

# Mother's Agenda

1969

*volume 10*



# **Mother's Agenda**

**Vol. X**

**1969**

*Translated from French*

*Institut de Recherches Evolutives*

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Rendered into English under the direction of Satprem

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

MOTHER

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# January

## January 1, 1969

There's a frightful crush! And even as it is, I don't see half of the people who've asked to see me.

I started at 8 this morning... without stop.

*That's not too good!*

It's certainly less than half of what I've been asked.

But naturally, there has to be a limit, otherwise it would start all over again as it was before. There was a time when I had only two hours for sleep and when I pretended to eat... but... One can do that for a time, but not for too long.

It's not the physical work that tires, it's what people add. With some, after five minutes you feel as if everything is about to break apart; with others it's fine. With most people, I must say, what's tiring is above all an "ignorant solicitude": people who have all this thought that they "shouldn't tire," shouldn't do this, shouldn't do that – that's quite oppressive. But otherwise, when they are tranquil and receptive, it's not tiring at all, not at all.

But the medical atmosphere is dangerous.

It's VERY dangerous.

*(silence)*

Do you have any news of P.L.?<sup>1</sup>

*He wrote that he was abruptly leaving for [such and such a country].*

What time is it?

*Quarter past eleven.*

Shall we be quiet for ten minutes?

*(meditation)*

Last time, I told you about that "morbid imagination" the body had – completely gone, finished, cleaned out! The moment the body reacted by saying, "No, it's disgusting, what's that!" – gone. That's what is so remarkable with this body: in the vital, in the mind, you have to do things over and over again for the experience to be established; the body is less prompt in opening itself, but once it has understood or has had the right experience, it's over, the thing is established. That's what is remarkable. And it's very tranquil. So then, when certain things tried to come back (even when they were some distance away, just on the periphery), it said, "Ah, no! I no longer want that, it belongs to the past."

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<sup>1</sup>The disciple of the Roman Curia (see *Agenda IX*).



Certainly, according to the present experience, the majority – the vast majority – of illnesses and bodily disorganizations come from the vital and the mind, from their influence.

*(silence)*

Recently, I got a letter, I forget from whom or where, but it was from someone in Europe, someone who saw my vital being, and someone else who saw my mental being. You know that they have been sent away (they go on working, seeing people, going and coming...). So that person saw it as I myself know it (which surprised me, because generally people change the appearance according to their own conception). She saw me, she knew it was me, and it was a tall warrior – a very tall warrior with an ancient costume, holding a halberd.

It's the first time.

*Yes, I know who it is. She told me her vision, I met her. She is an Italian who has visions of you that are extraordinary. She often tells me extraordinary things. She lives in you in a manner that... I've never seen anyone live in you like that.*

Oh!... Is she still here?

*She arrived two weeks ago. Her name is F.*

Oh, F.... For a while she couldn't see anymore physically, so that has developed the inner vision.

*A diamond warrior, she said.*

Yes, that's it. Oh, it has an extraordinary power on the vital atmosphere. I have seen it since I was quite small – I noticed it before knowing anything outwardly, before anyone explained it to me. And I saw it LEFT TO ITSELF, that is to say, without the intervention of all ideas and all that.... Strange. And invincible... (how should I put it?), it cannot be affected in any way: it doesn't receive from outside, it receives only from the psychic consciousness, or directly from the supreme Consciousness.

And now it's going about here and there! *(Mother laughs)*

These two, the vital and the mind, care very little – very little – for the body's well-being: it's merely an instrument meant to be used, and it just has to obey. But the body feels much freer than before. That's one of the reasons why they were sent away, it's not merely to go faster – we said it was for the speed of the work, but it's not merely that, it's because the body left to itself has so much more practical common sense.... I don't know how to explain. An extraordinary STABILITY.

The only thing in it that was a little morbid was this physical mind, the body-mind, which Sri Aurobindo regarded as impossible to change – it was very stubborn, but you see, it's the one that has done the work, it has worked out the change. It had that habit of imagination, but it's over, I mean it's now like this (Mother brings down her hands in a gesture of authority), it's the master.

It has interesting possibilities.... Very patient, very patient. Very *steady*.<sup>2</sup>

*(the clock strikes)*

Oh, there would be mountains of things to say, but we'll see later (Mother peers at the clock hidden by

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<sup>2</sup>Italics denote words spoken or written by Mother in English.

a stack of letters on top of which she has placed two flowers called “Prosperity”). Now, see, the “prosperity” hides the time from me! So... (*Mother laughs*)

So, a happy new year, mon petit!

*(Satprem lays his forehead  
on Mother's knees)*

Yes, there was... It came slowly in the night, and this morning when I woke up, there was a golden Dawn, as it were, and the atmosphere was very light. The body felt, “Oh, it’s really... truly new.” A light, golden Light and... benevolent. Benevolent in the sense of a certitude – a harmonious certitude.<sup>3</sup>

It was new.

So there.

When I say “Happy new year” to people, that’s what I pass on to them. And this morning, I’ve spent my time like that, spontaneously saying, “Happy new year, happy new year....” So...



## January 4, 1969

*(Mother gives roses to Satprem, then breathes in the smell of a bunch of small yellow flowers<sup>4</sup> near her.)*

It smells nice!

It’s for my own satisfaction. These, and the “New Birth,”<sup>5</sup> oh, these two fragrances are so clean.... (Pointing to the bunch of daisies) This is “Simple Sincerity” You know, a sincerity that doesn’t make any fuss!

So what are you bringing me?

*Nothing, Mother.*

Nothing...

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<sup>3</sup>Strangely, this year 1969 will be simultaneously marked by a general appeasement in international relations (few years have been so “peaceful” since World War II) and by the surfacing, around Mother, of a general wave of bad will and darkness. As though the safety valve were there. This is the year when the “haste [in the disciples] for it to be over” Mother will soon mention will begin to manifest. Nineteen sixty-nine is the dark turning point... and luminous at the same time.

<sup>4</sup>*Hymenanthemum*, small yellow daisies.

<sup>5</sup>*Origanum vulgare*, marjoram.

On the 1st, something really strange took place.... And I wasn't the only one to feel it, a few people felt it too. It began just after midnight, but I felt it at 2, and others at 4 in the morning. It was... I told you a few words about it last time, but the surprising thing is that it didn't correspond to anything I expected (I didn't expect anything), or to any of the things I had felt. It was something very material, I mean it was very external – very outward – and luminous, with a golden light. It was very strong, powerful. But its character was a smiling benevolence, a peaceful joy, and a sort of blossoming in the joy and the light. And it was like a “happy new year,” like a wish. I must say it took me by surprise.

It lasted – I felt it for at least three hours. Afterwards, I stopped concerning myself with it, I don't know what happened. But I told you a few words about it, and I spoke to two or three others: they had all felt it. Which means it was VERY material. They had all felt a sort of joy like that, but an amiable, powerful joy, and... oh, so sweet, very smiling, VERY BENEVOLENT... something... I don't know what it is. I don't know what it is, but it's a kind of benevolence; so it was something very close to the human. And so concrete! So concrete. As if it had a taste, so concrete was it. Afterwards, I didn't concern myself with it anymore, except that I told two or three people about it: they had all felt it. Now, I don't know whether it has mingled or... It hasn't gone, it doesn't give the feeling of something that comes only to go away.

It was far more external than the things I usually feel, far more external.... Hardly mental at all, I mean there was no sense of a “promise” or... No. It would rather be like... My own impression was that of an immense personality, immense (meaning that for it, the earth was small, like this [*Mother holds a small object in the hollow of her hands*], like a ball), an immense personality, so very benevolent, and coming to... (*Mother seems to gently raise the little ball in the hollow of her hands*). It was the impression of a personal god (yet it was... I don't know) who comes to help. So very strong! And so sweet at the same time, so understanding.

And it was very external: the body felt it everywhere, everywhere (*Mother touches her face, her hands*), all over like this.

What has become of it? I don't know.

It was the start of the year. As if someone on the scale of a god (someone, that is) had come to say “Happy new year,” with all the power to make it a happy year. It was like that.

But what was it?...

So concrete...

I don't know.

Is it... is it the personality (because it didn't have any form, I didn't see any form, there was only what it brought along [*Mother feels the atmosphere with her fingers*], sensation and feeling, these two things – sensation and feeling), I wondered if it wasn't the supramental personality... which will, then, manifest later in material forms?

Since then, the body – this body – has been feeling (it has been permeated by that everywhere, a lot), it has been feeling much more joyful and less concentrated, living more in a happy, smiling expansion. For instance, it speaks more easily. There's a note... a constant note of benevolence. A smile, you know, a benevolent smile, and all that with a GREAT FORCE.... I don't know.

Haven't you felt anything?

*That day, I had a sense of contentment.*

Ah, that's it! Yes, that's right.

Is it the supramental personality?... Which will incarnate in all those who will have a supramental

body...?

It was luminous, smiling, and so benevolent because of its POWER: I mean that generally, benevolence in the human being is something slightly weak, in the sense that it doesn't like battle, it doesn't like struggle – but this wasn't like that at all! A benevolence that imposes itself (*Mother brings her two fists down on the armrests of her chair*).

It interested me because it was entirely new. And so concrete! Concrete like this (Mother touches the arms of her chair), like what the physical consciousness usually regards as “others,” as concrete as that. Which means it didn't come through some inner being, through the psychic being: it came DIRECTLY onto the body.

What is it?... Yes, it may be that.... The body's feeling since that took place has been a sort of certitude; a certitude as if now it no longer were in an anxiety or uncertainty to know. “What will it be? What will this Supramental PHYSICALLY be like?” the body used to wonder. “What will it be like physically?” Now, it no longer thinks about it, it's happy.

Very well.

*Is it something that's going to permeate the bodies that are ready?*

Yes... I think so, yes. I feel it's the formation that's going to permeate and express itself – permeate and express itself – in the bodies... which will be the bodies of the Supramental.

Or maybe... maybe the superman? I don't know. The intermediary between the two. Maybe the superman: it was very human, but a human of divine proportions, you understand.

A human without weaknesses and shadows: it was all luminous – all light and smile and... sweetness at the same time.

Yes, maybe the superman.

*(silence)*

*I don't know why, for a moment I have been thinking insistently: people who won't know how things actually happened will say, once this supramental force has entered the earth's atmosphere and penetrated them, they will say, “Well, WE are the ones who did this!”*

*(Mother laughs)* Yes, probably!

*It's we, it's our fine humanity that has... blossomed.<sup>6</sup>*

Yes, certainly It's always like that.

That's why I say – I say that after all, for all of us here who have to face all the difficulties, it's really a Grace! Because WE will know how – and we will not cease to be, of course.

We will know how it was done.

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<sup>6</sup>At that moment, Satprem also thought that something similar must have taken place at the time of the hominids, a descent similar to this one, so that humans now regard their mental acquisition as the blossoming and natural fruit of their own human efforts.

(silence)

Oh, I wanted to show you...

*(Mother shows a photo taken  
by night of her illumined rooms)*

Look, it's pretty!

*But when you are there, on your balcony, it looks very much like a big steamship, as if you are standing there at the captain's command deck, and steering the ship!*

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, Mother turns to the question of Sri Aurobindo's centenary, in 1972.)*

They're preparing here a publication in Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, and two other languages I forget, to which they intend to add Tamil and Telugu, of all the works of Sri Aurobindo. It's a tremendous task.

At the same time, in America, there are two or three editions of Sri Aurobindo's complete works: one edition for libraries, one for America, and one for India. They've sent me samples – they're magnificent! The edition for America is a marvel: big like this, with a marvelous paper...

It's a pity we aren't doing the French.

*Yes, in France they don't respond much.*

No. And also there should be someone to look after it. As for me, I'm not looking after it at all. There should be someone. But is it... maybe it's not necessary.

*But I'm looking after it a lot for France! To publish Sri Aurobindo in France...*

Yes, but people answer you that they can't do it!<sup>7</sup>

*But there is a possibility, the last I read out to you.<sup>8</sup>*

Yes...

*So I am waiting. Maybe it's going to start off there?*

It would be good if we published the whole thing. It's for 1972, his centenary... There was only six years' difference between us.

There was some difference with Gandhi – it's Gandhi's centenary too, isn't it?

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<sup>7</sup>Three of the best French publishers rejected Sri Aurobindo's works or did not reply...

<sup>8</sup>A collection of "spiritual adventures" (in the plural) in which Sri Aurobindo might have found a place amidst drugs and psychedelia.

*It's this year.*

This year...

*Yes, there's "Some difference"!*

*(silence)*

Now, under the pretext (what pretext, I don't know) not to tire me (or I don't understand what), they take things away from me, they don't leave them with me (*Mother laughs*). I wanted to show you this American edition. which is very beautiful, and now... I don't know where it is.

*I would really like something to be done in France....*

Yes, it would be good.... It would be good for the FRENCH!

Your book has had an enormous action, enormous. It's still having it.

I remember that even here, when Pavitra read it, he told me (he was quite enthusiastic), he said to me, "Oh, he has made me understand something I hadn't understood!" (*Mother laughs*) Pavitra, one of the old disciples who lived with Sri Aurobindo!

No, in France, things got off to a wrong start because of J.H., it was he who... Ambition and...

*It has warped something.*

Warped, yes. It has warped the French approach [to Sri Aurobindo].

\* \* \*

*(Towards the end, the conversation refers to the coming visit of Satprem's mother.)*

When is your mother arriving?

*Next Saturday.*

Saturday... Then we'll change your date. Bring me the notebook....

*Won't it disturb you? It doesn't cause too much complication?*

No, there's complication only when one wants it!

Is it your brother or another brother who's just had a child?

*No, it's a sister.*

Oh, you have a sister...

*I have five!*

What! Five sisters... ohh!... And three brothers... Oh, your mother, babah!

*Yes.*

What courage!

So you must have a multitude of nephews and nieces?

*Oh, yes, all over the place!... I don't much concern myself with them.*

Oh, well, I didn't know.

*But I've always lived outside my family.*

Yes, just like me with my family!... Last week I received a letter from someone (I forget her name) who writes to me, "Dear Aunt"! (*Mother laughs*) But the children of my brother [Mattéo], I don't know them, even less their own children. My family is a large one.... This one [who has written to Mother] is the daughter of a sister of... my grandmother! She writes (it seems she subscribes to the Bulletin) that I have "helped her for years" and she expresses her gratitude, and then says she is "dreaming of coming to India...."

One of my brother's daughters (I think) married a Japanese and came here with her Japanese husband – I saw him – and she has a flock of kids! But my brother's son and his other daughter, I don't know them.

No, I don't have any family sense!

*Neither have I!*

With my brother, we lived our whole childhood together, and very close, very close, until he entered Polytechnique<sup>9</sup> – for eighteen years – and he understood NOTHING. Yet he was an intelligent, capable man: he was a governor, and a rather successful one, in several countries. But he understood NOTHING.... He was friends with Jules Romains,<sup>10</sup> and Jules Romains told him he had a very great desire to come here, but couldn't. Jules Romains understood better than my brother, there you are!

Strangely, when he was... sixteen, I think, or seventeen... Did I tell you what happened to him?

*Yes, a voice said to him...*

Yes, it said to him, "Do you want to be divine?..." And he refused.<sup>11</sup>

*He refused!*

Wonderful!

---

<sup>9</sup>The famous École Polytechnique in Paris.

