.*

Oh, no! Quotations distort.

When we wanted a "small book," we used to translated *The Mother*, but that touches mostly India, because they worship the Mother; but elsewhere, it doesn't have the same importance. Although a man like T., it was *The Mother* that touched him the most – an American, fully American. He said the book gave him the revelation, that there were all kinds of things he didn't understand and that with the book, he understood.

Now, the Italians worship the Virgin a lot, it's a lot in their makeup, and through that they would understand (those who are intelligent and see the symbol behind the story). There was a Pope (not the present one or the previous one, but the one before<sup>62</sup>) who did remarkable things because he was in touch with the Virgin; he was a worshipper of the Virgin and that really put him on the right path. So I think that if they want a small book (it is a small book, you can even put it in your pocket – people are afraid of big books, they don't have time), there are lots of things in that small book, *The Mother*, lots of things. But the part on the "four aspects of the Mother" can really be felt only by Indians; those who have a Christian education (*laughing*) must find it very frightening (!) But we could omit that chapter. You see, the book was made from letters, so each piece is a whole; it wasn't at all composed as one piece: we arranged it as it is following the instructions Sri Aurobindo gave. But that last chapter (the biggest, besides) is

mostly for India. It can be omitted.

So you can say this to N.: a biographical note in dictionary style to announce the publication of your book.



August 4, 1965

*(While sorting old notes of Mother's, Satprem comes across the following passage:)*

"Always listen to what the Lord of Truth has to tell you and let your action be guided by Him."

That's good.

*I often wonder... We are indeed told that we should leave our action to the Lord, but shouldn't we help him a bit?!*

(Mother laughs) He certainly must need help!

No, it sounds like a joke, but the truth is that He WANTS US to help Him, He doesn't at all want us to be passive and inert.

He wants us to help Him.

*Because when one is immobile up there, I feel it as a blank, but a blank in which nothing happens.*

No! It's admirable. But it's admirable provided you don't live in the world, provided you live secluded in the cave or the forest. Because in worldly life, there are all the wills, impulses, desires from all those around, which keep coming constantly; so then, if you are passive, you also receive that. And it's to protect yourself from that that you should remain active – help the Lord.

But this note was intended for someone who needed to hear this. They aren't – they are NEVER universal things applicable to one and all.

*What I find very difficult is to find the demarcation line ...*

Yes, yes!

*... between personal intervention, the will that wants to do something, and then what I think ought to come in absolute silence.*

I have now reached the state in which ... I don't hear Him, but I perceive Him very concretely: "Do, do this, do that, do that...." So ...

*That's what one would need.*

Till then, you are forever wondering if you are doing the right thing. But it has become like that: "Do this." And when there is nothing, I do nothing. But I have noticed that when necessary, it comes, and constantly, even at night! Even when I

"sleep," it becomes like that: "Do this, do that ..." – not with words, but it's very clear, you can't make a mistake.

It took a long, long time for it to come like that. But that state you are referring to, I knew it for years: you sit there, wondering ... Because, as I said, in order to be absolutely blank and immobile, you must be withdrawn from the world, seeing no one, doing nothing; then you can perceive clearly; but otherwise, when you are in the world and all those suggestions keep coming all the time, you must allow what is called the "personal" will to express itself when you don't receive a very precise Command.

But the aspiration always was to receive the true thing. And it comes, you reach a point when it comes clearly – clearly, very clearly – for everything, even for the very small things of everyday life: "Do this, do that...."

*Yes, that's what is needed.*

But I must say it is the result of years of effort – not effort: vigilance. Vigilance: not to forget that THAT is what one wants, and that the other way is simply a stopgap in the meantime.

At any rate, it is quite certain (Sri Aurobindo wrote it somewhere, I read it again just two or three days ago), quite certain that the Lord doesn't want automatons that He has to push along. That's not what He wants: He wants a conscious collaboration. Only, a point comes when the sense of the person truly disappears; you go on saying "I," because how do you express yourself? But when you say "I," you have the feeling (not the thought – for the thought, it takes a long time), a sort of feeling of the higher Will manifesting here, in this spot, with these means.

It comes after years.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards, regarding another note:*

"But It may have manifested partially and momentarily in an individual, as a promise and an example."

This was an answer to someone who asked me whether the supramental Force had manifested on earth previously.

\* \* \*

*(Before leaving, Satprem informs Mother that he has received a letter from*

*the Vellore hospital asking him when he would come for new tests:)*

So are you going to reply?

*... Oh, no! I'll never go back there. All that I remember from there is a nightmare.*

I understand!

*It was worse than the Pondicherry hospital.*

Oh, here it was disgusting.

*Yes, it was disgusting, but here I didn't have that sense of being ill. While there I had the sense of being ill.<sup>63</sup>*

But the minute you step into their hospitals, you are ill! That's right, it's as I say: it's the medical atmosphere. Jules Romains said it: "A healthy man is a man who doesn't know he is sick." So a priori you are sick – it goes without saying that you are sick. And if they don't immediately find what's wrong with you, it's because you have the knack of hiding it!

But, oh, how many little experiences I've had about this, and so interesting! Something is wrong here or there in the body, a small thing; as long as you don't pay attention to it – as long, above all, as you don't mention it to anyone – and you give it up to the Lord (if it happens to hurt, you give it up to the Lord), it's all right – it's fine, you aren't sick: it's "a disorder somewhere." If you are unfortunate enough to utter a word about it to anyone, and especially to the doctor, whoever he is, it instantly becomes an illness. And I know why, it's because the cells that are in disorder feel all of a sudden they are very important and very interesting persons! So then, as they are very interesting, they must make themselves still more interesting. If they have a movement that isn't harmonious, they exaggerate it – it becomes even less harmonious in order to assert itself more.

It sounds like a joke, but it's true! That's how it is, I know it. I have observed it carefully in my cells. So when they are told (*Mother slaps her armrest*), "You fools! That's not your duty at all, you are ridiculous," they keep quiet.

As a drama, it's wonderful.

That's what happened with my eye.<sup>64</sup> It happened with other things too (small things, very small things, a disorder somewhere, something that went askew for some reason or other); as long as you don't pay attention to it, it carries on in its own sweet way; as soon as somebody notices it or you show it to the doctor (oh, especially when you show it to the doctor), it becomes an illness: it swells up and swells up! "Oh, I am an important person, I am receiving attention." That's how it is. So they intensify the movement. And you are lucky if it doesn't actually become serious.

You see, they must immediately be told, "No, no, No! You are taking the wrong road, you are making yourself much more ridiculous – be quiet." Then

things get better.

It's very interesting.

The doctor crystallizes the illness, makes it concrete, hard. Afterwards, he takes credit for curing it ... when he can!

\* \* \*

*(As he is about to leave, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees and receives a mass of force. He probably appears stunned by the "avalanche," and Mother remarks:)*

It comes like this *(Mother bangs her fist down as if into Matter)*.

But it's rather interesting because it comes straight from above and when it reaches the earth atmosphere, it gathers there all the energies of the earth, and then it enters *(same gesture)*. Now it has become like that. A rather strong golden light, which comes massively, then touches the earth atmosphere and ATTRACTS and gathers the vital energies of the earth, and then it goes like this *(same gesture banging down)*. I see it – I see the thing – and it goes through my arms, my hands.... *(With an ironic smile:)* Do you feel something or not?

*Oh, yes, I feel the Force!*

*(Mother laughs at Satprem's tone)* Good; then it's all right!

But it is very interesting. It's growing stronger and stronger ... day after day, month after month.

*(the hour strikes)*

Very well, so we won't bother about doctors. Au revoir, mon petit!

## **August 7, 1965**

I had a long conversation with you this morning. I told you many things. Did you hear?

*No, nothing.*

This morning, for, oh, at least a good hour, an experience came: the true attitude and true role of the material mind – lived, not thought. Lived. It was interesting. A sort of tranquil beatitude.... It was about the relationship between the

constant state and the action that keeps coming from outside and interrupts (or has the habit of interrupting when it shouldn't), interrupts this constant state. There were examples, and the first that came was you, the relationship with you, and the way out of the "state of illness," I might say, and also the complete blossoming of the consciousness, the harmony of the whole being – what this new realization can do to change all that.

It lasted a good hour. You must have been still sleeping: it was between 4:30 and 5 this morning – you were sleeping.... (*Mother laughs mischievously*) So much the better, it will have more effect that way!

*But nothing ever comes through to the other side! It's a pity. I'm not conscious.*

You are more conscious than you think. It's going well.

But it was truly interesting! I understood; I said to myself, "If life becomes constantly like this, then, then ... we will no longer complain about anything."

And all the disorders were not only erased in their unpleasant, disagreeable effects (that is to say, the pain had disappeared, to speak their ordinary language), but were consciously TAKING PART in the progress of the being. Then it becomes splendid!

But I "told" you (see how it is!) that I wouldn't talk about it, because when I talk it stops the experience and I have to wait for some time before it recurs – it never recurs in the same way. Which means that the experience I had today, now it's finished. I have talked about it, it's finished. I have to move ahead towards something better. If you don't talk, you can keep the experience for a time, till the effect is extinguished. When you talk, it's finished; it belongs to the past and you have to move ahead towards something new.

Something is always, always, always pushing me towards the new – one more step. That's good.

*But what was it about? An action of the material mind?*

An attitude.

*An attitude of the material mind?*

An attitude, but ... oh, not willed or concerted, nothing like that: simply it had understood.

It had learned to keep silent and act.

To keep silent and act.

Oh, it was lovely!

*(silence)*

Every time I express it, it recedes farther into the past.

Ah, I think we should take up *Savitri*.... (*Mother looks at Satprem:*) You have a question? Ask.

*No, I didn't have any question, I was immersed in what you were saying.*

It followed a long curve.... It began with a deep disgust for its [the material mind's] habitual activity; I started catching (not now: it's been going on for weeks), catching all its routine and almost automatic activities – I have said it several times: this material mind is defeatist, always pessimistic, meddlesome, grumbling, disgruntled, lacking in faith, lacking in trust.... Even when it tends to be joyful and content, something comes and says, "Ah, stop it, because you'll get another knock." That sort of thing. It went on for weeks, and a continuous, constant work.... It always ended in the offering. There was a beginning of progress when ... No, first I should tell all that happened before. To begin with, the japa, the mantra, for instance, was taken as a discipline; then from the state of discipline it changed into a state of satisfaction (but still with the sense of a duty to be done); then from that it changed into a sort of state of constant satisfaction, with the desire (not "desire," but a will or an aspiration) for it to be more frequent, more constant, more exclusive. Then there was a sort of repugnance to and rejection of all that comes and disturbs, mixed with a sense of duty towards work, people and so on, and all that made a muddle and a great confusion. And it always ended in the transfer to the Supreme along with the aspiration for things to change. A long process of development.

Recently there was a sort of will for equality towards activities that had been tolerated or accepted only as an effect of the consecration and in obedience to the supreme Will. And then, all of a sudden they became something very positive, with a sense of freedom and a spontaneity of state, and a beginning of understanding of the attitude with which the action must be done. All this came very, very progressively. And then this morning, there was the experience.

*(silence)*

I may express it in this way: the capacity to fall silent and to intervene only on the Impulse from above.

To intervene only when set in motion by the supreme Wisdom, for every action to be done.

And it gave the exact meaning of the purpose of this material mind; because there was always, in the background of the consciousness, that sentence of Sri Aurobindo's which said it was an impossible instrument and would probably have to be got rid of. It had remained. And I saw there was something wrong: in spite of all the criticism, all the offering, all the disgust, even all the rejection, this material mind was preserved. Only, it has been transformed slowly, slowly, and now the first step has been made, a step on the road to transformation, with the experience of the cessation of its automatic activity.

That was the experience of this morning.

I am not saying it is final, far from it, but it's much more under control. The cessation lasted perhaps an hour or two, I don't remember, but its activity isn't so

mechanical anymore. You know that sort of mental silence in which everything falls flat (*immobile, horizontal gesture*); well, it can now be done with this material mind – it falls flat, turned upward.

But it is a beginning, just the beginning.

Only, there is a certainty. Even if it had occurred for just a few minutes, one could be sure that it would be – it occurred for much longer than that. Consequently this material mind will be part of what will be transformed.

And it gives a tremendous power! When it stops, the Vibration of Love can manifest in its plenitude.

It came this morning, in a glory.

It's for later.

\* \* \*

*(Towards the end of the conversation, Satprem, who has been approached a second time about an article for a magazine, asks for Mother's advice.)*

*Do you know that they've asked me to write an article?*

Yes. Are you doing it?

*It's for you to tell me. I don't know.*

The first time, I blocked it; I didn't even let their suggestion reach you. Then this letter came from M. and they read it to me; and instead of thinking of you, I thought of the people and I said to myself that it would obviously be very good for them. So I let it pass.

*Yes, I felt you had let it pass because it began going round my head – but still it's quite a nuisance!*

They ask for "personal reminiscences."

*"How and why I was seized by Sri Aurobindo."*

Do you know it?

*Yes, but I have never tried to explain it to myself mentally.*

No, no, I am asking you if you KNOW it.

And they ask for pages....

*Twelve!*

Twelve pages.... I would say it in one sentence, and it would be over.

*What's your sentence?*

"Because that was the truth of my being."

Or the law – we could say "the truth" or "the law."

Those questions are stupid, aren't they? They only ask you what your mind believed or imagined – it's meaningless.

We could also say (but they would take it as an impertinence), "Because it was to be." But the true answer is, "Because such was the law of my being." I came on earth to meet him or to meet what he represents, and naturally, since I came for that, it took hold of me – I took hold of it, it took hold of me, and that's that. We can make lots of sentences!

But they understand only when it becomes mental chatter.

So, if you like, I propose one thing (they won't be happy, but it'll do them good!), that's to tell them, "Here is what I can say in answer to your question, and that's all." And it will be one sentence, two sentences, half a page, that's all. You won't have told them no, and at the same time you won't have yielded to their ignorant insistence.

I didn't intend to tell you all this, but anyway that is how I see the problem. To start writing pages on that is pure chatter (of course, their whole affair will be nothing but pure chatter,<sup>65</sup> but that's no reason to do as they do). And at the same time, it's a good lesson: we are showing goodwill – "Well, I am giving you the truth here; if that's not what you were expecting, too bad for you." It's a very good lesson.

If they have some intelligence, they will publish it. If they publish it, it will be good for everyone.... I haven't told you this little story which resembles yours: some two years ago, *The Illustrated Weekly* asked questions on where India stood, and in their questionnaire they had asked for the answers to be put in as few words as possible. Very well. As for me, I answered with one word, two words, three words, because things can be put in very few words.<sup>66</sup> They published it in a box in the middle of people's answers, which were columns long! Mon petit, it seems it had more effect than all the rest. They said to themselves, "It has forced us to think." It will be the same thing for you if you have the courage to put just what has to be put, in as few words as possible: the thing as exact as possible.

If they have the courage to publish it, it will do a lot of good, a lot.<sup>67</sup>

And it isn't a question of condensing, it's not that: it's a question of saying just the essential – of catching the essential behind all that and of saying it.

Do that, it'll be fun!

Sri Aurobindo is happy.

\* \* \*

*Addendum*



## THE STATE OF THE NATION

The Mother answers

*(A questionnaire from The Illustrated Weekly of India, Republic Day issue of 1964 – original English)*

*1. If you were asked to sum up, just in one sentence, your vision of India, what would be your answer?*

India's true destiny is to be the Guru of the world.

*2. Similarly, if you were asked to comment on the reality as you see it, how would you do it in one sentence?*

The present reality is a big falsehood – hiding an eternal truth.

*3. What, according to you, are the three main barriers that stand between the vision and the reality?*

i) Ignorance ii) Fear iii) Falsehood.

*4. Are you satisfied with the overall progress India has made since Independence? (Yes or No)*

No.

*5. What is our most outstanding achievement in recent times? Why do you consider it so important?*

Waking up of the yearning for Truth – because without Truth there is no real liberty.

*6. Likewise, can you name the saddest failure? On what ground do you regard it as so tragic?*

Insincerity. Because insincerity leads to ruin.

(November 12, 1963)

\* \* \*

## Why Sri Aurobindo?

*(an article by Satprem)*

On a December morning, almost twenty years ago, on the platforms of the Gare du Nord, a youth was preparing to set off for ... anywhere, as long as it was as far and adventurous as possible – for the time being, it was South America. And beneath the enormous clock which weighed several tons and seemed to him as weighty as Western time, this youth was repeating a curious mantra in his heart: Sri Aurobindo-Mauthausen. Only these two words remained to live and walk with. Behind, there was a world collapsed once for all under the Austrian watchtowers. Although the watchtowers might as well have been Boulevard Montparnasse – it was the same thing; another searchlight would have pierced the scenery perfectly well. And there was in that word all the force of a man who had emerged from the dead. Then this name, which did not have a very precise meaning, Sri Aurobindo, but it goes without saying that open sesame have never spoken to the head – they open the door. And there was in it all the force of a man who needs one true little thing to live.

Because we can entertain our minds as long as we like – our libraries are full; we can amass all the possible explanations of the world, but we will not have achieved anything or walked a single step if we haven't touched the secret spring behind the mind's flourishes. For the Truth is not what makes us think, but what makes us walk on.

Where to? We all know our final destination. It is no bigger than seven feet by four, after we have produced some offspring, who will do what we were doing and before us our fathers' fathers, with a few technical improvements and even a lot of televisions – but without the one vision that changes everything. For we have changed nothing in the world as long as we haven't changed inside.

Which is why the mystics send us back to heaven, and the realists to the ever-receding perfect society and automatic leisure.

Sri Aurobindo opens a door in this world stifled by its material or heavenly excesses. He tells us, first, that there is something to be discovered and that we are rich, richer than we may ever think with our heads – we are like beggars sitting on a gold mine. But we must get down into the mine. And he tells us that we have the power, if only we are pure enough to seize it. The power over Death and over Life and over Matter, for the Spirit is in us and it is here below that It wants to conquer:

Heaven's touch fulfills but cancels not our earth.<sup>68</sup>

And he tells us that just because we have invented a few rockets and cultivated

a few cerebral pyramids, that does not mean we have done with being men. A still greater adventure awaits us, divine and superhuman, if only we have the courage to get under way.

And he gives us the means to do so.

For "what Sri Aurobindo represents in the world's history is not a teaching, not even a revelation: it is an action."<sup>69</sup> Sri Aurobindo is not a thinker or a sage, not a mystic or a dreamer. He is a force of the future that takes hold of the present and leads us towards,

The miracle for which our life was made.<sup>70</sup>

OM

Satprem  
Pondicherry,  
August 11, 1965

P.S. There may be a certain vanity in saying, "Why Sri Aurobindo? – Because this and that"; that is still our mind trying to catch hold of things in order to put its explanations on them, as if nothing could be without its "clarifications." Yet, the most potent events in our lives are those we do not explain, because their force goes on working in us without being frozen by ONE explanation – there are many other levels of explanation, and there is a mute explanation that remains quietly in the depths, like an ever-calm water, as clear as a child's gaze. And there is still more vanity in saying that Sri Aurobindo is this but not that – he is this and that, and many other things, too; he is with the yes and the no, the for and the against, and with all that seeks without knowing, because everything seeks after Joy, through the yes and the no, through the darkness or the light, slowly and over the tottering centuries or all at once in an all-seizing light. From age to age, that Light comes down on the earth to help it become sooner what it always was and seeks after in its troubled heart; and that Light is clothed in one word or another, it takes on a sweet or a terrible face, or a vast and powerful one like an all-embracing sea, but it is the same Light always, and the soul that opens itself in that ray secretly recognizes a Face it has loved many a time. From century to century it uncovers itself – the same child with folded hands, gazing at the world with love.

August 12, 1965

**August 14, 1965**

*About the Ashram's secretaries:*

... I scold him everyday and tell him he is wasting my time. And he looks surprised!

Yesterday again, a matter had been fully put in order: I had answered in two words (you see, for me it takes a second to decide; I told him, "This and that must be done – that's all," and it was all), and he goes on reading me all the arguments from everyone's letters! I told him, "But why are you wasting all my time!" So he looked quite bewildered, as if I had told him something that had never occurred to him.

*With him, anything simple becomes complicated.*

I thought that was my own particular experience reserved for me! ... I thought he had scruples and wanted me to know everything people write – but that's absurd!

When someone reads me a letter, you understand, I make contact, I catch a few words, and then it's all settled. And the decision comes or doesn't come from here – it comes. And once I have announced the decision, it's settled. But they all go on reading the letter! I say, "Good Lord! What's the use? It's all words and sentences."

*For him, things have to follow their full course, point by point, and he adds to it!*

But the world will never be changed!

*For years now, every time I go near him and I am put in contact with things of this sort, I get dreadfully tired.*

He tires me dreadfully, but I thought that was particular to me.

*No, no!*

When I had my eyes, I had no secretaries, I didn't let anyone touch my things, but the work was done in a minute. With a letter, for example, I would look just there (*Mother shows little flashes of light at different spots in the letter*), and I knew I had to read there, I had to read here, I had to read there. That way it's fine. I would read the whole letter only if it was someone with a concise and clear mind and who really had something to say. But otherwise, when you see it's chatter, what's the use?

For me the work has become perhaps a hundred times more difficult since I stopped seeing by myself. And, of course, what they read to me goes through the thought of the one who reads – which generally shrouds it in fog and prevents me

from seeing it. When someone reads Sri Aurobindo to me, even someone who understands him, there is always a cloud. So sometimes I lose patience, I take a magnifying glass and read, and as soon as I read, I see (*gesture of something leaping to the eyes*): "Ah, here it is!" I see the thing immediately, and it's luminous, it's clear.

It must have been a great punishment – I don't know who punished me! (*Laughing*) Probably myself, because I have put too much strain on my eyes. But the work takes me at least ten times longer.

(*silence*)

... It's a bit stupefying.

No, I have noticed, the only thing that tires is time. Which means that if one could work while keeping one's eternal rhythm, that would be perfect – whether one does one thing or another (one always does something) doesn't matter at all; but the horrible thing is to be hurried all the time – people hurry you, time hurries you; so you are forced to do more things than you should in a given time, and that's very tiring. I don't know.... It's difficult.

**August 15, 1965**

(*Message for Sri Aurobindo's birthday:*)

Some day surely  
The world too shall be saved from death by love.  
Sri Aurobindo

**August 18, 1965**

(*Two Americans have brought Mother photos of a former disciple who left  
for the United States:*)

Do you remember C.? He has become a great guru there, with a group, and it seems he hypnotizes people.... And two Americans have come here (very nice people, one is a painter, the other is a sculptor); one was in C.'s clutches and it's the other who saved him by keeping him, almost brutally, materially far from C. for three days – the third day, he was free (which does seem to prove that he has a hypnotic influence) – and by telling him, "We're leaving for Pondicherry, you don't need an intermediary between the Mother and you." Because C. plays the great "intermediary" between Sri Aurobindo and the poor public.

*(Mother looks at the photos)*

Well, well, that's just it! Oh, just look at this....

*(Then she reads the letter that accompanies the photos)*

*"... Z and I met with him a few times. Since I saw in him a devilish evil, we have broken contact. I leave this now in your hands."*

Z lives in the forest with his friend S., in a house built with logs. I saw the photos some time ago. The forest is a marvel.

But as for me, of course, I knew....

He asked for a visa as "preacher" (!) and it seems that in that case you are allowed to stay indefinitely; he no longer has to leave – that's very good, I am very glad he is there! Because when people are caught, it was their destiny and they needed to be caught. And you can even reach the Goal through a devil as well as through an angel – better, sometimes! *(Mother laughs)*

But it was visible when he was here: a fantastic pride and ambition that were to end up like this. He has a nasty face, very nasty.

*But still, the fact that he declares himself to be the Ashram's "envoy" is troublesome.*

Ah, but I immediately wrote to Dr. Sanyal, who passed on my answer to all the people he knew.

But this S. [an American], C.'s friend, is quite in a beatific adoration – that's very good, it had to happen to him.

*The Americans have so little discernment. They rush headlong at anything.*

Absolutely no discernment.

He [C.] must have something, but I don't feel anything! *(Mother makes a gesture as thin as cigarette paper.)* It's something without force. But K., too, when she was in America, was quite under his thumb. And she said she had marvelous meditations with him! ... But I wrote to K., because he gave her advice on her life and on what she should and should not do; so she wrote to ask me, "How much am I to believe?" I answered, "Nothing!" ... He had forbidden her to come to the

Ashram; he had told her that it wasn't the place for her, that she was much too grown-up to come here! The Ashram is good for those who have nothing in them, who need to be kept well in hand, while someone with a capacity must live independently.

That's how he catches them.

No, it's very good! It's comical.

If one has ambition, it is relatively quite easy to draw a [subtle] being to oneself, who naturally comes under very deceptive disguises, and then to believe oneself to be the incarnation of a great personality.

But when people are sincere, it can't last very long.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

Yesterday I signed over 200 photos....

*That's not reasonable!*

Ah, the world isn't reasonable. It has never claimed to be, I think! ... Not to mention all those who want me to sort out all their affairs and wash all their family's dirty linen! Who ask for my advice on everything, everything they do, from their business to their daughter's marriage. I don't answer anymore, I say: "It's not my business." "Oh! How can that be?" "Consult the inner Guide." *(Mother laughs)*

\* \* \*

*Satprem prepares to leave:*

Is your health all right? The nights are better, aren't they?

*Yes, since you started making that cocoon, I haven't been troubled anymore. But if you gave me a little consciousness, I would be glad!*

No, if I saw you every night, I would tell you. But why don't you come? I see you very rarely.

*Yes, why? Why is that so?*

I think for the last few nights I have been drawing closer to the place where you go. Because the last two nights, looking after things of that sort, I have had a strong feeling that I would find you soon. Very interesting things, but very

intellectual, that's the trouble!

I am myself more interested in action than in thought.

There are places (and, I must say, rather interesting ones, I am not saying they are without interest) where the exact expression of the ideas that must govern the world is being worked out. It's in that direction, it's there. The past two or three nights, I have been going to that place. I find it rather gray and dull, but anyway ... it's not without a certain savor. And several people have seen you somewhere there. There are kinds of large halls with immense corridors, and it's very clear – the atmosphere is very clear. But it's a painstaking work, oh, as if thousands of scribes were writing very quietly. And immense, immense – it is as vast as the earth.

If I go there, I will find you.

*But am I NOTHING but that?*

Oh, no! But it's your active consciousness, mon petit, not your physical one: the consciousness which is conscious in your dreams.... Well, it's much better than your excursions in the vital world, you know, much better. Because there, I had to intervene.