<sup>10</sup>A renowned French writer (1885–1972).

<sup>11</sup>See *Agenda II* of August 5, 1961.

*Out of fear or skepticism?*

No: narrowness of consciousness. He didn't conceive of anything better than "helping others" – philanthropy That's why he became a governor. When he came out of Polytechnique, he had a choice between different posts, and he deliberately chose that post in the colonies, because he wanted to "help backward races to progress" – all that nonsense!

Anyway, he did ONE good thing in his life, my brother. He was in the Ministry of Colonies, and the minister was a friend of his, a little older (I don't know what post my brother held, but anyhow, everything went through his hands). When the war broke out (I was here, it was the first of the World Wars), the British government asked the French to expel Sri Aurobindo and send him to Algeria – they didn't want Sri Aurobindo to be in Pondicherry, they were afraid. But we came to know of it (Sri Aurobindo came to know of it), and I wrote to my brother, saying, "This must not be passed." The expulsion order had gone to the Ministry of Colonies to be ratified, and he got the ratification paper in his hands – he put it at the bottom of his drawer.

It disappeared completely, and we never heard of it again.

*He redeemed himself!*

It makes up for the rest....



**January 8, 1969**

And this descent of the superman consciousness...

Did I tell you I had afterwards identified it?

*When you spoke last time, you had identified it.*

Yes, but I spoke of "supramental consciousness."

*Later, you said, "Maybe the superman?"*

Yes, that's it. It's the descent of the superman consciousness. I had the assurance of it afterwards.

It was on the 8<sup>th</sup> of January after midnight. I woke up at 2 in the morning, surrounded by a consciousness, but so concrete, and NEW, in the sense that I had never experienced that. It lasted, quite concrete and present, for two or three hours, and then it spread out and went to find all those who could receive it. And at the same time I knew it was the consciousness of the superman, that is, the intermediary between man and the supramental being.

It has given the body a sort of assurance, a sort of trust. That experience has made it steady, as it were, and if it keeps the true attitude, all the support is there to help it.

A certain number of people (I asked afterwards) had the experience, they felt it (not as clearly), felt



the presence of a new consciousness – lots of people. They told me (I asked them if they had felt something), they told me, “Oh, yes!” But each with... (*Mother twists her fingers slightly*) naturally his own special approach.

(silence)

The curious thing (I’ve noticed it with others) is that when the Action is silent, it’s FAR MORE PRECISE than when it takes place through words. Words are received mentally, and there is always a slight distortion: a distortion of the content of those words. Whereas when the action is direct (*Mother makes a gesture of inner communication*), it’s very precise.

I don’t want to give names, but I’ve had both examples these last few days. There was someone I was to see only a few days later, so then I put the Consciousness and Force on him, and the change took place, but very clearly and precisely; while to others I spoke of this experience, and they transcribed it: two transcriptions were read out to me, very different from each other (while I very nearly said the same thing), each transcription is different, and there is a slight distortion, different too, in each.

I didn’t correct them because words themselves distort, so...

You see, when I speak, I give words a very precise meaning – very subtle and precise; the other person receives the sound of the word and gives it his own interpretation. But what can we do?

This Consciousness takes on a different “color,” so to speak, in everyone. It’s the same thing with words: words have a similar, but nevertheless different meaning for each of those who utter them.... We would have to communicate like this (*gesture of inner exchange*): the direct experience.



**January 15, 1969**

(*After the visit of an “Acharya,” or Jain master, who came surrounded with his disciples.*)

He tried every way to make me talk! I refused. I had never seen them, with their mouths covered<sup>12</sup> – it doesn’t stop them from talking!

It seems he said yesterday (he came yesterday) that he hadn’t yet begun his sadhana, that he was going round India and would begin his sadhana afterwards.... He asked me for a message; I didn’t tell him anything, but inwardly I said to him, “Be sincere, be sincere....” But I didn’t speak. He even tried flattery, but it didn’t work! He said, “Oh...” (looking closely to see whether it had any effect), “Oh, I’ve heard about you a lot, but to see you is something else altogether....” I only had a slight difficulty not to laugh!

There were men and women, they call the women “nuns,” and they too have their mouths

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<sup>12</sup>Jain sadhus or monks cover their mouths with a patch of cloth so as not to swallow microbes.

covered....

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother refers to an American disciple who has set up the whole Greek pantheon in his home and is very unbalanced.)*

It's odd, he is receptive enough: every time I do something, there is a result... but the result he attributes to his gods! So it makes a muddle in his consciousness.

*(silence)*

It has remained, this [superman] consciousness. It has remained, it's very strong, oh!... Today again, with these [Jain] sadhus, I had the experience: it came, mon petit, it was tremendous! It came massively, it enveloped me completely, so I sat very still, like that, behind it: nothing could get through. Interesting... Oh, it really is a power. Down to the vital. Physically, the body cannot respond; there is indeed an action, but... it's not that. It's not that. But it has put a vital in the body (you know that the vital had gone away), an awesome vital! That's quite amusing. You feel as if you were saying to people, "Keep still!"

I am going to try it on A. [the American disciple], I'll see if it makes him steady on his feet again.... He'll believe it's his statue of Athena! It doesn't matter. Even those who think well still think nonsense, so...

This sadhu, "it" tried to pull him within, but when the pressure became very strong, he started talking! He couldn't... [bear or contain it]. The disciple who was near him became very excited, but he controlled him.

He began with some banality about "the work I am doing for humanity" (some stupid remark of the sort), and when he saw it didn't work, he kept as quiet as he could, then started talking again and said what I told you that he had "heard about me a lot, but..." As for me, I kept putting all this consciousness between the body and him.

After all, I enjoyed myself! *(Mother laughs)*

He had a stick, which he had even wrapped in white! He was all white, and the stick too was white; he carried it like this, as a bishop carries his crosier.

*They have completely shut themselves in.*

Ah, they've deliberately cut themselves off from the world, and they want to assert that: separation is part of their conception.

They have shut themselves in their saintliness.

Many of them, I am sure, have suppressed desires and all kinds of such things in a state of ferment.... But the body kept very still with that [superman consciousness] around it, and the Consciousness kept saying to him, "The individual is nothing, abdicate, abdicate the individual – be sincere, abdicate the individual. The supreme Consciousness alone is...." It didn't touch him. I don't know if something in him received it, but he didn't notice it.... We'll see.



**January 18, 1969**

*(Regarding the “descent of the superman consciousness.)*

Oh, did I tell you? The other day, when the [Jain] sadhu came, as soon as he came in (he stood there), this atmosphere came from here up to there (*Mother draws a half circle in front of her*), it surrounded me like a wall. It was thick, luminous, and what strength it had! But then, it was wholly directed at him (gesture of forward projection). For me, it was visible, very material, like a rampart, about this thick (*gesture: about a foot and a half*), and it remained there as long as he was there. It was as if to keep him still! (*Mother laughs*) It was very amusing.

So this consciousness is very consciously active.

*(silence)*  
*Mother gives flowers)*

Here, this is for you.

You see (*Mother shows two hibiscus flowers*), it's not the same thing: this is “Grace,” and this is “Supramental Consciousness” – we have the flower before the consciousness!

*(silence)*

Today I saw Pondicherry's lieutenant governor (he comes now and then, every two weeks), and other people (a guard of Auroville, who is a Muslim), a bit of everything, and now this consciousness comes: the other day, I told you, it was like a rampart, but today with the governor it was much smaller, of limited proportions (*gesture like a beam*), but it was there, intact: it was the same thing, only the concentration was less. And it comes between the Action (*Mother points to her own body*) and the person. It's like a projection of power. And now it has become habitual.

There is in it a consciousness (something VERY precious) that gives lessons to the body, teaches it what it has to do, that is, the attitude it should have, the reaction it should have.... I had already told you a few times how difficult it is to find the procedure of the transformation when there's no one to give you indications; and it's the response, as it were: “he”<sup>13</sup> comes and tells the body, “Have this attitude, do this, do that in that way.” So then the body is happy, it's quite reassured, it can't make a mistake anymore.

Very interesting.

It has come like a “mentor” – and PRACTICAL, wholly practical: “This is to be rejected; this is to be accepted; this is to be generalized; this”..., for all inner movements. And it even becomes very material, in the sense that with certain vibrations, it says, “This is to be encouraged”; with others, “This is to be channeled”; with yet others, “This is to be got rid of....” Small indications of that sort.

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<sup>13</sup>Mother sometimes uses “he” to designate this consciousness.

(silence)

Years ago, in one of the old Talks, when I spoke there, at the Playground, I said, “The superman will probably be first a being of power, so as to be able to defend himself.” That’s it, it’s that experience. It has come back as an experience. And it’s because it has come back as an experience that I remembered having said it.<sup>14</sup>

*Yes, you said, “Power’s what will come first.”*

Yes, Power first.

*Because those beings will need to be protected.*

Yes, that’s right. Well, I’ve had the first experience for this body: it came like a rampart, it was awesome! An awesome power! Quite out of proportion with the apparent action.

Very interesting.

And that’s also why (now that I see this experience), I see that the result is far more precise and concrete, because the mind and the vital aren’t there. Because it [this new consciousness] is taking their place. And with this whole tranquil assurance of knowledge that comes at the same time. It’s interesting.

(silence)

Do you have something to say?

*I was wondering how, individually, this consciousness will act, for instance outside you?*

In the same way. Only, those who haven’t made it a habit to observe themselves objectively will notice it less, that’s all. It will go through cotton wool, as it were, as it always does. But otherwise it’s in the same way.

*I mean, this consciousness will not act on the mind so much as on bodies?*

I do hope it will make people THINK correctly...

*It’s a guide, basically.*

A guide, yes.

It’s a consciousness, you understand.

For me, THE Consciousness limits itself to special activities, in special cases, but it’s always THE

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<sup>14</sup>“It would seem that the most compelling, evident aspect, which probably will be the first to manifest – probably – will be the aspect of Power more than the aspect of Joy and the aspect of Truth. For a new race to be established on earth, it would necessarily have to be protected from the other terrestrial elements so as to survive, and the protection is in the power (not an artificial power external and false, but the true Power, the victorious Will). We may therefore think that the supramental action, even before it becomes an action of harmonization and illumination, of joy, of beauty, will be an action of power, so as to give protection. Naturally, for this action of power to be truly effective, it would have to be founded on Knowledge and Truth and Love and Harmony; but those things could manifest – visibly, little by little – once the ground, so to speak, had been prepared by the action of a sovereign will and power.” (*Questions and Answers*, December 18, 1957.)

Consciousness; just as it's almost completely limited in the human consciousness, so too in certain states of being, certain activities, it limits itself to a certain way of being so as to accomplish His action. And that's something I had asked for a lot: "May I be guided every minute," because it saves a huge amount of time, of course, instead of having to study, to observe, to... – one knows. Well, now I realize it has happened like that.

*(silence)*

There is a very pronounced change in those who were touched on the 1st of January: there is especially... as I said, a precision and a certainty that have entered their way of thinking.

*(before leaving, Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees)*

Oh, time is so short....

You don't have anything to ask? Anything to say?

It was here *(Mother looks in the region of the heart)*. It's strange, I seem to be asked to put it in contact with all those who come near me.

\* \* \*

*(After Satprem has left, Mother says a few words to Sujata.)*

Since it came, I've been seeing people's eyes more clearly – in the past too, I used to see their eyes, but it was their psychological state, while now I see the expression of the eyes, and it's so interesting!



**January 22, 1969**

*(Again regarding the descent of the superman consciousness.)*

I wanted to tell you something, and it's gone....

There's been such a hurly-burly since this morning.

*(Mother remains absorbed)*

I told you how I was surrounded [by a rampart].... Oh, but this consciousness is very interesting! It gives me lessons all the time, it's very interesting!

He<sup>15</sup> gives me lessons during the night to tell me the things that must change, and with symbolic sounds to make me clearly understand: he makes me LIVE certain situations to know what needs to be changed – what he does is first-rate!

It's going on in every detail. I can't tell everything.

And it doesn't just concern itself with individuals: it also concerns itself with events all over the world. I see that clearly because it intervenes in the action of this or that nation, I see that mostly at night.

It's very active.

He's educating me! Educating this body. That's really very fine!

*(Mother laughs)* We'll see what's going to happen it depends on the body's plasticity, of course.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

*There's a problem I should put to you, an important problem: I would very much like you to ask Sri Aurobindo what we should do. It's about The Human Cycle. The latest news is that the publisher in Paris is quite ready to publish a first text by Sri Aurobindo. But I've started having second thoughts. This Human Cycle was rejected a first time, and by mistake they sent its manuscript back here. I wondered if, after all, that wasn't a sign that the first volume of Sri Aurobindo to be brought out, rather than The Human Cycle, should not rather be The Synthesis of Yoga? The thought has come to me. It's very important: what should we begin with? The Human Cycle had seemed to me more exterior and generally accessible.*

Do you have the translation of *The Synthesis*?

*I would have to revise it a bit, but it's a matter of a month's work. In that case, we could send them the first book, "The Yoga of Divine Works."*

Yes, the Yoga of Works.

I think it's better, yes.

Yes, it's newer, more central.

You see, the other [*The Human Cycle*] discusses things that they've already discussed, and it takes a special disposition to understand that the viewpoint is new. While here, it's wholly new.

*I think so, too.*

Yes, begin with that.

Personally, I remember, in my case, that's what completely opened the door. That's what made me... "Ah!" And I entered a new thing (with all the Western mental constructions, you understand).

It will be interesting.

Which publisher?

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<sup>15</sup>He = the mentor.

*Arthème Fayard.*<sup>16</sup>

It will have to appear in several volumes.

*Yes, it should be possible to publish it in three volumes.*

That's it. If it could appear for his centenary, it would be fine.

*Certainly! I do expect the first volume to come out this year.<sup>17</sup> I still have to work on it a little, but in three weeks or a month I can send them the first volume.*

Good.

If it could appear in August, it would be fine. Or at any rate, begin in August.

\* \* \*

*Towards the end:*

I wanted to tell you a little story (it's not "seriously" interesting: it's just amusing as a turn of mind). You know that the doctor went for an outing to a temple in the South, the temple of Tirupathi,<sup>18</sup> and it has given me an opportunity to make contact.... These are people who receive crores of rupees every year, they have a huge organization and feed thousands of people every day (from a physical point of view, it takes up a lot of space), and according to what the doctor told me, it's impeccably clean, wonderful. He himself was surprised. There are several hundred guest houses to lodge people, well, a big affair. So then, everything is based on a god they call "Tirupathi," I think, and this god gives you whatever you ask him – that's a widespread belief. They have a statue of him (I had the photo in my hands today), with the god blindfolded. He has four hands opened like this – four hands that give, two on each side – and blindfolded. And it is said, "You see the god and ask him; and without looking at you, he gives you automatically."

In other words, a god who doesn't see faults, doesn't see virtue, doesn't see... anything: he receives requests, and gives.

It's curious.

These last few days, I've been able to make contact, because I had people there. Today I saw his photo and found it rather interesting (*Mother feels the air with her fingers*).... No justice, no discernment, no... simply, you ask, and you get. So if you've asked something true, you get something true; if you've asked something false, you sink into falsehood. As an idea it's VERY interesting.

I think it's the most important religious center in India: it's on a hilltop, they have an army of trucks carrying people up every day Curious, isn't it?