When I go and wander there, probably its aspect will change all of a sudden; there will be a hurricane of force and light (*sweeping gesture*), and then it will become interesting.

*But it doesn't particularly interest me!*

I don't know.

But it was imperative to get you out of the vital at all costs, because you were receiving blows there, it wasn't good. It's much better here. It's luminous, very peaceful; it's very vast, very vast, as if there were no partitions, no walls.

*A glass prison.*

That's right.

*(Ironically)* But a large prison, not a small one!

It's coming. Don't be worried, it is coming.

Something more interesting: there are in the mantra the very precise vibrations of your consciousness. I have noticed that, it's very good. Very precise and intense vibrations. So we will succeed. That is something.

We must be patient. I, for one, have been very patient. We must be patient.

It's part of the necessary calm.

Because calm and peace are INDISPENSABLE for anything to be achieved. And patience is part of the necessary calm. The nerves are a bit impatient, and that's very bad for them, very bad.



**August 21, 1965**

*(Regarding a Playground Talk of March 17, 1951, published in the latest "Bulletin," in which Mother says that when she returned from Japan in 1920, she felt Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere two nautical miles away from Pondicherry:)*

It appears that in 1958 we said one thing and that this time we said another, so they ask me which is correct. It's about Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere which I felt at sea. So in 1958 (I probably remembered more precisely then) I said ten nautical miles (I remember having asked on the ship, just so I would know), and it appears that this time I said two miles. So they tell me ...

*What does it matter!*

That's how they are, they are stupid.

*Yes.*

It's enough to crush you. So I answered ...

*You answered it was nine point eight hundred and seventy-five miles?!*

(Mother laughs) Exactly! I didn't tell them that, I simply said (because that I remember) that the shore couldn't be seen. But now, it's like a previous life for me....

*But what does it matter?!*

Absolutely! They're stupid.

That's how they read what I write. They take a magnifying glass and notice an error here, an error there....

*(Mother gives Satprem a flower: a rose)*

It's beautiful. Far lovelier than human beings.

*Oh, yes, that's for sure!*

(Mother holds out another flower called "Prayer") Here, a prayer that they may change.

No, we should never give details, that way they wouldn't be able to fling them back at us.

*But I find it so stupid!*

Yes, but they ARE stupid – that's not their fault.

And if we told them it didn't matter, they'd say, "Ah, that's to cover up her error"....

\* \* \*

*Mother looks tired. She goes into a long contemplation, then starts speaking:*

On the 15th, at the balcony, Sri Aurobindo was there. He had come and he went out on the balcony with me. I didn't say anything to anybody, not to anybody at all. And there is a little girl, about fifteen years old now, who is considered here as a bad pupil, erratic, *fanciful* (they had even talked of sending her away), but once I asked her to come for her birthday, and as for me, I found her a fine girl (!) And she wrote to me two or three days ago that on the 15th, at the Darshan, she saw Sri Aurobindo on my right. And she asked (*laughing*), "Is it true?"

It quite amused me. I said to myself, "So much for their moral judgments on the pupils here! That's how it is."

But nowadays I don't see the children anymore; formerly I used to see them every day, or at any rate once a month regularly I would see them. When I went to the Playground, I saw them every day. But now I no longer do, except a few on their birthdays.

But I found this interesting. Maybe some others saw him too, but didn't tell me. But she wrote to me, "Well, I saw Sri Aurobindo standing beside you, is it true?"

*(silence)*

Since the 15th, there has been a whole work of preparation for the transformation .... What could I call it? ... A transfer of power.

The cells, the whole material consciousness, used to obey the inner individual consciousness – the psychic consciousness most of the time, or the mental (but the mind had been silent for a long time). But now this material mind is organizing itself like the other one, or the other ones, rather, like the mind of all the states of being – do you know, it is educating itself. It is learning things and organizing the ordinary science of the material world. When I write, for instance, I have noticed that it takes great care not to make spelling errors; and it doesn't know, so it inquires, it learns, it looks up in the dictionary or it asks. That's very interesting. It wants to know. You see, all the memory that came from mental knowledge went away a long, long time ago, and I used to receive indications only like this (*gesture from above*). But now it's a sort of memory being built from below, and with the care of a little child who educates himself but who wants to know, who doesn't want to make errors – who is perfectly conscious of his ignorance, and who wants to know. And the truly interesting thing is that it knows this knowledge to be quite ... more than relative, simply conventional, but it is like an instrument

that would like to be free of defects, like a machine that would like to be perfect.

It is a rather recent awakening. There has been a sort of reversal of consciousness.

And at night it corresponds to thoroughly strange activities: a completely new way of seeing, feeling and observing people and things. Last night, for example, for over two hours there was a clear vision – an active vision (through action, that is) – of the way in which human consciousnesses make the most simple things complicated and difficult. It was fantastic – fantastic. And then, this consciousness was spontaneously impelled by the divine Presence, but it followed the others' human movements with the clear perception of the simple thing and of the way in which it becomes complicated. It was symbolic, with images; an activity in images in the sense that it wasn't purely material, physical as we know it here, but in a symbolic, imaged physical (in which the material world is seen as clay). It was very interesting.

Only, there was a very great intensity of transformation, and (how can I explain?) ... It's like a shift in the directing will. And then, there was materially, physically, a sort of surprise, and a need to identify with the new direction – it's a little difficult. It's difficult to explain, too.... It's no longer the same thing that makes you act – "act" or anything, of course: move, walk, anything. It isn't the same center any longer. And then if, by habit, you try to reconnect with the old center, oh, that creates a great disorder, and you must be very careful not to let habit, the old habit, express itself and manifest.

It's hard to express it. It is still too much just an action.

\* \* \*

*(Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri." Once or twice when Satprem speaks to her, she remarks that she cannot hear a thing.)*

... It's a very bizarre phenomenon. At certain times I see with a far greater precision than ordinary precision, as I have never seen; at other times I have the feeling of a blanket of fog between me and the world. I can see (I KNOW things rather than see them), but it's a vision through a veil.

For hearing, it's the same thing. At times the slightest, faintest sound is distinct; but the sound isn't here anymore (*in the ear*), it is ... somewhere (*gesture around or above the head*). At other times I can't hear a thing anymore. For a long time it was a question of people, of hours, of places – with you, for instance, I heard you very clearly. But now it's no longer like that, it's ... I woke up with, yes, like a blanket of fog between me and the world when I got up this morning, when I emerged from all that – oh, two hours of frightful, frightful activity (and so interesting at the same time, there were lots of people and fantastic things).

The night before, I had spent more than two hours with Sri Aurobindo.... We were sitting without being seated (it's a strange thing, but so concrete), and

correcting sentences (!), that is, making expressions more precise.<sup>71</sup> He even had (I had asked him a question), he held his pencil or pen between his lips, like a child, almost with a child's face, and after a while he told me, *No, you put it like that...* Afterwards, I wondered, "By the way, how were we seated?" There were no seats and we weren't standing, yet we were very comfortable!

Thought, here in this brain, has difficulty adapting.

Because for two days (I mean two days without stop), there was a constant aspiration: "How will this new world be when it becomes material here? How will this new world be?..." And that put me so deep "inside" that I was ... I wasn't far away, but there was that blanket of fog between me and the world as it is.

It was still here today.

*(silence)*

This morning, for example, several times for a certain length of time (I don't know how long, but not a very short time: a quarter of an hour, half an hour, I don't know), the body's cells, that is, the body's form had the experience that staying together or dissolving depends on a certain attitude – an attitude or a will; something that has to do with will and attitude. And with the perception (sometimes simultaneously an almost double perception, one being more a memory and the other a lived thing) of what makes you move, act, know; the old way like a memory, and the new way in which, obviously, there is no reason at all to dissolve, except if you choose to do so – it's meaningless, it's something meaningless: why dissolve?

That was there yesterday a little, and very much there this morning.

And if, when you fall back ... That's not exactly the point: when the old consciousness comes back to the surface, if you aren't very attentive, naturally it results in fainting.

For ... oh, a long time, for the whole time between 5 o'clock and quarter to six, that's how it was.

It gives, AT THE SAME TIME, a sense of the unreality of life and of a reality that we could call eternal<sup>72</sup>: the meaning of death does not exist, it's meaningless. It is only a choice. And dislocation has no meaning, no *raison d'être*: it's an extravagance.

And then the entire old way of seeing, feeling, perceiving, is behind a sort of blanket – a blanket of fog – which makes the contact . woolly, imprecise.

Now, of course, I have recovered the ordinary consciousness, so I can express that; otherwise it was hard to express. And the contrast or the opposition is difficult, painful; both ways of being are complaining: the other way feels as if it is fainting, and the new one as if it isn't left in peace. When you are in one or in the other, it's all right, but when both are there together ... it's not very pleasant. And there is a sort of sense of uncertainty: you don't very well know where you are, whether you are here or whether you are there; you don't very well know.

Well.

And then, the stupidity of people and things becomes cruel, because even in

the ordinary consciousness, for me all those things are meaningless; but then with that need to keep two almost contradictory states together (a transitional period, of course), if you add to it a truckload of nonsense, it's not pleasant.

It's like this "gentleman" [Death in *Savitri*], all the rubbish he says!

**August 25, 1965**

*(Mother reads a passage from "Essays on the Gita," which she wants to publish in the next Bulletin:)*

"No real peace can be till the heart of man deserves peace; the law of Vishnu cannot prevail till the debt to Rudra is paid. To turn aside then and preach to a still unevolved mankind the law of love and oneness? Teachers of the law of love and oneness there must be, for by that way must come the ultimate salvation. But not till the Time-Spirit in man is ready, can the inner and ultimate prevail over the outer and immediate reality. Christ and Buddha have come and gone, but it is Rudra who still holds the world in the hollow of his hand. And meanwhile the fierce forward labour of mankind tormented and oppressed by the powers that are profiteers of egoistic force and their servants cries for the sword of the Hero of the struggle and the word of its prophet."

*(Essays on the Gita, XIII.372)*

It is the exact portrait of the situation.

Last time I said how close the thing was, and then ... (*gesture like a ground swell*) immediately the exact opposite rises: everyone goes awry, some are sick, others are nasty, yet others are furious ... oh! And everything grates and cries and ... Every time that something draws near, "Ah, here it is, we have caught the thing," immediately, vrrrm!

Very well.

We haven't paid our debt yet, as Sri Aurobindo says.

What can we do? ... Go on. Be more enduring than the opposition. More enduring. Sri Aurobindo said, "Victory belongs to the most enduring." That's obvious.

We only have to last.

**August 28, 1965**

*(Regarding the conversation of August 21 and the experience of the "transfer of power" to the cellular consciousness:)*

I said the other day that this aggregate of cells had changed its initiating<sup>73</sup> power. It struck me as a unique experience, as something that had never occurred before. Unfortunately, it didn't last long. But the experience has left a kind of certitude in the body: it is less uncertain about the future. As if the experience came to tell the body, "This is how things will be."

If it stays on, it clearly means immortality.

I remember, when I told that experience, it was no longer something personal at all: if you can catch that....

**August 31, 1965**

*(Regarding the conversations of August 21 and 28 on the "transfer of power":)*

*How do you define this physical mind, the one that underwent the transfer of power?*

That isn't the physical mind. The physical mind, it's a long time since ... It is the material mind – not even the material mind: the mind OF MATTER<sup>74</sup>! It is the mental substance that belongs to Matter itself, to the cells. That's what was formerly called "the spirit of the form," when it was said that mummies kept their bodies intact as long as the spirit of the form persisted.<sup>75</sup> That's the mind I mean, that completely material mind. The other one, the physical mind, has been organized for a long time.

*So what is the difference between this material mind and the physical mind? How would you define the physical mind in contrast with this*

*material mind?*

The physical mind is the mind of the physical personality formed by the body. It grows with the body, but it isn't the mind of Matter: it is the mind of the physical being. For instance, it is the mind that makes one's character: the bodily, physical character, which is in large part formed by atavism and education. What is called "physical mind" is all that. Yes, it's the result of atavism, of education and of the formation of the body; that's what makes the physical character. For example, some people are patient, some are strong and so on – physically, I mean, not for vital or mental reasons, but purely physically everyone has a character. That's the physical mind. And it is part of any integral yoga: you discipline this physical mind. I have done it for more than sixty years.

*But then, that mind, for instance, which is spontaneously defeatist, which has all sorts of fears and worries, which sees the worst, repeats the same things forever, is that the physical mind or the material mind?*

It is the most unconscious part of the physical mind, and that's what connects the physical mind with this material substance. But that's already an organized mind, you understand? It is the most material part, the one that borders on the mind ... (what can we call this mind?), we can't even call it "corporeal mind": it is the mind of the cells, a cellular mind.

This cellular mind exists in animals, and there is even a faint beginning (but very faint, like a promise) in plants: they respond to a mental action. They respond. As soon as Life manifests, there is already the beginning, like a promise of mind, of mental movement. And in animals, it's very clear. Whereas that physical mind really began to exist only in man. That's what a very small child already has: it already has a physical mind; so that no two very small children are alike, with identical reactions: there is already a difference. And it is especially what is given you with the special FORM of your body, by atavism, and then fully developed by education.

No, the physical mind, as soon as you do an integral yoga, you are obliged to deal with it, while this material, cellular mind, I can assure you that it's absolutely new! Absolutely new.

It is the mind that was like an uncoordinated substance, with a constant, unorganized activity (*Mother gestures to show a constant tremor*). This is the mind which is being organized. That's what is important, because Sri Aurobindo said it was unorganizable and the only thing to do was to reject it from existence. And I was under that impression, too. But when the transforming action on the cells is constant, this material mind begins to become organized, that's the wonderful thing! It begins to become organized. And then, as it becomes organized, it learns to FALL SILENT – that's the beautiful thing! It learns to keep calm, silent, and to let the supreme Force act without interfering.

The most difficult part is in the nerves, because they are so habituated to that

ordinary conscious will that when it stops and you want the direct Action from the highest height, they seem to become mad. Yesterday morning I had that experience, which lasted for more than an hour, and it was difficult; but it taught me many things – many things. And all this is what we may call the "transfer of power": it is the old power that withdraws. But then, until the body adapts to the new power, there is a period which is, well, critical. As all the cells are in a state of conscious aspiration, it's going relatively fast, but still ... the minutes are long.

But there is increasingly a sort of certitude in the cells that everything that happens is with a view to this transformation and this transfer of the directing power. And at the very moment when things are materially painful (not even physically: materially painful), the cells keep that certitude. And so they withstand, they endure the suffering without being depressed or affected in the least, with that certitude that it is to prepare for the transformation, that it is even the process of transformation and of the transfer of the directing power. As I said, it's in the nerves that the experience is the most painful (naturally, since they are the most sensitive cells, those with the sharpest sensation). But they have a very great receptivity, and very spontaneous, a spontaneously strong receptivity – and effortless – to the harmonious physical vibration (which is very rare, but still it exists in some individuals), and that physical vibration ... what we could call a physical FORCE, a harmonious physical vibration (spontaneously harmonious, of course, without the need for mental intervention – like the vibrations of a flower, for instance; there are physical vibrations that are like that, that carry in themselves a harmonious force), and the nerves are extremely sensitive and receptive to that vibration, which immediately puts them right again.

It's very interesting, it explains many, many things. A day will come when all this will be explained and put in its proper place. Now isn't the time to reveal it yet, but it's very interesting.

I really have the feeling that it's beginning to be organized, that the work is beginning to be organized.

Naturally, care must be taken to avoid letting a mental organization intervene, which is why I am not trying to explain things too much. The mind comes, and then that's not it anymore.



**September 4, 1965**

*(About a second operation that Satprem should – supposedly – undergo.  
Mother refuses and advises some exercises:)*

*I was in fact asking for you to cure me without any operations!*

No, the body must be helped! It goes without saying that in the exercises and in the material aids and in everything I will put the Consciousness, but one must help – one must help the body. It's a necessary modesty.

It's the same thing with food. We are obliged to eat, of course, and that's not interesting, it's not for pleasure, but ... *(Mother speaks to her body:)* "Look here, be modest, indispensably modest: it's necessary to eat and you must eat." And in addition, we must eat what we SHOULD eat, what helps the body the most.... It's a story I have been telling myself for years, but it's absolutely true. And when you start getting proud, you get a good *smack* on the face, that is to say, a pain or an accident: "That's what you get! Now be modest, you understand?" Then it says, "Yes, yes, I've understood!"

**September 8, 1965**

*(Mother reads a few lines from "Savitri" which she prepares to translate into  
French. It is Savitri's heart that speaks:)*

The great stars burn with my unceasing fire  
And life and death are both its fuel made.  
Life only was my blind attempt to love:  
Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

(X. III . 638)

She says, *Life and death are the fuel*, then, *In my blind attempt LIFE ONLY was my attempt to love.*<sup>76</sup> Because my attempt to love was blind, I limited it to life – but I won the victory in death.

It's very interesting. *(Mother repeats:)*

Earth saw my struggle, heaven my victory.

*Yet, earth should see the victory? The victory should be on earth, shouldn't it?*

Yes, but she couldn't win the victory on earth because she lacked heaven – she couldn't win the victory in life because she lacked death and she had to conquer death in order to conquer life.

That's the idea. Unless we conquer Death, the victory isn't won. Death must be vanquished, there must be no more death.

That's very clear.

*(silence)*

According to what he says here, it is the principle of Love that is transformed into flame and finally into light. It isn't the principle of Light that is transformed into flame when it materializes: it's the flame that is transformed into light.

The great stars give light because they burn; they burn because they are under the effect of Love.

*Love would be the original Principle?*

That seems to be what he is saying.

I didn't remember this passage. But I told you, my experience<sup>77</sup> is that the last thing as one rises – the last thing beyond light, beyond consciousness, beyond ... – the last thing one reaches is love. "One," this "one" is ... it's the "I" – I don't know. According to the experience, it's the last thing to manifest now in its purity, and it is the one that has the transforming power.

That's what he appears to be saying here: the victory of Love seems to be the final victory.

*(silence)*

He said, *Savitri, a Legend and a Symbol*; it's he who made it a symbol. It's the story of the encounter of Savitri, the principle of Love, with Death; and it's over Death that she won the victory, not in life. She could not win the victory in life without winning the victory over Death.

I didn't know it was put so clearly here. I had read it, but only once.

It's very interesting.

How many times, how many times have I seen that he had written down my experiences.... Because for years and years I didn't read Sri Aurobindo's books; it was only before coming here that I had read *The Life Divine*, *The Synthesis of Yoga*, and another one, too. For instance, *Essays on the Gita* I had never read, *Savitri* I had never read, I read it very recently (that is to say, some ten years ago, in 1954 or '55). The book *Sri Aurobindo on Himself and on the Mother* I had never read, and when I read it, I realized what he wrote to people about me – I had no idea, he had never told me anything about it! ... You see, there are lots of things

that I had said while speaking to people – that I had said just like that, because they came (*gesture from above*) and I would say them – and I realized he had written them. So, naturally, I appeared to be simply repeating what he had written – but I had never read it! And now, it's the same thing: I had read this passage from *Savitri*, but hadn't noticed it – because I hadn't had the experience. But now that I have had the experience, I see that he tells it.

It's quite interesting.

Maybe we'll have to reread *Savitri*?...

In fact, if we wanted to be really good, we would try to translate the whole of *Savitri*, wouldn't we? What we are doing now with the end [Book X], we would do with all the rest. There is a part I tried to translate all alone, but it would be fun to do it together. We could try. Not for publication! Because there is immediately a debasing: everything that is published is debased, otherwise people don't understand. We would do it for ourselves.

But it's very interesting.

Just the other day I noted something down on the subject (*Mother looks for a note, then reads it*):

"Very rare and exceptional are the human beings who can understand and feel divine Love, because divine Love is free of attachment and of the need to please the object loved."

That was a discovery.

That's why people don't understand; for them, love is so much like this (*Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands*) that they cannot even feel or believe that they love if there isn't an attachment like this (*same gesture*). And necessarily, the consequence of attachment is the will, the desire, the need to please the object of one's love.

If you take away the attachment and the need to please, people scratch their heads and wonder if they love. And it's only when you take away those two things that divine Love begins!

This, mon petit, we'll talk about again, it's a revelation.

That's why they don't understand and that's why they can't feel it.

## September 11, 1965

*(On September 6, after months of clashes in the Kutch desert, Indian troops penetrated into Pakistan. Karachi calls for help from the "Western allies." New Delhi orders a general mobilization. On September 16, China will declare its support of Pakistan. On September 19, the Security Council enjoins India and Pakistan to cease fire and the U.S.S.R. proposes a meeting*

*at Tashkent. On September 22, India and Pakistan order a cease-fire. On September 25, China reiterates its claim to 35,000 square miles of Indian territory. This is the second Indo-Pakistani conflict since Independence. There will be a third in 1971 over Bangladesh.)*

We are threatened with a blackout.

*It has started.*

Yes, but so far they have only cut off all the street lights – to help thieves go about their business. But they haven't said anything yet about lights indoors.

*They want to cut those off, too?*

Yes. Then we'll only have to go to bed at 7 in the evening (even earlier), till 6 in the morning. We won't be able to do anything anymore. It's stupid. All the more so since if there is a bright moon shining, they don't need any other light to bomb.

*How do you expect planes to come here from Pakistan? They wouldn't have enough fuel to go back.*

Not that. They have sent aircraft carriers.

*Pakistan?*

Yes, they have already bombed several places.

*Are you going to let the Indians go right to the end this time?<sup>78</sup>*

I myself have nothing to do with that.

*Nothing to do with it?... You let things take their course?*

No, really ... I have been told many things, but among those many things, I have been told that the intention was to reach a conclusion.

It's ridiculous, isn't it?<sup>79</sup>

*Oh, yes!*

We'll see.

*Will they [the Indians] have the courage to hold out against the pressure from the Americans, the British, etc.? That's the most difficult. The most difficult part isn't the military part, it's politically to hold out against the pressures from all those people who say, "You must make peace."*

But they aren't sincere.

That's the trouble, not one of these nations is sincere. They pretend, they strike a pose, but it's not true.

They say (they say lots of things, but there is always the distortion of something true), they say that America outwardly preaches peace, but clandestinely offers money to people who declare war on certain governments. I don't know if it's true.... There must be something true. The new president of I don't remember which country (Vietnam, I think) made a public declaration that America had offered him fantastic sums so he would take their side – is it true, is it untrue? We can't say. Everybody tells lies, but behind all those lies there is something.

I don't know.

*It would be good to be done with it.*

There is one thing, it's that Pakistan is entirely dependent on the help they are given – they make nothing themselves. They have no factories, no industries, nothing. So of course, they are in an inferior situation.

But anyway, all that ...

Some people see, and rightly so, an analogy between this war and the war of the Gita in which Arjuna had to fight the members of his own family. They say it's the members of the same family that are now fighting, and perhaps in fact in order to ...

What I felt strongly was that something had to erupt: it was too absurdly tense and devoid of truth.

I don't know if I told you that the day before it was known that it had really become a sort of war, the night before that, I had an experience that has occurred to me only two or three times in my life, always in similar circumstances. This time, I wasn't expecting anything, and in the night, there was in the TERRESTRIAL atmosphere, with a concentration on India, a sort of ... something I might call a "pressure of the Supreme." It's as if the Supreme's Consciousness were exerting a pressure, and it produces a certain type of stillness with a solidity and a consistency not found anywhere else. You know, it's even more solid and substantial than the most inert inertia. And it's the pressure of the Supreme Power. It's almost intolerable or unbearable for Matter, for material substance. And it goes like this (*gesture of massive descent*), absolutely impossible to budge, and at the same time you feel it's the Supreme Power. Well, it lasted for hours that night, and I was extremely attentive in order to know what it meant. And the next day, I was told things had all of a sudden broken out like a war: all that friction that had been there for ... years had suddenly taken that form.

So it is clearly a very exceptional intervention that has brought this about.

But while I was having the experience, there was absolutely no awareness of the goal, the motive, the purpose, nothing: it was like this (*same massive gesture taking hold of everything*), a sort of absolute, without explanation.

I've had this two or three times in my life, in the most serious terrestrial circumstances.

That's why; the next day, they told me what was going on and asked me what I felt; I simply answered, "It's serious."

It can only be serious.

Now ... "serious," what we could call serious is when it becomes global.

It seems that so far Pakistan has already called for help from three or four countries, which have refused. But the news ... I attach no importance to it because it is always falsified. For instance, when a country like Britain can decide to give her support, officially she will say, "We have nothing to do with your war." So it doesn't mean anything.

There.

I still hope we will be allowed to work a little in the evening, otherwise we'll have to rest.... "To rest" (!) ... as soon as I am lying there, on what is called my "bed," I start working.

Well.

## **September 15, 1965**

I spent my night in a ... not a hurricane, not a cyclone, but ... worse than any cyclone. I was in a dark room, with glass panes on all sides (that's symbolic), and through the glass panes, I saw ... Everywhere I looked, there was wind blowing in all directions and carrying everything away: houses, trees, everything, but everything. Without letup.

And an infernal noise. It was clear that it should also have carried away the place where I was, but that didn't move.

And an indication. The place where I was was very large (larger than a house), and I went about: I tried to rest somewhere, but the noise and din was so dreadful that it was impossible, so I got up. There were three people, two of whom have a body and the third doesn't have a body (I know them), and they weren't at the same place. The first person was with me, where I wanted to rest, but I said, "It's impossible," so I left that place and went to the other end, and there I found the person who doesn't have a body, watching intensely through those glass walls, like that, quite tense (which would tend to prove that it is also taking place in the subtle physical, or even in the most material vital). Oh, no one can ever imagine that.... There, I watched for a while, then I left to go back to the place where I was resting (with a slight inner work, saying to myself, "It's all right, I will still find the way to get some rest"). And on my way, I saw someone (N., not to name him) who was standing in a sort of corridor (but not narrow: a wide corridor), also watching intensely.

The hurricane didn't quite have the same color (how can I explain this?) in the large place where the person without a body was, and there, in that corridor; in the first place, it was very red, as if all the leaves were red, the trees were red (there

were other colors, but red was the dominant color), while in the corridor, the color was muddier. But it was so strong! So strong that it was hard to get out of it.

And when I got out of it (it was 3 in the morning), I said to myself, "All right, let me look after something else now," and I made a special concentration to get out of it. And I found myself in a place I know very well, which is like a replica – a mental replica – of what I might call certain "Ashram rooms" (it's not exactly that, but it corresponds). And there was a gentleman there I knew very well, a Frenchman, who had come to see me. He had a big desk, he was sitting at the desk, waiting for you: you were expected (that's why I am telling you the story). But I myself wanted to see him before he saw you. There was something I wanted to tell him. Then, instead of going through the usual door, I went by another way and arrived before you. I saw him (we didn't speak to each other – I never speak to people), but he was very warm, very enthusiastic, very friendly and full of a sort of rather pleasant fervor – ignorant, but pleasant. A rather tall man, I think, dressed in an ordinary European suit. I can't describe him very well; if I saw him, I could say, "Yes, that's him." And he said two words to me that were like ... that didn't mean anything at all, but that were like the expression of his feeling. I don't exactly recall the word, but it was nothing, it was "Oh! ..." something. So I put my message into his head and left, and as I was leaving (*Mother laughs*), I almost bumped into you – you were rushing in! And I told you, "Don't worry, don't worry, everything is fine!" And I left.

Maybe it's one of the publishers, or maybe the man to whom you sent your article.<sup>80</sup>

But I went there simply to get out of that hurricane: I didn't really intend to concern myself with all that, but I did; I told you, "Everything is fine, everything is fine, don't worry!"... I rarely see you so concretely: we almost bumped into each other! That was around 3:30 in the morning. You were fast asleep, no?

But it was your physical likeness: it means it is rather material. And it concerned your work, something you had written. It's not that I was preoccupied or specially occupied with it, no, I did it as a distraction.

*But what's this hurricane? Is it going to come down on us?*

(Silence) ... It wasn't localized.... It could be a general war.

I have "received" many things.... I am beginning to attach importance to them because I have noticed that those "things" (which I always considered to be currents of thought going past that you catch as they go past) generally correspond to something that's going to happen, and they're like a way of letting me know in advance. So now I pay some attention to them. Well, I have received many things: for instance, the Chinese idea of taking advantage of the opportunity to become active; then this Indonesia business<sup>81</sup> that would also be used as an opportunity to make a move. And it appears, so I was told (I had seen it – lots of things come), it's a rumor (a rumor that spread up to the Government of India): the Prime Minister<sup>82</sup> said we were threatened with a joining of China and Indonesia with Pakistan to give volume to the attack. He said it didn't matter.... But anyway, it's

his duty to be optimistic.

It impressed me as ... as something global. It was awesome. Awesome – so much so that my body was shivering in my bed. It was awesome. I had to do a little sadhana to restore order.

*(silence)*

They say that the Americans have asked the Indians permission to evacuate their people (they have a lot of people in Lahore, there is a large American colony), they have asked for India's permission to send a fleet of planes to take all those people out, and India has authorized it.

Wait, I'll show you ... (*Mother gets up and goes to get a photo of General Chaudhuri.*) A little over a month ago (I don't remember, it was about one week before S.M. came<sup>83</sup>) ... I was looking for a man, I felt the need of a man in India, and then they proposed sending me the photo of the army chief. I said yes (he happens to be a cousin of K. here). The photo isn't good, but I see what I wanted to see; I saw it perhaps a month or a month and a half ago, and I have kept it under the accumulation of Forces, here (*the photo is placed on a small table not far from Mother*). He is the one who is now leading the armies.

The photo isn't good, but the man is good!

And long before there was anything active, he was with me. So I "charge" him with force.

*(silence)*

It seems, according to astrologers, that the combination of stars for the month of September is very bad for the earth. Naturally, this is always something to be cautious about, because it depends on people's intuition, on their capacity to interpret, whether their vision is broad enough and so on, but it seems that all the signs are undeniable and indicate that things are "bad" (that's vague, of course), "catastrophic." I was told this before, they said it in July. Only, I never attach too much importance to their conclusions, because they are always ... And also, they say some very vague things that contradict each other. Personally, I don't know the first thing about all that, I am not trying to see – in fact I NEVER try to see (what came last night came very spontaneously, without my trying to see). The work, of course, is devoid of thought, of verbal expression, and constant; but it has been constant for a long time: the first time was at the beginning of the year, I think, at least six months ago. The second time, I told you I had one night an experience [the "pressure" of the Supreme] before anything really serious had taken place. Well, the first experience I had, of the consciousness hurling a fantastic power on the earth, which was necessarily going to shake things up, was at least six months before that second experience. And for those six months, it was constant: as soon as I came into contact with the earth consciousness, it was there, and constant, constant. Then came that indication: the pressure of the supreme Lord. And the third step was yesterday evening.



We'll see.  
I am intentionally refusing to conjecture.

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother gathers the texts that will make up the next "Bulletin," among which is Sri Aurobindo's quotation from "Essays on the Gita": "... It is Rudra who still holds the world in the hollow of his hand...." See conversation of August 25.)*

You see, I told you! You asked me, "Do you see anything?" (*Laughing*) I told you, "We'll see." Whatever happens, we must publish this text.

**September 15, 1965**

*(Letter to Mother from Sujata)*

September 15, 1965

Little Mother,

After what you said this morning, I am wondering if we, the young, do not as citizens of India have the duty of offering our service to the country. Or at least to prepare ourselves for this possibility?

Your child who loves you,

*Signed: Sujata*

*(Mother's answer)*

For those who are capable of it, the service to the divine Work is infinitely more important than the service to the country.

I do not think I have said anything this morning that could contradict this undeniable fact.

*Signed: Mother*

**September 18, 1965**

*(Regarding the Indo-Pakistani conflict:)*

I have all kinds of things to show you ... because I have been made to say some things – I am always made to say things!

*(Mother gives Satprem a hibiscus flower called "Grace")*

It's the season for graces.

Do you know this text from Sri Aurobindo? *(Mother holds out a note)*

"... The fight in which we are engaged is not like the wars of old in which when the King or leader fell, the army fled. The King whom we follow to the war today is our own Motherland, the sacred and imperishable; the leader of our onward march is the Almighty Himself...."

May 11, 1907

Then I wrote this:

"It is for the sake and the triumph of Truth that India is fighting and must fight<sup>84</sup> until India and Pakistan have once more become ONE because that is the truth of their being."

**September 16, 1965**

A member of UNESCO has asked a stupid question, something to this effect: "There was a time when India represented the spiritual consciousness" (or "taught the spiritual consciousness," I don't remember now), "but now that she is engaged in such a war, who will play this role?" ...<sup>85</sup> So instead of replying to the question, because I might have told him a thing or two, I answered what you've just read.

*Of course! All those Europeans ... for fifty years they have been told about Gandhi, so now they don't understand!*

That's right. Let your throat be cut without saying a word.

And here is another text of mine that someone has brought back to life:

"The world situation is critical today. India's fate too is hanging in the balance. There was a time when India was absolutely secure, there was no danger whatever of her being a victim to Asuric aggression. But things have changed. People and forces in India

have acted in such a way as to invite Asuric influences upon her; these have worked insidiously and undermined the security that was there...."

May 25, 1941

It dates back to long ago. I was here.

*(Sujata:) Long ago, you said, "If there is another war, it will be over India."<sup>86</sup>*

Yes, that was long ago.

But when the division between India and Pakistan took place, Sri Aurobindo wrote very strongly: this division MUST go somehow or other, "by whatever means," he said.<sup>87</sup> And to me he said, "If they can't agree on doing it, they will fight."

*And yet, if we give credence to official declarations from Delhi, they don't at all intend to go right to the end. They only intend to "adjust" the border a little.*

There was a letter from S.M. this morning, saying that the question would never be resolved unless they ... (*gesture sweeping Pakistan away*).

*Yes, but that's not what the Prime Minister says.*

The Prime Minister ... They are all afraid.<sup>88</sup> Afraid of world opinion.

*Yes, exactly.*

At any rate, P. is leaving today for Delhi, and he is taking with him all my "literature" (they had asked, "What does Mother say?").

We still have a "Talk" to see for the next *Bulletin*, don't we? It would be better to finish it.

It will be better to finish preparing the issue early, because ... things may become more difficult.

*Is it going to disorganize your work?*

Possibly. I told you about the "hurricane" the other day. So China has sent her ultimatum.<sup>89</sup>

*I don't understand why they give advance warning by the way. If I were them, I wouldn't.*

No, they don't intend to do anything.

*They don't intend to do anything?*

They want to intimidate without doing anything, and they want to know how the world will react. And America reacted immediately.<sup>90</sup>

(silence)

In Pakistan, there was a firing system of the latest American model, in which they take aim with, I don't know, electrical systems, and they can fire several thousand shots in ... anyway, it's frightening; and shots that reach exactly where they want. It's quite an organization. They've become very efficient. It was given to Pakistan by the Americans. And it had to be destroyed. So one of the Indian pilots went and crashed his plane into it. Naturally, the plane crushed everything – he too was crushed. But the installation was demolished.... People here are capable of such things. If they feel what Sri Aurobindo says in this letter I have just given you, that *the leader of our march is the Almighty*, if they feel that way ... That's what made the strength of the Japanese in the past. That's what makes the strength of people here, once they are convinced. That's how the Japanese took Port Arthur; there was a sort of ditch around the fortress, as there are in fortified places, and because of that they couldn't get in; well, they let themselves be killed till they were able to walk across on the bodies: the bodies made a bridge by filling up the ditch, and then they walked across.

People who are conscious that death isn't the end, that death is the beginning of something else, it gives them a strength that these Europeans cannot have.

(just before Satprem leaves)

Clearly, circumstances are arranged to help us move on.

**September 22, 1965**

What's the next aphorism?

*It's on silence.*

Silence ... Oh, it's better to practice that than talk about it.

That's an experience I had here long ago: the difference between wanting immediately to spread and use what one has learnt, and, by contrast, the contact with higher knowledge in which one remains as still as possible so it may have a transforming effect.

We'll talk about it again another time.

The scientific mind is sure of its knowledge only if it is applied, put into practice, and if it yields useful results. That's what they call "knowledge" (!)

\* \* \*

Have you read the report of the United Nations session?

*Yes, about the cease-fire?*<sup>91</sup>

I haven't read it: I have been told about it. But through certain things, I have been put in contact,<sup>92</sup> and they seem to be a united expression of universal falsehood.

Their common ground is petty schemes and petty biases, preconceived and MICROSCOPIC ideas on the usefulness of divisions among countries so that no one country may dominate the others – nothing but absolutely superficial things, and completely false, moreover. And no sincerity, no mental honesty, no sincere goodwill – nothing. They decided in advance that Pakistan was right and India was wrong.

*Unfortunately, those phantoms seem to strike terror into the people in Delhi.*

Not quite. I have direct news from Delhi (*Mother holds out a telegram*): "I am deeply grateful says Shastri." That was following my message.

And in a Parliament session (I don't know if it was a Parliament session or a cabinet meeting), they were told that the true goal of India is to re-create the country's unity, and that the second goal is to give Tibet autonomy and independence. And that these are the two things India wants. And that, somehow or other, they will have to be.

Now, what are they going to do? I don't know.

*That doesn't go very well with their "cease-fire" – they accept the cease-fire.*

On condition that ... there is a condition. They accept on condition that Pakistan makes very serious pledges – which Pakistan refuses to make.

*Yes, luckily!*<sup>93</sup>

Pledges of concord, of unity.

In any event, the voice [Mother's message] has been heard – heard and accepted in Delhi. Now, of course, there is the question of strength: will they be strong enough to ... But the point is established.

*(Satprem, in disbelief) It has entered their heads?*

Not all of them. It's enough if they are two or three – there are more of them than that.

**September 25, 1965**

*(Following the Security Council's ultimatum, India accepted the cease-fire as of September 22.)*

So you were right, in the end!

*I was right ... on what?... Ah, your message to Delhi: "India must fight."*

Yes.

*Oh, they don't understand anything. It's a disgusting sight.*

And as false as can be: they keep on fighting, only they are pretending not to.

*They are all so pleased with what they've done, they are chortling with glee.*

No, they're not pleased.

*You think not?*

Yes, I know!

*It reminds me of 1939, Chamberlain coming back from Munich: "Peace in our time"!*

Yes, exactly.

But at the U.N., they are chortling with glee, they're very proud of themselves [for the cease-fire]. But here, they aren't glad. They are especially furious at Britain.<sup>94</sup>

*Oh, those British ...*

Yes, and they are going to leave the Commonwealth.

*That would be a good thing.*

(Laughing) Yes, and about time!

The Russians have called on Shastri and the Pakistan man [Ayub Khan] to meet in Russia [in Tashkent], and it seems they have agreed with the Americans (the Russians with the Americans) on permanently separating Britain from Pakistan and China from India. They want to take steps to permanently prevent China and Britain from intervening in affairs here. They have means of coercing them, it appears.

Naturally, if Russia and America join together ... So they have called Shastri and Ayub, and they are going – they are going there. So perhaps we are going to see something interesting.

The rapprochement between Russia and America is something I have been working on for years. I thought I had succeeded, when Kennedy was assassinated; and at the time, Khrushchev was well-disposed – both gone! One is assassinated, the other dismissed.

Now we'll see.

If nothing comes in the way, there may be something interesting.

*But one doesn't see any solution other than military. The problem must be solved, mustn't it?*

There could be the solution of Pakistan becoming a part of India again.

*Yes, but that's not possible unless they are swallowed up.*

They may come to it without being forced. This fellow [Ayub Khan] is impossible.

*Oh, yes, he is impossible.*

Yes, but he isn't immortal.

*The mentality there will be hard to change. The Indians have missed the opportunity.*

Yes. Ah, yes, this was the opportunity.

But it's not their fault: it's the fault of the United Nations; and the United Nations has acted from a single motive, because they were dreadfully scared of a general war – of course, this blocks the vision.

We'll see.

*But I believe in Kali, Mother. My only hope now is really in Kali: Kali's force striking. I can't imagine any other possibility.*

(Silence) This man who is heading Pakistan doesn't represent the whole of Pakistan. There is a whole part of Pakistan that favors union with India.

*Really?*

A large part.

And there's nothing to say that if they feel protected, helped and supported, in fact by Russia and America, they won't push for reunion. With masses, you know, it's only a question of a current of thought: it's not reflection, not reasoning, just a current of thought.

I don't know, we shall see.

(*Mother holds out a hibiscus to Satprem*) Here is a monumental "Grace," there are almost two together.

*(silence)*

Before the fighting broke out, Nolini had a dream which he has told me now. There was a certain number of people together, and they saw Sri Aurobindo coming to them. And Sri Aurobindo was bent over as if making an extraordinary effort; he was completely covered in a coat and nothing could be seen, but he was bent over as if making a great effort. When he reached them, he opened his coat,

and in his arms was fruit (*gesture indicating a meagre bundle*), fruit and other symbolic things. Then he held it out to them, saying, "This is all I have been able to do." And he left. As if that was all he could do: "All the feast I have been able to give you," something of the sort. So they tried to make a feast with that, since he had given it, but then it created confusion and wasn't pleasant.... When Nolini had this dream, he didn't understand a thing – now he understands. Sri Aurobindo made such an effort to bring that: "This is all I can do." It seems there was a sense of tremendous effort (*laughing*): "This is all I have managed to do."

The world isn't ready. That's the worst part.

The world isn't ready.

So then, if it is Kali, it means everything back to the melting pot, and with the means at their disposal, that may mean having to start the whole civilization from scratch again – how many centuries wasted?

What has come down to us from the civilizations that disappeared?... Nothing. Nothing, not even one exact bit of information.

All that, all this Matter all the time going ... (*gesture of rising and being swallowed back*), making effort, producing forms, producing an element that can manifest consciousness, and then, brff! (*gesture of being swallowed back*) And again (*gesture of rising*), and back it goes again – what a terrible waste! A great waste.

(*silence*)

The whole night (not last night, the night before) was very, very critical, and with such a clear perception of the futility of the present procedure ... and of this slavery that comes from a habit several thousand years old and more.<sup>95</sup>

There was in fact in the body a struggle between the two tendencies: one that was by habit subject to the old movement, and one that was trying to drop that habit, with the perception of the new way. It was ... it was extremely painful, difficult and absolutely grotesque all at once. And then, this body found itself to be a sort of battlefield, and that wasn't pleasant.

And the body consciousness (which is now taking form more and more clearly), even the one that is subject to the old habit, is conscious of the divine existence, I might say (the existence of the Divine and almost the divine existence), but it still has a sense of helplessness, and also, within that helplessness, of a complete surrender to the divine Will: "If we aren't ready, it will be like that" [= the dissolution]. And there is a part that feels ready, that understands and knows how things must be and wants them that way, and the two clash. It's not that one is for the Divine and the other against, nothing of all that old business is there any longer: there is the complete acceptance of the Divine, but the sensation of not being ready – the sensation that the world isn't ready (it wasn't at all an individual affair, not at all, it was a terrestrial consciousness).

And you clearly feel in this struggle (which lasted the whole night and the whole morning – yesterday, I wasn't in too brilliant a state), you clearly see, it's visible that it's not a question of a forceful will or ... it's not that: the SUBSTANCE



must be ready. If the substance isn't ready, a forceful, powerful action visibly causes a dissolution. And then all that has been built has to be rebuilt. This idiotic death, you see, reduces it all to nothing, and the whole work is wasted – what goes out is what came in ... with a little more experience, that's all. That's nothing.

*(silence)*

If even one very small aggregate of cells could succeed in having the complete experience of transformation right to the end, that would be more effective than great upheavals – much, much more effective.

But it's more difficult. Much more difficult. And it doesn't cause big dazzling "events" that make a great to-do.

*Yes, it's linked to the general state of the world.*

Absolutely.

*And there really doesn't seem to be any progress. The feeling, on the contrary, is that men, heads of state, human consciousnesses are getting tinier and tinier.*

Yes, perfectly correct.

*Pygmies. It strikes me how in twenty years all that has been growing more and more dwarfish.*

That's perfectly correct. But I mean that according to my vision (which I don't think is mine, it's not a personal vision), nights and days like yesterday (which aren't pleasant) obviously give you a knowledge, and upheaval [Kali] still belongs to the old method – it's accepting that the world hasn't changed. While this sort of apparent shrinking is in fact perhaps the proof that the earth consciousness has changed and is putting pressure on what resists, which gets smaller and smaller, but harder and harder.

*Harder and harder, that's right.*

As if all that's conscious and living were being extracted, and what remains becomes more and more stony.

*(silence)*

The conscious perception of the two elements (the body is becoming a representative object; not just symbolic: representative), the perception of the state of consciousness of those elements that belong to the past, to the past evolutionary movement, and of those that are open to the new method, if I may say so, is clearer and clearer; it's perceptible as clearly as, more clearly than external physical things, than the external form (this distinction is physical, but it belongs to the inner construction). Outwardly, it results in fever. It's a battle. And not a battle of

ill wills, it's not that: it's a sort of incapacity. And it's not with violence that we will succeed. You know, the only thing that can triumph is this supreme Vibration of Love, but there is an incapacity to receive, and then (it's a strange phenomenon), this incapacity to receive causes a sort of sifting, and it's only elements that are as if watered down that can pass through – the Thing in itself in its true essence cannot.... If you look at it from below, you feel as if That refuses to give itself, but it's not true, because when you ARE That (*laughing*), there is no sense of being watered down: That manifests in its plenitude. And see what happens [the sifting]!

And it's clear (you can see it in very small details) that if there were direct contact, something would be as if shattered – it would cause something to be shattered. Yes, too abrupt, too sudden a change, like something that's shattered.

There have been microscopic experiences, sorts of microscopic demonstrations; well, if those microscopic demonstrations, along with their result, occurred in sufficient quantity or sufficient number, yes, that would necessarily cause what, for us, would be a dissolution.

And that was an experience lived every second, for about six hours nonstop. Six hours nonstop and in stillness (not stillness, but the possibility of physical immobility on the bed), then the continuation for more than an hour after getting up, with the activities (limited, but ordinary activities), but then it became terrible! And I say: all, all the elements, whatever they are, whether they belong to the old movement or to the other one, all the elements had the same sense of adoration. Therefore it isn't a moral attitude: the same sense of adoration. Only, some, in their adoration, accepted annulment, while others wanted the Victory, the transformation – it's not that they "wanted": they FELT the victory: and the others accepted the dissolution. And both together ... Very likely, if I had expressed that (I wasn't in a fit state to do so!), if I had expressed it at the time, I would have been accused of acute delirium – I was perfectly conscious. And there, I mean, THERE, above the body, the most wonderful Peace one can imagine, a smiling Peace and ...

And the fever is going on. Which is to say that I am very, very conscious that this is the maximum of what can be done to advance swiftly towards transformation.

This fever that everybody has [several hundred cases in the Ashram for the past few months] is the same thing, except that it's diluted in an unconsciousness. But it's the same thing: it's a "cellular" affair (I've had the experience of this because I have been able to stop it abruptly in a few through a process of isolation from the general movement).

(*silence*)

Ah! What have you brought? Is the *Bulletin* finished?

*Except for the aphorism.*

What is it?

111 – Knowledge is a child with its achievements; for when it has found out something, it runs about the streets whooping and shouting; Wisdom conceals hers for a long time in a thoughtful and mighty silence.

This is an experience I had some two years ago. What he says here, I had the living experience of it – half a day of living experience; at the time I could have told you very interesting things, but now I find it old, old, so old, far behind.

*I'd like to ask you a question, and it's linked to what you said just now, when you had that fever while lying on your bed, and above, you said, there was a wonderful, immutable Peace – what's the power of that Peace? What's the power of that Silence? When one rises above, one enters a sort of vast silence, frozen, all-pervading, but what's the power of that silence? Does it do anything?*

That's what people in the past used to seek when they wanted to get out of life: they would go into a trance, leave their bodies still, and then they would enter that, and they would be perfectly happy. And for the Sannyasins who got themselves buried alive, it was the same thing; they said, "Now my work is over" (they would make beautiful sentences), "it is over, and I am going into samadhi." And they would have themselves buried alive; they would enter a room or whatever, then it would be closed, and it was all over. And that's what happened: they would go into a trance, and naturally after a time their bodies would dissolve, while they were in Peace.

*But Sri Aurobindo says this Silence is "mighty."*

Mighty, yes.

*Well, I'd like in fact to know in what way it is mighty? Because you have a feeling that you could stay in it for an eternity ...*

Not for an eternity – for Eternity.

*... without its changing anything.*

Yes, because it isn't manifested, it's outside the manifestation. But what Sri Aurobindo wants is for us to bring it down here. That's just the difficulty. That's it. And one must accept infirmity and the very appearance of stupidity and everything, and there isn't one being in fifty million (Sri Aurobindo told me I was the only one! ... *[laughing]* It may be so!) who has the courage for that.

Just yesterday I was looking at this body, and there were no ... the reactions that might be called "personal" were truly reduced to an imperceptible minimum, which means there was a sense ... I can't say a "universal" sense because it's not certain that Matter in other universes follows the same law, I don't know (I don't know – I once knew: there was a time when I was in contact with this and that and

I could have said, but now I don't want to concern myself with it: I am concerned only with the earth). Because this is always there, too: the possibility of escaping by going elsewhere. Lots of people did that in fact: they went off elsewhere, into another, more or less subtle world. Of course, there are millions of ways to escape – there is only one way to stay, and that's to truly have courage and endurance, to accept all the appearance of infirmity, the appearance of powerlessness, the appearance of incomprehension, the appearance, yes, of a negation of the Truth. But if one doesn't accept all that, nothing will ever be changed! Those who want to remain great, luminous, strong, powerful and what have you, well, let them stay up there, they can do nothing for the earth.

And it's a very small thing (a very small thing because the consciousness is sufficient not to be affected in the least), but the incomprehension is so general and total! In other words, you receive abuse, expressions of contempt and all the rest, precisely because of what you do, because according to them (all the "great intelligences" of the earth), you have renounced your divinity. They don't say it like that, they say, "What? You claim to have a divine consciousness, and then ..." And this manifests in everyone and every circumstance. Now and then, someone for a moment has a flash, but that's quite exceptional, while "Well, show your power!", that's everywhere.

*For them, the Divine on earth must be all-powerful, obviously.*

That's right: "Show your power, change the world. And to begin with, do as I want; because the first, most important thing is to do what I want – show your power"!

*(long silence)*

Ah, but this won't do for an aphorism, it's not an answer to what Sri Aurobindo says! No, I told you, I had the experience long ago. I remember, it was so lovely, so clear, so luminous, and I expressed it so well to myself (!), it would have made a very nice little article! But now it's there, behind (*gesture over the shoulder*), far, far behind. So I don't know what to do.

I think unless you have a question to ask (but you see the condition!), we'll take up our *Savitri*.

*(silence)*

*It's a vicious circle. The impression is that the transformation cannot come about without a development or a general receptivity on the earth, a greater preparation on the earth, and at the same time, that greater preparation on the earth isn't possible without an acceleration of your transforming force.*

Yes, but it acts, only it's an infinitesimal action. That's why millions of years are nothing. This stagnation, for instance, exists only for our consciousness; it's

because the human consciousness, after all, measures everything on its own scale. For it, the history of the earth is an infinite – it isn't so in universal history, but for the human being, the impression is of an infinite (he knows very well that it isn't so, but that's theoretical knowledge), so then, on this scale, nothing changes – but that's not true.

*Yes, but it should be done in the space of one lifetime.*

Oh, that ...

That will only be the last life – the last life before the transformation. That will be the life of the transformation. Which means that all that has been prepared for millions and millions of years will be realized one fine day, and when it is realized, the one (the one or the ones, whatever) for whom it is realized will say, "Here, we've done it!" (*Mother laughs*) Forgetting that it took millions of years to prepare for that minute!

*It would be good for that minute to come soon.*

Ah, that's exactly the refrain I keep hearing all the time: "You say that the Truth is manifesting, well, we really hope it will win the Victory soon"!

I don't know.

Sri Aurobindo, when I saw him the first time, told me, "The others came to prepare and left, but this time, it's to ACHIEVE." He, too, left.

He left. True, he told me, "You are the one who will achieve," but he never gave me ... He is the only one who told me that, and he said it "just like that," as he used to say things, you know. It wasn't something that gave you an absolute certitude.... He had that power: I would tell him something, and when he said, "Yes, it is that way," it WAS that way (something I WANTED to happen, not something that was), and when he said, "Yes, it is that way," then it BECAME that way! The first time it happened, it dazzled me. But that was generally about details. But when he told me, "You are the one who will achieve," it wasn't in that manner: it might have been also his will to go right to the end of ... of what was possible.