And everybody comes, even government people, even scientists, everybody... It's the need to ask

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<sup>16</sup>This publisher too will eventually shy away.

<sup>17</sup>It will come out three years later.

<sup>18</sup>Tirupathi or Sripathi: the master of wealth (or husband of Lakshmi – the goddess of wealth – that is to say, Vishnu).

for help from something more powerful than you are.

And this faith: whatever you ask, anything, you get.

I don't know if it's always realized in the details, but there's the principle.

*Is there really a force?*

There is a force.

Maybe it's to demonstrate that with faith, trust, and a sort of inner certitude, you BRING THINGS ABOUT.

And this idea: he doesn't look at your merit or anything (*Mother opens her hands*) – you ask, and you get.

*It's pretty!*



**January 25, 1969**

*(The whole time is spent in contemplation, except for a moment when Mother comes back to say:)*

All the time, all the time, something like a slight indication passes by – and noiselessly: it's not words.



**January 29, 1969**

What do you have to tell me? Me, I have nothing to say...

*Are you tired?*

It's going on.... The difficulties of those around, of the work, of people, keep increasing, from health to understanding (there seems to be a general crisis), but the Help and the Power keep increasing too. It's like a sort of demonstration.

But the difficulties are taking on rather unpleasant proportions.



*(long silence)*

Children are nicer and nicer!... The NEW children are truly remarkable. Today I saw V's little girl: she's two years old, I think, but she is as children used to be at the age of six or seven. Alert, intelligent... It's strange.

What do you have to say?

*(long silence)*

I have a vague impression that I had something to tell you, but I don't know...

*(Then Mother shows a brochure of "I" on education in Auroville)*

...Anyway, it's not bad.

*I don't know if it's wrong, but I am no longer interested in any "problem." I no longer ask myself any questions at all. The speculative mind doesn't interest me.*

Oh, but I might be responsible!... Because for me, that's pretty much like chatter.

*Nothing interests me anymore, except something else that I am waiting for.*

Something that must come, yes, that's right.

*So all the rest... People give me books, give me letters, but I am not interested.*

That's it. So she [the brochure's author] wants to see me.... I find all this so futile!

*Yes, it's something ELSE.*

Yes.

*Something WHOLLY OTHER...*

Yes.

*...which must come.*

Exactly.

*So all these embellishments of the present are uninteresting, I find.*

Exactly And the whole day long, from morning to night, they pester me with fuss of this sort (*Mother points to the brochure*). And she wants to see me....

*Would you like me to read the brochure and give you an account of it?*

No, I've read it (not read but listened to it): it's words. It's not bad, but it's words.

Only, she takes it seriously: it's "education in Auroville."

But I am so aware that it's the mind indulging in itself, and going on indulging, so... And if you try to get them out of it, they no longer understand anything. So the best is to let them. But I don't see why we should bother to read their stories.

No, really, mental life seems to... go round in circles.

There's such a mixture!... (It's Pavitra who read it out to me yesterday evening.) Suddenly there's a sentence from Sri Aurobindo, then a sentence from Y. [the brochure author], then suddenly a sentence from me, then suddenly one from M. (who has become a great guru)....

*They've asked me for articles – not they, others. I said, "What on earth can I say!..." It doesn't come, I am not interested.*

Oh, they've asked you...

*But going by the echoes from Europe, you get a sense of a huge balloon swelling and swelling more and more (economically, financially, mechanically) and about to burst-it has to burst... into something else. And the Mind is part of this balloon.*

Yes, yes, it's the Mind that seems to have swollen as much as it can, almost to bursting. It's exactly that.

I was wondering about this: Will it take... a complete bankruptcy of the Mind for people to understand?... Will it burst to end in a zero?

So I am constantly asked for messages (not articles because I no longer write any), but Y wants me to see her and to "note down" what I will tell her. But I know very well that everything I will say will be completely distorted.

One would like to be able to... keep a little quiet.

And they take it all so seriously! They think it's so important....

*Constantly, the only thing I feel like saying to all these people is, SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING ELSE...*

Yes, exactly.

*I feel there's nothing else to answer.*

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then speaks in English)*

I could remain for hours like this!<sup>19</sup>

A great Peace has come down. Did you feel that?...

*(Satprem:) Yes.*

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<sup>19</sup>During the meditation, Sujata noticed that Mother opened her eyes for a moment, and according to her, they were absolutely Sri Aurobindo's eyes. And Mother spoke in English when she emerged from the meditation.

And then it becomes wide, wide, wide....

*(silence,  
then Mother speaks  
in French again)*

*I find it very comfortable!*

*(Satprem lays his head  
on Mother's knees, then Mother  
looks at him for a long time)*

It's like BIG eyes looking (*Mother gestures to show about eight inches*). I have a feeling of BIG eyes looking....



# February

**February 1, 1969**

*(Mother first translates into French the following extract from a letter of Sri Aurobindo:)*

“As for immortality, it cannot come if there is attachment to the body, – for it is only by living in the immortal part of oneself which is unidentifed with the body and bringing down its consciousness and force into the cells that it can come. I speak of course of yogic means. The scientists now hold that it is (theoretically at least) possible to discover physical means by which death can be overcome, but that would mean only a prolongation of the present consciousness in the present body Unless there is a change of consciousness and change of functionings it would be a very small gain,”

Sri Aurobindo  
*(Letters on Yoga, 24.1234)*

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother listens to a series of questions about death, asked by pupils of the School.)*

*The first question: “What should we do in our daily life to halt the process of death?”*

Well, as Sri Aurobindo has just said, the process is, rather than remain wholly attached to the body, to attach ourselves to the Spirit, and to bring the Spirit down into the body’s cells.

The process is to detach one’s consciousness from the body and to concentrate it on the deeper life so as to bring this deeper consciousness into the body.

*Second question: “If the sense of ‘I-ness’ has identified more with the mind in life, is it the same sense of ‘I-ness’ that has all the experiences after death, that is to say, which retains at the same time the memories of its life? I ask the question with regard to the mind, since after death it remains formed a little longer than the other parts do.”*

That’s not true. It’s not true that the mind lasts longer.

Read it again.

*“...Is it the same sense of ‘I-ness’ that has all the experiences after death?”*

No, not at all.

The psychic consciousness that has identified with the small part of the physical is what comes out of this small physical person. Insofar as that consciousness has fashioned one’s life, it remembers what it has fashioned, and the memory is closely linked with the psychic consciousness in the past events:

whenever the psychic consciousness did not participate in the events, no memory is retained. It's only the psychic consciousness that can continue.

It's not the mind that retains the memories, that's quite wrong.



## February 5, 1969

I have a feeling there was something, and then... (*Mother searches for something on the table beside her*). There was positively something to be done... and you'll see, once you've left, I'll find it again! I remember having said, "Ah, I will do this on Wednesday with Satprem."

Oh, maybe it's here (*Mother looks at her cluttered table*), there's a heap of letters... frightening!

Too bad.

It was something interesting....

(*long silence*)

At the same time, I remember a vision of the night in which I did a work with numbers and put the numbers – figures and groups of figures – in a certain position. That's what I wanted to tell you. In the "dream" (if we can call it a dream), I said to myself that I should show it to you.

Now I remember... it comes like this (*gesture from behind Mother's head*). And then, it's associated with groups of people who are everywhere, spread all over the earth, and in relation with... which planet? I don't know, planets. And I remember saying to myself (all that during the night, not after waking up), while preparing that whole arrangement... I still see the arrangement of figures I was preparing, they were quite living – the figures were living things, groups of figures I was arranging, with one arrangement like this, one arrangement like that... (*Mother seems to move about the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle*), and in fact you were there, and I told you that when it was like this (*Mother draws one particular arrangement*) it expressed such and such a thing, while when it was like that (another arrangement of the puzzle), it expressed such and such other thing. And at the same time, I said, "Not only does it express this thing, but it has a power for realizing it..."

All that is there (*Mother gestures behind her head, as if to show a memory in the background*), somewhere there. And it was connected with groups of people who were in different places of the earth.

And it was... well, well! It was the "ciphered" expression – the ciphered expression of the application to life in a coming realization: the expression of the life ahead, but not very far ahead; for instance, in the following century, the century starting now.

So that's probably what remained in the memory, which made me want to tell you something. But I can still see the arrangement of figures. I spent a long time – a long time-arranging the figures. A long time.

A truer, more universal application, and with the spiritual knowledge: the principle of the position and utilization of individuals on earth. And I don't know why, it particularly interested you. You were

with me, with this arrangement of figures, and I showed you (*same gesture of the pieces of a puzzle being moved about*)... two columns here and one column there; but living columns: not on paper – not on paper, in the air. I don't know how to explain that, it was in the air, and I arranged, moved the figures about like this (*same gesture*), and those figures were LIVING, they weren't written on a paper.

There were different groups of figures... (*Mother tries to remember*), yes, there were two groups: some were blue (dark blue), and others golden yellow, and... (how can I explain?) they weren't male-female, but they were two principles, the two principles-the principle of... not creation, but conception (*gesture coming down from above*), and the principle of realization.

When I do that I am wholly conscious: it's not a dream (I don't sleep in the ordinary way; I am as if asleep, but I don't sleep; and I don't "dream": I ACT), I am wholly conscious, with the same kind of consciousness as the waking consciousness – it's not a dream. I was doing that, and explaining to you how all those figures were organizing themselves and determining future events.

When I wake up, or get up, rather (I can't say "wake up"), when I get up and enter into activity, it goes away – "goes away," not that it stops: it remains in its world. It's only now, because you are present, that it has made contact with the memory.

It went on for several hours. It wasn't the "conception" of a work, it was THE work itself, like... like when there are levers and things you move to set other things in motion (*Mother draws a big control panel in an electronic room*), it was something like that, but it wasn't that at all! It was the organization of those groups of figures that determined the events and the ORDER of events (especially the order of events) and their location on earth. And probably, while I was doing it, something wanted me to tell you, and left an impression that I had something to tell you; then everything went away. When I come back to this life, everything goes away; and it's only because I now tried to remember that I could (*gesture of contact with the memory*) catch it: I tried, and it came back. But I realize (almost with surprise) that it must have lasted at least two hours, or more – two to two and a half hours. I don't sleep at all, but I am active, absolutely active in the... (*Mother tries to situate the zone*) – what's being prepared to manifest on earth, I don't know if we should call it "subtle physical" or... It's the creative zone of the physical, it's there. And as I can't run from one place to another, what I do is linked through figures, like that-living figures. Living figures: I organize them, group them together, and I remember what I did the previous day; I say, "No, yesterday it was that way, but now it has to be this way," and with the knowledge that it will have to be changed again tomorrow. And that's what determines events. But the consciousness (the waking or ordinary consciousness) MUST NOT know what's decided there; it must know only a part necessary to the execution. That's why there is a break – it remains, it keeps on living there like that (*gesture behind the head*), but it doesn't come through.... It's wholly because at that time [during the "dream"] I made the decision to tell you about it that I could catch the memory, otherwise... Although I SEE; I see those figures, that's why I can describe them, but they no longer mean anything for me. And I am not sure whether they are figures or letters.... They were figures, I know they were; some figures were golden, others were blue (but those aren't our material colors, neither our substance nor our material colors), and I kept arranging them: one group like this, another group like that (*gesture like a moving puzzle*), then I would choose. Strange. And I must have been very tall, because the figures were big; I would take them and place them (it was on a large surface), and as I placed them, it established a communication and organized the events immediately ahead.

Perhaps I do remember...

Last night, I knew I was doing it every night, but during the night... There was (but then, in the body, yesterday in the waking state) a sort of aspiration to know what the functioning would be, the action in the superman consciousness. I said, "Having this consciousness around oneself [like a rampart] is very fine, but one must also know what changes there will be in the body's functioning, in

the work, in one's workings." So then, this experience [of the figures] was like an answer to make me learn a little the future way. But what's strange is that I did it exactly as they now do with those big electric machines, with all kinds of levers (*gesture like a control panel in a power plant*), I did it in that way, moving things and... Only, I think I must have been a little taller than I am.... I don't know. In any case, I would place the objects (*same gesture like a moving puzzle*)... They weren't objects, they were something... but it had a fixed form – it was fixed – and there was a sort of store (not a "storeroom," I don't know how to put it), a store from where I drew things, which I would put and arrange like that. The arrangement was continuous in its whole, but with changes in the details.

If I remembered exactly, it would be very interesting.

*For some time there has been in my active consciousness a preoccupation that comes with great force, but which isn't personal because the speculative mind isn't working. It's like a force coming over me again and again with a will, but I don't know what will. And the preoccupation is, "the ruin of Science and what will happen after the ruin of Science."*

Oh!

*You know, the end of the big "mental balloon," and what will happen after, or the transition from the one to the other. It's like a problem being sent to me – in connection with medicine, or new discoveries, or the students' revolution.... It's pressed on me from every side.*

Well, well...

*And especially this: the ruin of Science. There is a kind of force that wants... I don't know if it's to do something, or say something, or write... but it seems to drive me in this direction, towards this problem.<sup>20</sup>*

Yes, it must evidently be the same force, because it wanted me to show you and explain to you, and you were WATCHING the work. I even made some reflections now and then, I would tell you, "These figures" (but I didn't call them "figures," I don't know), "this I put here because of that...." I gave you explanations.

It's odd.

*From every side it comes to me.*

It must be an activity of this [superman] consciousness, because it's not something I've had for a long time. Last night, I knew I had been doing it regularly every night, but not for a long time. It must have come with this consciousness.

I should also say that yesterday (yesterday in my ordinary consciousness, I mean when I was here), there were two things: I thought about you, and said to myself... (it wasn't yesterday, it was the last time I saw you, last Saturday) after Saturday, I had something that wanted me to know how this [superman] force acted with you; so it's in response to that that I saw you last night and explained to you the whole working. And you participated consciously, that is, you understood perfectly well all that I was doing – you participated consciously.

It's interesting. It will grow clearer and clearer.

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<sup>20</sup>Eleven years later, in February 1980, Satprem will complete his *Mind of the Cells*.

*But strangely, it doesn't at all come from "Me": it's really as if I were driven to this problem, the solution to this problem.*

Yes.

*Why, I don't know.*

Yes... And this vision [with the big control panel], it was like an application of scientific means, but quite different! And it was entirely based on... There was no thought, no reasoning, nothing of all that: it was a force going like this (*gesture of a descent imposing itself*), as it always does, and it impelled the action. So I saw; I saw, I knew I had to do this or that, and though I didn't think at all, I was able to explain why, that is to say, I was able to say in advance that it was FOR such and such a thing. It was the combination of these two colors of figures (maybe it's a translation in my consciousness? Anyway...), the blue figures and the golden ones. And the priority for action was always the golden figures; the blue ones came as if to fill a gap. It had a shape (*same gesture like a moving puzzle*), it had a shape. It's odd. it's odd, it was so natural, so spontaneous and HABITUAL: nothing in the being remembered it with surprise, that is to say, it didn't remember as one would remember having dreamt and done something – nothing of the sort, it was quite natural: I did it "like that" and was quite aware that I was doing it every night.... And if I remember right, it was between midnight and 3 in the morning (a little earlier or later).