And I can't say I am asking the question because that's not true, I am not asking it, but the two possibilities are there (*gesture in suspense*). Well, there is no answer either to one or to the other. At times I have the vision that it's going to be the end (a very practical vision of what I want to do), that comes, but against a backdrop of complete uncertainty; and the next minute, there is the possibility of going right to the end of the transformation, with the clear vision of what must be done, but a backdrop ... there isn't a backdrop of the Assurance that it will BE that way – neither in one case nor in the other. And I know this is deliberate, because it's necessary for the work of the cells. If, for instance, I received from the Supreme the Order (sometimes I receive it clearly, as clearly as ...), if I received from Him the certitude that whatever the difficulties, whatever the appearances of the path, this body will go right to the end of the transformation, well, there would

be a slackening somewhere, which would be very bad. I know that myself, I know it perfectly well. So, that's how it is: I walk on, without knowing what will happen tomorrow. Yesterday, I could have said, "Yes, maybe this is the end" (as it seems X<sup>96</sup> kindly said to people who had gone to see him: he said I had six months to live, that in six months I would *go* – [*laughing*] that's typical of his usual "predictions"), well, with yesterday's experience, I said, "It's quite possible." And with that same total indifference, you know: "It's quite possible." With a quotation from Sri Aurobindo saying, "Nothing can alter the splendor of the Consciousness of Eternity." That's it. And then when this state has gone and the other one comes, you say, "Whatever does dying mean! What does it mean? How can you say that?" And it's not that the two "states" alternate with ... (how can I explain?) oppositions – it's not that at all, it's almost simultaneous (*Mother intertwines the fingers of her two hands*), but now you see this, now you see that. And it's one and the same totality of ... something ... which is the Truth, but which is still a bit cloudy – it isn't fully grasped like this (*gesture*).

This is the normal state, but it's obviously being worked out, being built, taking shape.

And it's very wise. The supreme Wisdom is infinitely greater than ours! In our enthusiasm, we sometimes think, "Oh, if things were like that!" (*Mother gives herself a slap*) – Be quiet, that's all.

We are very clumsy.

*Yes, we find it hard to understand that Wisdom is CONSTANTLY wise.*

We find it very hard to understand that the Supreme constantly does everything.

There.

And that we are just clumsy fools (*laughing*) who want things to be otherwise because we don't understand the first thing about anything!

It's beginning to be a little wiser here, a little bit. I told you, after nights like yesterday, you are a little wiser. And mornings ... you are a little wiser. And a sort of very, very material sensation that it's He ... Because we think, "Oh, if it were for us" (we don't say it like that, but ...), "everything would instantly be just fine," no? And that "just fine," God knows what it would be!

Yesterday or the day before, I don't know (I think it was two days ago), it hurt all over and it was a constant effort – an effort to maintain an acceptable balance; and then, at one point, I lay down and the body said, "Oh, (*laughing*) won't it end? Will it always be like this?" Then it suddenly had the perception, "Oh, what a coward I am!" It was ashamed of itself. And it felt (*Mother presses her hands against her face*), like this, inside here, everywhere, the presence of the Lord – everywhere like this, a Presence! ... A Presence of luminous power, but a luminous power that can be destructive, you understand! (*Mother laughs*) It can melt you completely – "Well, aren't you content, do you want something other than this?!" Oh! ...

It doesn't ask for anything.

That's what I call sincerity: if one can catch oneself every minute belonging to the old Stupidity.

And it's precisely to make you see. I am translating mentally, but He seems to be saying, "You see, things are like that because if they weren't like that, you wouldn't have understood." And it's so true that there is nothing to say.

"You [the body] need this to understand."

## September 29, 1965

It's going well, isn't it?

*I think so....*

You're surprised that I tell you "it's going well"? (*Mother laughs*) It's going well: they are displaying their hypocrisy, everyone is forced to see it.<sup>97</sup> I am receiving good indications. They keep on fighting over there. Look, another new paper (*Mother holds out an extract from a letter of Sri Aurobindo*). It's very interesting:

"For instance, India is free and her freedom was necessary if the divine work was to be done. The difficulties that surround her now and may increase for a time, especially with regard to the Pakistan imbroglio, were also things that had to come and to be cleared out.... Here too there is sure to be a full clearance, though unfortunately, a considerable amount of human suffering in the process is inevitable. Afterwards the work for the Divine will become more possible and it may well be that the dream, if it is a dream, of leading the world towards the spiritual light, may even become a reality. So I am not disposed even now, in these dark conditions to consider my will to help the world as condemned to failure."

Sri Aurobindo  
April 4, 1950

It's good, isn't it?

*Yes, one has the feeling that this Pakistan problem is symbolic, and that until it is sorted out, India will not play her role in the world.*

That's right.

*And it's through this symbol that the hypocrisy of Gandhi's India and all her errors must at the same time be swept away.*

Absolutely.

*You said you had received indications?*

Material ones: letters, people, things ... I can't talk about that. A political movement.

The message ["India is ONE"] has gone about everywhere, and has been accepted.

It's better not to talk about that.

*Well be really glad when it's sorted out ... because it's a lovable country, this!*

It's predestined.

There aren't two like this one; it is true that there aren't two countries alike, but the others are all sorts of different things on the same plane, while this is found only here.

It's something you breathe in with the country's atmosphere.

I had this experience very, very strongly. When I left here [in 1915], as I got farther away, I felt as if emptied of something, and once in the Mediterranean, I wasn't able to bear it any longer: I fell ill. And even in Japan, which outwardly is a marvelous country – marvelously beautiful and harmonious (it WAS, I don't know what it is nowadays), and outwardly it was a joy every minute, a breathtaking joy, so strong was the expression of beauty – yet I felt empty, empty, empty, I absolutely lacked ... (*Mother opens her mouth as though suffocating*) ... I lacked the important Thing. And I found it again only when I came back here.



October 10, 1965

And your nights?

*(Satprem looks deeply disgusted)*

Oh, there's a whole work going on at night. Oh! ... The whole petty subconscious working of habits, with all the gradations of the importance it assumes in the general consciousness, and, very interestingly, according to the proportion of the importance, it gives the scale. There was the whole scale, from the little manias people have, which of course are very superficial and mere habits, to the known maniacs or half-mad – the whole scale, along with the whole working. And then, the perception that it's just a question of dosage: we all belong to the same substance! It was seen so concretely that it was quite interesting. And in conclusion, one saw how to put that under the direct Influence of the supreme Force and Consciousness so as to break the inescapable chain of habits. It was very interesting.

Those are all the things that are considered "unimportant," and it's all that, the whole mass of all that, which prevents the physical transformation.

And because they are very small things (that is, APPARENTLY very small things, without any importance from the viewpoint of thought, for instance, and considered negligible), they are the worst obstacles.

Naturally, if the consciousness is warped, it must first be set right, but I am talking about enlightened consciousnesses that live in the Truth, that have aspiration and that wonder why this intensity of aspiration produces such poor results – now I know. The poor result is because they don't attach enough importance to those very small things that belong to the subconscious mechanism and because of which in thought you are free, in sentiment you are free, even in impulse you are free, and physically you are a slave.

One must undo all that, undo it, undo it.

And when the cells are goodwilled ... By "goodwilled," I mean that as soon as their attention is turned to the supreme Force (or supreme Presence or supreme Existence or supreme Reality – whatever, words are nothing but words), as soon as their attention is turned to That, a burst of joy: "That's it! That's it!" In the cells that are truly not only goodwilled but thirsting for the Truth: a burst of joy. And then ... the old habits start up again. And the cells say (it recurs periodically, that is, very often, thousands of times a day), "But we only have to will!" or "We only have to aspire" or "We only have to think of That" (it's not "think" as we understand it), "We only have to turn our attention" – "Oh, but it's true!" Like that. "Oh, such joy!" And then, brf! all the old habits come back again. It's fantastic ...

fantastic.

The fear of the unknown is gone (doubt went away a very long time ago), the fear of the unknown, of the new, the unexpected, is gone; there only remains the mechanism of habit. But it holds on, it clings, oh! ...

It will go.

And now and then (now and then: quite rarely), a spark, so to say, of the true Consciousness making an attempt, descending, but it still causes ... (*gesture of upheaval and turmoil*). It isn't yet received and manifested in the supreme Peace, so it goes away.

If previously (before the work on the cells), if the body was able to remain calm when the Force descended, without being overwhelmed, it was because of the tremendous amount of *tamas* that was inside it! That's right! A *tamas* that didn't respond, so it was calm. But now, it responds.

And you realize that if all this Power, this tremendous Force manifested – the force that is conscious, which is there, conscious – if it manifested, oh, (*Mother laughs*) you feel as if everything were about to start dancing and jumping!

We must be patient, that's what I keep saying to myself a hundred and fifty, a thousand times a day: we must be patient.

(*Laughing*) As for you, you're not happy.

*No!*

I can see that! (*Mother laughs*) You're not happy at all. What to do?...

## October 13, 1965

There is sand in the gears, everywhere. It grates.

(*silence*)

It seems there is a new disease in Pondicherry, which doctors from various parts of India are coming to investigate here, and it's a sort of paratyphoid – everyone is ill. You haven't caught it, have you? You did well! (*To Sujata:*) Neither have you? Good.

It is one way of grating. There are other ways of grating, but they are very usual: one's ego scraping against another's – it always produces grating.

The result: very busy nights, and not pleasantly busy.

(*silence*)

But the Lord is smiling, so I don't think it's serious.

He is smiling.... He has taken the opportunity to make a practical and very effective demonstration: a demonstration of the same totality of vibrations (resulting in outer and inner circumstances) with and without the consciousness of His Presence – conscious of His Presence and oblivious of His Presence. And then, it's tremendous, incredible! Exactly the same thing – starting with thoughts, feelings, sensations, circumstances and the general state, the totality of vibrations – conscious of this Presence and oblivious of it; not that it is sent far away, nothing like that: simply forgotten (that's the usual state of the world, of course), forgotten. It's incredible, incredible!

It lasted long enough (*gesture showing a very swift alternation from one state to the other: conscious of His Presence and oblivious of His Presence*), like a demonstration. And with this Smile ... You know, when I say, "The Lord is smiling," it means something; it's not that I see a face smiling, but it's a ... a sunny vibration ... You know, the sun is dull and drab and cold and almost black in comparison. And then with "that" gone ... (*same alternating gesture*) with that here, with that gone. Which means that those who will come and manifest, who will exist when everything is changed, they will lack the sense of wonder at the opposition.

You know, you can only be filled with wonder! (How can I put it?...) A sort of laughter – of sunny laughter – which is full of an intensity of love and ... Yes, this must be the Ananda, the true Ananda.

(*Same alternating gesture*) Like this, like that, like this, like that ...

So I told you just now that "everything grates": that's the state the world is in WITHOUT the consciousness of this Presence. Even when people find that things are fine and they are happy, that anyway circumstances are supposedly favorable, and that everything is fine and they are in good health and, humanly, everything sorts itself out – it grates dreadfully in comparison with the other state.

Then you can only smile. Instead of being affected because this one is in a bad mood and that one got angry and things go wrong and people fight each other and the elements cause hurricanes, instead of being saddened, you can only smile. You can only smile, because everything, but everything is the same – the good and the bad, the luminous and the dark – everything is the same and everything grates in comparison with "that." And you see, the experience you have when you climb up there to find Him isn't the same thing, because you feel, "Yes, up there everything is like that, it's very fine," but when you come down here, it's horrible. But that's not what I am referring to: it's the experience RIGHT HERE – right here – in other words, what the world MUST be. What it must be, what obviously it will be ... when men permit it.

They are very attached to their grating, very attached, they cling to it. They don't feel alive when it doesn't grate.

But they don't know.

Sometimes, in the individual or collective evolution, there are phases when you have emerged from the grating, that is to say, you no longer believe in it, no

longer believe in the truth and importance, the reality of those things, but you don't have the other thing yet, so in between the two ... it's austere, dull and cold. You no longer have the excitement of one thing, and not yet the joy of the other; you are in between the two and it's a little arid. But only a small, limited number of individuals have reached that stage. They are the people who say, "I don't want this world." And then they go away.

But as for the other thing ...

One does realize that if the other thing were constant, established, oh! ...

And it can be felt only when you are not turned in on yourself, that is, when you DON'T FEEL YOURSELF FEELING IT. And that is the great difficulty, because as soon as it comes, something wants to feel it, and then instantly you fall back into the grating. And it cannot be felt: if you feel yourself feeling it, it's already no longer the thing.

Oh, it's already spoilt.

(silence)

There is a line in *Savitri* which freely translated is:

Annule-toi pour que seul le Divin soit.<sup>98</sup>

A very free translation, but the idea is there. And that's the state in which "that" can exist. And it is evident that the body doesn't dissolve (*Mother touches her own body*), it's here, isn't it? You can see it!

(silence)

And it is the only – the only – infallible way to establish harmony in the body [this Smile of the Presence]. All the rest, all the precautions, all the remedies, all that seems so futile, so futile ... and so inadequate. The only way – for everything, everything.

I do not yet have proof of the reconstruction of something that had disappeared (that had been amputated or broken), I can't say, but logically it's the same thing.

We'll talk about it again when we have the proof.

## October 16, 1965

I have just thrown a fit of indignation! Because almost without exception, all the people around me, who profess to want nothing but what I want, are apparently completely obedient, but their instinct is just the opposite. When I see someone, for instance, I see how he is, what he is capable of, etc., and when I see

it's a man we can't count on, THEIR instinct is: "Oh, what a wonderful man!" And it's their INSTINCT, in other words, the spontaneous movement of their being is in constant contradiction with my knowledge.

So that means ... I can't say it's hypocrisy, but it's a purely mental attitude that doesn't correspond to the consciousness of the being. Because for me there is a very sure indication: when I don't say anything to someone (that is, I don't use the intermediary of the mind) but see that his sensation, his feeling, his state of consciousness are in harmony with mine, I know it's going well. And when that person tells me, "Yes, I want what you want," it's true. But when it's simply a purely mental, superficial attitude and when because I say, "It's like that," outwardly they repeat, "It's like that," but inwardly everything seethes because they feel differently ...

For instance, for precise problems, a decision to be made, the problem is put to me; I don't answer materially right away, I send the answer like this (*gesture of inner communication*), then I wait. Well, it has happened (rather rarely, but anyway it has happened) that the person wrote to me, "I have received the answer, it's this and that." Then I say, "That's good." But when I write words and because I write words, they say the same thing, it doesn't prove anything. It's an artificial obedience.

And I am not talking about those who immediately feel, "Oh, Mother is wrong," I am not even talking about those; I am talking about those who truly have goodwill, but who are up to here (*gesture to the mouth*), even up to here (*gesture to the forehead*) fully in Ignorance and Falsehood, and who cover that with the cloak of a knowledge they have learned but don't even feel....

How will the world change? It's not possible.

No, I am not speaking of the enormous mass of those who imagine I am wrong all the time, but still who say, "Oh, the poor old lady, we shouldn't cross her," I am not even speaking of those. I am speaking of those who mentally have goodwill – they have put on a mask of goodwill. But the inner vibrations still belong to the world of Falsehood.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, about a new disciple in France who asks for a photograph of Sri Aurobindo.)*

We are going to send him a good photo of Sri Aurobindo. Which photo of Sri Aurobindo? If he was brought up in a Christian way, it's the photo where he is young which is good, they instantly see in it the face of Christ I ... All of them.... The day before yesterday again, an American painter, who is here and has read Sri Aurobindo's books, wanted to do a portrait of Sri Aurobindo (he never saw him) from photos – it's just as it was with the bust in Sri Aurobindo's room!<sup>99</sup> They all make a mystic Sri Aurobindo with narrow temples, like that (*gesture tapering*

*upward*), a long mystic face, because they can't get out of their Christianity! For them, of course, the Power, anything that expresses the Power, oh! ... (*gesture of repulsion*)

I wanted to say that to this American.... For them, spiritual life is sacrifice, it's the God who sacrifices himself: he renounces the joys of the earth and sacrifices his existence to save mankind. And they can't get out of it!

So to those, it's the photo of the young Sri Aurobindo that should be sent, like the one in the reception room. Because he had just come out of his ascetic period here, and he still had a long face.

The photo in the armchair ... it's a bit too late; he was already beginning to feel that ... the world wasn't ready to go to the end. There is already the expression of suffering on his face.

But the other photo is good. That's how I knew Sri Aurobindo: he had just come out of the photo in profile, in which he is very thin. As for Cartier-Bresson's photos, they were taken in 1950.

*It's a pity nothing was taken before.*

Oh, he would never have let himself be photographed!

But when I saw the photo [of Cartier-Bresson, taken in 1950], when I saw he had that expression ... Because, with me, he never had it; he never showed it. But I wasn't in the room when the photo was taken, and suddenly he ... (he was sitting there, of course), he slackened. When I saw the photo (because they came long after, we had to write and ask them to send them), I was dumbfounded.... He had that expression.

I always saw him with a perfectly peaceful and smiling face, and above all, the dominant expression was compassion. That was what predominated in his appearance. An expression of compassion so ... so peaceful, so tranquil, oh, magnificent.

## **October 20, 1965**

*(Satprem had sent Mother a letter complaining about his lack of experiences, in particular the fact that he never saw Sri Aurobindo, except once eleven years earlier, and that in addition Mother told him she saw him only rarely. In the end Satprem wrote, "I wonder what I am doing here?")*

I am not going to eat you, don't be afraid!

*(Satprem's denial)*

Tell me, have you anything new to add? Has anything happened since you wrote?... Nothing. You are in the same state?

*Calmer.*

Oh, good.

*But it's the same state, because it has been there for a long time. For a long time I have been saying to myself, "What does all this mean?" I don't very well understand. There is a sort of frustration or...*

It's the egoistic distortion of aspiration.

That is to say, a petty self engrossment that wants satisfactions. I am telling you bluntly because it's no use making sentences.

*(silence)*

When you were in hospital, for several days I was in constant concentration at night so that ... My own way is a way that intelligent people regard as very childish, but which I find the best: I turn to the Lord and pray to Him with all the ardor of my consciousness; and I asked Him to save your life, which was in danger, with the knowledge of the cause and of what should cure you. And I didn't cease till a sort of certitude came that things would turn out all right. Not so long ago, maybe a few weeks, I did see something that was wrong, but still I insisted and hoped it was just a memory that had come up again from the subconscious....

This must no longer be, mon petit! You have gone beyond that stage. It's a darkness you really no longer belong to. And it's NOT your nature: it's something that has been imposed on your nature – by lots and lots of things. Lots of things. X says it was brought into your life from a previous life, but those stories ... I see things very clearly, but it doesn't really matter. When one is in the true Light, it's relatively easy to clean all that up.

You must shake that up, mon petit! You must. In your being you have been and still are somewhere in full Light. I told you it was a sort of close collaboration between the Light which is in Sri Aurobindo and your capacity of expression. One has no right to forget that.

*I don't forget that.*

And then, there is in fact all that I have told you lately about this phase in the development because of which, outwardly ... Yes, that's what I hear from everyone: "Why don't you change that? Why don't you free me from this? Why don't you eliminate that? ..." So far, the power to do things instantly hasn't been given to me personally. I don't know why. But every time it is necessary to intervene, I pass everything on to the Lord and tell Him, "Do it."

*(silence)*

I see clearly, you know. It's a distortion of aspiration. In your consciousness – your most material consciousness – there is a feeling that it is an aspiration, and, as you say, a frustrated aspiration, and you haven't understood that it's because it's

a distorted aspiration that you don't feel the response, but the response is there – not only the response, but an action.

*I am speaking of an experience that would ... an experience that is like a warmth in the heart – if I saw him, if at least I had the experience, yes, of seeing him ...*

Seeing him? With which part of your being? You can't see him physically.

*I never see him. I tell you, I saw him once eleven years ago.*

Well, yes, some people have never seen him since he left physically. But there is no need to see him in order to feel him.

*Yes, but "to feel him" is an impersonal force, it isn't living. What I ask – what I asked – is the warmth of something that is living and is there: not a "force" that descends. Yes, of course, I know there is "The Force." But something to which one can turn, which one can remember because it's something living, human, close, something one sees.*

It's not a question of seeing, it's a question of feeling.

*But yes, it is!... "Feeling," one can imagine and feel anything.*

But no, there's no question of imagining. You are still terribly attached to the body.

*One lives in a body, doesn't one?*

Ah! So do I.

*Something one loves is something that's very close.*

*(long silence)*

Basically, what you are complaining about is that you cannot love.

*Yes, but of course!*

It's that you don't know how to love. That you aren't open to Love. But that doesn't depend on anything outside you. It depends only on you.

*When I speak of "seeing," that's what I mean.*

Seeing ... Seeing, it's not "seeing"! It's not a question of seeing. One may see and not love. That's not the point. It's not a question of seeing. It's a door that's still closed.

You are trying to see because you are still trying to love here (*gesture to the forehead*). You don't know about that, but I do. You are trying to love here, and so



you speak of seeing. But that's not where one loves. And there's no need to see someone in order to love him. That's not true.

If I am asked, "Have you seen the Lord?" I can't say humanly that I have seen the Lord. But He is here, oh, yes! He is here and He is perfect love. He is here and He is fantastic power.

And He is here, and He is in fact the very essence of true Love, and without this Vibration, one doesn't know what to love is, one cannot know. And unless one rejects all one's personal egoistic limitations, one cannot love Him.

### **October 27, 1965**

I have something interesting to tell you.... Sri Aurobindo has come out of meditation and has started "playing."

I arrived where I always go to find him, in the subtle physical, last night around 2: 30, and what a crowd there was! Thousands of people. When I arrived there, before going in I met someone, who must have been one of the former politicians, from the time of the revolution, when Sri Aurobindo was involved in politics; he is dead, naturally, but he was there and he told me (he was quite jubilant), he told me (in English), "Sri Aurobindo has come out of meditation, he has started playing!" And there was indeed a feeling that everyone was playing, playing.... I crossed the courtyard (I even crossed a room where some people were still in meditation, and they looked surprised to see me come in like that, I told them, "Don't worry, I don't want to disturb you!"), then I found Sri Aurobindo, who was playing – very young and strong and amused and joyful, and he was playing. He was playing with something that cannot be described, and he was playing and playing.... And then, the same gentleman whom I had seen at the entrance came and told me in my ear, "He has played with that a lot ... *it is worn-out,*" it's a bit damaged, a bit worn-out. So I drew near, and Sri Aurobindo, who had heard, told me, "*Yes, it is worn-out, take it and bring me another.*" And he handed it to me – I can't describe it, it didn't look like anything, it was ... "something" – there was something black moving inside something – and it did look a little broken down. So I left, I went back downstairs; and the symbol of the physical body was a pair of shoes – I put my shoes on again and left.

There were lots of details; it began after two-thirty, and it lasted till about four-thirty.

And then, later in the morning, I was completely in the atmosphere and I understood that it was the form of the government – it was ... (*laughing*) the old democracy which has become useless.

*And he starts playing, meaning that something is going to happen?*

(Laughing) Certainly, certainly!

*It wouldn't be too soon.*

And a whole jubilant crowd, you know: "At last, it's moving!"

## **October 30, 1965**

*(Mother improvises on her organ for Satprem's birthday. The organ, long unused, gives a few creaks.)*

There.

I hear at the same time. I don't hear what I play: I hear something else. So when suddenly something creaks, it no longer works! It's probably because it hasn't been played for a long time. I haven't played for nine months – the last time was ...

*In December.*

Ten months. After ten months, I play much better, because when I play often I remember what I have played before, so that's no longer it. It's not at all a question of practicing: it's a question of the hands not being afraid. That's all. As soon as the hands become conscious, it no longer works.

And then, what I hear has a purity that's not there. It's very interesting. And curiously, when I told you I would play, I thought I wouldn't be able to, and the next day there came, oh, a cascade of music, for a long, long time.... I said to myself, "Very well, since it comes, I will see."

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

Something amusing has happened. You know that there is a new comet?...<sup>100</sup> This morning around four, I saw the comet, and suddenly I found myself in a state above the earth, and I saw a being who seemed to be associated with this comet. He had red hair (but not an aggressive red), a white body, but not pure white: a

golden white, as if he were naked, but he didn't give an impression of being naked, or of wearing any clothes either (I have noticed this several times already), sexless – neither man nor woman. And it was a young being, charming, full of a sort of joy, like the joy that came a little in the music just now, and he was spreading in the earth atmosphere a sort of substance that was heavier than Matter – not heavier, but denser – and jelly-like. It was as though he had taken advantage of the comet passing near the earth to spread that substance. And at the same time, I was told it was "to help for the transformation of the earth." And he showed me how to make that substance circulate in the atmosphere.

It was charming: a young being, full of joy, as if dancing, and spreading that substance everywhere.

It lasted a long time. For several hours I remained in it.

November 3, 1965

*(Before going into the music room where Mother will play the organ for the birthday of Sunil, a disciple who is a musician.)*

The other day I told you about that comet, and something amusing has happened. Just for fun I said to myself, "Oh, it would be quite interesting to see this comet as it can be seen through the most powerful telescope ever invented." And barely had the thought come (it was last night) when I heard, "Look." So I opened my eyes, and I saw the comet, big like this, very big, as it could be seen with the most powerful telescope, quite bright, with its tail! And the interesting thing was that just beside it (not like the comet's tail, but just next to it), there was a star, a sort of star, but quite small, and very bright, which seemed to me of a very peculiar interest.

And the effect is going on. That substance I told you about is still acting in the earth atmosphere. Don't you feel it? You don't have the sensation of being more comfortable, no?

\* \* \*

*A little later, after the music:*

Living is a little complicated! *(Mother laughs)* You will agree with that!

*Yes. But you look tired.*

No, I am not tired – I am not tired.

There is an inner, perfectly harmonious rhythm, and when I can live according to that rhythm everything is quite fine, marvelously fine, even, like the story of my comet; that is, you feel you just have to say, "Oh, I would like that," and instantly things are like that; and at the same time, you live in a totality of things that have their usefulness, their necessity, and that don't even clash with the deep Principle, but that outwardly impose their rhythm on this Rhythm. So at times it's difficult.

Today, for instance, my intention was to have finished by ten o'clock and to see you quietly, then to go to the music room; I even expressed my intention, but nothing doing! It's not bad will, it's a sort of coalition of circumstances.

*They leave later and later each time.<sup>101</sup>*

So it seems to me. And there's no reason for it not to get later still. See, I have all this (*Mother shows a stack of letters*), which is work yet to be done, and it was supposed to be done this morning. Every day it's like that. Now it's a mountain of letters, and some letters haven't even been opened. So some write to me (but that frees me), "I have already sent you two letters and you haven't answered, I am unlucky" – too bad for them. But there are those who are very patient, who ask for things that are important to them, and whom I don't have time to answer. When I hear the letter (there are some letters I haven't even opened, I don't know what they have written), but when I hear, I answer inwardly; if they had the mental perception they would receive my answer; unfortunately they don't have it. Some letters are important, from people who ask for something reasonable, and a word or a gesture would greatly help them to move on – it's not possible. And it keeps increasing and increasing. Previously, I used to rest ("rest," that is to say, "concentrate") regularly, at a fixed time, but now that's finished, I can't do it anymore. It cuts into the rest, too, and that's bad.

It's the world in a rush. It's not just from a small number of individuals, it's from everywhere: from the United Nations, the Government of India, from people here, there and everywhere who ask for a directive, an indication. They ought to be able to receive mentally; that way I could do all the work, because it doesn't take any time, it's immediate, but they aren't there yet, they can't. You know, requests for "messages," for something to start an action – there are dozens of them every day. And it's a good sign, I can't complain. It's a good sign, it means the world is growing receptive. But ...

## **November 6, 1965**

Are you better?

*Not really.*

Oh! ... (*Laughing*) What's to be done!?

At night, the last two or three nights, but especially last night (in the middle of the night, after midnight), and for at least two hours, I am carried away in a movement, but a frightfully swift movement! I am lying on something which is a sort of silvery light – a silvery light. And I am lying on it, enveloped in it, and carried away in such a dizzying movement that ... you feel as if your head is going to break.

And there are people with me – you are one of them.

*Really?*

Yes!

Last night it lasted two hours. And you feel like holding on to something, because it's so dizzying.... I don't know, last night, in the middle of the experience

I became a little conscious, and it was ... (*gesture expressing a fantastic movement*). But the Command came: "Quiet, quiet, don't move, quiet," so I didn't move. And it lasted almost two hours. And the movement is head first (not feet first), head first, it's the head that's pulled.

All I know is that it has to do with the transformation of the body. But how does one know that it's fast? There is nothing but the movement and the body's sense of being carried away dizzily.

And I noticed a few people – you were there. Prrrt! at full speed, like that. I said to myself (*laughing*), "It must be to cure him!" But a movement ... I tell you, the consciousness just woke up, I wanted to start observing, and immediately the Command came, "Quiet, quiet, don't move, quiet, nothing must move."

It must be at the time of the night when you really sleep. It's after midnight and before two in the morning.

But there is nothing to remember: one seems to be whisked along, like that – maybe it's the speed of comets! I told myself it was a *drastic* treatment, as they say in English.

But the other night (it had come two or three times already), it wasn't so strong. Last night, it was so strong and it lasted such a long time ... I thought, "Maybe tomorrow morning he'll have a smile...." But it didn't work! (*Mother laughs*)

*What I see is rather unpleasant.*

At night? What do you see?

*I have seen all sorts of things.*

No, these last few days?

*Attacked. It comes up from the waters.*

Of the vital. From the sea?

*No, black waters.*

Oh, the dark human vital.

*Very aggressive snakes. And mentally, too, I receive very violent things.*

What do you mean?

*I am assailed. If I listened to what comes, it would mean insanity. If I let go ... You understand, it comes again and again and charges down. It's very unpleasant. And a suffering deep down – a suffering.*

Give me an example of the suggestions you receive.

*Generally it's about you or about the Ashram.*

About me?

*Yes, generally. Or about what I do, what I am (or am not).*

Don't you know where it comes from?

*No. But some time ago, a phenomenon occurred, which might be related to that. I saw Patrick, you remember?<sup>102</sup>*

Oh!

*He was trying to drive some sort of splinter into my head, and I felt it was extremely dangerous. Then I said OM, and everything vanished – I was lucky to remember! But anyway, there are things attacking me very strongly.*

But you should use that every time.

*Well, yes, if one can! One isn't always lucky enough to remember.*

(Mother laughs) You are teachable, no? And what are you told about me? Just to know the quality.

*They are details, rather....*

I mean, they accuse me, or tell you I don't take care of you or...?

*Not that. It's rather about my relationship with you, or the impossibility of certain contacts, or ... I find peace only when I go above; I say, "Well, yes, let us look at THE Mother," up above.*

Yes, that's right.

*Then everything falls quiet.*

It's to make you realize the infirmity of the outside world! (*Laughing*) But you know me, don't you!

*Anyway, it's not pleasant.... Or else, it falls upon me all of a sudden and it's really like a suffering – without words or explanation – a suffering deep down, a flame of suffering.*

(Long silence) It will pass.

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri" and stops abruptly, as if she were following something with her eyes:)*

... As big as this, a sun, a sun scintillating with Sri Aurobindo's light, when I write, between me and the notebook, and it moves about with the pen! It's this big (*a big orange*), it's Sri Aurobindo's light, blue, that special blue, silver blue, scintillating, and it moves about every time I write in this notebook! (*Laughing*) That's why I have difficulty seeing: it moves about with the pen!

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards, Dr. Sanyal enters, signaling lunch time.*

Ah, here's the doctor, that means we're late!

A day will come when I will be on time.... Maybe by moving dizzily I'll end up ...

You've been in a car at more than sixty miles an hour, haven't you?... It feels motionless in comparison to that Speed. It wasn't physical since my bed wasn't moving, but it was so swift, so swift that you could feel the friction of speed. And head first: it went head first. It didn't go feet first because I was lying and I didn't go feet first: I went head first, brrf I as if sucked along by something. And my eyes were open. But naturally, the body wasn't moving – visibly, at least, it wasn't moving! ... Oh, I remember, yes, the night before, it was the house that was moving; I was in a room that was moving with that same swiftness, and I was watching everything hurtling and hurtling past, it was fantastic! And yesterday, it wasn't the house, it was only ... a sort of column ... how can I explain? It wasn't a column – a strip. I was there on that strip, but I was very tall, I took up a lot of room; there were lots of people, and they were small (*Mother draws small figures*), a lot, brrf!

Yes, yes, I remember, the previous night, it was the room that was moving: a square room; and there weren't any walls, there were just windows, and it was rushing and rushing, what a race it was! ... Then everything stopped abruptly, finished – not finished, not stopped: the consciousness changes, there is a reversal of consciousness, so it's over.

Yes, I remember now. First a room without anything – anything – an absolute empty space; there was nothing except that strip.

Oh, do you remember those moving walkways? Something like that, but instead of a walkway, it was a strip of silvery light, and it was the strip that was moving. A strip of silvery light with little sparkles. I was lying on it (quite a few people were lying on it, too), and it was zooming! ...



**November 10, 1965**

*(Mother hands Satprem a brochure, "Spiritual Unity of India," in which quotations from Sri Aurobindo and Mother on the partition of India have been gathered, in particular Mother's declaration: "India must fight until India and Pakistan have once more become ONE.")*

It has gone around India.

Thousands of copies have been distributed in India. There are even lots of newspapers that have written about it. It has made a lot of noise in the country.

*But they don't seem – the leaders at least – to have understood at all.*

The Prime Minister has fully approved. But he is a weak man. They are afraid of the United Nations.

*Oh, they're afraid of everything.*

But to the United Nations I have sent a lot of messages: lots of people there have talked about it. They are quarreling. There at the United Nations, it has kicked up a din. Only, the Americans are quite unrivaled in their stupidity! All the more so as they are puffed up with conceit – they are convinced that they are the leading nation of the world, so that puts the final touch to stupidity. But anyway, they are not alone at the United Nations and it has made a lot of noise, it has shaken people up a bit.

*But unless outward circumstances COMPEL India to reunite with Pakistan, they won't budge.*

But it's being prepared. It's being prepared. It's going to break out all at once.

*The impression is that if India isn't pushed from the outside, isn't forced to re-create this unity, they won't budge.*

The army is completely with us. Besides, it seems (I have been receiving a great many letters, I've again received some these last few days), it seems they had truly miraculous instances of forces intervening, of people suddenly turning into extraordinary heroes.... There were marvelous things.

If, at that point,<sup>103</sup> they hadn't stopped, it would have been easy.

*Oh, absolutely! It's really sad.*

That's just what those fools were fearing!

It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter, mon petit, because we always see just one side of things; even being in contact up above, one doesn't have the vision of the whole every minute. So, as for me, whatever happens I say, "It's all right – He

knows better than I do."

He knows better than I do.

No, it's necessarily the best ... in the given conditions – the earth isn't in a marvelous condition, far from it – but in the given conditions, it's the best. It prepares something far more complete, far deeper, far more integral than all that we can imagine. This is indisputable, there's no discussing it.

*Later, about the health of Sujata, who is eating next to nothing:*

... When I was six or eight, I used to eat with my brother, and to get ourselves to eat we were obliged to tell each other a story. We were given meat, you see, pieces of beefsteak, it was a nightmare! So my trick was to tell my brother, "I am an ogre ... and before me is half an ox," and with each slash of my knife I would carve my ox! – I would tell a story to myself and end up swallowing my beefsteak!

*(Sujata:) But he doesn't tell any stories. How many times I have asked him!*

He doesn't tell any stories?

*(Satprem:) She would like me to write tales – fairy tales.*

Do you know any fairy tales?

*(Satprem:) I'll make some up.*

Of course! I used to make up lots and lots of them!... Real fairy tales in which everything is so lovely, everything works out so nicely – not a single misery. Nothing but lovely things....

## **November 13, 1965**

*Sweet Mother, for two or three weeks, some blood has been coming again.*

They gave you a treatment, are you following it?

*Yes, very scrupulously.*

That's troublesome.

I don't have faith in their treatments.

Doctors would not exist without diseases, you understand. I am not saying that they consciously encourage them, but they are on quite ... friendly terms.

It's very subtle, but absolutely true.

I see a given vibratory phenomenon of the cells with the Consciousness (let's call it universal Consciousness), and then the very same thing seen in a medical consciousness – if you knew how changed it is! It takes on a very concrete character, to begin with (which it otherwise doesn't have), and then very ... it's between "fatal" and "inescapable," I don't know how to explain. It's like a sort of rigid Fate. When they say, "Oh, it's an illness" – finished. And it's not true, there is no such thing as "an illness," there aren't two identical cases.

So their atmosphere is a problem.

Unless one is in harmony with them, like this poor M., for instance. You know, when she went to the Vellore hospital, she felt as if she were entering a heaven. So, for her it will do a lot of good, it's harmonious (!)

*But how can it be harmonious!*

Mon petit, people who have vice are in harmony with vice; malicious people are in harmony with malice.

*Yes, but she isn't like that.*

She is a nurse – she is in harmony with doctors. And it has given her fresh heart. Because they have told her she had come in time – just in time – and that they would save her, so now she is full of trust. I got a letter, she has written in a letter, "I have taken fresh heart in life, I am at peace and certain that I will be cured, the fever has dropped, etc."

Everything is relative in this world, there aren't two identical cases, there aren't two identical "diseases" – there isn't an absolute good and there isn't an absolute bad.

*Hospitals stifle me. I got more and more ill in them.*

Yes. It's in the hospital here that what you had (a slight inner disorder, in fact) became a disease. It's here. And in Vellore it worsened.

*Yes, that's true.*

That's how it is. I feel it clearly, you know: I have in me the possibility of five or six fatal diseases (I know it from the vibrations); if I had the misfortune, not to go to a hospital (!), but just to confide in a doctor, I would have incurable diseases.

And this isn't against any doctor in particular (they themselves suffer from the atmosphere without knowing it): it's the medical atmosphere.

Disease is their *raison d'être*: without diseases there would be no doctors. There would be no need for them, they would be something else: they could become something else, but not doctors; something else very useful, I don't know – scientists of the human constitution, scientists of food utilization, scientists of all

sorts of things it's good to know, but not "doctors" – a doctor is for curing diseases, so there have to be diseases in order to have doctors.

And I am not quite sure that before doctors existed there were diseases – there were disorders, there were accidents, there were all sorts of things because all that exists, but there wasn't the LABEL "disease." And the more learned doctors become (that is, the better they know their trade), the more (*Mother clenches her fist*) solid and fixed diseases become. So the doctors' usefulness is to cure them – without diseases, they wouldn't be useful.

They should be scientists of life.... The Chinese had that idea to some extent. I don't know how it is nowadays, but in the past each family had a doctor (a doctor could have a lot of families under his care), and the doctor was paid only when everyone was in good health – if someone was ill, they stopped paying him! (*Laughter*) Voilà.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards, Satprem sorts "old" Agenda conversations.*

What is it? Old ones?

*It's from 1964 [last year].*

It must be ancient history. Doesn't it seem dated?

*No, not at all!*

*(Mother laughs)*

*Not at all, at all. No, no!*

I feel as if it's from a distant past.

*Not at all.*

You know, all the problems the human mind has debated and solved, anyway everything that is at the basis of religions, philosophies, yogas, and so on, the great ideas on the why and the how – ideas that are universal – all of which had been settled for a very long time ... now it comes back here (*Mother points to her body*). It comes back with the intensity, the acuteness of something absolutely new and absolutely unknown: Why life? Why this creation? What's the meaning of it all? And with an intimate and painful knowledge of all the miseries of Matter, of all the stupidities of Matter, all the darknesses, all that – why all that? Why? And then, dissatisfied: what's the use of it all?

It's marvelous.

And the answer comes, but then with extraordinary solidity and certainty – quite extraordinary. Why the creation?... Why the creation? And the answer isn't at all sentences as in philosophies (thank God! There is nothing of all that): it's just vibrations.

And then, all of a sudden, in all this chaos, this struggle, this friction, this suffering, and this ignorance and this darkness and this effort and this and that (oh, it's much worse than when it takes place in the mind: it's here [*in the body*] and it's a question, yes, of life and death in the true sense of the phrase, that is to say, of existence or nonexistence, of consciousness or total unconsciousness ... and then how much it costs to find out anything!), and then, all of a sudden, just one drop ... it's not even a drop (it's not liquid!), it's not even a flash of lightning, it's ... yes, it's a vibration, a DIFFERENT vibration – luminous, so wonderfully sweet, peaceful, powerful, absolute. It's like something lighting up (*gesture like a burst of light or a luminous pulsation*). And then there's no need anymore of discussion or explanation or anything: you've understood – it's to become conscious of THAT, it's to live THAT.

It happened this morning.

It began yesterday and has been developing.

That, *mon petit* ... Oh, how poor explanations are – poor, incomplete, without the power to convince. But just THAT, one vibration of THAT, and then you understand everything.

And I have an impression, a very strong impression (I don't have any proof yet) that its contagion is absolute, you understand. So having to explain, having to struggle, having to ... oof! it's all over – it's contagious.

Bringing that and keeping it. Holding it, learning to hold it. It's fantastic! And then it becomes just a question of receptivity, that's all. And the receptivity must be in proportion to the goodwill (that's what the old experience is saying for the moment, I have no proof), the receptivity must be in proportion to the goodwill or to the aspiration (but the two are very similar), to this something that wants something else. People who are very content, very satisfied and ... (this is an interesting illustration) and who have realized a harmony in life (some people have realized a harmony in this life: everything appears so harmonious, so comfortable, they succeed in everything they do, everything that happens to them is ...), I think those still have a long way to go before they can receive.

That [vibration] has nothing, but nothing to do with that whole path, that long, long, long path one has walked to prepare oneself, and with such blows, oh! ... THAT (*gesture like a burst of light*), and all the rest no longer matters.

But it isn't mental. For the time being, it has nothing to do with thought.

**November 15, 1965**

*(For some time Mother has been giving Sujata packets of ready-made soups from Germany, Sweden, etc.)*

... You'll become cosmopolitan, my child – cosmopolitan in taste.

*(Sujata makes a face)*

You don't want to? Is there something in your nature that doesn't want?

*(Sujata:) Food, ever since childhood I haven't liked eating.*

But mon petit, I have never been interested in food! I have never liked eating. When I was small, they had to think up all sorts of tricks to make me eat, to me it was the most absurd and least interesting thing. Well, I know the food of every country and have done a comparative study (!) of all cuisines, and I can be anywhere without it disturbing my body in the least.

It's not out of taste for food, it's out of taste for ... (how can I put it?) the expansion of consciousness, the elimination of limits, and above all to prevent the slavery of habits – that's a horrible thing. To be the slave of one's habits is disgusting. Even when I was very small, that's how it was: no slavery. I was told, "But you must do this, because that's the habit," and I used to answer in a very little polite way, "Rubbish!"... To do things that way because the habit is to do them that way is no argument to me – free, free, free! The taste for freedom.

You mustn't be a little slave just because you were born from certain parents in such and such a place – it's by chance, not fate!

*(Sujata:) No, Mother, it's mostly the sense of smell. There are certain smells I find very hard to bear.*

But you must learn to bear them. Just do this: when you get a shock, stay very quiet and call – call the Lord or call me, it doesn't matter (*laughing*), it has the same effect! (Don't go about repeating this!) And then say, "Give me a widened consciousness," that's all. And then remain quiet. And then the next time the smell comes, you'll notice that, oh, it's not so unpleasant, and the third or fourth time, you will feel the Ananda behind it.

I know this from experience.

It's quite simply a narrowness in the taste because from your childhood you have been given a certain number of things. You are used to them: "Then it's good"; you aren't used to them: "Oh, how horrible!" ... You must learn to see why it's there, why it's in the world – everything in the world is for the delight of being, so the delight must be there since it's everywhere!

You only have to find it.

*(Sujata:) But it could be someone else's delight!*

*(Mother laughs)*

\* \* \*

*Towards the end*

You must sleep well. Yes, I have noticed that it's important to sleep a long time. As soon as you feel tired, let yourself drift into sleep, don't resist. That's important. I am saying this from personal experience, because all of a sudden ... When there is a length of time (it lasts an hour, two hours, it depends) during which the atmosphere is all vibrant with this light-force-joy I spoke of the other day, and you are as if ... it's absolutely full, absolutely full; and then all of a sudden (*gesture of inward plunge*), and after a time you ask yourself, "Well, well, where have I been?..." There are times like that when you go into a sort of sleep. The first few times, I thought I had lapsed into unconsciousness (although that has rarely happened to me!), but anyway, I wondered what it meant. Then I took a good look and I saw it was a necessary period of assimilation. It's very necessary. It's in a sort of stillness of the cells' consciousness that they assimilate the new force. So when it comes, don't resist. Generally, it doesn't last very long: fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. A period of assimilation. You know, the atmosphere is charged, charged, increasingly charged. So if suddenly you feel something pulling, don't resist, let yourself go – it's better not to be standing up!

**November 20, 1965**

*(On Mother's table lies an issue of "The Illustrated Weekly" showing a large photo of President Kennedy with folded hands. This is the second anniversary of his death, November 22, 1963.)*

Was he a religious man?

*He was Catholic, I think.*

Oh, Catholic! ...

Ah, that's why he died.... You know he was truly in favor of freedom, and not

only freedom but union. And he was receptive. You know how he worked for the Blacks there (moreover, that's the external cause of his death). But he was the one I counted on, not without reason, as he had shown signs of assent to a union with Russia to establish peace on earth. Talks had already started and they had seized the opportunity of China's aggression against India. Naturally, that wasn't quite to the extremists' liking, and in the atmosphere, the force which for centuries has acted behind the Catholic religion wasn't at all in favor of that plan; so things "worked out" well and they killed him. The other one in Russia who had responded, Khrushchev, didn't die because he left in time!

But I didn't know, I thought Kennedy was Protestant.

\* \* \*

*(Later, about a disciple who is very talkative but full of ironic wit –  
Bharatidi.)*

... She kept me almost an hour! She told me, "The next time, I won't chatter." So this time it was only half an hour! But she has a very pleasant way of saying things. And there is a strange phenomenon, which took place some two or three years ago, I don't remember now.... It was after the consciousness had entirely spread all over the world (all over the earth, in reality), but as if progressively, in the sense that it's more intense close at hand and less intense farther away. But then, with Bharatidi, it's not just a physical closeness: it's a sort of closeness of vibration in a certain domain; and in her, the closeness lay in a certain ... ironically benevolent observation. And while talking with someone, I don't know how many times I have caught myself having Bharatidi's voice and using her words! And in my ingenuousness, I told her, "Do you know, we have such an intimate relationship that at times – very often – when I speak I have your intonation and use your words." Ah, mon petit, since then ... But she isn't a bore! You can spend an hour with her without getting bored, which is remarkable.

**November 23, 1965**

*Regarding the message Mother will give for the November 24 darshan:*

"It is certainly a mistake to bring down the light by force – to pull it down. The Supramental cannot be taken by storm. When the time is ready it will open of itself – but first there is a great deal to be done and that must be done patiently and without haste."

Sri Aurobindo



That's good for sensible people. They will say, "There, he doesn't promise any miracles."

*Why? Are there lots of people who tend to "pull"?*

People are in a hurry, they want to see results right away.

So then, they think they are pulling the Supramental down – and they pull some little vital entity that leads them on and afterwards plays nasty tricks on them. That's what happens most often, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

A little individuality, a vital entity that puts on a big show and creates dramatic effects, lighting effects; so the poor devil who has pulled is bedazzled, he says, "Here's the Supramental!" and he falls into a hole.

It's only when you have touched, seen somehow or other, and had a contact with the true Light that you can discern the Vital, and you realize that it's absolutely like lighting effects on a theater stage: theatrical effects, an artificial light. But otherwise people are bedazzled – it's dazzling, it's "magnificent," and so they are misled. It's only when you have SEEN and had a contact with the Truth ... "Ah!" then it makes you smile.

It's showing off, but you have to know the truth in order to discern the showing off.

Basically, it's the same for everything. The Vital is a sort of super-theater giving performances – very alluring, dazzling, deceptive performances – and it's only when you know the True Thing that immediately, instinctively, without reasoning, you discern and say, "No, I don't want that."

And for everything, you know. The one point in human life where it has assumed cardinal importance is love. Vital passions and attractions have almost in every case taken the place of the true feeling, which is tranquil, while that makes you bubble with excitement, it gives you the feeling of something "living".... It's very deceptive. And you can know this, feel it, perceive it clearly only when you know the True Thing; if you have touched true love through the psychic and through divine union, then it [vital love] appears hollow, thin, empty: an appearance and a drama – more often a tragedy than a comedy.

All that you can say about it, all that you can explain about it is perfectly useless, because the one who has been caught will instantly say, "Oh, it's not like with others" – what happens to you is never like what happens to others (!) What's needed is the "Thing," the true experience ... then the whole Vital is seen as a masquerade – not an alluring one.

And when people pull down, oh, it's much more than ninety-nine times out of a hundred – it's one case in a million in which the True Thing happens to be pulled down; which proves the person was ready. Otherwise, what's pulled down is always the Vital: the appearance, the dramatic representation of the Thing, not the Thing itself.

Pulling down is always an egoistic movement. It's a distortion of aspiration. True aspiration involves a giving – a self-giving – while pulling down is wanting for oneself. Even if you have in your thought a vaster aspiration – the earth, the

universe – it makes no difference, those are mental activities.

*(long silence)*

When things are put mentally, all those who have tried to explain things mentally have made an opposition, and so people imagine that one is the very opposite of the other [the True Thing and its distortion]; in that case it would be so easy to discern. But that's not at all how it is! ... I am now studying the way in which Matter, the body, can be in constant harmony with the divine Presence. And it's so interesting: it's not at all an opposition, it's a tiny little microscopic distortion. For instance, there is this frequent experience (and generally people don't know why it is so – now I know): on some days or at certain times all the gestures you make are harmonious, all the things you touch seem to respond harmoniously to the will that touches them, everything works out (I am talking about the very small things of life – of everyday life), each thing seems to be in its place or to find its place naturally: if you fold a paper, it folds itself as though spontaneously, as it should; if you look for something, you seem to spontaneously find the thing you need; you never knock against anything, never upset anything – everything seems harmonious. And then, without any appreciable difference in the overall state of consciousness, at other times, it's the exact opposite: if you want to fold a paper, you fold it the wrong way; if you want to touch some object, you drop it – everything seems disharmonized or off balance or bad-willed. You are yourself more or less in the same state. But now, with the present keen and fine observation, I see that in one case, there is a sort of inner silence in the cells, a PROFOUND quietude, which doesn't prevent movement, even rapid movement, but the movement seems to be founded on an eternal vibration; and in the other case, there is that inner precipitation (*gesture of tremor*), that inner vibration, that inner restlessness, that haste to go from one moment to the next, that constant hurry (why? There's no knowing why), always, always hurrying and scurrying; and everything you do is wrong. And in the other case, with that inner serenity and peace, everything is done harmoniously, and MUCH FASTER in material time: there is no time lost.

And that's why it's so difficult to know how one should be. Because in thought you can be in the same constant state, even in aspiration you can be in the same constant state, in the general goodwill, even in surrender to the Divine, it all can be the same thing, in the same state – it's in here (*Mother touches her body*), and this makes the whole difference. I can very well conceive that there may be people in whom this opposition persists in the mind and the vital, but there it's so obvious.... But I am talking of something absolutely material. Some people say and think, "How come? I have such goodwill, such a desire to do the right thing, and then nothing works, everything jars – why? I am so good (!) and yet things don't respond." Or those who say, "Oh, I have made my surrender, I have such goodwill, I have an aspiration, I want nothing but the Truth and the Good, and yet I am ill all the time – why am I ill?" And naturally, one small step more, and you begin to doubt the Justice that rules the world, and so on. Then you fall into a

hole.... But that's not it, that's not what I mean. It's much simpler and much more difficult at the same time, because it isn't blatant, it isn't evident, it's not an opposition from which you can choose, it's ... truly, totally and integrally leaving the entire responsibility to the Lord.

Of all things, this is the most difficult for man – it's far easier for the plant and even for the animal, far easier. But for man it's very difficult. Because there was a whole period in the evolution when in order to progress he had to take on the responsibility for himself. So the habit has formed, it has taken root in the being.

I have noticed something very interesting. Suppose there is a pain, some sign or other that something in the body is out of order. In the consciousness – in the consciousness – you are absolutely indifferent, which means that whether it's life or death, disease or health, there is equality; but if the body reacts according to its old habit, "What should be done to get over it?" and all that it involves (I am not speaking of a reaction in the mind, but here, in the body), the thing takes root. Why? Because it has to stay there ... (*laughing*) to enable you to study it! If, on the other hand, the cells have learned their lesson and say right away, "Lord, Your presence" (without words – the attitude), pfft! the thing goes.

It's no use if the thought does it, if the psychic consciousness, EVEN THE PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, does it: it must be the cells that do it. So the one who does it in the thought says, "Here, I give myself to the Divine, I am ready for anything, I am in a state of perfect equality, and still I am ill! So what am I to believe?" That's not the point. In order to have an instantaneous action HERE ("instantaneous," meaning what looks like a miracle, which isn't a miracle at all), there should instantaneously be, wherever a disorder has occurred for some reason or other, this: "Lord – Lord, this is You; Lord, we are You; Lord, You are here" – everything flies away. A sensation, an attitude – instantaneously, hup! it's over.