But it has a strong action, I mean it COMMANDS the action on earth, and it's not subjected in any way or tied down to anything below: it's like this (*gesture of a descent imposing itself*). And it constantly receives the Will or the Power of action from above – not "above," it's not above, it's... (*Mother makes a sort of gesture meaning it is "everywhere inside"*) "superior" in the true sense.

This body RECEIVES things. It receives them. It doesn't feel it's... I don't know how to explain (the thought isn't working). All of a sudden it felt the need to know the effect this [superman] consciousness will have on the consciousness here, how it will work. And then, for you, I wondered, "Where and how does this consciousness act?" And that's why I've had this experience [of figures] – that's not "why," it was preliminary to the experience, it came to draw my attention to the need to know that.... Odd! it's odd.

You see, it had left an impression: I thought I had something material to show you [at the beginning of the conversation, when Mother was looking for something on her table]. It had left a deep impression.

*(silence  
Mother tries to look at the clock)*

*It's five to eleven.*

Perhaps it's the beginning of something interesting....

Do you have anything to say?

At what time did I call you in?

*A little after 10:15.*

Already...

Everything is beginning to be very uncertain....



Strangely, one doesn't remember things in the same way; the memory works in quite another way, quite another way. It's as if things came onto a screen (*gesture of projection in front*), imposing themselves; then some withdraw, go away (they are there [*gesture behind Mother*], but they don't draw the attention), then on some other occasion they come like that (*same gesture of projection in front of Mother's eyes*). A strange functioning. It's not a mental memory of words or... not at all: it's the things THEMSELVES that are projected.

Maybe we're changing a bit! (*Laughing*) That wouldn't be too soon!



**February 8, 1969**

*(By some kindness of fate, the recording of the beginning of this conversation was preserved, though Satprem normally erased all those exchanges or the little facts that did not seem to have "historical" interest. For amusement we reproduce here these fragments....)*

Today is soup day! Here.

*Chicken... a whole lot!*

I only give you once a week.

*It's a lot!*

This (*to Sujata, showing a box*) I must show her... Would you like some work?

*(Sujata:) Yes, Mother.*

Here, I got this yesterday. They're supposed to be special biscuits – of course, I can't eat, but if you think you can crush a few...

*Yes, Mother.*

Then I'll be able to eat them.

Unless you do it after the marrons glacés are over? But marrons glacés can't be kept indefinitely. You two eat some, don't you?

*Yes, Mother!*

You do eat some? Because otherwise they'll get spoiled.

So do you think you can crush a biscuit? One at a time.

*(Satprem:) Not more than one?... Maybe two?*

Two will be a lot to eat.

*(Sujata:) Or one and a half?*

Eating two at one go is a lot for me! One is enough. Do you crush them by hand?

*Yes, Mother.*

Then you can do one.

*If you took some in the afternoon?*

It would be a lot in the afternoon....

Early morning, would it be convenient for you? I take my breakfast at 8:30 in the morning, is it too early?

*(Satprem:) She does it at 5 in the morning!*

I get up at 4:30.

*(Sujata, laughing:) Me too!*

So, in the morning. You'll do like this: one, two, three, four, five days....

*Yes, Mother!*

Like that, it doesn't bother you?

*Not at all!*

"Bother," I don't know, but difficult?

*No, no, Mother! I get up early in the morning, it's quite all right.*

They come from Germany – I got them yesterday.

Well! Now to you [Satprem], do you have something?

*There are the proofs of the Bulletin.*

Oh, we must see them.

*This is the Synthesis, then the Questions and Answers: this very long talk [on illness]....*

In this connection, yesterday R. [Auroville's architect] asked me questions so as to be able to answer people; he asked me if it was necessary to have organization and so on. And then it came, but in such an imperative manner; I replied that organization was discipline in action, and that to live, discipline is quite indispensable. I said that the body's whole functioning is a discipline, and if there is a part that no

longer wants to follow the discipline – out of revolt or incapacity or... for any reason – if it stops following the discipline, you fall ill.

It came so clearly that I told him.

That paper is with R., I've asked him to give it to me.<sup>21</sup>

I have another here, which I am going to show you in a little while.

But the strange thing is that the experience came BEFORE his question, as it always does. In the morning, I had that experience, I was looking... looking at the body's functioning, and I thought,

“What a mar-vel-ous discipline!” And each thing does its work regularly Naturally, when there is a bad will or a whim, or some incapacity for any reason, and a part stops playing its precise role, poof! you fall ill. It will be for some other time.

*Then there is “Apropos,” then the “Notes on the Way”... I've wondered, Mother, if for February 21 we couldn't play a recording of what you said, for instance on the superman consciousness?*

Do you think...

*Yes, at the Playground they still play old “Questions and Answers.*

Do you think it can be useful?

*I think it obviously has much more power than...*

Than the written thing.

*From a personal standpoint, the thing that bothers me is that I ask you questions a few times, so my voice will be there.*

That's no problem!

*Yes, but still... I know people would be happy. Spoken by you, it's immediately more...*

Who decides? Nolini?

*Oh, no, no! Nobody decides, it's for you to say if it suits you.*

They've never asked me...

No, no, except for a few Aphorisms, they've never played recent recordings of you-never.

You might ask Nolini what he thinks about it?<sup>22</sup>

*(Satprem shows the last proofs)*

Very well, it will do.

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<sup>21</sup>We publish in addendum R.'s notes on Auroville's organization.

<sup>22</sup>In fact, the idea did not materialize.

*No need to sign?*

I never write.

Now, come here. If you can take all this away (*Mother extracts a note from a pile of papers*), I have a paper here.... Oh, dear... Ah, here it is. It's awfully bad, let me warn you, like a ridiculous caricature of what I said....

*Was it noted down or...?*

I spoke, and it was F. who wrote it from memory, so you understand, the important words have gone, it's come down a few...

*(Satprem reads:)* "In Auroville, people will not earn money; they won't work to earn money..."

It's already come down to here (*gesture at ground level*).

*Then, "If one sets up an enterprise, the profit or production from it will go to the town..."*

It's not like that-it's not like that! No, it's useless.

*"...Each one will have to provide work for the collectivity according to his possibilities and aspirations-never to get money, but to serve the collectivity. In exchange, each one will receive what he needs to live. Giving everyone the same thing is out of question, everyone will receive what his real nature requires. Of course, that will be very difficult to determine, and there will have to be at the center of Auroville a gathering of sages..."*

*(Mother smiles)*

*...to decide the needs of everyone's real nature. The workers will live in a village planned for them so they may find themselves in their atmosphere. According to the work they have provided, they will receive coupons with which they will get... [etc.]"*

There's hardly, hardly once in a while the word I uttered! It's strange, isn't it? It gives me the precise illustration of what I say and the way it's received in the brain.

It's useless.

*Yes, it clearly feels like a human translation.*

It's useless, you know – it's not that.

*Yes, you didn't put it like that.*

It's useless – I can't use this.

This is how ideas are ruined.

*Yes, they become flat.*

*(Mother laughs)* All the blood has gone! It's no good.

*It becomes flat, small, and dogmatic.*

Dogmatic! It's absolutely unrecognizable. It's no good.

I spoke unintentionally, because I had just seen things and it was there – a vision. She happened to be here at that time, so I told her, “Would you like to try? I'll speak, and if you remember, you'll write it down.” She was very happy and... No, what's a bit troublesome is that it never comes back, it's never the same thing – never. It's always either a different viewpoint, or a different occasion. So the angle is changed.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

This atmosphere or consciousness [of the superman] seems to have an educative activity, because since it came, it has been looking after the education of the body – of the body's CONSCIOUSNESS – and that's quite interesting. And this education isn't something personal at all: it's the vision of the earth's evolution, especially concentrated on human evolution. There are no doubt notions of the whole, and with very particular things, quite particular viewpoints, but then, with precise details and with insistence, lasting sometimes an hour on one subject, so as to make deeply understood the cause and the consequences, and the CURVE of evolution.

Its method (in the main, not exclusively), its method consists in awakening a memory of the body that had been quite forgotten and really seemed absolutely gone; it awakens that memory and shows how the circumstance was possible in the general state, how (I'll give you an example) it's a residue of the past, and how it's unacceptable for the future.

This morning's experience was very curious.... All of a sudden, it awakened the memory of something that took place in my childhood when I was about eight or ten (which I had completely forgotten). On Sundays (I suppose so, or anyway on holidays), I used to go and play with my first cousins, the children of a brother of my father. I would go and play with them. I remember their house, I can still see it. We would usually spend our time playing scenes or enacting a story in tableaux. And today, it showed me something I had really forgotten. There's a story of “Bluebeard,” isn't there? (Bluebeard... I forget, I only know what I remembered this morning.) One day, we did a *tableau vivant*, in several tableaux, with the story of Bluebeard who cut off his wives' heads.... (*To Satprem:*) That's how the story went, isn't it?... (*Laughter*) I only remember this morning, I don't recall the story.... Now, we played in a big room, a sort of enclosed verandah – in Paris, a big long room. We had stood (our playmates were little boys and girls), we had stood a certain number of girls against the wall: we had stuck them to the wall, with their hair strung above their heads (*Mother laughs*), and we had put a sheet in front to cover the rest of their bodies – the sheet reached down to the floor so that we couldn't see their bodies, only their heads!... I am saying that because I saw it this morning, otherwise I didn't remember in the least. I saw this scene, I saw the memory of that room and how it was all arranged. And at the same time there came... You see, we found it quite natural, just “a story” we had read; I remembered my impression at the time: there was no sense of horror! We didn't find it “monstrous” (*laughing*), we were having great fun!... So the experience came, and it remained for OVER AN HOUR to make me understand very deeply where this memory came from, how it acted and why we were in that state. And all of it not at all from a personal standpoint, not at all: from the general standpoint of the earth and humanity in general. It was exceedingly interesting! And then, at the same

time, a vision showing how, with what swift movement, the universal consciousness moves (*arrowlike gesture*) in a progression towards the Divine – the TRUE Divine, I mean, not religions, of course – towards the TRUE Divine... through all that. And with the consciousness of the WHOLE – the whole – and nuances (Sade and all that line), from the highest to the lowest. For one hour I saw a whole stage of humanity – a stage towards the late 1800s, the second half of the 1800s – and how it moved on and progressed (*gesture like a great curve*). And that's... I have no words or capacity to describe it, but it's extraordinarily interesting. The vision of the human collectivity on earth, with all its stages, gradations, nuances, and how it all followed a movement... (*same arrowlike gesture*). And this story ("story"... this VISION, rather, because it wasn't a story: I didn't see what we said or anything, only the vision of what we did), this story came as the illustration of a certain state of mind of those times, and how children were given stories of that kind to read – we found it quite natural! (*Mother laughs*) And those things are so dreadful.

As soon as I am not busy talking or listening to people or doing a work, it goes on and on: certain "samples," as it were, of this body's life are taken up again, and through those samples, the whole is shown. A wonderful education! Never, never does any human education as it's conceived resemble this, because it's a vision of the whole, in which everything hangs together; you're shown everything together.

It can't be said. At least I can't say it – I can't, this body is incapable of formulating it methodically and clearly. But as far as learning is concerned, it's certainly learning!

At the same time, that gives the true notion... This morning (as if to give reference points), certain questions of religion were also mixing in: of religions, religious people from different religions, attitudes in religions. All that came with the vision of the whole and a total absence of all personal reactions (when it saw them, the seeing consciousness had no personal reactions; for instance, the reaction of one religion towards another, of one creed towards another, of one so-called system of knowledge towards another, and so on: all those reactions and conflicts found in the human mind), it was seen like this (*dominating gesture, as if above a becalmed sea*), it was all seen TOGETHER, and all on the same plane; on a same plane which is like a mental zone and has absolutely nothing to do with the Truth – it's an unbelievable camouflaging of the Truth. The so-called "truths" for which men have fought against each other, have died, have destroyed with all human passions: an almost ridiculous camouflaging of the Truth.

All religions seen like that in the whole, and in their history.

And since it isn't thought, of course – it's SEEN, it's a vision, a vision seen in the consciousness – one would have to say ten words at the same time. It's impossible to express, impossible to describe.

If one starts describing one thing after another, it no longer makes sense.

This morning, it went on for three hours like that. In reality, it stopped only when I started seeing people, because naturally... And in the night it's the same thing, it goes on. It's like a supereducation of the body, of the body's CONSCIOUSNESS, with illustrations. This story I've told of Bluebeard, it's like an illustration to make the body understand clearly, because it then FELT the state of consciousness it was in at the time. And having felt that, it understood – it was as if put in front of an abyss. It said, "How?!..." An abyss of unconsciousness. And it's very general. So then, there was the vision of the past, the vision of the present condition, and a beginning of... (*gesture like a curve forward*), the DIRECTION in which we're moving, and a sort of opening... (*gesture in the distance*). A vision ahead, far ahead, of the Harmony, here, which will manifest.

But then, at a certain point, the body wondered, "Who... or what is it that takes pleasure in this immense unfolding... which started with something so obscure and moves towards something so luminous?" All of a sudden, the body wondered, "Why?" And then... (*Mother holds her hands open*

*upward, in suspense*) there was no answer... In fact, it was made to feel, “Not yet. You aren’t yet ready, not yet. You can’t understand.”

*(silence)*

But the nature of the thing is so special!... It has extraordinary precision, and such intensity that the body’s whole attention is turned towards that, but it can’t communicate yet.... Unless it comes quite naturally with this [superman] consciousness acting – acting in others, for some detail or other, for one thing or other (that is to say, people themselves don’t know, everyone isn’t aware of the whole action, he is aware only according to the development of his consciousness). The consciousness is very clearly active on a large scale, and with results that are quite surprising and look, when seen in isolation, like miracles (small miracles, but they look like miracles). So I have wondered if it was going to make others capable of the same inner work?... The hindrance in most people is mental activity – truly, this body is infinitely grateful that it has been liberated from the mental presence so it may be ENTIRELY under the influence of this Consciousness, without this whole accumulated farrago of so-called knowledge people have.... It’s spontaneous, natural, unsophisticated, very, very simple, and almost childlike in its simplicity. And that [the mind’s disappearance] is a great advantage. At this speed, things can go very fast – one learns a hundred, two hundred things AT THE SAME TIME, you understand, all of it seen at once. This morning, it was particularly intense.

But if it’s described as it can be described, with words following each other, it becomes like F.’s text on Auroville: flat, artificial, devoid of life.

For the moment, the human means are inadequate. What will the superhuman means be? I don’t know. But the human means are inadequate.

*(silence)*

Strange, isn’t it? It’s something that happened... probably more than eighty years ago (eighty-two or three or four), yet it was intense, present, living, so extraordinary that if even now I look at it, I SEE: I see the scene so clearly, the apartment, the people, the setting, everything.... It didn’t come from within: it was shown to me (*gesture of something imposing itself*), and it’s while seeing it that suddenly I said within me, “Hello, but I lived this!” It was stored somewhere (*gesture in the background*), stored as you would keep a collection of memories for educational purposes – it’s far more precise, complete, concrete than any book or anything people say with so many words.

*(silence)*

That’s what I am afraid of: that people will make dogmas with the creation of Auroville.... I never said anything like that to F, but that’s what it has become in her head! Even what one writes, even if we publish what I’ve said in the Bulletin, when it enters their heads that’s what it becomes.