I have had hundreds upon hundreds of experiences like that.

And the state – the general state of the consciousness – is exactly the same, always like this (*immobile gesture, palms offered to the Heights*), in a sort of conscious bliss of: "Let Your Will be done." But that's no use, it doesn't act HERE – it must happen HERE (*Mother touches her body*).

It's very interesting.

I could talk for hours, but it's no use.

I know so well it's no use that when what I said is read back to me ... I said it while I was IN the experience, but when I read it again, I am in another experience, so I find it quite lacking in power of conviction. If by chance I can recapture the experience, I immediately feel, "Well, yes, that's exactly it." Therefore, unless one has the experience, reading is no use. We still publish the *Bulletin*, but anyway the truth is like that. It's only at the time of having the experience that you can really understand what you read.

It may have the power to convey the experience (mentally that's indisputable: it has a mental effect), but what I am talking about is the work here, in the cells of the body.... You give yourself a nice little mental explanation, but that's not it! While when you have had the vibration, ah, it's obvious.

You know, you are in considerable discomfort, out of sorts, unable to breathe, you have a feeling of nausea, of helplessness, you can't even move, or think or do anything ... in a word, quite out of sorts; and then suddenly ... the Consciousness – the bodily consciousness of the Vibration of Love, which is the very essence of the creation, just one second: everything lights up, pfft! gone, it's all gone. Then you look at yourself, amazed – it's all gone. You were in considerable discomfort – it's all gone.

Well, I don't think words can convey this. It's not even a question of living in the atmosphere – what is it? ... Maybe one day it will be a power. The power to pass this on. Then it will be possible for everything to change.

Probably when it's there, permanently established.

When it must be, it will be, no?

## **November 27, 1965**

Did you feel anything special on the darshan day [November 24]? No?

Sri Aurobindo was there from morning to evening.

THERE, you know.

For, oh, for more than an hour, he made me live the concrete and living vision, as it were, of the condition of humanity and the various layers of humanity in relation to the new or supramental creation. And it was marvelously clear and concrete and living.

There was the whole humanity that isn't quite animal anymore, that has benefited from mental development and created a certain harmony in its life – a vital, artistic, literary harmony – and the vast majority of which live satisfied with life. They have caught a sort of harmony and live in it a life as it exists in a civilized milieu, that is to say, somewhat cultured, with refinement in taste, refinement in habits. And this whole life has a sort of harmony in which they find themselves at ease, and unless something catastrophic happens to them, they live happy and content, satisfied with life. Those may be attracted (because they have taste, they are intellectually developed), they may be attracted to the new forces, the new things, the future life; for instance, they may mentally, intellectually become disciples of Sri Aurobindo. But they don't at all feel the need to change materially, and if they were to be forced to, it would be first of all premature and unjust, and it would quite simply create a great disorder and would upset their lives quite unnecessarily.

It was very clear.

Then there were the few – the rare individuals – who are ready to make the necessary effort to prepare themselves for the transformation and to attract the new

forces, try to adapt Matter, seek the means of expression and so forth. Those are ready for Sri Aurobindo's yoga. They are very few. There are even those who have the sense of sacrifice and are ready to have a hard and difficult life, as long as it leads them or helps them towards this future transformation. But they should not, they should in no way try to influence others and make them share their own effort: that would be quite unjust – not only unjust, but extremely clumsy because it would alter the universal – or at least terrestrial – rhythm and movement, and instead of helping, it would cause conflicts and result in chaos.

But it was so living, so real, that my whole attitude (how can I explain?... A passive attitude, which isn't the result of an active will), the whole position taken in the work has changed. And this has brought a peace – an absolutely decisive peace and tranquillity and trust. A decisive change. And even, all that in the previous position seemed to be obstinacy, clumsiness, unconsciousness, all sorts of deplorable things, all that has disappeared. It was like a vision of a great universal Rhythm in which each thing takes its own place and ... everything is just fine. And the effort of transformation limited to a small number becomes something FAR MORE precious and FAR MORE powerful for the realization. It's as if a choice had been made of those who will be the pioneers of the new creation. And all those ideas of "spreading" [the ideal], of "preparing" or churning Matter – childishness. It's human agitation.

The vision had such majestic and calm and smiling beauty, oh! ... It was full, really full of divine Love. And not a divine Love that "forgives" – that's not at all the point, not at all! – each thing in its own place, realizing its inner rhythm as perfectly as it can. That's all.

That was a very beautiful gift.

Of course, all those things are known somewhere, intellectually, vaguely, in their principle – all that is known, but it's quite useless. In everyday practice, you live according to something else, a truer understanding. And there, you seemed to be touching things – you saw them, touched them – in their higher ordinance.

It came after a vision of plants and the spontaneous beauty of plants (which is something so wonderful!), then of the animal with such a harmonious life (when men don't interfere), and all that was quite in its own place. Then true humanity seen as such, that is to say, the summit of what a balanced mind can produce in beauty, in harmony, in charm, in elegance in life, in taste for life – taste to live in beauty – while eliminating, naturally, all that is ugly and low and vulgar. That was a lovely humanity. Humanity at its highest, but lovely. And perfectly satisfied as such, because it lives harmoniously. And it may also be like a promise of what almost the totality of humanity will become under the influence of the new creation: as I saw it, it was what the supramental consciousness can do with humanity. There was even a comparison with what humanity has done with animal kind (something extremely mixed, of course, but there have been improvements, betterments, more complete utilizations). Animality under the mental influence has become something else, which naturally has been mixed because the mind is incomplete; similarly there are examples of a harmonious humanity among the

well-balanced people, and it appeared to be what humanity could become under the supramental influence.

Only, it's very far ahead; we shouldn't expect it to come about immediately – it's very far ahead.

There is clearly, even now, a transitional period, which may last a rather long time and is rather painful. But the sometimes painful effort (often painful) is made up for by a clear vision of the goal to be reached, of the goal that WILL be reached – an assurance, you know, a certitude. But it<sup>104</sup> would be something that had the power to eliminate all the errors, all the distortions and ugliness of mental life, and then a very happy humanity, quite satisfied with being human, feeling no need whatsoever to be anything but human, but with a human beauty, a human harmony.

It was very charming, it was as though I were living in it. Contradictions had disappeared. As though I lived in that perfection. And it was almost like the ideal conceived by the supramental consciousness of a humanity that had become as perfect as it can be. It was very good.

And it brings a great sense of rest. Tension, friction, all that disappears – impatience, too. All that had completely disappeared.

*In other words, you're concentrating the work instead of diffusing it everywhere?*

No, it may be materially diffused because the individuals aren't necessarily gathered together. But there aren't many of them.

That idea of an urgent need to "prepare" humanity for the new creation, that impatience has disappeared.

*The realization must first take place in a few.*

Exactly.

Take for instance a book like yours<sup>105</sup> (but I've known this from the beginning), a book of that sort will have fulfilled its full purpose if it touches just a dozen people. It doesn't need to sell by the thousands. If it touches a dozen people, it will have fulfilled its purpose to the full. That's how it is.

I saw that, I have seen that so concretely.<sup>106</sup> Besides those who are capable of preparing for the supramental transformation and the realization, whose number is necessarily very limited, there should be increasingly developed, in the midst of the ordinary human mass, a higher humanity that had towards the future or promised supramental being the same attitude as animality, for instance, has towards man. What is needed, besides those who work for the transformation and are ready for it, is a higher or intermediate humanity that would have found in itself or in life this harmony with life – this HUMAN harmony – and that would have the same sense of worship, of devotion, of faithful dedication to "something" that seems to it so superior that it doesn't even attempt to realize it, but which it worships and whose influence and protection it feels the need of – and the need to

live in that influence and to have the joy of being under that protection.... It was so clear. But not that anguish and agony of wanting something that eludes you because – because it isn't yet your destiny to have it, and because the amount of necessary transformation is premature for your existence, and so it creates a disorder and a suffering.

But I clearly see that when the work is done as I am "made" to do it, it becomes that way very spontaneously. For instance, one of the very concrete things, which shows the problem clearly: humanity has the sex impulse quite naturally, spontaneously and, I may say, legitimately. This impulse will naturally and spontaneously disappear along with animality (a lot of other things will disappear, such as for instance the need to eat, perhaps also the need to sleep the way we do), but the most conscious impulse in a higher humanity, and which has remained as a source of ... bliss is a big word, but of joy, of delight, is certainly the sexual activity, which will have absolutely no more reason to exist in the functions of nature when the need to create in that way no longer exists. Therefore the capacity to come into contact with the joy in life will go up one rung or will orient itself differently. But what the spiritual aspirants of old had attempted on principle – sexual negation – is an absurd thing, because it must exist only in those who have gone beyond that stage and no longer have any animality in them. And it must fall off naturally, effortlessly, without struggle, just like that. Making it a focus of conflict, struggle and effort is ridiculous. To be sure, my experience with the Ashram has absolutely proved that to me, because I have seen all the stages and that all the ideas and prohibitions are absolutely useless, that it's only when the consciousness stops being human that it falls off quite naturally. There is a transition there that may be somewhat difficult because transitional beings are always in a precarious balance, but inside oneself there is a sort of flame or need thanks to which the transition isn't painful – it's not a painful effort, it's something that can be done with a smile. But to want to impose that on those who aren't ready for that transition is absurd. I have been much reproached for encouraging certain people to marry; there are lots of these children to whom I say, "Get married, get married!" I am told, "What! You encourage them?" – it's common sense.

It's common sense. They are human, but let them not pretend they aren't.

It's only when the impulse spontaneously becomes impossible for you, when you feel it as something painful and contrary to your deeper need, then it becomes easy; at that time, well, outwardly you cut the links, then it's over.

This is one of the most convincing examples.

It's the same thing with food – it will be the same thing. And there will probably be a transition in which our food will be less and less purely material. That's what they are after nowadays: all their vitamins and tablets are an instinctive research for a less down-to-earth food, which certainly will serve as a transition.

There are lots of things like that. Since the 24th [the darshan day] I have been living in this new consciousness and have seen the picture of a lot of things. There

are even experiences I had gone through which I've understood now. Like for instance when I fasted for ten days (completely, without even a drop of water), without a thought for food (I didn't have time to eat), and it wasn't a struggle: it was a decision. And at that time there was a faculty in me which developed little by little, and when for example I breathed in flowers, it was nourishing. I saw it: you get nourished in a subtler way.

Only, the body isn't ready. The body isn't ready and it deteriorates, which means that it eats itself up. So that shows that the time hadn't come and it was just an experiment – an experiment which teaches you something, which teaches you that there mustn't be a blunt refusal to come in contact with the corresponding matter, there mustn't be isolation (you can't isolate yourself, that's impossible), but a communion on a higher or deeper level.

*(silence)*

The message we distributed on the 24th,<sup>107</sup> it was Sri Aurobindo who had told me to keep it for the 24th, that was very clear and very categorical, but I didn't know why. But now he has clearly shown me why and I've well understood. Because this Power is becoming more and more obvious – this Truth-Power – and naturally human thought, which is childish (it has the same attitude towards supramental thought as what we may call animal thought or sentiment has towards human thought or sentiment), has almost a need for superstition ("superstition" is an ugly word for something that's not ugly: it's an ignorant, ingenuous and very trusting faith), and, well, as soon as you feel the influence of a Power, that faith makes you believe in the miracle, it makes you believe that the Supramental is going to manifest now, that you are going to become supramental, and that ... And quite amusingly, I usually have to send out two to three hundred of these "messages" every darshan (everyone asks me for some for his correspondents); and this time, I haven't even given a hundred of them! (*Laughing*) Not even a hundred. Ah, it's not so comfortable, of course, it comes and tells you, "No, no, be sensible."

It's very amusing. I still have my whole stack here.

It's like telling a dog, "Don't think, don't believe at all I am as you imagine, all-powerful and all-knowing." If the dog were told the truth of how we humans are, the poor thing would be quite disappointed! It believes you are the all-powerful being, knowing everything and capable of doing everything. Well, that's the same thing, you don't tell a dog, "You're superstitious."

*(silence)*

Those who have touched the higher regions of intelligence but haven't mastered in themselves the mental faculties have an ingenuous need for everyone to think as they do and to be able to understand as they understand, and when they realize that others cannot, don't understand, their first reflex is to be horribly shocked; they say, "What a fool!" But "fool" isn't the point at all – they are



different, they live in another region. You don't go and tell an animal, "You're a fool," you say, "It's an animal." Well, you say, "It's a man." It's a man. Only, there are those who aren't men anymore and aren't gods yet, and those are in a very ... in English they say, a very *awkward* position.

But it was so soothing, so sweet, so marvelous, that vision – each thing expressing its own kind, quite naturally.

And then, the Flame ... When the Flame lights up, everything becomes different. But this Flame is something totally different; it's totally different from religious feeling, religious aspiration, religious worship (all that is very fine, it's the summit of what man can do and it's very fine, it's excellent for humanity), but this Flame, the Flame of transformation, is something else. Oh, I remember now that Sri Aurobindo reminded me of something I had written in Japan (which is printed in *Prayers and Meditations*), and I had never understood what I had written. I always tried to understand and asked myself, "What the devil did I mean? I have no idea." It had come like that and I had written it directly. It was about a "child" and it read, "Do not come too near him because you will get burnt." (I don't remember the words at all.) And I always wondered, "What's this child I am referring to?... And why should one take care not to come too near him??"<sup>108</sup> And suddenly, only yesterday or the day before, I understood; suddenly he showed me, he told me, "It's this: the 'child' is the beginning of the new creation, it is still in its infancy," so don't touch it if you don't want to be burnt – because it burns.

*(silence)*

And it's quite clear that with the breadth and totality of the vision something comes which is a compassion that understands – not that pity of the superior for the inferior: the true divine Compassion, which is the total understanding that everyone is what he must be.

There remain only distortions. There was also the explanation of distortions. It was a decisive vision that puts everything in its place. A true revelation.

All those things have been told a thousand times, they have been written I don't know how many times, they have been thought and expressed – all that is very fine, up there. But this is seen on the [material] plane itself, felt, lived, breathed, absorbed; it's something else altogether. It's an understanding that has nothing to do with intellectual understanding.

*(after a long silence)*

Sri Aurobindo continues to tell me things.... It's truly very interesting.

There is a sort of instinct which wants everything to be in agreement with the experience one has. But that is a tendency to uniformity, the Supreme's uniform oneness, which is the nonmanifest Supreme, eternally unchanging, in opposition to the innumerable multiplicity of all the expressions of that Oneness; and instinctively there is always a recoil (*gesture*) towards the Nonmanifest, instead of

*(Mother opens her two hands)* an acceptance of the manifestation in its totality. It's very interesting.

And it's the first effect of the return to the Origin.

The first effect of the return to the origin is simplification, identity, the One – the identical One. And then there is the movement of the manifestation (*gesture of expansion*): the multiple Immensity.

It's instinctive.

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

**November 30, 1965**

*Mother takes up the translation of "Savitri":*

Imagining meanings in life's heavy drift,  
They trusted in the uncertain environment  
And waited for death to change their spirit's scene.

(X.IV.641)

Yes, those are the people who are hoping to go to a beatific heaven.

The entire West is convinced, of course, that the earth has to be taken as it is and that it's a preparation for a life in another world, which according to your "faults" or "qualities" will be a heaven or a hell. But anyway, doing away with hell, all those who have goodwill will go to a beatific heaven.

It's a weird invention, isn't it!

Anyway ...

But there is an accumulation, an extraordinary compactness of knowledge in this whole *Savitri*, at every turn. There is nothing that's void of knowledge. It's truly interesting.

## December

**December 1, 1965**

*(Note from Mother to Satprem)*

Satprem,

In the "Notes on the Way," there is a lot of pruning to be done.<sup>109</sup>

The passage concerning sanctioned marriages must be cut, and so must the entire reference to the Ashram's composition. All that is too "private" to be published.

And along that line you may find here and there other sentences that are better omitted.

I would like us to go over that again carefully next Saturday.

Tenderness

*Signed: Mother*

**December 4, 1965**

*(Mother was quite unwell the day before, and still looks very tired.)*

Yesterday was a very difficult day. And I am not quite all right yet.

I can't hear, can't see, I am in an awful state.

*(Satprem persuades Mother not to work – long meditation)*

I can remain like this indefinitely.

Once I am in it, it's fine, it's comfortable. But anyway, we can do our translation.... The difficulty is that I can't see and can't hear – I am not there!

Because as for me, I have no reason to get out of it [the meditation]. This way I feel the world is fine at last! When I get out of it, the grating starts. When I am there, the world and everything is quite fine!

*(Mother takes up her first lines of "Savitri")*

A savage din of labour and a tramp  
Of armoured life and the monotonous hum  
Of thoughts and acts that ever were the same

(X.IV.641)

There you are! That's it.

\* \* \*

### *Towards the end*

This is my great remedy. Yesterday I stayed like that [in meditation] for most of the day. Everybody thought I was asleep (!) and they took great care not to wake me up (so much the better, that was kind). This way, it's all right, everything is fine. And the body too is better, it's the only cure; for me, it's the only cure: bringing down that Peace, that Light – a vast, vast light, and calm, calm – then the cells get used to being a little more harmonious.

Otherwise, everything goes wrong.

I don't believe in doctors. Try as I might, in spite of all my goodwill, I don't believe in treatments and I don't believe in doctors. When I am in that state the doctor gives me medicines – I observe the medicines: they cause as much disorder as they do good. They do good to one thing and harm to another. So afterwards that has to be set right. You never get out of it. And what's more, they do me the favor of giving me children's doses! If I were given adults' doses, I think ... It's interesting, very interesting (!)

Basically, in order to feel at home in the world as it is today, one must belong to the category I spoke of the other day, of those who have established a harmony with all the human faculties, who are satisfied, and also who are egocentric enough not even to notice that things aren't that way for others. Then it's fine; otherwise ... Sri Aurobindo very much belonged (in his outward being) to the category of those who want things to change, who push for progress, who want to move on, who want to reject the past ... very much so. He had to make a great effort to be satisfied with things and people; it was his compassion that made him accept people around him as they were. Otherwise he used to suffer a lot.

And that's what wears out and tires and disorganizes.

I am made to learn that all the time... You see, it's a long time since that blissful contentment stopped existing (I never had it much, if it did exist at a given time, it's a very long time since it stopped holding on), but I am taught to pass on to a higher stage in which one is sufficiently free from all external vibrations to be able to live in the true, harmonious Vibration. But for the body it's difficult, because every time you eat, you absorb disorder; every time you breathe, you absorb disorder – you live in disorder. So it's a work of clarification, organization, harmonization, and everything becomes very still, absolutely still: there (*gesture to the forehead*), absolute silence and light – the light of an unmoving light; and then, to make that come down here (*the body*). Very still ... Yet the blood is constantly moving along, isn't it? But I think it must be moving at a slower pace. Then it's fine.

I think external science says it's in sleep that toxins are burnt; well, that's the point: it's the stillness that illuminates dark vibrations.

*(Laughing)* So I have given you two a dose!

**December 7, 1965**

*Regarding Mother's recent "illness"*

It was what people call "black magic" – I don't call it black magic, but it was an adverse formation, which I saw in all its details exactly on December 5. On the 5th itself I saw it, and afterwards I understood. It was extremely interesting, but it's impossible to repeat. On the 5th, at the meditation, I knew what it was (the day after you came). Extremely interesting. Maybe one day I will tell it, but it's very, very private.

On the afternoon of the 5th, after I had understood clearly and seen everything and done everything, suddenly ... (you know how Sri Aurobindo used to take away illnesses: it was like a hand that came and took away the disease), it went away just like that, it was taken away, literally taken away like that, and the body was INSTANTLY fine. Oh, you know, I am still flabbergasted.

Just as if you had a hood over your head, and something comes and removes it: pfft! all the symptoms, all gone. It's wonderful.

When this Power works, we will see something.

*But for four or five years, every year around December 5 you have been attacked.*

Ah, yes. It's all part of the same thing. It's the same thing.

It's more than four or five years, more than that. Only ... Anyway, when I explain it, it will be clear.

But I saw it not in human thought, not at all, not as one understands it: I saw it as it is, and what permits these attacks – what not only permits them, not only makes them possible, but what makes those things NECESSARY for the body's transformation.

To put it simply, the whole thing is to bear up, that's all. That's all – to endure and bear up.

But just when it left, just half a second before that, there came ... How can I explain? It's so simple and natural and unsophisticated, oh, so simple that it seems childish. It was as though I were told by a voice that would be like Sri Aurobindo's voice, "*You are the stronger and you can send the ball away,*" something of that sort. But the words are nothing; it was the feeling of a sort of ... *buoyancy*, as they

say in English, that feeling one has when one is young, full of boldness and enthusiasm – the feeling of absolutely scoffing at them and at their "formidable" formation, as a lion would scoff at a rat. Absolutely that sort of relationship. And that kind of enthusiasm lasted just a flash, and at the same time, just at the same time (*gesture of a hood being removed*), pfft! like night and day.

Oh, it has taught me a lot, a whole lot of things, a world of things.

It was hard. It lasted a long time – the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and the whole 5th till about 6:30 in the evening: three days.

And each day brings something. It seems to be going at a gallop, it's going fast. Yesterday too, I learned something: for the work, the reason for confusions. It was very interesting, a very interesting demonstration. And so forth, every day there is something like that, in the minute details of the material working. Very interesting. Now, let's get on with the work.

\* \* \*

*(There follows a long and habitual discussion on the problem of the publication of Mother's words. As usual, Mother wants to cut everything out – "I don't want any I" – and as usual Satprem literally has to fight to salvage a few fragments here and there. The present instance concerns the "Notes on the Way.")*

But I can see, lots of people read the *Bulletin*, and we have to be careful of what we print. So we'll have to go over this carefully.

*Have there been recriminations again?*

No, there have been enthusiasts – so enthusiastic that we have to take care.

There have been protests, but I don't care a bit about them, I am not interested. It's with the enthusiasts, those on whom it had a lot of effect, that we have to take care.

The enthusiasts are often more dangerous.... Recriminations mean people who don't understand anything, that doesn't matter – if they don't understand, too bad for them. But for those who understand, we have to see that it doesn't have too much effect on them. We must be careful.

*Yes, but if we cut out all that's personal, there remains a sort of "declaration" that has no concrete impact. It remains vague and general.*

We can keep the complete text for those who are ready to see the whole.

*(Satprem protests)*

But mon petit, read the whole thing again for yourself, and tell yourself that all

those who are ready to read the whole thing will read it one day, that's all, it's enough!

*I should never read your texts back to you, because you're impossible!*

*(Mother laughs)*

*(The discussion goes on and Mother again wants to cut out the whole end of the conversation of November 27 which Satprem wanted to publish in "Notes on the Way." It was about the double movement of Oneness and Multiplicity.)*

Don't lose heart.

*But it all hangs together!*

Yes, all those who have your development will understand, but others won't.

No, it's a beginning of experience which isn't yet in its final form. I will say it better another time. A day will come when I will say it well. *(Poking fun at Satprem)* You'll have an opportunity to write it out well!

Leave it all, it's enough, all that is private, it's good for the *Agenda*. One day I'll draw a picture – a living picture because it will be perfectly lived – of the supreme Consciousness, which is both Nothingness and Totality at the same time. And then, the day when I am able to put that experience into words, it will be something with weight. But wait a little, we must wait a little more.

These are the first stammerings of a novice.

*I do understand, but ... but even those stammerings are full of meaning! Even your hesitations, even your unfinished sentences. It's full of meaning.*

Yes, it's good for ... (as the old phrase says) it's good for the faithful, but the "faithless" mustn't see the stammerings, it doesn't help them.

She [Sujata] will have less typing to do!

*(Satprem makes a face)*

**December 10, 1965**

What do you have to say?... Tell me.

*I am a bit troubled because I've got the news that my friend has committed suicide.*

Tell me about it. Which friend?

*A Gold Washer.*

But you've had many friends in life, haven't you?

*No.*

Had you kept in touch with him?

*He was the person closest to me.*

Did you see him last time when you went back to France?

*No.*

Where was he?

*Oh, around the world, in Africa lately, here and there.*

And where does he write you from?

*From Paris.*

How old is he?

*A bit younger than me.*

What does he write? Do you have his letter? Give it to me.

*He was a rebel.*

Yes.

*He didn't find.*

But he is a rebel in *tamas*, *mon petit*. Suicide and *tamas* go together – unconsciousness or stupidity. (*Mother looks at the letter*) He doesn't sign his name, he writes, "Your brother, the gold washer."

*Yes.*

Is he an intellectual?

*No, not much. He is a man of action.*

(*Mother* again "looks" at the letter) Are you sure he has committed suicide? ... I am not. Do you have his address? Can you find out?

*Yes, I can.*



(Silence) You are still very sensitive to others' formations.

*He's a man whom I understand well, I lived with him. He wasn't at all an ordinary man who accepted life like most people who are comfortable in life.*

No, but he was a "dramatizer."

*Not at all. He is a man of action and an ore prospector.*

That's the appearance.

*He is a very simple and rough type. He never used to exhibit anything, never used to say anything, and when he was sensitive to something, outwardly he would grow harder and harder. A very rough man, without aesthetic refinement. Just a man of action, who translated what he felt into acts.*

No, he is intuitive. You didn't know it, but he was an intuitive type.

*Yes, there was something in him.*

When I said "dramatizer," I didn't mean physically; you contradicted me, but I didn't mean physically, I meant vitally, and I know what I am talking about.

*Vitally a dramatizer ... Possibly.*

(silence)

*He had a taste for freedom. That's rather rare.*

Do you have the envelope? Is there a date-stamp?

*Yes, December 6, from Paris.*

What was he like? Short, tall? Fat, thin, dark?

*Rather short, strong, stocky, with a crew cut.*

The eyes?

*Rather dark, I think.*

His hair too?

*Yes. A turned-up nose.*

(silence)

*I blame myself for not having helped him.*

Didn't you ever write to him?

*Once in two or three years.*

It would have made no difference. Only what must happen happens – that's an absolute rule.

Only what must happen happens. And it's unthinkable it might be otherwise. Therefore telling oneself, "I should have done this" ... It would have been for your own satisfaction, but it would not have changed circumstances in any way.

And he isn't dead – he may have lost his body, that's possible, I don't know (for me that's a secondary question), but he isn't dead.<sup>110</sup>

But it's a pity when someone commits suicide.

*Yes, it's a pity.*

It's stupid.

*But he didn't know, it's just that. Those are people who don't know.*

Yes, they don't know. But he is intuitive.