I am sure that what’s recorded here (*Mother points to the tape recorder*), if three people listen to it, each one will hear differently – will UNDERSTAND differently. That’s why I am not sure it’s really useful to play these recordings.... Each one goes away with the certainty that he has heard, but then he has understood something else altogether. And above all – above all – what I say is seen here (*gesture above*), while... (*gesture showing that it is heard at ground level*) it becomes so stupid, so flat!

Anyway, you’ll see with Nolini, but...

*No, Mother, if you feel like that, we can just leave it.*

It's not a feeling, it's an experience! You know, I wouldn't like anything better than... In fact, this is my constant impression! "Do as best you can, and the best thing needed will happen, that's all." But there is such an awareness of the uncertainty of the effect of things, and of this complexity... It all becomes so mixed and so confused that...

All of life is like that. CIRCUMSTANCES are like that, I am beginning to see that, it's beginning to... emerge like that, to show itself: honest people look like scoundrels, and scoundrels look like... I don't know what.

Sri Aurobindo was very, very conscious of this general confusion, and so he didn't much like... he wanted absolutely no propaganda, but he also didn't much like attempts to "explain things" to people and make them "understand," because he very well knew how useless it is. He very, very often said it to me: no propaganda whatsoever, of course, and above all, above all, no attempt to make people understand: the maximum effect one can obtain is the effect of the Consciousness at work in the world (*universal gesture*), because in everyone it produces the utmost the person can do – the utmost of what he can understand, he understands through the influence of the pressure of the Consciousness. As soon as words intervene, the whole mind makes a mess of it.

Certainly, Sri Aurobindo must have had experiences analogous to the ones I've had; now I am absolutely convinced of that. Because people who are full – full – of a complete goodwill, who are under the constant Influence, who make an effort, they are... (*gesture at ground level*) from another world. So those who don't put any goodwill into it...

Music is fine.

*Oh, yes!*

Because there are no words. Music is fine. I had a vision like that of an auditorium in Auroville, with a grand organ, and someone (whom I am trying to prepare, who can play the organ very well and whom I am trying to prepare inwardly) was playing (I SAW that, I saw it), playing the music of the higher Consciousness. It was a place where all those who wanted to come and listen could do so; some people came from far away, they came in, sat down, listened, and then went away. And this music was like a Consciousness coming down and exerting a Pressure on people to make itself understood. It was very beautiful – I hope it will be like that! Much better than words; as soon as one starts speaking (*gesture at ground level*), it's no longer that. So there.

Voilà, mon petit, now it's time.

*(to Sujata, after  
Satprem has left)*

All these activities [like the memory from Mother's childhood] take place between 4 and 7 in the morning, before people start coming.

\* \* \*

## ADDENDUM

*Notes of Auroville's architect*



*1. To build Auroville, do we need a method of working, organization, coordination?*

Discipline is necessary to live. To live, the body itself is subject in all its functions to a rigorous discipline. Any slackening of this discipline results in illness.

*2. What should the nature of this organization be? In the Present and in the Future.*

Organization is a discipline of action, but for Auroville we aspire to go beyond organizations, which are arbitrary and artificial. We want an organization that is the expression of a higher consciousness working for the manifestation of the Truth of the Future.

*3. Until we have a common consciousness and the true and correct way of working collectively is in operation, what should we do?*

A hierarchical organization gathered round the most enlightened center, submitting itself to a collective discipline.

*4. Should we use methods of organization of proven efficiency, but based on human logic and the use of machines?*

This is a makeshift to which we should submit ourselves only very provisionally.

*5. Should we let the individual initiative manifest freely, personal action be impelled by inspiration and intuition, and turn down any suggestion which the individual concerned does not feel to be good?*

To be viable, this would demand that all Auroville workers should be yogis, conscious of the Divine Truth.

*6. Has the time come to aspire to, set up or attempt a general organization, or should we wait for the correct attitude and people?*

An organization is needed for the work to be done. But the organization itself should be supple and progressive.

*7. If the solution is to wait, is it nevertheless necessary to define principles of organization and to prevent the occurrence of an uncontrollable disorder?*

All those who want to live and work in Auroville must have:

An integral goodwill, a constant aspiration to know the Truth and submit oneself to it.

A plasticity sufficient to face the demands of the work and a ceaseless will for progress so as to progress forever towards the ultimate Truth.

Finally, a bit of advice:

Be more preoccupied with your own faults than with those of others.

If everyone seriously worked to perfect himself, the perfection of the whole would automatically follow.

February 6, 1969



**February 12, 1969**

*(A note from Satprem to Mother)*

Sweet Mother,  
I would have like to understand what your look was saying this morning....

With love  
S.

*(Mother's answer overleaf)*

I would rather not  
write it.

M.



**February 15, 1969**

Just one thing, this atmosphere, this [superman] Consciousness is very active, and active like a mentor, as I already told you. And it's going on. One of these last few mornings, for a few hours early in the morning, it was... Never, never had the body been so happy! It was the complete Presence, absolute freedom, and a certitude: these cells, other cells (*gesture here and there showing other bodies*), it didn't matter, it was life everywhere, consciousness everywhere.

Absolutely wonderful.

It came effortlessly, and it left simply because... I was too busy. It doesn't come at will – what comes at will is what we might call a “copy”: it looks like it, but it's not THE Thing. The Thing... There is something wholly independent of our aspiration, our will, our effort... wholly independent. And this something appears to be absolutely all-powerful, in the sense that none of the body's difficulties exists. At such times, everything disappears. Aspiration, concentration, effort... no use at all. And it's the DIVINE SENSE, you understand, that's what having the divine sense means. During these few hours (three or four hours), I understood in an absolute way what having the divine consciousness in the body means. And then, this body, that body, that other body... (*gesture here and there, all around Mother*), it doesn't matter: it moved about from one body to another, quite free and independent, aware of the limitations or the possibilities of each body-absolutely wonderful, I had never, ever had this experience before. Absolutely wonderful. It left because I was so busy that... and it didn't leave because it had just come to show “how it is” – that's not it: it's because life and the organization of life (*gesture like a truckload being dumped*) engulf you.

I know it's there (*gesture in the background*), I know it is, but... But that's a transformation as I understand it! And clearly, in people it could express itself-not something vague, clearly – in this man, in that woman, in... (*same gesture here and there*), quite clearly. And with a Smile!...

The cells themselves were saying their effort to be transformed, and there was a Calm... (How can I explain this?...) The body was saying its aspiration and will to prepare itself, and, not asking but striving to be what it should be; all that always with this question (it's not the body that asks it, it's... the environment, those around -the world, as if the world were asking the question): “Will it continue, or will it have to dissolve?...” The body is like this (*gesture of abandon, hands open upward*), it says, “What You will, Lord.” But then, it knows the question is decided, and One doesn't want to tell it – it accepts. It doesn't lose patience, it accepts, it says, “Very well, it will be as You will.” But That which knows and That which doesn't answer is... something that can't be expressed. It is... yes, I think the only word that can describe the sensation it gives is “an Absolute” – an Absolute. Absolute. That's the sensation: of being in the presence of the Absolute. The Absolute: absolute Knowledge, absolute Will, absolute Power... Nothing, nothing can resist. And then this Absolute (there's this sensation, concrete) is so merciful! But if we compare it with all that we regard as goodness, mercy... ugh! that's nothing at all. It's THE Mercy with the absolute power and... it's not Wisdom, not Knowledge, it's... It has nothing to do with our process. And That is everywhere, it's everywhere. It's the body's experience. And to That it has given itself entirely, totally, without asking anything – anything. A single aspiration (*same gesture, hands open upward*), “To be capable of being That, what That wills, of serving That” – not even “serving,” of BEING That.

But that state, which lasted for several hours... never had this body, in the ninety-one years it's been on earth, felt such happiness: freedom, absolute power, and no limits (*gesture here and there and everywhere*), no limits, no impossibilities, nothing. It was... all other bodies were itself. There was no difference, it was only a play of the consciousness... (*gesture like a great Rhythm*) moving about.

So there.

Apart from that, all the rest is as usual.

(*long silence*)

But apart from that, the work is becoming more and more exacting: the number of people is increasing a lot, and I see them for a longer time too – everyone has more to say But I very clearly feel (that is, the body very clearly feels) that it's part of the training.

It seems to be like this: the body must hold out, otherwise, too bad, it will be for another time.

All human excuses seem to me like childishness.

That's something strange: all human qualities and faults look like childishness-foolishness. Strange. And it's not a thought: it's a concrete sensation. Like a lifeless substance; all ordinary things are like a substance lacking life – TRUE life. Artificial and false. It's strange.

It's not so much in others, that's not it: it's the inner training. And this true Consciousness, this true Attitude is something so tre-mendous-ly strong, powerful, in such smiling PEACE! So smiling, incapable of getting angry – that's absolutely impossible – so smiling, so smiling... and watching.

*(silence)*

The special character of this new consciousness is: no halfmeasures, no approximations. That's its character. It doesn't accept the idea, "Oh, yes, we'll do that, and little by little we'll..." No, no, not like that: it's yes or no, you can or cannot.

You know, there's a considerable increase in the people who want to see me, and in the influences when they see me, the effects when they see me (which don't at all correspond to a will or a consciousness or anything – that no longer exists: it works or doesn't work), and seen like that, it's: either you hold out and can do the work, or else, too bad.

That's how it is, you understand.

I first wondered whether this profusion of people was the result of reading the Bulletin (what we published in November), but many of them have never touched the Bulletin, never seen it. So... it must be the action of this Consciousness.

*(silence)*

It's really like a GRACE, you know, as if: don't waste time – don't waste time, you must do the work, or else...

But this tremendous Power is especially this, a mercy, a clemency!... No, there are no words, we have no words to describe that, it's something... Just paying attention and... it's bliss. Just turning one's attention to that side, immediately it's bliss. And I understand (it made me understand certain things), the stories of people who, in the midst of torture, felt bliss – that's how it is. A bliss.

Here, this is it:

*(Mother holds out to Satprem  
a white hibiscus, "Divine Grace")*



**February 19, 1969**

*(The conversation begins an hour late.)*

We must take life as a grace, otherwise it's impossible to live.

(silence)

I had things to say, but... I've just seen at least thirty people.

(silence)

I am entirely convinced that things are as they must be, and that it's simply the body that lacks suppleness, tranquillity, trust.... So I can't even say that things grate (they don't grate at all), but... You understand, the work consists in changing the conscious base of all the cells – but not all at once! Because that would be impossible; even little by little is very difficult: the moment when the conscious base is changed is... There is almost a sort of panic in the cells, and the impression, "Ooh! What's going to happen?" And since there are still lots and lots of them... So now and then, it's difficult. It's by group, almost by faculty or part of faculty, and some of them are a little difficult. I don't know (since it's quite new), I don't know if it would be easier if I weren't doing anything? Probably not, because it's not so much the work [to be done], it's not that: it's people's general attitude. It makes for a kind of collective support at the moment of the transition. At the moment when the consciousness that ordinarily supports the cells fades away for the new one to take the place, the cells need ("the cells," I don't know if it's them), but there has to be the support of... (how can I put it?)... in people it gets expressed as the need of the Presence, but that's not what is necessary: it's a sort of collaboration of the collective forces. It's not much, it's not indispensable, but it helps a little, in some measure. There is a moment when there's almost an anguish, you know, you're suspended like that; it may be a few seconds, but those few seconds are terrible. This morning again there was a moment like that.... I remember that at the time of the "darshans," for two days Sri Aurobindo didn't want me to do any work for others (to see them, read letters, reply, all that), but he was here, so it was he who acted as support. Because I see that the work began long ago (in a subordinate and very little conscious way), but now it's in *full swing*. So the cells feel some slight panic.... Generally, a few minutes' concentration is enough, but it causes a sort of weariness – weariness in the cells, a need not to do anything (*Mother points at the clock, which reads 11*).

If I hadn't known, if the body hadn't known what it was, well, ordinarily I would have lain down without seeing anyone. But the consciousness was there to say that the unpleasantness of it [the second of transition], the unpleasant consequence of it would have been worse than the fact of being tired.

There were a few very difficult days when Amrita left,<sup>23</sup> because a whole collectivity of people thought, "Ooh, so one can die." There. So that's how it is.

But more and more – more and more – the body has been learning that what happens (what happens every second) is the best thing that can happen given the general condition. It's entirely convinced of that. And it's content to do like this (*gesture of self-abandon*) and say, "Let Your Will be done." That's all. If it can do that in a very continuous and peaceful way, then things are fine. It's only when it tries to find out why and how and... then things go wrong. It has to be like this (*same gesture of self-abandon*): "Let Your Will be done." Then it's all right. It doesn't ask to know, only there's the old habit.

At the critical moment (there are critical moments), at the critical moment, this *surrender* (it's even more than *surrender*, it's a complete abdication of everything, of its existence and everything) is filled

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<sup>23</sup>On January 31, 1969. Amrita was the person in charge of the Ashram's finances. Bharatidi's departure (on November 7, 1968) appears to have acted as a trigger, for it was followed by Amrita's, then Pavitra's (on May 16), then Satyakarma's (Mother's cashier).... This calls to mind Satprem's vision of Sri Aurobindo, several of whose toes had been cut off, that is to say, several people. See *Agenda VIII* of July 5, 1967.

with light and force. That's the Response.

*(silence)*

Do you have any news?

*(Satprem presents to Mother the manuscript of By the Body of the Earth or the Sannyasin, which he is about to send to Paris. Mother's remarks have not been kept.)*

*(silence)*

The body is very conscious of its infirmity – and of the Grace. For instance, there are painful, difficult moments, but it's perfectly aware that it's because of its incapacity to open, to give itself, to change. And a profound joy, VERY CALM, but very vast – vast, you know, the cells feel a broadening. That goes on increasing little by little. It's only when there's a physical pain or something a little acute that the body is obliged to hang on, otherwise... And even that comes from this idiotic spirit of self-preservation (*Mother laughs*) in the depths of any cellular consciousness – it knows that. It knows it. It's an old habit. But all that, little by little (little by little, but in reality very fast – very fast), is changing.

All the groups of cells, all the cellular organizations have to do their... not "surrender," a complete self-abandon, in complete trust. That's indispensable. For some, it's the spontaneous, inevitable, constant movement; with others, it comes as soon as there's a difficulty; yet others need to be churned a little in order to learn.

So then, the various functions are taken up in turn, in a marvelously logical order, following the body's functioning. It's something marvelous, only... the body is a poor thing, very poor thing – that's very true.

Some even (as I have said) spontaneously repeat the mantra. Spontaneously, the mantra goes on and on being repeated, sometimes with a very great intensity; sometimes there is a sort of... (do you know the English word *shyness*?), a shyness to invoke the Divine, so strongly That is felt. But it melts – it melts in an awareness, a conscious perception of such a Clemency! Unbelievable, unbelievable, unthinkable, it's so wonderful... (In its very small human manifestation, that's what has become goodness, but that's a distortion.) A marvel! The cells are in ecstasy before this vibration.... But then, you see and hear this CLAMOR of protest, misery, suffering – it's a clamor all over the earth, and that makes the cells feel a little ashamed.

*(silence)*

Its way of working (I think I've already told you once or twice) is a sort of storytelling based on experiences, memories, very small dormant things that seemed to be gone, and which awaken for the experience to become concrete. So then, all that unfolds, with the human sensation, human vision, human understanding (even the most spiritual understanding, I might say), and at the same time... this Presence. And then the Presence brings the TRUE understanding.... Something wonderful.

*(silence)*

The body is aware that That, this Consciousness, knows full well whether it will continue or not. It has never been told anything, and it knows (it has felt the two things equally, as equal certitudes, and with

equal acceptance), it knows this is the most favorable condition for the work, so it doesn't ask anything. There are worries around (of all kinds), from an anguish at the idea that it could happen (all around, like that) to (*laughing*) a haste for the end to come! (That also happens.) But now the body has learned to be ab-so-lute-ly indifferent to those reactions – absolutely. It smiles. It smiles with this benevolent Smile [of the superman consciousness], it has the same smile. And it sees, it knows, it senses where that [the worry or the “haste”] comes from, it's thoroughly conscious. After all, it's very amusing! There's a whole gamut, a whole scale, from fear (a semiconscious, blind fear) to... (*Mother laughs*) an impatient desire! “Free at last! Free at last to do all the foolish things I want to do!...” It seems there aren't many, but there are some.<sup>24</sup> The two opposites of blind Ignorance coming together. The body has become very conscious: it's very sensitive to what comes from people. It didn't have that before, but now it senses.

It's supported, helped: this superman consciousness that has come helps it a lot, it's through it that the body feels, and that helps it a lot. Sometimes, when someone comes in, along with him (him or her or them) comes a slight acute uneasiness; if the body had felt that before knowing, it would have been painful, but now it can smile and wait to discover why it's like that (*Mother gestures as if to trace the vibration that caused the uneasiness*). With others, on the contrary, the atmosphere is immediately filled with the presence of this Consciousness (that's new, and very interesting), so then the body feels fine – it feels fine, rested.

There were lots and lots of things with a question mark before: “Why is it like this?” Now it knows, it's beginning to know why – that's amusing. And it has begun to know why since it completely abdicated and lost any eagerness either to go on or to stop (either one or the other); it's like this (*gesture of-surrender*): “What You will, Lord; as long as You want me to be like this, I'll be like this; when or if You want me not to be, I won't be” – it's completely, absolutely unimportant.

*(Mother looks at the clock,  
laughing)*

I am very sorry! I am sorry, but what can we do?... The outer organization is like that.



## **February 22, 1969**

Your mother is fine.... She is very concentrated.

*(Mother hands to Satprem the message she has given for February 21, her ninety-first birthday anniversary:)*

“It is only immutable peace that can

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<sup>24</sup>There will be more and more. Three months later, on May 10, Mother will say, “A considerable number of desires that it should die. Everywhere, they are everywhere!”

make possible eternity of existence.”

Would you know when I wrote this?

*Yes, it was in '65, I think.*<sup>25</sup>

I don't remember when it was, but I remember that I wrote it after I had the experience that the immobility of the Inconscient, of the beginning of the creation, is (I can't say a "projection"), is a sort of inanimate or inconscient symbol of Eternity, of Immobility (it's not "immobility," words are worthless, it's between immobility and stability). Here I wrote "peace," but "peace" is a poor word, it's not that, it's infinitely more than peace; it's the "something" (even the word "eternal" gives a limited sense, all words are impossible), the something that's the Origin of everything and the start of the evolution of the manifestation to rejoin the Origin (*Mother draws a curve joining the one to the other*).

I remember I had this experience... I don't know, I thought I had had this experience at the Playground, but in '65 I no longer used to go there.

I don't know, I feel it was at the Playground, and the experience was as if the inconscient immobility – the Inconscient's INERT immobility – were the starting point of evolution, and a sort of TRANSLATION of this... (what should I call it? It's another kind of immobility too! But an immobility that contains all movements), of this immobility of the Origin, this stability, with the perception that the whole evolution is for that to find That again, with the whole transition (*same gesture like a great curve*). It was a very clear vision, I remember I wrote it down. And when I read this [the text of the message], the experience came back.

You see, they always speak of a "fall" – that's not it! Not at all. If there was a fall, that was when the vital became a will of independence: that wasn't at the beginning, it was quite some distance along the way... In the ancient tradition, they say that the Conscient became the Inconscient because it "cut itself off from the Origin" – it strikes me as stories told to children.

Strangely, in the silence and in the vision, it's very clear, very luminous, understandable. as soon as you want to say it, it becomes stupid.

But then, in the creation itself as it is now, it's true: the word "peace" might indeed be the nearest (although it's not that, it's quite small and restricted, it's not that). As soon as something is disrupted or goes wrong, it's this "peace" that, within, comes as the remedy.

*(silence)*

Oh, words are useless, I don't know what to do, I don't know if it's because I have too few of them, or because they really... All mental expression seems artificial; it gives a sense of a lifeless coating. It's odd. And the entire language belongs to that region. When I want to say that experience... With some people, I very clearly, very easily make contact in the silence, and I tell them infinitely more things than I could with words; it's more supple, more precise, deeper... I might say that words, sentences, written things strike me as a two-dimensional image (the ordinary image), while this contact, which I can have with people as soon as I stop speaking, adds a depth and something truer (it's not wholly true, far from it, but it's truer), and there is a depth.

*(silence)*

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<sup>25</sup>It is adapted from the conversation of June 14, 1965. See *Agenda VI*, p. 127.



That's why experiences are hard to express. They're no longer separate experiences that come one after another, it's like a single and overall movement (*round gesture*) of transformation, and with a great intensity.

In the ordinary functioning of life, there is the sense of "things are fine," which in people is expressed by a sensation of good health, and on the other hand, disequilibrium, disorganization; well, now that opposition appears WHOLLY artificial: there's only a continuous movement, with transitions from one type of vibration to another type of vibration whose origin is (what should I say? It's not "deeper," not "higher," and "truer" gives only one side, it's not that), anyway, "superior" in some way – words are idiotic, quite idiotic. That's how it is, how it is all the time [this continuous movement]. So then, you are drawn to one place or another: it's simply the play of our consciousness. But to an all-seeing consciousness, it's a continuous and overall movement towards... yes, that's it, it's for this inert Inconscient to become the absolute Conscient.... I don't know, I have a vague impression that they've discovered that a certain intensity of movement (that is, what we call "speed") results in a sense of immobility I have a vague impression that I've been told that. But it corresponds to something. What I've called "peace" in the message, that peace... (I hesitate to speak because words are stupid), that peace, what's felt as peace, is a paroxysm of movement, but a general movement – harmonious, general.

As soon as one speaks, it becomes a caricature.

*(long silence)*

I'll end up keeping silent!

*I hope not!*

*(Mother laughs)* But all this is so pathetic!

*Later we'll speak in color.*

Ah, that would be lovely...

It has reached such a point that when someone says something to me, for instance reads back to me something I've said, I don't understand anymore!... I try my best, but there's the whole intensity of the Consciousness seeking to express itself, and when it's read back to me, the intensity is no longer there, so it no longer makes any sense.

Just this very message, when they read it to me, the experience came back, so I know how it was, and the word "peace" contained so many things!... Now it's no longer there.

What word did I use?

*"Peace," yes.*

Immutable?

*Yes: "It is only immutable peace..."*

Yes, and the experience was that that same immutable peace (which is neither "peace" nor "immutable"! It's "something"), that same Thing was there in inert unconsciousness. It was so concrete!... And then, the whole curve of the creation for that and That to become apparently one (but

they ARE one – they are one). We might say (but it becomes sentences, it's sentences): for that and That to become conscious of their identity But it's a sentence.

*(long silence)*

The experience was so intensely concrete that as soon as I start talking, it comes down. There *(gesture above)*, the consciousness is clear, but then...

What can we do? We should use photos!

We might make some progress, might we not? *(Mother laughs)*



## **February 26, 1969**

A few days ago (two or three), Pavitra got a letter from France, from someone who wrote *(Mother laughs)* that according to a few French people who had visited the Ashram, morals have become quite “lax” at the Ashram and everything is in a pitiful state.... So then, this person sends his “wishes” for “the Ashram’s morals to be raised again....”

Pavitra asked me, “Should we reply?” At the time I said *(laughing)*, “Don’t bother replying, there’s nothing to say” But once he had left, it came *(gesture from above)*, not exactly as an answer to that person, but an answer to a rather common state of mind. It came in French first, in three parts: one sentence, then a whole group of experiences; a second sentence with a whole other group; and a third sentence. The connection hasn’t been written down.

*(Mother holds out a note to Satprem)*

“Never judge on appearances, still less on gossip....”

There. Then there was a whole group... I don’t know how to put it; it’s not sentences, but a sort of knowledge that, naturally, your judgments are more or less consciously based on the morality in which you were brought up and the morality of the country you live in. So I wrote:

“The morality of one country is immorality in another...”

That’s a fact.

And here’s the end:

“The service of the Divine exacts a sincerity in the surrender unknown to all moralities.”

That's true, no morality, no religion has that! No one has ever dared to say that to people.

I hadn't noticed it, it's this occasion that made me notice it.

*You mean that this surrender also entails abandoning all principles of morality.*

Yes, of course. But especially this, that morality has never said, "Don't see things in relation to yourself." It has said, "You mustn't be selfish, you must be good..." and all that, but never has it criticized this sense of a self existing separately from others, nowhere, while the true attitude demands it.

All that came very clearly – it comes as kinds of "tableaux," I don't know how to explain... and so clear! And it kept coming again and again; I tried to drive it away, but it came back again, until I wrote it down. Once I had written it down, it left me in peace.

*These moralists imagine they're "above," above the fallen condition of "Others," while they're in the same sludge as everyone else!*

*(Mother laughs)* Naturally! Oh, moralists think they're very superior people.

*But if you scratch a little, it's not pretty.*

Yes, it's exactly the same thing.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

The work is going fast....

For me, things are going fast and going strong, and I would have to note them down constantly... There are difficult moments.

There're too many, too many things, they can't be said.

*(Mother seems to speak  
from far away)*

There is clearly a work of change of consciousness (*Mother touches her body*), and it's going very, very fast, so I don't remember the transitions, the passages....

It's the sense of the body's ego that has gone away, with a very strange result.... While the experience is there, I might just manage to describe it, but... First the sense of limit, that is, of the body existing as a separate thing, has disappeared; for instance, the sensation that "you" knock against "something else" (I don't know how to explain) has completely gone. And it leaves...

I have no memory at all; I can't keep a memory of something and relate it: I can relate it only at the time of the experience. But it's almost visual, I don't know how to explain (*Mother looks at her hands*), it's not limited and... impossible, I can't express it.

There is something existing in a constant, permanent way; it's a sort of STATE of consciousness related to the material world.... In the ordinary state, a sensation comes from a precise place in the body, it's noted, recorded somewhere in the brain – now it's no longer like that at all. The sensations... but they're not exactly sensations: it's a certain type of VIBRATION, and it comes from EVERYWHERE, like that (*gesture all around*); also like this (*gesture from the body*), but like that, like that... (*gesture from every side*), everywhere like that. So then, the consciousness... I've tried to see where the consciousness is, and it's somewhere above; it's everywhere, diffused absolutely everywhere, but there's still a center of consciousness somewhere above (*gesture above the head*), as though it were more compact there; otherwise it's everywhere, diffused everywhere, but it's slightly more compact here (*same gesture above the head*), compact and stable, like that (*Mother closes her two fists in an unshakable gesture*), and that's what conveys orders to the body (but all those words are idiotic; when I utter them they disgust me). You understand, that's where the relationship with the Supreme Consciousness is established permanently and constantly – I say “Supreme Consciousness,” I've adopted these words so as not to make sentences all the time; I might say “the Divine,” but the Divine is so totally present everywhere that... It's not the same thing (*gesture above*); I can't call it “Will” because it has none of the characteristics of human will: it's not a will “exerting itself on” something, that's not it, it's... IN ITSELF; it's between vision, decision, will, power, all of it together. I don't know. And much more than that. But that's where the center is as far as the body and all that's immediately around it is concerned. And that is... Strange, it's extraordinarily imperative and all-powerful, and at the same time it's the Peace (“peace” is a poor little word worth nothing much), it's perfect Peace and Immobility (“immobility” is idiotic – but how are we to speak?!). And that is there constantly (*gesture above Mother*).

That's what is taking the place of the conscious will as regards moving the body, for its internal functioning and for its action. And when the moment comes (it takes place gradually, but there's a “moment”) for the old functioning – the ordinary functioning – to be eliminated or to disappear and be replaced by That (*gesture above*), the result is... (*wobbly gesture*), I don't know if it's long or brief, but there's just a difficult transition. So then the body is caught between... (here or there, on one spot or another, for one thing or another) between the old habit and the new functioning. There's just a transition of anguish. In most of its parts, the body is conscious of the stupidity of that anguish, but... the function or the part or... is seized with panic. Then it takes a material stillness for order to be restored.

That's a wholly inadequate and stupid description, but I don't know what to do! There are no words. It's an approximation.

And all that takes place within a permanent Consciousness (*Mother makes a round gesture*), solid, you know, extraordinarily stable! It's everywhere like that.

With a bombardment of intruding thoughts or sensations from others, like a ceaseless little bombardment which is beginning to be clearly perceived as coming from outside. But there's a constant, constant need of purification.

There is something entirely different from what it was only three months ago, entirely different.... For the moment it's still hard to express.

And the two things: the true Perception, and a sort of diminished, slowed down memory of the old way; and in that old way there are... all kinds of undesirable but general, universal things, which are hard to change for that reason, because the sort of “formation” now in the making is foreign, so to speak, to the world.

You understand, through people and things I am always in contact with the same Presence, but if for any reason the way of being of people and things imposes itself [on Mother], the body feels odd, the

effect is odd.<sup>26</sup>

I am still right in the middle of a transitional state.

Can you hear me?

*Yes, yes!*

Right in the middle of a transitional state.

*(silence)*

*(Mother looks at the clock)* I think there are some impossible hours!

That's it, I am literally overburdened with work and people. And no Command or Insistence to free myself from it. There's a sort of laissez-faire on the part of this eternal and smiling Peace (*immense, rhythmical gesture*), very smiling – eternal and smiling, like that... And a sort of constant demonstration to the body that it's not what tires it, it's not the work, not people, not things, it's not that at all that tires it: it's its own transitional state and its own imperfection – that's it, nothing else. So there.

In this Consciousness, there is something smiling in such peace!... It's absolutely wonderful, it's... Unless one has felt it, one can't understand what it is. It's something wonderful. And naturally that's what is trying to... what is working – working to take control of all these cells.

There's still a lot to be done.

It's odd... *(Mother laughs)*.



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<sup>26</sup>This undated handwritten note of Mother, found later, puts the problem in clear terms: "When, through those around me, the outer world tries to impose its will on the rhythm of inner life, the result is a disequilibrium which the body does not always have the time to overcome."

# March

**March 1, 1969**

*(The conversation begins forty-five minutes late.)*

It's going well, very well, but... No more clock, that no longer exists! What should take place at 8:30 takes place at 10.... And every day I turn down people, you understand, I turn down lots of them, but they tell me, "You should..."

It's interesting. The Presence is growing constant, and the contact with people is quite interesting, quite outside... Most of the time I don't know who the person is – all external things are becoming increasingly shallow and nonexistent – but the inner reactions are very interesting.

I would have to speak for hours to explain all that takes place. But it's going well.