*Of course! But the terrible thing is that there are people like that who DON'T KNOW. He was exactly like me, without, for instance, the knowledge of what's here. If I hadn't known you and India, I would have done like him, I would have committed suicide just like him.... But those people, it's not their fault!*

But there's no "fault"! It's never anybody's "fault"! (*Mother laughs*) It's not the Lord's fault! The Lord has no faults!

*Anyway, it's a pity that there wasn't...*

For me, he isn't dead. I don't know; he may be physically alive, I don't know, but for me he isn't dead.

*You mean he is sufficiently formed and exists on another plane?*

Yes, he is conscious enough.

I asked you these details because since the 5th up till now I have been seeing in the Vital a number of people who had just left their bodies, and I wanted to know if he was one of them. I saw two in particular who were as you say, squat, a bit stout, with black hair and dark eyes. If I had a photograph, I would tell you if it's he or not: just like this I can't say. I have seen lots of them – but for me those people aren't dead!

They have remained conscious, and when one is conscious one isn't dead.

And if it's as I think, it's someone who came straight here – he came straight to you, so naturally I saw him.

So what! ...

*No, I'm not saddened by his "death," that's not it ...*

You are saddened by not having done what you think you should have done.

*No ... And also, there's the suffering it involves – the unnecessary suffering.*

You're adding your own unnecessary suffering to all the others! – I don't see your logic.

That's the EXTRAORDINARY lesson Sri Aurobindo gave us, and that's how I took it. When he left, the first thing I said was, "Now everyone may die, it doesn't matter in the slightest." And it was absolutely true, and since that day it has been absolutely true.

It absolutely does not matter.

And I now have with Sri Aurobindo an intimacy I didn't have when he lived in a physical body: he was busy on his side, I was busy on mine, we never used to speak to each other. We were very close, as close as can be, as one as can be, ON THE SAME PLANE AS WE ARE NOW. And now when I want to know something, when I want an answer to a question, I just have to do this (*gesture of immobile silence*) and I have the answer. Before, I might have been busy in one room and he in another, and I didn't even have the time or the possibility to ask him for the information.

Not that I approve of death! I fight it as much as I can, for me it's a falsehood – death and falsehood go together. But ... it's an appearance.

When you accept the falsehood [of death], it makes you suffer. When you no longer accept, you smile. You smile, there is nothing else to do but smile.

*It's not at all his death that affects me, but ...*

Well, mon petit, sit down a minute, stay still, call your friend and tell him, "Here. Here is what I wanted to tell you, here is what I should have taught you, here. Now learn it from me" (I mean, from you), "from my consciousness. Now I am putting you in the Light; now I am putting you in the Knowledge; now learn all that you are capable of learning," and that's all. You will have done the best you could do.

It's because there is still in your external consciousness a doubt about the invisible reality; it's nothing but that, and when "that" which we can see and touch goes away, it's painful.

*No, that's not the point....*

But I am telling you: what has affected you is that there was in this letter a very strong vital formation (which was influencing him too), a sort of ... (excuse my saying so, I don't want to harm your friendship or your memory), but it's a sort of drama he was putting on for himself – besides, all those who commit suicide are like that, WITHOUT ONE EXCEPTION. It's a drama that he was putting on for himself and living very powerfully in the vital, and the formation came on you

along with the letter and that's what has troubled you. I know this, because my first reaction while reading the letter was a smile – the smile I wear in the face of the dramas of the vital. I am absolutely sure of it, you could swear to me that it's not so, it would make no difference. I am absolutely sure. He was the first ... I might say "victim," if you like, the first victim of the drama, but then it came on you, it pounced on you along with the letter. A drama in the vital. And it's a drama in the vital, all these things are dramas in the vital.... Listen, just these last few days – the days between the 5th and the 9th – I always relive the minutes I lived in 1950, and I always see them in the light of the knowledge I have acquired, and I SAW, I saw to what extent pain, sorrow, regret ... especially that regret of not having done what one should have done, which is another absurdity because one NECESSARILY did what one had to do – one wasn't what one should have been and one must change, that's why one must change, but one did what one had to do because you cannot do anything but what the Lord makes you do, and He makes you do the thing which is at the same time the best possible for the whole and the best possible for your own progress. There. So all the regrets of "I should have ... I shouldn't have ..." are rubbish.

You understand, I am saying this with all the power of the knowledge lived in all the details. I KNOW this. And this is precisely the time of the year when I know it best, in the most living and concrete way, and the most powerful.

It's all right, he is a fine boy, he has substance, he'll be all right. If he did actually leave his body, we'll give him another one. There.

*Yes, he was a fine boy.*

Yes, he is a fine boy. Oh, I know him well, now. Now I know him. A fine boy. It's quite all right.

But he is here, vitally.

It's all right.

You just have to give him all the affection you had for him, exactly as if he were physically by your side. You give him your affection and do for him, like that, in the inner silence, what you would like to do if he were here physically – and it makes no difference, that's all. That's the point on which I insist, that illusion – that sticky illusion – which clings to our consciousness and says that this is the reality (*Mother pinches the skin of her hands*) – but this is the falsehood, this is the illusion, because it's not the correct expression of reality.

And rebels (they don't know, they're ignorant) revolt because things aren't as they should be, and instead of saying to themselves (because they don't have the knowledge), instead of saying to themselves, "Now I'll work for things to become as they want to be, as they should be," they go off. They say, "No, I don't accept the world as it is." That's very good. It's very good, you needn't accept it, nobody is asking you to accept it as it is, but if you have goodwill, help it to change.

Now he will understand.

*Yes, that's the important point.*

He will understand.

No, as long as the world isn't changed, death doesn't matter in the least, and when the world is changed, there will be no more death, that's all. Or else it will be death for plants, death for animals, death for man (man as man), and for them, it will be a quite natural state, there won't be anything to feel sorry about.

Death as it is understood, on the inner level, means the loss of consciousness.... That would be the most ... the most dreadful and horrible thing, if it were possible. But it's not possible. If you have consciousness, it cannot be lost. Some things don't have consciousness yet, so little by little, little by little, they learn to have it; but the consciousness you have cannot be lost, that's not possible. All the deaths in the world cannot take it away from you, and that's why I smile – try, mon petit!

It's impossible.

Consciousness is something eternal. Consciousness is divine, consciousness is eternal, and NOTHING can destroy it.

Appearances are another matter.

And it's only unconsciousness that's destroyed (meaning that there is an appearance of destruction), but not consciousness.

So then, all the drama – all the tragedy, all the horror, all the dread, all of it – is vital fabrication. Well, those who are God's warriors don't allow themselves to be affected by that. One smiles, "Yes, yes, you may put on a big show, we don't care; go ahead with the big show if you enjoy it." As for us, we know it's only a show – an ugly show, if you like, it's not pretty, but it's just a show.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, about Dr. Sanyal, who has gone to Madras for a brain operation after an unsuccessful operation in America.)*

The doctor is in Madras....

*When are they going to operate?*

I don't know. They'll telephone.

First they will see if it can be done. Because the American surgeon had said it would be fatal, so this one is taking his precautions, I suppose.

But the doctor says, "I'd rather try and die ..." He didn't have sufficient faith to be cured without outward means, that's the pity – but who has sufficient faith?... I don't know. There are some .... there are some who have that marvelous grace. He didn't have it: the reason, the intelligence were infinitely too active for him to have it.

Yesterday evening, I gave him a little over twenty minutes of concentration. He was sitting and I was standing, holding his hands.... "Never pull down on yourself," it is said, but you can pull down on someone else – I pulled the Force all

out. It was so powerful that his hand kept trembling<sup>111</sup> while mine was still! Afterwards, once it was over, I wondered how it could be, I didn't understand: my hand, which was holding his, stayed still, but his was shaking; I felt his tremor in my hand. Then I stopped, when, all of a sudden, everything came to a halt: he stopped moving. And relaxation came, a relaxation. I was concentrating there, on his head – relaxation. Then I stopped. Time was up, anyway. Therefore IT CAN BE DONE. But this lack of faith based on the higher intelligence, the higher reason, prevents it from staying: it brings back the difficulty instantly. But I saw – I saw it: it did stop. For me that was an obvious proof.

And I did it deliberately. It's true that it is dangerous to "pull down" because if the resistance is too great, something gets demolished, but there was nothing to risk anymore since he himself was ready to go to Madras to be sent to another world. I did it.

Truly, even materially and even in the present state of the world, nothing is impossible. All that is needed is the Lord's Sanction (*sanction* in the English sense of the word). And it was He who wanted it, it was He who willed it. I, who can't remain standing for more than ten minutes without my head whirling, stayed there half an hour MOTIONLESS: I didn't feel anything, I was quite beyond all "karmas"! It took half an hour for everything to come to a stop, and it was clearly a momentary effect, meaning that it could have lasted one hour, two hours, I don't know, but with the inner vibrations of his being (lack of faith and so on) it could only be momentary.

But it happened. And it wasn't through an imposition: it was through a relaxation, with the Force descending like a mass, brrf! Tremendous, mon petit! ... Two or three times there was a loosening [in the doctor], then it resumed: it was as if driven out of the brain, and it came back into the brain; I drove it out and back it came. And the last time, there was a relaxation. Then I said, "Thank You, Lord, I thank You."

Now I am sure.

We shall see. Maybe the operation will convince him that it can be done (if the Madras doctor too is convinced it can be done). It can obviously be done – everything is possible.

But those things are very interesting.... Because when he was in America, suddenly I saw he was going to get killed (after the first operation), and I said right away, "I don't want him to die there, it's stupid, it's a silly business, a defeat, I don't want it." I sent him a talisman I had myself prepared (so that his human intelligence might have a little faith), then I worked on the other doctor, the American surgeon. And when Sanyal went and saw the surgeon for his operation, the surgeon told him, "No, between your first operation and this one, I've had a series of catastrophes, of fatal experiences with people who died; I don't want to do it because I feel I am going to cause you to die and I refuse." Then Sanyal said, "I am willing to die," and the other answered, "But I am not willing to kill you!" And Sanyal came back here. And when he came back, I told him, "Please excuse me, but that's my doing!"

Now we shall see. If the other doctor has trust and he too has trust, it's quite possible. But it's neither this doctor nor any other that will have done it: it's the Lord. Only He can do things. I told Sanyal when he came back from America, "*It's only the Lord that can cure you, nobody.*" Then he told me, "Oh, yes, but there are means of intervening." I answered him, "Any means you like, it's all the same to me!"

\* \* \*

*Then Mother returns to the Gold Washer's suicide:*

Petit, it's to help you take a step forward.

It's very good.

You know, the big difficulty is that importance and above all that sense of absolute reality we attach to physical life.

It's not physical life that's important: it's Life; it's not physical consciousness that's important: it's Consciousness. So when you are free, you can use ... well, all the materiality you want. One should be able to pick and choose and leave the rest out ... and make use of it as one wants; one should be the master of Matter, not Matter sitting on top of you and coercing you – what's that!

And that's the point, it's because one has in one's inner being the memory of a Freedom that one revolts against the slavery here (a disgusting slavery); only, one lacks the knowledge that consciousness alone can change everything. Throwing everything out of the window isn't the way to change things, that's all.

But it's over for your friend, I have taken him with me. It's all right.

**December 15, 1965**

*The day before, Mother was visited by the King of Nepal.*

I have no roses left (*Mother looks for a flower for Satprem*), they took everything!

But this king<sup>112</sup> is a remarkable man. He has a remarkable history, but it would be too long to tell.... I was in contact with him before (*gesture of mental communication*), and I had said, "I won't speak" – and I didn't speak. When he came he looked at me, then suddenly (he was standing), he remained standing in

meditation, he closed his eyes and remained motionless. And then he asked me his questions mentally – I received them. And the answer came from up above, magnificent. An answer with a golden, superb force, and a power telling him that he had a great role to play and had to be strong and so on.

A very, very intelligent man.

And India's ambassador to Nepal (whom I had already seen once, he has a very remarkable wife, who was here too, she is very sweet) had me asked (because they're going to have a conference in Nepal about the Chinese claims), he asked me what solution I saw. I sent him my answer.

It's really very interesting, the way I saw the thing.<sup>113</sup> And it seems, so they told me – "Oh, that's exactly what the Chinese want!" I said, "Very well, that's very good, but instead of it being with the Chinese, it will be with the Indians": a federation of all these states.

All that is very good. It means there is really a Force on the march.

But my roses are all gone!

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards*

Sanyal's operation was yesterday.

At 3:45 P.M., V. telephoned from Madras that the operation had succeeded, that the tremor had stopped in the right hand and right leg and there would be no paralysis.

Today a letter from V. came which tells the whole thing. But after that there was a telegram saying that he spent a very restless night and had a temperature. That's the latest news.

*(Mother hands V.'s letter<sup>114</sup> to Satprem)*

"The operation is successful. Tremor of the right hand and leg have stopped. There is no paralysis. Dr. is feeling well. This morning Dr. had his coffee early in the morning. At 7:30 A.M. a barber shaved his head. Dr. then looked like a Buddhist monk (*Mother laughs*). At 9 A.M. he was removed near the operation theater N° 2. At that time he had a sterile dressing on his head. At 10 A.M. he was taken inside the operation theater. They brought him out at 3 P.M. and put him in the post-operative ward. On seeing all of us surrounding his bed, he started weeping. We all moved away from his bed. He then lifted his right hand and leg. There was absolutely no tremor. His head is covered with a big bandage. We all pray for Dr.'s recovery."<sup>115</sup>



**December 18, 1965**

*(Sujata:) Why is Pavitra in such poor condition?*

The doctor predicted he wouldn't be able to move anymore at all, and he climbs the stairs, goes here and there. Only, it's quite an effort. But the doctor said, "He won't be able to move anymore, he will be bed-ridden." So it's already *a big achievement*. It's an ankylosis of all the muscles.<sup>116</sup>

*(Sujata:) When I see him in the morning, it's terrible. It takes him a long time before he's able to move, and he is in a lot of pain.*

Yes, it hurts.

Oh, he walks about through sheer willpower. I know that. I know, because as a rule you're finished, you can't move anymore.

*(silence)*

Ultimately, the whole difficulty comes from the amount of unconsciousness left in the Matter we are made of. That's ... that's terrible. And then, that's what it takes to pull this Matter out of its unconsciousness: all the suffering, all the disorder, all the pummeling.... That's what I see every day. And the degree of stupidity ... To us it's stupidity, we call it stupidity, but ... You know, the intermediary to which this unconsciousness responds is the mentality of the cell, the material mentality, but then, when this material mentality is seized with an idea, it is actually possessed by the idea and it's almost impossible (not impossible but extremely difficult) for it to free itself – it takes an intervention from another domain.

Diseases are just that. It's the same thing with the doctor's illness: this tremor is the possession by an idea, it's what in the conscious intelligence is expressed as the possession by an idea, a hypnosis – a sort of hypnosis accompanied by a fear in matter. The two things together: possession and fear, a sort of fearfulness. And a sense of helplessness in all that. The possession by an idea and a helplessness to reject it, and a fear, a helplessness to resist. And then a sort of fearfulness that is translated in us by, "Oh, it's going to be that way ... oh, it's going to be a disease...."

In the old Scriptures they used to compare that with a dog's twisted tail. And it is truly like that, it's a sort of TWIST that you try to straighten out and which goes back to its shape automatically, idiotically – you untwist it, it twists up again; you reject it, it comes again. It's extremely interesting, but it's miserable. Miserable. And all illnesses are like that, all, all of them, whatever their external form. The external form is only one way of being of the SAME THING – because things are arranged in every possible way (there aren't two identical things and everything is arranged differently), so then, some follow similar twists, and that's what doctors

call "such and such an illness." But if they are sincere, they will tell you, "There aren't two like illnesses."

But what toil it is! ... I am fighting with that at the moment, it's a fistfight.

How much time will it take? I don't know. What price will have to be paid? I don't know.... Yes, certainly, we can picture the end: when we have got the "hang," the deeper law or true power that governs those things, ah, then ... we'll have the power to do something.

Until then, we have to hold out. Do you know what holding out is? It's being like this (*immobile gesture in the Eternal*). You are assailed by innumerable ideas, a general defeatism (*same gesture*) – be immobile in an ascending and progressive faith.

Oh, I remember, I said the other day that perfection is eternal and it's because of Matter's resistance that, on earth, perfection is progressive.

## December 22, 1965

*I have a lot of difficulties inwardly.... I don't know, I feel I am very inhuman, as if I were far, far, far away. And all human relationships tire me. I am far away.*

That doesn't matter. Do you think it's necessary to feel human?

*I don't know.... It's bad, isn't it?*

It's not really necessary to feel human.

*It's as if I were lending myself to a certain game, but it tires me more than anything. As if I were far away. So I am wondering if it's good or bad (!)*

I think all the experiences that are sent to us are sent because they are necessary. I am convinced of this. And fortunately, my body too is convinced of this, because ... If I looked at it from the ordinary point of view ... it's rather wretched.

Everyone around me is ill, and ... (*gesture falling back on Mother*). Fever, this, that ...

It's difficult, very difficult. I told you, it's very difficult.

Well, I am convinced – my body is convinced (fortunately it is itself convinced) that it's because it has to learn some things. We must learn. There is a lot to learn....

Here (*Mother hands Satprem a flower called "Grace"*). We must hold tight to it, like that, you know, with both hands, close our eyes when the going is very rough and wait till it's over.

*But you don't see anything wrong in me? "Nothing wrong?"*

No, no! *Nothing wrong!* (*Mother laughs*) Can you work or are you too tired?

*No, no! I am tired inwardly.*

Oh, one must never be tired inwardly.

*I mean psychologically, towards others.*

You don't feel like seeing them (*Mother laughs*). That's very good, an excellent state, quite favorable!

## **December 25, 1965**

*(About Satprem's mother, who has donated money to the Ashram:)*

Is it your money?

*No, she has given all her goods to her children and there is a part that was supposed to be for me, but it's hers, so it's just as well in your hands. She says she is "ventilating herself."*

But it's true, you know. It's a very spontaneously true feeling in the being: you feel increased by what you give. As long as I felt people were giving to me, as a person, there was a shrinking, but now there's an absolutely concrete sensation (*Mother makes a circular motion going through her*): it circulates, circulates.... So now, there is the joy of the thing, because it circulates, nothing remains.

But she is sweet, your mother.... She is going to have the joy of her soul. You know, there is a joy in being more conscious of one's soul than of the material world – you may keep yourself busy, you may see clearly, you may understand, you may do what you have to do, all that remains, it's very fine, but, behind, there is ... a Light. A light, something warm, warm with a luminous, golden warmth. It's really the sense of immortality, of something that doesn't depend on a form or on circumstances. It's a consciousness in which one instantly has the feeling that there was no beginning, there is no end.... And a sort of very strong sweetness, very strong, behind everything. It takes you through life; even all the difficulties don't matter when you have caught hold of that. It's something very intimate, which expresses itself with difficulty, but which is like a support, something that holds you up always, in any circumstances.

That's what your mother will have.

She must be living it, maybe unknowingly; she must already have it a little, a beginning.

But when one has it consciously, then ... then, in reality, circumstances don't matter much.

And this money has arrived at a wonderfully appropriate time, as always!

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother takes up the "Comments on the Aphorisms" for the next Bulletin.)*

113 – Hatred is the sign of a secret attraction that is eager to flee from itself and furious to deny its own existence. That too is God's play in His creature.

It corresponds to a sort of vibration – the vibration received from people who hate. It's a vibration which is, so to say, fundamentally the same as the vibration of love. At its very bottom, there is the same sensation. Although on the surface it's the opposite, it is supported by the same vibration. And we could say that we are just as much the slaves of what we hate as of what we love – maybe even more. It's something that keeps hold of you, that obsesses you and which you cherish; a sensation you cherish, because beneath its violence there is a warmth of attraction as great as that which you feel for what you love. And it seems it's only in the activity of the manifestation, that is to say, quite on the surface, that there is this distorted appearance.

You are obsessed by what you hate still more than by what you love. And the obsession stems from that inner vibration.

All these "feelings" (what can we call them?) have a vibratory mode, with something very essential at their core and kinds of layers covering it; so the most central vibration is identical, and it's as it "inflates" to express itself that it gets distorted. For love it's perfectly obvious; in the vast majority of cases it becomes outwardly something with a wholly different nature from the inner vibration, because it's something turning in on itself, shriveling up and trying to pull to itself in an egoistic movement of possession. You WANT to be loved. You say, "I love this person," but at the same time there is what you want, and the lived feeling is, "I want to be loved." And so that's almost as great a distortion as the distortion of hatred, which consists in wanting to destroy what you love in order not to be tied down. Because you cannot obtain what you want from the object of your love, you want to destroy it in order to be freed; and in the other case, you shrivel up almost in an inner fury because you cannot obtain, you cannot gobble up what you love. (*Laughing*) In actual fact, from the standpoint of the deeper truth, there isn't much

difference!

It's only when the central vibration remains pure and is expressed in its original purity, which is a spreading out (what can I call it?... It's something radiating out, a vibration spreading out in a glory, a vibration blossoming out, yes, a radiant blossoming out), then it remains true. And materially it's expressed by self-giving, self-forgetfulness, the generosity of the soul. And that's the only true movement. But what people are used to calling "love" is as removed from the central vibration of true Love as hatred; only, the one turns in on itself, shrivels up and hardens, while the other strikes – that's what makes the whole difference.

And this isn't seen with ideas: it's seen with vibrations. It's very interesting.

In fact, I've had to study this quite a bit lately (!) I've had the opportunity to see these vibrations: the outward results may be deplorable, from a practical viewpoint they may be detestable, meaning that this sort of vibration [of hatred] encourages the need to harm, to destroy; but from the standpoint of the deeper truth, it's not a much greater distortion than the other ["love"], it's just of a more aggressive nature – hardly even that.

But if you follow the experience farther and deeper, if you concentrate on this vibration, you realize it is the original Vibration of the creation and that this Vibration is what has been transformed, distorted in everything that is. So then, there is a sort of understanding warmth (we can't exactly call it "sweetness," but it's a sweetness that would be strong), an understanding warmth in which there is as much smile as sorrow – much more smile than sorrow.... It's not to legitimize the distortion, but it's mostly a reaction against the choice that human mentality (and especially human morality) has made between one particular type of distortion and another. There is a whole series of distortions that have been labeled "bad" and there is a whole series of distortions towards which people are full of leniency, almost compliments. And yet, from the essential standpoint, this distortion is hardly better than that distortion – it's a question of choice.

Ultimately, what's necessary would be first to perceive THE central Vibration, then to appreciate its UNIQUE and marvelous quality to such a point that you automatically and spontaneously move away from all distortions, whether virtuous distortions or evil distortions.

We always come back to the same thing, there is only one solution: to reach the truth of things and cling to it – that essential truth, the truth of essential Love, and cling to it.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards, Mother remarks*

It's interesting: the field of experience in which I find myself is always related to the ideas that are part of the week's activity (like vibrations of hatred and this

aphorism, for instance). It's interesting (!)

**December 28, 1965**

*(Mother shows a box of candy-pink writing paper she has just received.)*

Pretty paper ... to write poetry on!

*Will you write?*

Me! I am no poet!

The first poetry I was able to appreciate in my life was *Savitri*. Previously, I was closed. To me it was always words: hollow, hollow, hollow, just words – words for words' sake. So as a sound it's pretty, but ... I prefer music. Music is better!

This translation of *Savitri* gives me a whole lot of fun, it's great fun for me.

Much more fun than having to "tell things" ... that are unnecessary.

\* \* \*

*Later*

... My nightly work begins around nine, till four in the morning, and it's divided into three groups of activities (nightly activities). The last group is generally between two and four in the morning, and that's when I deal with all the people! ... That, mon petit! ... It's quite comical – it's not always too pleasant, but still it's comical, oh! ... I see people as they are (*Mother laughs*); not as they think they are or want to be seen: I see them as they are.

I get information like that, all the time.

Take Purani,<sup>117</sup> for instance: I used to see him almost every night, and then some fifteen days ago (ten to fifteen days ago, I think<sup>118</sup>), before he left his body here, like that, I saw him in a place ... It's a place which is entirely made of a sort of pinkish gray clay – it's *sticky*, gluey, and rather liquid (*Mother makes the gesture of stretching chewing gum*). There were lots of people. It was a place where lots of people were going to prepare themselves there for the supramental life – but not in their present bodies, which means they were preparing something in order to be ready for the supramental life in a future existence. And I had been

taken there; there was a good number of people who had taken me there so I would see (so I would have an action of control there). But as for me, great care was taken to prevent me from being touched by that substance (it was important that I shouldn't be touched), so they wrapped me in golden veils and all sorts of things, and I was walking along. And I saw him ... I was walking on a sort of verandah (but it all had a very peculiar character, all was made of a ... bizarre matter), and there was a sort of large courtyard which was entirely made of that semiliquid, semigluey matter which looked like very diluted but very sticky clay (*same elastic gesture like chewing gum*). And suddenly I saw Purani rushing into it. From the far end he comes to me covered all over in that and sweeping through it with such strokes! He had it all over his face, all over everywhere! You could see nothing but that. I told him (*laughing*), "Oh, you like it!" He told me, "Oh, it's very nice, very nice!"

Since that evening I haven't seen him again. And then, some twelve or fifteen days later, I don't remember, he left his body.

It was a preparation.

I see some very, very amusing things.

**December 30, 1965**

*(Letter from Mother to Satprem, in answer to a letter from Satprem in which he said he was "half dissolved" and asked on which road he was or whether he was on any road at all, for he had "no sign" that he was moving forward or going anywhere.)*

Thursday morning

Satprem, my dear little child,

We will talk about that tomorrow morning.

In any event, you are closer to me now than you have ever been.

With all my tenderness

*Signed: Mother*

**December 31, 1965**

*(About Satprem's recent letter to Mother:)*

Have you received my answer? (*Mother makes a gesture of mental communication*) No? I talked to you a great deal, a very great deal.

*I have a feeling of having seen you several times these last two nights, but ... I was always trying to set up the tape recorder to record what you were telling me, but it wasn't working!*

(Mother laughs, then after a silence) Don't you really feel where your difficulty is?... It's a lack of satisfaction, no? What's called in English *frustration*, something that's disappointed.

*Yes, but that's just one way of putting it. Another way would be, "Something unaccomplished."*

Yes, but "something unaccomplished" is a feeling one has and must have till the realization, till the transformation. It's not only natural but indispensable, because those who feel accomplished or satisfied, it's over for them, they will never move on again.

*Yes, of course.*

This sort of *longing*, this feeling of something lacking – something you want, which is lacking – the farther you go, the more it increases.

*Yes, but that's not exactly the point.... I don't know where I stand, I don't know on which road I am. I don't know, I know nothing at all!*

But that's wonderful, mon petit! It means you have emerged from mental formations.