It's only a *good training*, as they say in English, for the body. It must learn – it feels, it very clearly feels what goes on in other bodies – but it must learn to know it WITHOUT being affected, and there's a difficult little point to sort out. Generally, I have a sensation and perception of the disorder without knowing what it is, and that's... As soon as I know what it is, I can make the necessary movement for the body not to be affected anymore. But the body must function (this is obvious, it seems more and more certain) without having this sense of personality. And generally, when there is a disorder somewhere, all the rest is affected; you can avoid that, you can isolate what goes wrong, but it's only a beginning, it's very, VERY far from a realization. Only, it's interesting; interesting in the sense that since this [superman] Consciousness has been here, the body has learned a lot of things, a whole lot of things. Really interesting. The body has learned things the mind didn't know (!), so that's very interesting – new things, ways of being, manners of being, internal organizations, all sorts of things.

I would have to spend hours every day to narrate what has taken place if we really wanted to keep a historical *record* of the path....

*(silence)*

Did you have something to say?

*(Satprem presents to Mother the manuscript of The Synthesis of Yoga before sending it to a new publisher in France:)*

*I pray that there may be no difficulties with J.H. and the former publisher...*

We'll see.

*Did J.H. have a sort of free hand to do all he wanted?*

He came here while Sri Aurobindo was here, and he asked [to publish Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's works], and Sri Aurobindo said, "Let him do as he pleases," like that!... Everything was all the same to him.

*I think we should try, because we must free ourselves from this hold. For the moment, anything published in France from Sri Aurobindo and you is in their grip.*

(Laughing) As far as I am concerned, it's all the same to me! We'll see, we're going to see.

*I think that J.H. is pressuring us, but there's no such thing as this monopoly on an author!*

It's blackmail.

We'll see. (Laughing) We'll see!



**March 8, 1969**

*There's a note from Monsignor R.<sup>27</sup> First he asks, "May I request you to ask Mother to assist me these next few weeks in a special way?..."*

Does he believe in it?!

*Yes, he does!*

Bah!...

Do you have his photo?

*Not here.*

Did you show it to me already?... Yes, then it's all right, it's useful to establish the contact.

*Then he sends another note. In Rome they had the visit of Swami Z, and our friend P.L. had lunch with him (because they took the Swami to see the Pope, he had an audience with the Pope), they had lunch together and, writes Msgr. R., "The Swami declared himself very happy about the audience with the Pope. He was able to give one of his books to the Holy Father, who told him (in English) that he liked India very much, that he thanked him for his spiritual work undertaken for the good of humanity, and encouraged him to pursue his mission. The Pope gave him a papal medal, and even added that he had great difficulty in developing his spirituality owing to his present entourage...."*

Oh, this is interesting!... It's interesting.

*There are a few more lines: "The Swami is convinced that if the Pope weren't obliged to remain*

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<sup>27</sup>P.L.'s friend. P.L. is the disciple in the Roman Curia.

*in Rome to fulfill the functions imposed on him, he would surely go to India in search of illumination.”*

It's interesting.

*(long silence)*

This Consciousness isn't working only here....

It's good.



**March 12, 1969**

*(Regarding the Italian and the German translations of Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.)*

I have nothing to say But what about you? Anything?

*Just two things: N. (you know, the Italian) asks me to bring this to you-the Italian translation of my book on Sri Aurobindo.*

Very well.... What's this? *(Mother looks at the cover)* What does it represent?

*It's from a painting, an Italian painting.... I even wonder if it's not Christ?... Wait, I'll tell you, there's a note here: "God created man.*

Ah! *(Laughing)* And which one is God?

*I don't know!*

Have they put photos?

*Yes, Mother, they're here.*

*(Mother looks at the photos, including one of herself)*

Me, I have nothing to do in here.

*Still, a little! They've also put Auroville...*



Ah, but that has also nothing to do in here!

*No, it has nothing to do with the book, I agree.*

*(A photo of the Samadhi, then another that “has nothing to do in here.”)*

*Anyway, it’s for you.*

Me, I don’t keep any books. Have they put “translated from the French” or “translated from the English”?

*Translated from the French.*

Then it’s all right. Because otherwise, what if someone took it into his head to translate it back into French! *(Laughing)* It would be very funny to do that once – to go round three or four nations, and from the last one to translate back to the first!

I suppose it goes to the Library, I don’t know. Or give it back to him?

*He said it was for you. I don’t know... You have enough clutter around you as it is!*

Put it on the bed (!)

*Then there is also the German translation....*

Oh!

*For years C.S. has been battling to translate this book....*

Oh, yes, yes.

*It’s given him a lot of difficulty.*

Has he finished?

*Well, he’s writing to you. It’s been a great battle. He doesn’t trust himself enough, he keeps saying, “This miserable translation... I’ve done an awful thing...” But apart from that, full of good will. In a letter he asked me, “Will Mother accept this miserable translation?”*

*(Laughter)* As for me, I don’t know German, so...

At any rate, his translation is honest, and that’s a lot. Other translators take such liberties.... For instance, they don’t want to use the word “supramental,” and what they propose to me is enough to make your hair stand on end! But I don’t know German – it’s the one language I refused to learn! *(Laughter)* I don’t know why, when I was small I said, “No, no, NO!” I learned Italian, learned... I learned many languages, but German I refused! *(Mother laughs)* I don’t know why. A child’s idea.

*Maybe not!*

Have you written him that it's agreed for the publication?

*Yes, but I hadn't yet told you about it...*

Certainly, you should send him a line saying, "It's all right, Mother approves!" (*Mother laughs*)

*This poor C.*

Poor C....

\* \* \*

...Since Amrita left, Nolini has had much more work. Because we've had to divide the work....

Me too, I have a good deal of it!

Ah, it's quite difficult....

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

But this Consciousness which has manifested since the beginning of the year, it's VERY active; it has spread about and is very active. You remember, I always used to say (the body used to say, that is) that it was very difficult without someone capable of helping it, and this Consciousness has fulfilled that function, it serves as a mentor – it teaches the body loads of things. Really interesting. Things that the mind didn't know, it teaches the body That way, the body is becoming a little clever!

*(silence)*

The body consciousness has become individualized and at the same time independent, which means it can enter other bodies and feel quite at ease there. I made the experiment one day ("I made," it wasn't the body that made it, it was "made" to make it, precisely by this Consciousness) of entering three or four people like that, one after another, and of feeling in each one the BODY's way of being: it wasn't at all a vital or mental entry, it was a bodily entry. And that was really interesting. There were three or four people here... perhaps I've already told you?

*Just an allusion.*

And out of the four of them, there was one in whom the body felt at ease. The habits weren't the same, but... nothing contradictory.

That completely changes the body's attitude with regard to solutions: there's no more attachment or sense of extinction, you understand, since the consciousness... it's the body consciousness that has become independent. And that's very interesting. In other words, in any physical substance sufficiently developed to receive it, it can manifest.

That's interesting.

These last few days, there were elections here<sup>28</sup> (an awful mess), and I was put in contact with all that. (I should say that the Lieutenant Governor here has very great trust in me, and before it started he came here to get the force – things aren't going too well, anyway they're rather chaotic, but he said, "Oh, Mother is here," which means he feels he is being supported.) So, through him, I was put in contact with all that. And there was a whole series of very interesting experiences.... There was a very acute sense of all the conventional in political parties, because under a single political flag there are the most opposite opinions, each one in the name of the same principle! So it became so clear, so clear!... Generally I wasn't interested, because I always felt histrionics there, but I was put in contact because of the Governor (wordlessly: he didn't tell me anything, but because of him I wordlessly made contact with the atmosphere), and then I saw to what extent it's really an illusion – a complete illusion; politics is something... in the name of the same principle, people do absolutely opposite things! In the name of the same political principle. Everyone is anxious that HIS party should have the upper hand... and it appeared to me that it didn't matter in the least! It was only people's quality of receptivity that mattered, and also their level of consciousness. As far as the party was concerned – anything.

It was a rather interesting study, which was made under the auspices of this new consciousness, and so in quite a general way, and very clearly, very clearly And with the sense of a GREAT power. This Consciousness contains a GREAT power. Especially a psychological power, that is, an immunity to any reaction from outside. That's interesting.... All anxiety, fear, desire, covetousness, all that was a whole world which I had always deliberately kept at arm's length because it didn't interest me, but from this new angle some work can be done.

*(long silence)*

Did I tell you the miracle that took place? You haven't heard about it?... In Auroville we're going to build a big factory to mill wheat, but something huge (it's to mill wheat for the whole of India!), huge. Machines are coming I don't know from where, huge too. And they chose to land them at Pondicherry because going from Pondicherry to Auroville is easier than from Madras to Auroville. Only, when the ship came and they saw the number and the size of crates, they got terribly scared – it wasn't possible. Here it's a woman, P., who owns the landing barges, and she refused. I had her told that I needed her help and she had to do it (because she had claimed she wanted to serve me, so I took advantage of it!). I told her, "I need your help, do it." She was obliged to do it. For two days, everything went well, but they had kept the biggest crate for the end – a six-ton crate, huge – and no one knew how to do it. They would have needed enormous cranes like the ones they have in Madras, but they don't have them here: they only had two puny cranes, which together didn't even WEIGH six tons! (*Mother laughs*) And those cranes were supposed to lift the crate from the ship and put it on the barge. There was no other way, only that way. So they tied the crate to the two cranes and started lifting... and the two cranes went like this (*gesture of tipping over*). There were people below – people looking after the trans shipment – and everyone, including the ship's captain, everyone stood there, terrified. "That's it," they thought, "we're done for, it's catastrophe." The two cranes went like this (*same gesture*)... and all of a sudden, they straightened up. No one ever knew how. They straightened up, carried the crate, and it was over.

It was so obviously a miracle – the captain stood almost terrorstricken, everyone. And then, those crates were intended for someone here, M. (of "Aurofood"), to whom I had given a blessings packet the day before the landing, and he had it on him. So he went to see the captain and told him (*showing the small packet*), "See this, it's what straightened up the cranes."

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<sup>28</sup>Local elections, which ended in rout for the Congress and victory for the DMK (a Tamil party which was at the time seeking autonomy for the state of Tamil Nadu).

A very simple man.

It was just stating a FACT, you understand: there was a crowd, so there was no arguing; the two cranes were like this, tilting, and everyone was expecting them to... and they straightened up! (*Mother laughs*)

The captain met L. and told him, “Couldn’t I have one of those... (*Mother laughs*) little packets!” So L. came to see me. I gave packets – four packets – for him and his men.

It’s the first time.... L. told me, “I have seen hundreds of miracles, but this one was so obvious, and of such considerable dimensions (*Mother laughs*) that no one could deny it!”

It’s interesting. I must say there really was a concentration of force, because we were faced with an impossibility (considered practically, it was an impossibility). So there was a concentration.

It’s amusing.

And the accuracy of the transmission (that increases the power a lot), the accuracy I credit this Consciousness with. It’s this Consciousness that made the power far more PRECISE in its action.... The superman consciousness.

It’s interesting.

But we mustn’t tell the story, that would instantly look like boasting, it’s disgusting! It can go to the *Agenda*, but...

*If only people had trust...*

Oh!

*It’s tremendous what could be done....*

Yes, exactly. You see, A. wrote to me (she’s a secretary to the government here), she wrote to tell me the results of the elections [the defeat of the Congress], and they were all desperate. So I saw, I said, “It’s absurd, THEY are the ones who attract the catastrophe!” I answered her to keep “an unshakable and tranquil trust....”

That’s why in the past it was taught that “all that happens is the effect of the Divine’s Will.” The way it was put was limited (it’s always the same thing: the way things are put causes a restriction or a coloration, or it’s shown from a particular angle – the thing loses its essential truth), but I am sure it was said for its psychological effect.... The danger of this teaching is that people slump down and don’t budge anymore, they stop doing anything – no more effort of progress, no more effort to do some good work, they remain like that: I don’t have to do anything anymore, it’s God who does everything!” That’s why it can’t be put in that way. But it does have an advantage, that of leaving you absolutely peaceful. And I insist a lot on people having this peace, this tranquil peace – it’s COMPLETELY indispensable. I saw (with the help of this Consciousness, in fact), I saw the force of power acting; and when the instrument (that is, the individual or the group) is wholly peaceful and trusting, like that, vitally and mentally still, the force goes through without being distorted – nothing distorts it – and acts with its full power. As soon as there is a human consciousness (either a mental or a vital one, or both) which is agitated, or questions, or has preferences, or thinks it knows very well, or... it makes a sort of whirl – and the Force loses three-fourths of its power!

So we have to use one means or another (people don’t understand, they always half understand); as for me, I spend my time telling them, “Be in peace, be in peace....” But of course, they might also become inert, like that.... There’s no knowing what to do.

One morning, with this Consciousness I had that experience of power (the true power): how, when it goes through a perfectly static, still, peaceful consciousness, there's no distortion; and how, going through it, it awakens in the individual a sense of power and the collaboration of the individual will. If it is (I saw the two things at the same time), if it's a yogic consciousness with the calm and IMPERSONALITY (that is, without any desire and any preference), then it's STILL MORE POWERFUL, because it's directed towards a precise spot instead of working in a general way – it's directed towards a precise spot, and the action is multiplied. But if, in the consciousness through which the force is to act, there is the LEAST desire, the LEAST preference, or the least recoil... everything is spoilt. Everything is spoilt: it goes like this (*gesture of trepidation*), and it's over. I saw that, with examples to back it up; not narrated examples, there's nothing mental: everything shown – shown with vibrations. And that's really interesting. It means that in the superman consciousness, with the full impersonalization (that is, no preference, no desire, no refusal, nothing – you are like this [*gesture of an immobile Witness*]), there will be the capacity to direct the Power for it to act on a PRECISE POINT, and then it will be multiplied in Matter. A multiplication of power, that is, an intensification of power in Matter.

That explains (it's the body which is learning all that, it's really very happy), that very clearly explains to the body why there have been individuals and their purpose in the whole – but those individuals must lose all that was necessary to form them; they must go beyond that and become divine again. Then – then the result will be extraordinary.

It's very interesting.

It also explained the use – the *raison d'être* and the use, the utilization – of emotions: how all those things which in their “incomplete” state are... seem to be obstacles and things to be got rid of, how, as soon as the consciousness is clarified, union is established, separation has disappeared, how all those things take their place and their full usefulness.... Now I don't remember, but a few days ago I had such an interesting example! I don't remember (that's deliberate, I don't remember anything), but out of a movement of consciousness here (and now the body is very conscious of this presence of the superman consciousness, it's very open and grateful, and very conscious), well, it saw a movement... something resembling compassion, a keen compassion, but with the emotion the vital feels when it has compassion (what the vital adds, that is); it saw that, and immediately saw the resulting effect and the response. It was someone (I forget who, the memory is deliberately taken away), it had to do with something that had happened to someone; this body consciousness reacted with a sort of moved pity, and that multiplied the power TENFOLD – the effect of the power on the cure – because it was completely impersonal. It was the Power using that [emotion] as a means of action.

Constantly, constantly, it's: learn and learn and learn.... Interesting! (*Mother laughs*)

There is also quite a clear perception of the individual reaction; for instance, the way faith manifests in people, in different individuals, the coloration it takes, the amount of (what should I say?) ignorance or falsehood added to it, and the amount that remains pure. There's constantly, constantly a work of that kind, all the time. I find it very interesting.

And it is beginning to understand why this is like this, why that is like that....