It's mental formations that say, "You are on this road" or "You are at that point of the realization" or ... For me, that's deplorable! When one is in that, one is still buried in mentality.

*Yes, but insofar as one is going somewhere ...*

But do you know exactly where you are going?

*No, of course not, but...*

No one, mon petit! No one, not me either. And it's good not to know.

*I understand very well, I'm not asking to know where I am going, but what I am asking, what I'd like to know, is that I AM going, that I am*



*making headway. There's no sign, you understand, not a single sign. It's like going somewhere in a train in which all the curtains had been pulled down – the train might be going along or might not, there's no telling, but there's no sign to show that you ARE going towards this somewhere, which I am not defining.... That's why I haven't the faintest idea of where I stand, of what I am doing.*

You know (shall I be frank?), it's purely a vital dissatisfaction. And I know that, because it has been (how can I put it?) my great difficulty with you. It was a hundred, a thousand times more violent formerly; now it's beginning to calm down. It's a vital that's very intense in its desires (which may not be ordinary desires at all), but with a sort of almost aggressive intensity, and ... essentially dissatisfied. It was very, very strong before, years ago; now it has quieted down. But every time the vital comes into play (and one is obliged to let the vital play because of the physical health; one can't "calm" it down totally because that would make the physical body suffer), it's like that.... It gives me, if you like, the impression of a cat's vital! Cats have a wonderful vital (*laughing*), far, far more clever and intense than human beings have, but the cat claws, you know, and the feeling is: "I'm not happy, that's that. I'm not happy"! (*Mother laughs*)

*No, but for instance, the first years when I was here, almost every night I had a sort of sign that I was moving along,<sup>119</sup> making headway – trifling signs, nothing to speak of: a car taking me along, a walk in a mountain, mere nothings, but they were telling me, "Oh, good, I'm getting on. It's all right, I'm moving along." But for years now, not only have I had no sign, but all I see is negative things: I see pits, I see accidents, I see infernos, I see ... But I never see a sign telling me, "Oh, yes, I'm making headway. It's all right, I'm getting along" – not that, never. So am I making headway? I don't know. What I am asking for is an encouragement, just a little gesture telling me, "Yes, you're getting along, it's all right. You're getting along, don't fret."*

But what do you call a "gesture"?

*A sign.*

And what do you call a "sign"?... Well, I think you have some trust in me, and if I tell you that you're not only progressing but progressing very fast, does it have no effect on you? You'll tell me, "Prove it." – I can't prove it to you, it's something I see, it's what I know.

*But I'd like to have some GLIMPSE of my progress. I am not asking for much, just something once in a while telling me, "Well, don't fret, you're moving along," whereas I always see the darker side, I always see pits, infernos, sewers. So why shouldn't there be from time to time a little light, a pretty landscape?*

(Mother laughs) But are you sure you never see any?

*Well, I have no trace of it, at any rate. I have traces of infernos all the time, yes, but never the other side, not a trace.*

Do you mean night activities?

*Yes, I'm talking about night activities. I'm not going so far as to ask for activities with open eyes, I am asking for at least a sign at night. In daytime, there's nothing, that's been understood for a long time.... And it's not dissatisfaction, it's ... yes, a need to know that one is making headway, that's all!*

But I am telling you you're making headway and it's not enough for you! You are talking of a "need to know," but what you're asking me for is proof.

*It's not proof. When you tell me, "You're making headway," my mind understands, but ...*

Then it's your vital. That's what I am telling you. And I insist on this point: your vital has had to be kept under control, because ... well, because of its nature. And as for it, of course, it will say, "All that isn't what I want, I have no proof of any progress."

Haven't you any sign of a psychic presence in you?

*[After a silence] For years I've had a feeling (it's a feeling, not a vision), the feeling of a great expanse of light, there, and that when I remain silent long enough, I am peaceful, tranquil, there, and it's for eternity. Well, all right, that's there, always.*

But mon petit, that's wonderful!

*But it's always been there, it's nothing new!*

Yes, but there are people who have that for one minute in their life and consider it a wonderful realization.

And it's always there – I know very well it's always there! I know it, to me it's a palpable fact.

*Yes.*

No, I assure you, you can believe me (*Mother laughs*), I have a little experience: it's done. To put it poetically, "Your head is in the Light." But your vital doesn't want this manifestation; your vital wanted a vital manifestation, as for instance when it was in the virgin forest, chopping trees down: it wanted to have the sense of the power of life. And that has been denied to it (for yogic AND material reasons, both extremes, because the body wasn't made for that, and because [*laughing!* the yoga has no time to waste with that), so Mister Vital is furious! It has been told, "Calm down, be at peace, quite at peace, it's all right, you

too will have your joy, but ... once you are transformed." And it may be less pugnacious or rebellious or aggressive than before, but it's dissatisfied, so it's what gives you the feeling, "But I have no sign that I'm making headway! I have no sign that I am progressing. Quite the contrary! Quite the contrary, it's more and more dull, more and more morose, more and more ordinary, that is to say, less and less consonant with my ideal, and my ideal ..."

*That's not exactly the point.... Yes, when it's in one of its fits, it's like that, but...*

(Mother takes Satprem's hands) To me, you are still very small and very young, you know.

So tell me what you want to say.

*To say?*

You started saying something, you said, "That's not quite the point ..."  
(*laughing*) naturally!

*I don't know. It always revolves around this problem of vision. If I had a beautiful vision from time to time ... Once – look, once, in Ceylon (it was the only time in my life), I heard Music, it was ... marvelous, it was truly divine. Well, to me, that's a sign (it happened once in my life), I say to myself, "Oh, good, I'm not far, there's something." To me that's a sign. Or if I see a beautiful light or... Then I am encouraged, I think, "All right, it's going well." I can descend into hell after that. After that I may do all sorts of absurd things, but I tell myself, "At least I know I am moving towards that." Well, no! You see, it happens once in ten years. Of course, the vital seizes on it and turns it into dissatisfaction, but otherwise, in my normal reason, I simply say, "What's going on? I don't know." I am nowhere, I am waiting.*

But so am I, mon petit, I am waiting – I am millions of years old and I am waiting.

All these last days I have been precisely in the state you are describing, in which one says, "But where, where is the concrete proof that all this is going to change?" Things are really not pretty to look at – where is it, the concrete proof? And what comes to me is always this, the most severe test I could have been given: Sri Aurobindo's departure. Because Sri Aurobindo used to speak as if he wasn't going to go. And it's something that comes and says, "See, it's all dreams for thousands of years hence." And it comes back again and again and again (*hammering gesture*); so then it's like a sword of Light, inviolable: a Certitude.

Then you no longer ask – you no longer say, no longer ask anything. You have the patience of faith: "When You want it, well, it will be." But as for me, I don't budge, I stay like this (*gesture turned to the heights*): the inviolable light.

Of course, all the outward events come and belie this. In spite of the inner

transformation (which is a sure fact, one has proof of it every second), yet the body keeps its habit of deterioration. And just when you think that things are improving (to give you, as you say, proof that you are making progress), something comes along as if to prove to you that it's all an illusion! And it's growing more and more acute, more and more acute. There is always a Voice (which I know very well, it's the voice of the adverse forces tempting you), which comes and tells you (*same hammering gesture*), "See, see how mistaken you are, see how you delude yourself, see what a mirage it all is, see ..." And then if you listen, you're done for. It's very simple: everything is done for.

You just have to put your fingers in your ears, shut your eyes and keep holding tight up above.

Well, since Sri Aurobindo left, that's what has been coming again and again (*same hammering gesture*), and, you know, more cruel than all human tortures and all the cruelty ever imagined. It's something frightfully cruel, and with all the viciousness of cruelty, and back it comes (*same gesture*). Every time the being opens out in a joy of certitude (*same gesture*) – "Calm down...."

That's where, of course, I say that this realization isn't meant for weak beings – it's meant for the stronger. And then, you are ashamed of what's weak in yourself, and you offer it, saying, "Free me from my weakness." One has to be terribly strong to do that – the strength of endurance untroubled by anything. It's like a perfection of malice which is there, forever saying (*same gesture*), "You are mistaken, it's not possible, you are mistaken, it's not possible...." And then, "Look, here is proof of the truth of what I am telling you: Sri Aurobindo, he who knew, left." And if you listen and believe in it, you're absolutely done for. You're quite simply done for. And that's what they want. Only ... they must not succeed, we must hold on. For how many years now (*hammering gesture*)?... Fifteen years, *mon petit* – for fifteen years (*same gesture*). Not a single day passes without attacks of that sort, not a single night passes without ... You say you see horrors – *mon petit*, your horrors must be something quite charming in comparison with the horrors I have seen! I don't think one human being can bear the sight of what I have seen. And it's shown to me as if to tell me that all my "ambitions," all of them, are mad. So then, I have only one answer, "Lord, You are everywhere, You are in everything, and it's for us to see You through everything."

Then ... it calms down.

I told you, and I told you neither to make you happy nor to comfort you, I told you because it's a fact I have myself observed with curiosity and interest: we are extremely close up above in the profound intellectual understanding and in the Great Light. And this is expressed by an identity of experience in the intellectual consciousness. I am aware of your difficulties, I know them, I've known them since the first day I saw you (and even before you came here); from that point of view there has been great progress, but it has shaken your physical health, because of that struggle. I know that you can be completely cured, but in order for you to be completely cured, your vital must be converted, and what I call "to be converted" isn't to surrender – to be converted is to understand. To be converted is

to adhere.

*(Satprem lays his head on Mother's knees)*

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<sup>1</sup>The lightning offensive of June 22, 1941.

<sup>2</sup>Stalingrad, on February 2, 1943.

<sup>3</sup>*Janaka*: Mithila's king at the time of the Upanishads, celebrated for his spiritual knowledge and divine realization, though he led the ordinary worldly life.

<sup>4</sup>*Narada*: a wandering sage who goes about playing the *vina*. Immortal like the gods, he appears on earth whenever he wishes. He is mentioned as far back as the Upanishads.

<sup>5</sup>It was in fact an attack of tuberculosis.

<sup>6</sup>That "week" in the Vellore hospital was to last more than a month. Mother's letter astounded Satprem, as he did not believe in medicine; he held quite a grudge against Mother, without understanding that She perhaps had other, "educational" intentions. But in reality, during that month in Vellore, Satprem kept fighting not against the so-called "illness," but against the frightful atmosphere of death and suggestion of death that filled that hospital as in a medical Auschwitz.

<sup>7</sup>Since Satprem's illness, Sujata has accompanied him to see Mother, for he has been unable to carry the tape recorder. From now on and till the end, Sujata will participate in all the conversations.

<sup>8</sup>Italics indicate words spoken or written by Mother in English.

<sup>9</sup>Mother has received several Tibetans since the invasion of Tibet.

<sup>10</sup>Satprem remembers that several years earlier, Madame A. David-Neel had in a letter already advised Mother to leave Pondicherry (it was Mother herself who told this to Satprem around or a little before 1960), because, she predicted, Mother would be "assassinated by her own disciples." That letter must still exist in the Ashram's archives.

<sup>11</sup>February 21: *Above all the complications of the so-called human wisdom stands the luminous simplicity of the Divine's Grace, ready to act if we allow It to do so.*

<sup>12</sup>Message of January 1, 1965.

<sup>13</sup>Original English.

<sup>14</sup>As Mother's original note in English could not be found, it is retranslated here from the French.

<sup>15</sup>Indications for Mother's work or of the general situation or that of the Ashram and the disciples.

<sup>16</sup>This is the whole problem of the selection of evolutionary samples that the Ashram represented.

<sup>17</sup>*The Human Cycle*, Cent. Ed. XV.252.

<sup>18</sup>See *Agenda III*, July 4, 1962.

<sup>19</sup>The rest of the conversation is interspersed with long, vanishing meditations, like great stretches of Alaska in the snow.

<sup>20</sup>The vibration that doesn't move is the supramental Vibration.

<sup>21</sup>**It can drink up the sea of All-Delight**

And never lose the white spiritual touch (X.III.655)

<sup>22</sup>Annul thyself that only God may be. (VII.VI.538)

<sup>23</sup>**The world of unreality ceased to be ...**

**She was a single being, yet all things**

The world was her spirit's wide circumference (VII.VII.554-556)

<sup>24</sup>**Unutterably effaced, no one and null,**

**A vanishing vestige like a violet trace,**

**A faint record merely of a self now past,**

She was a point in the unknowable. (VII.VI.549)

<sup>25</sup>*Tamasic*: Belonging to inertia or obscurity (*tamas*).

<sup>26</sup>*Purohit*: priest.

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<sup>27</sup>A first nucleus near the Great Lake.

<sup>28</sup>When Satprem asked Mother whether this "something" was indeed the supramental Force, Mother answered this: "I'd rather not name it, because they will make a dogma out of it. It [this "something"] is what happened when what we called 'the first supramental manifestation' took place in 1956. I tried my best to prevent it from being turned into a dogma. But if I say, 'On such-and-such date, such-and-such a thing took place,' it will be printed in big characters, and if someone says something else, he will be told, 'You are a heretic.' So I don't want that. But it's undeniable that the atmosphere has changed, there is something new in the atmosphere – we can call it 'the descent of the supramental Truth' because for us these words have a meaning, but I don't want to make a declaration about it, because I don't want it to be THE classic or 'true' way to describe the event. That's why I keep it vague, deliberately."

<sup>29</sup>"After all India with her mentality and method has done a hundred times more in the spiritual field than Europe with her intellectual doubts and questionings. Even when a European overcomes the doubt and questioning, he does not find it as easy to go as fast and far as an Indian with the same force of personality because the stir of mind is still greater. It is only when he can get beyond that that he arrives, but for him it is not so easy.

On the other hand however your statement is correct. It is 'natural considering the times' and the occidental mentality prevalent everywhere. It is also probably necessary that this should be faced and overcome before any supramental realisation is possible in the earth-consciousness – for it is the attitude of the physical mind to spiritual things and as it is in the physical that the resistance has to be overcome before the mind can be overpassed in the way required for this yoga, the strongest possible representation of its difficulties was indispensable." (*Bulletin*, August 1965)

<sup>30</sup>Not only did they think Mother deaf, but Satprem heard one of Mother's attendants tell him that the vagaries of her eyesight were due to cataract. Thus Mother was surrounded with people who thought her old and infirm or sick.

<sup>31</sup>An estate on the bank of the Lake, west of Pondicherry, where a model [arm and cultivation are planned.

<sup>32</sup>*World-Union*: a group for the union of the world, launched by a few disunited disciples.

<sup>33</sup> In a personal context such as this dream, fish, according to Sri Aurobindo, symbolize the "vital mind" in constant movement, making all sorts of formations.

<sup>34</sup>This was in France with Richard, at the start of the war, after the return from Pondicherry.

<sup>35</sup>I have given thee thy awful shape of dread  
And thy sharp sword of terror and grief and pain  
To force the soul of man to struggle for light ...  
Thou art his spur to greatness in his works,  
The whip to his yearning for eternal bliss,  
His poignant need of immortality.

Live, Death, awhile, be still my instrument. (X.IV.666)

<sup>36</sup>A little earlier, Satprem had returned to the attack and asked again for Mother's permission to stop his meat diet and return to simple vegetarian food. Mother had refused because of Satprem's state of health.

<sup>37</sup> See conversation of April 17, 1965.

<sup>38</sup>Satprem meant that he found it hard to see how the new substance, nevertheless very different from Matter, could be prepared through gymnastics for the physical body.

<sup>39</sup>Mother is perhaps referring to "ionized matter"?

<sup>40</sup> Purani passed away a few months later, on December 11, 1965.

<sup>41</sup> See conversation of June 29, 1963, *Agenda IV*, p. 194.

<sup>42</sup> See *Agenda I*, February 3, 1958, p. 137 ff.

<sup>43</sup>Mother had already told Satprem many years earlier that the island of Great Britain was destined to disappear underwater. It is indeed remarkable that English experts made the following observation, as reported in India's *Sunday Standard* of January 20, 1974: "London has become more vulnerable to floods owing to the fact that England is slowly tilting over: the southeast is gradually sinking while Scotland's north-west is rising."

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<sup>44</sup>It was only three years later, in February, 1968, that Auroville would be founded.

<sup>45</sup>Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's symbol.

<sup>46</sup>Which has already been cultivated.

<sup>47</sup>He knows his way about very well indeed: he is the one who will become the "proprietor" of Auroville after Mother's departure, taking advantage of the money collected for Auroville. He will have the Aurovilians who will not consent to this fraud sent to jail and expelled from India, while Auroville will be reduced to a state of siege and funds meant for Auroville will be used to corrupt.

<sup>48</sup>1. "Fresh water" is *eau douce* in French, *douce* meaning "gentle" or "sweet."

<sup>49</sup>In fact the cyst has grown smaller almost by half since Sujata mentioned it to Mother four days ago. But "out of habit" it was still operated upon!

<sup>50</sup>See conversation of March 17, 1961, *Agenda* II, p. 129 ff.

<sup>51</sup>In the years 1972-73, an Ashram boy, V., an excellent clairvoyant whom Mother refers to several times in the *Agenda*, had the following vision, which may be related with Mother's: he saw the Ashram as if from above, and the whole Ashram ground was scraped clean, as it were, and riddled with innumerable holes and tunnels; rats were going and coming in and out, up and down in a constant hurry-scurry – there was nothing left, everything had been scraped clean by the rats.

<sup>52</sup>N° I 10 of May 29, 1965.

<sup>53</sup>Here Mother reverts to French.

<sup>54</sup>Mother's translation.

<sup>55</sup>Mother looks "tired."

<sup>56</sup>Mother had already spoken of this case in the conversation of 26 June 1965: the man who was cured of a cancer of the brain but still did not believe in the intervention of a higher force.

<sup>57</sup>The letter excerpted above also announced the patient's relapse.

<sup>58</sup>We cannot help thinking of Sri Aurobindo's "mathematical formula": "Now," he wrote on 16 August 1935, "I have got the hang of the whole hanged thing – like a very Einstein I have got the mathematical formula of the whole affair (unintelligible as in his case to anybody but myself) and am working it out figure by figure." Mother uses almost the same words.

<sup>59</sup>See in particular *Conversations with Pavitra* of 20 November 1926. Pavitra complained that "this mechanical part of the mind is carrying me along." And Sri Aurobindo replied, "It is simply an outer functioning and it will be rejected in the course of the procedure." That was in 1926. Sri Aurobindo changed his mind later, perhaps in fact when he discovered his "mathematical formula."

<sup>60</sup>By the body-mind itself.

<sup>61</sup>"In the Yoga as in life it is the man who persists unwearied to the last in the face of every defeat and disillusionment and of all confronting, hostile and contradicting events and powers who conquers in the end and finds his faith justified because to the soul and Shakti in man nothing is impossible." (*The Synthesis of Yoga*, XXI.745)

<sup>62</sup>Pius XII.

<sup>63</sup>The Vellore hospital was much better "organized in illness," as it were, with American doctors.

<sup>64</sup>Mother repeatedly had bloodshot eyes.

<sup>65</sup>It is a special issue devoted to Sri Aurobindo.

<sup>66</sup>See in addendum the text of Mother's answer.

<sup>67</sup>Satprem's article is published in addendum.

<sup>68</sup>*Savitri*, XII.719.

<sup>69</sup>The Mother.

<sup>70</sup>*Savitri*, 11. XII. 278.

<sup>71</sup>Let us recall the last conversation (of August 18) in which Mother spoke of those glass halls as vast as the earth. Strangely, for several weeks, Satprem on his part has been immersed in the correction of sentences with the revision of the French translation of *The Synthesis of Yoga*.

<sup>72</sup>Mother hesitated: she was going to use the word "immortal" and not "eternal" – an "immortal reality" (see later on, conversation of August 28).

<sup>73</sup>"Initiating" in the sense of impelling.

<sup>74</sup>Mother insisted on and specified this point later.

<sup>75</sup>In a former Playground Talk (of March 10, 1951), Mother said regarding the violation of tombs in Egypt: "In the physical form there is the 'spirit of the form,' and that spirit of the form persists for a time, even when outwardly the person is said to be dead. And as long as the spirit of the form persists, the body isn't destroyed. In ancient Egypt they had that knowledge; they knew that if they prepared the body in a

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certain way, the spirit of the form wouldn't go away and the body wouldn't be dissolved." See conversation of February 27, 1965, p. 38.

<sup>76</sup>Mother later stressed again, "It's not *Life was* only, but *Life only*."

<sup>77</sup>The experience of the "great pulsations" of divine Love (in April, 1962).

<sup>78</sup>Right to the end = Karachi. Sri Aurobindo, it may be recalled, repeatedly said that until the partition of India is abolished, "India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may always remain possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest." It may also be recalled that Pakistan is an artificial creation by the British, in line with the policy of "divide and rule." The Americans and the Chinese have taken up the same policy again.

<sup>79</sup>Mother is referring to the continual border clashes.

<sup>80</sup>Satprem's article on Sri Aurobindo, which will eventually be published in the magazine *Syntheses*.

<sup>81</sup>Revolutionary unrest against the military caste. Confiscation of British and American assets.

<sup>82</sup>Lal Bahadur Shastri.

<sup>83</sup>S.M. (a confidant of the Government of India) came on July 16. It was therefore early July.

<sup>84</sup>Interestingly, Mother had at first written *shall fight*, then, in the afternoon, she changed *shall* into *must*.

<sup>85</sup>Here is the exact text of the question: "If India, who held (till recently) the hope for humanity in the light of her spiritual leaders, can get involved in such a war, who would lead the world?"

<sup>86</sup>See *Sri Aurobindo and Mother on India and Her Destiny*, p. 13.

<sup>87</sup>In his message of August 15, 1947, on the occasion of India's independence, Sri Aurobindo wrote: "... The old communal division into Hindus and Muslims seems now to have hardened into a permanent political division of the country. It is to be hoped that this settled fact will not be accepted as settled for ever or as anything more than a temporary expedient. For if it lasts, India may be seriously weakened, even crippled: civil strife may remain always possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest. India's internal development and prosperity may be impeded, her position among the nations weakened, her destiny impaired or even frustrated. This must not be; the partition must go. Let us hope that that may come about naturally, by an increasing recognition of the necessity not only of peace and concord but of common action, by the practice of common action and the creation of means for that purpose. In this way unity may finally come about under whatever form – the exact form may have a pragmatic but not a fundamental importance. But by whatever means, in whatever way, the division must go; unity must and will be achieved, for it is necessary for the greatness of India's future." (Cent. Ed., 26.404-405)

<sup>88</sup>Four days later, on the 22nd, Lal Bahadur Shastri will announce a cease-fire.

<sup>89</sup>China has given India three days to dismantle its military posts at the borders of Sikkim.

<sup>90</sup>The United States declared that if China attacked, it would come to India's help.

<sup>91</sup>The Security Council has issued an ultimatum to India and Pakistan for a ceasefire.

<sup>92</sup>In inner contact with this organization.

<sup>93</sup>Satprem means: luckily. because if Pakistan behaved and didn't force India to fight, the partition might last a long time.

<sup>94</sup>The British government and press (the American press, too) have been outrageously anti-Indian.

<sup>95</sup>It may be noted that Mother had a fever the day before.

<sup>96</sup>X = the Tantric guru.

<sup>97</sup>Mother is probably alluding (in addition to the cease-fire violations by Pakistan) to a declaration from Delhi that India considered as obsolete the treaty signed in 1954 by Nehru recognizing China's sovereignty over Tibet. (That "declaration" did not hold for long.)

<sup>98</sup>"Annul thyself that only God may be." (VII.VI.538)

<sup>99</sup>That bust was made by a German woman (Else Fraenkel) and installed in Sri Aurobindo's room in 1958 at the disciples' instance. (One wonders why a bust, with golden illumination, was needed in this room.)

<sup>100</sup>The comet "Ikeda-Seki."

<sup>101</sup>The secretaries.

<sup>102</sup>A disciple who was a friend of Satprem's; he had died insane seven or eight years earlier and Satprem had assisted him in a Japanese mental hospital.

<sup>103</sup>Before India accepted the cease-fire of September 22.

<sup>104</sup>"It" = the supramental influence.

<sup>105</sup>*The Adventure of Consciousness*.



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<sup>106</sup>Mother asked Satprem to alter the following passage in which she was first referring to the Ashram. It is interesting to note what she saw for the Ashram, interesting too to note that she asked Satprem to cut and alter this passage, the original version of which we are giving here: "For a group such as the Ashram, for instance, in order for it to function really well, members of that higher humanity would have to be formed who had towards the future or promised supramental being the same attitude as animality (like the dog, for instance) has towards man. For the Ashram to function well, there should be people who had found in themselves or in their life this harmony with life – this human harmony – and who had the same sense of worship, of devotion [as have animals] towards 'something' that seems to them so superior that they don't even attempt to realize it, but which they worship, and whose influence and protection they feel the need of – and the need to live in that influence and to have the joy of being under that protection."

<sup>107</sup>"It is certainly a mistake to bring down the light by force – to pull it down. The Supramental cannot be taken by storm. When the time is ready it will open of itself – but first there is a great deal to be done and that must be done patiently and without haste." (Sri Aurobindo)

<sup>108</sup>*Prayers and Meditations*, March 27, 1917: "... You see it in your own heart, this triumphant hearth; you alone can bear it without its being destructive. If others touched it, they would be consumed. Do not therefore let them come too near it. The child must know that he must not touch the bright flame that attracts him so much...."

<sup>109</sup>Mother is referring to the conversation of November 27 which Satprem wished to publish at least in part in the Ashram's *Bulletin*.

<sup>110</sup>He did die, as newspapers and a letter from his companion later confirmed.

<sup>111</sup>The doctor has Parkinson's disease.

<sup>112</sup>King Mahendra and Queen Ratna.

<sup>113</sup>As far as Satprem remembers. Mother envisaged a confederation of all the small Himalayan states (and even the Asian states) to guard against China. India was to be the leader of this confederation.

<sup>114</sup>Original English.

<sup>115</sup>The stoppage of the tremor was not going to last.

<sup>116</sup>In fact, a cancer.

<sup>117</sup>A charming old disciple who passed away recently (on December 11, 1965). He was the author of *Evening Talks*.

<sup>118</sup>For Mother, fifteen days = six months. It was on June 18, 1965 (see the conversation of that date).

<sup>119</sup>The "surprising fact" is that in the first years Satprem did have many experiences of all kinds, with quite conscious nights from the point of leaving his body. Then all those experiences suddenly stopped, as if he had been deliberately shut in his body, with no way out. It took him a long time to accept that this was a "yoga in the body."