This Consciousness has a great attracting power. Now people are coming from everywhere, just everywhere. The other day (yesterday or the day before, I don't know), I saw some Americans who have founded a “group,” I think, or a society for the union... (I found it touching), the “spiritual union of religions”! I found it touching. It's an acknowledgment (*laughing*) that religions aren't spiritual! And that they need a spiritual union. It was very interesting. Good people, oh, very good, and quite a... not an elementary but a simplistic mentality, so it has taken that form. They came to India (because they're also in touch with “World Union”), and they came because they wanted to meet me. First I said, “Oh, there's no need at all.” Then I was told they had come all the way to see me, so I said all right.

Good people, you know, thoroughly American – good people. They’ve found a very profound truth, but without knowing it! They speak of a “SPIRITUAL union of religions,” which is a declaration that religions have no spiritual life! They aren’t aware of that.

It’s very, very active; this Consciousness is very active.

*Yes, I get a sense of solidity.*

Yes, that’s right! Something very solid.

That’s because it has come to materialize – it hasn’t come to... (*gesture up in the clouds*): it’s looking for instruments.

I have great hope in little children.

Some are delightful.... A.F. is delightful. There’s another one here, A.P., who wasn’t born here but in Germany; he will be one year old in a few days, I am going to see him. But I already saw him before: remarkable. They’re so receptive! These are children who, at the age of one, are like ordinary children of at least three or four years in terms of consciousness. So there is hope.

But they’re more sensitive than their parents! So the parents have a certain relationship with me, while the children observe, wondering what it’s all about – the parents are a bit timid towards me, so I am obliged to put a veil, to keep back. With people, they take something, leave something (they take very little), it doesn’t matter, but with them [the children] I have to be careful because the body is too weak. They are far more receptive than the parents, so it’s a little too much for the body. But they’re quite interesting.

A few days ago, A.F. was here; he came with F., and his father was waiting outside. E told me, “I’ll go and fetch him.” So the little one was there with her, and she left him to go out, took a few steps towards the door; he felt all alone and was about to rush towards her, when I looked at him – he relaxed, and then stopped. It was remarkable: not a word, I didn’t say a word, simply looked at him – he relaxed. He was already rushing out, then I looked at him – everything seemed to relax.

To that point!... Not a word, nothing.



**March 15, 1969**

*(Mother listens to the English translation of “Notes on the Way” for the coming Bulletin, then remarks at the end:)*

It’s absolutely as if I were wrapped in a layer of cotton wool!... (*Laughing*) Maybe it’s to give me some rest!

*(To Nolini:)* Isn’t it a deadly bore? It’s useless, no?

*(Nolini, in English:)* Oh, no! It’s very nice. It’s something more than words.

(Mother, in English:) No, truly, I am not fishing for compliments; I sincerely say that it's a bore, no?...

(Nolini:) No!

They will say, "Mother is beginning to drivel."

(Nolini laughs and goes out)

What's new?

(Satprem remains silent,  
contemplating Nolini's "very nice")

This Consciousness has a fantastic imagination!... It makes me see all kinds of fantastic possibilities regarding what will happen in the future. Like, for instance, for a woman, instead of dying, to be born again in her own child.... Things would be different from what they are now, there would be a capacity to form the child, not with a "material complement," but with a spiritual complement ("spiritual" is a manner of speaking: the complement of an invisible force), and instead of dying and entering another body, one would oneself be able to form, with the most developed cells of one's body, the being in which one will live again.... Quite an idea, isn't it!

It came very early this morning (it's always at that time), and with all the details, and an extraordinary INTENSITY of life!... You see, in the body certain cells are developing as much as they can, growing increasingly conscious, and instead of disintegrating when the whole becomes inadequate to express the fullness of life, it's INWARDLY that all those cells would gather to form a new body with a matter superior to ordinary matter.

It was so interesting that I looked at it for hours this morning, and in every detail.

But it's precisely the kind of thing that can't be said: it should be DONE. Saying them is absolutely useless! What's needed is to do them.

It came like that.... It comes like a shower! It's strange.

(silence)

Nothing to say? Do you have any news?

*Wouldn't you rather have something else to say?*

Nothing.

*There's a line from my mother. [Satprem reads a letter relating his mother's sudden cure after a cancer had been feared: "My condition suddenly became normal again, and I didn't doubt Mother's intervention...."]*

It's good....

(long silence)

This Consciousness seems to have brought along a whole new field of possible experiences in the very material field, while doing away with... (what should I say?) a certain number of things that men have

declared to be impossible; it seems to have done away with that impossibility, saying, “This and that and that CAN be done.” So the horizon has extraordinarily widened.

But that should be lived concretely.



**March 19, 1969**

*(Mother listens to the English translation of the conversation of February 15 – “These cells, other cells, it was life everywhere, consciousness everywhere...” – for “Notes on the Way,” then remarks in English:)*

*It’s just like the bark of something!... Too bad!*

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

Oh, you know, it’s really amusing! It [this Consciousness] has started telling me... It’s constantly giving lessons to the body – not mental lessons: how the body is beginning to live, see, understand... It’s odd.

There had always been a question mark.... We can conceive that in the supermind, procreation will be unnecessary, because life on earth will last at will, so it won’t be necessary to have oneself replaced because one is going away. But what about the intermediary? There often was the question of the intermediary [between man and the supramental being]: “How is it going to take place, how?...” The old animal way... (*Mother shakes her head*), although Y. is in favor of its continuation! But then, the other day, *mon petit*, for several hours, there was a whole lived scene (lived in imagination, of course)... but it’s only a partial solution to the problem. It’s incomplete. This question had been asked: “All this work of transformation of the cells, of consciousness in the cells, with the ordinary way [of dying], won’t it be wasted since the body is going to disintegrate?...” Then there came in a very precise, almost concrete manner: there is a way, which is, before dying, to prepare within oneself a body with all the transformed, illumined, conscious cells, to collect them together and form a body with the maximum number of conscious cells; then, when the work is over, the full consciousness enters it and the other body can dissolve, it no longer matters.

But it was... it was really amusing! And the objections of age, possibility, capacity, no longer existed.... If this intermediary method is considered useful (I mean, practical), the possibility is there; this Consciousness was showing the body that the possibility is there. For – oh, for hours and hours – it insisted, it didn’t want to go! It insisted until the body had completely understood. And there is no need of a material intervention: it can be done (that’s known, there have been fully recognized cases), the physical intervention wasn’t necessary, it was replaced by an intervention in the subtle physical, which



was sufficient. All that in every detail, with every explanation and everything.... Then, when it was thoroughly done, it was over, the chapter was closed. But it was really unexpected, I had never thought of such a thing! And the way it was presented! It was so concrete and so simple – so simple, so concrete – and all objections were resolved.

So the body said, “Very well, we shall see.” (*Mother laughs*) We’ll see.

It’s to avoid wastage, you understand, so the cells that are fully conscious remain together in a group instead of being scattered, and do not risk being dissolved too (which can happen).

Then, once it had been clearly seen (not explained with words, I don’t know how to put it), I said, “Very well, now, we shall see.”

Very well, we’ll see!

There are obviously certain things that come in corroboration; they are based on certain scientific experiments they’re now making, such as birth through an operation:<sup>29</sup> there’s no need of a deliberate intervention anymore. So then, it had lost all that morbid, unpleasant side it has in life – all that was completely gone! It was in a wholly different region. That is, a DIFFERENT consciousness, a DIFFERENT way of seeing, of feeling... wholly different. It’s strange, you know, all the reactions we usually have towards things... it all appears meaningless. A sort of vision... the equivalent of a scientific vision, but it doesn’t have that mental character, it’s not like that: it keeps a smile. Everything, everything was seen... in a very curious way, very curious.

So the body really has a great goodwill, it says, “Very well, when the decision is made, we’ll see!” But the body itself knows (just like what we have just heard<sup>30</sup>) that there is no intervention of personal effort, personal will – it’s not like that, it’s... oh, like beautiful music, you know, unfolding indefinitely (*gesture like an immense rhythm*). it’s extraordinary. And all that tension, all of it is gone, entirely.

So then, while the vision was developing, there was the answer to all possible objections, based precisely on the presence of this new consciousness which CHANGES things-but changes things while leaving them as they are! I don’t know how to explain.

Our whole way of feeling and reacting to things doesn’t exist in this Consciousness, that’s what’s new with it! There’s always a harmonious rhythm (*same gesture*), and with anything! Even with what we find disgusting (*same gesture*).

So, we’ll see.

(*long silence*)

Yes, the way of seeing, way of feeling, way of reacting, of doing – completely new, and based on this... I might say, this eternal Smile, like that (*same vast, rhythmical gesture, like great wings*). And that’s completely new. When I see people I haven’t seen for a long time (those I see once a year, on their birthdays), now when they come it’s completely different: this Consciousness immediately becomes active, it takes its stand between me and the person, like this (*gesture like a rampart*), and it starts speaking to them, telling them things.... And I am a spectator. I don’t speak, of course, I don’t say anything, I remain like that, but I see this Consciousness begin to act, telling people... giving them extraordinary revelations. Things I wouldn’t say, it tells them (in silence, naturally). And it immediately discovers, it knows what the person’s difficulty is, the sensitive spot on which pressure

<sup>29</sup>Mother may be referring to artificial insemination.

<sup>30</sup>Conversation of 15 February 1969: “There is something wholly independent of our aspiration, our will, our effort... wholly independent. And this something appears to be absolutely all-powerful.”

can be applied to bring about change. it's surprising.

I see a lot of people, and I can imagine that while this Consciousness is so active, it's really useful.

*(silence)*

This Consciousness has become-is becoming – more and more active, and that began when the body lost the sense of a separate individuality, of the ego. That's how it began. It seems to be the necessary base for manifestation.

It's really interesting.

The division or separation-the sense of separation – is what appears to be vanishing. It appears to be that. There is still simply a sort of old habit in the expression, which no longer knows how to say things; it's obliged to go back to the old way and very clearly feels that it doesn't express anything at all, but it doesn't know what to do.

There are all manner of subtleties, of nuances that were never perceived before. I could give examples, which in themselves are nothing at all, but which are spontaneous and constant, and effortless. I know... "I," I don't know what this I is; it's what speaks, what collects experiences. It's not the body, but what uses or works in this body; yes, it's the consciousness at work in this body, but not like something working ON something else: it's identified with the body, but at the same time not tied to that identification, in the sense that it feels totally free and independent, and yet it's identical – what sense can you make out of all that!... Free, independent, AND identical at the same time.

What time is it? *(Mother looks at the clock)* Oh!...

I was asked for a message for the opening (I was about to say, the opening of the Olympic games!), the opening of the "season of games." I wrote this *(Mother shows a note)*. I thought it was an opportunity to tell them something:

*(Mother reads her text by lamp light,  
with great difficulty)*

*"Since the beginning of this year a new consciousness is at work upon earth to prepare men for a new creation, the superman. For this creation to be possible the substance that constitutes man's body must undergo a big change...."*

I write almost in darkness, without knowing what I write, and once I've written I completely forget what I said!

*"It must become more receptive to the consciousness and more plastic under its working...."*

I am not the one who said that, because I don't remember at all!

*"These are just the qualities that one can acquire through physical education. So, if we follow this discipline with such a result in view, we are sure to obtain the most interesting result."*

I didn't remember at all.

I think it's good to say that to them.... It's becoming amusing, you know! *(Mother laughs)*



**March 22, 1969**

Two days ago (not yesterday, the day before), this Consciousness told me something; I said, "Very well," but it went on saying the same thing again and again and again, until I'd written it down! So here it is (*Mother holds out a note*). And it explained to me why there was "we."

"We will strive to make Auroville  
the cradle of the superman."

Ah... it's important news! (*Mother smiles*) So then, I said, "Why we'?" It answered, "It's because the attempt will be to get those who will live in Auroville to collaborate."

Then, once I'd written it, it left me in peace, but until I did, it came back again and again....

It's more and more active. It's active in people: when people come and see me, it immediately starts working and... it's thoroughly amusing at times! Really amusing. It says things, uncovers recesses.... Thoroughly amusing. But I don't speak! It's like this (*gesture of inner exchange*).

So if you like, put it with the *Agenda*.... We mustn't use it for the Bulletin, oh no! It's just for the *Agenda*.

*You don't want to publish it?*

No, I think it's better not to!

*It would be misunderstood.*

Oh, it's dangerous.

There would be a double danger: those who don't want it (governments and so on) would try to corner us, and then there are all those who would immediately claim to be supermen!... The two extremes.



**March 26, 1969**

*(Regarding the French translation of two letters of Sri Aurobindo about the Ashram, which Mother wants to publish in the next Bulletin.)*

“If anybody in the Ashram tries to establish a supremacy or dominating influence over others, he is in the wrong. For it is bound to be a wrong vital influence and come in the way of the Mother’s work.

“All the work should be done under the Mother’s sole authority. All must be arranged according to her free decision. She must be free to use the capacities of each separately or together according to what is best for the work and best for the worker.

“None should regard or treat another member of the Ashram as his subordinate. If he is in charge, he should regard the others as his associates and helpers in the work, and he should not try to dominate or impose on them his own ideas and personal fancies, but only see to the execution of the will of the Mother. None should regard himself as a subordinate, even if he has to carry out instructions given through another or to execute under supervision the work he has to do.

“All should try to work in harmony, thinking only of how best to make the work a success; personal feelings should not be allowed to interfere, for this is a most frequent cause of disturbance in the work, failure or disorder.

“If you keep this truth of the work in mind and always abide by it, difficulties are likely to disappear; for others will be influenced by the rightness of your attitude and work smoothly with you or, if through any weakness or perversity in them, they create difficulties, the effects will fall back on them and you will feel no disturbance or trouble.”

Sri Aurobindo (25.238-239),  
October 12, 1929

“What seems to me of more importance is to try to explain how things are worked out here. Indeed very few are the people who understand it and still fewer those who realise it.

“There has never been, at any time, a mental plan, a fixed programme or an organisation decided beforehand. The whole thing has taken birth, grown and developed as a living being by a movement of consciousness (Chit-Tapas) constantly maintained, increased and fortified....”

Sri Aurobindo (25.227)  
August 22, 1939

*What’s the meaning of “Maintained”?*

He means that the movement of consciousness never ceased at any time. We didn’t have a “movement of creation” and then stopped, and started again: the consciousness consciously re-creates, so to speak, continues its creation; it’s not something done that develops from that point on.

*Constantly renewed?*

“Renewed” gives the impression that there was a stop. It’s not that. It CONTINUES to be like that. It’s the consciousness constantly at work, not as a sequel of what was there before, but as a result of what it perceives every instant. In the mental movement, there is the consequence of what you’ve done before

– it’s not that, it’s the consciousness which CONSTANTLY sees what has to be done. It’s extremely important to understand that, because that’s how it’s still working – for everything. It’s not at all a “formation” whose development you must look after: it’s the consciousness which, every second, follows – follows its own movement. That allows everything! It’s precisely what allows miracles, reversals, and so on – it allows everything. It’s the very opposite of human creations. It was like that, it continues to be like that, and it will always be like that so long as I am here.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

*I have to tell you about P.L.*

Oh, I got your note yesterday.

*There are important things.... You know that the Pope has set up a “Reform Committee” for the Church, and P.L. is on it. For a few months he was asked to go and carry out “opinion polls” here and there (in Portugal, Spain, etc.), so as to study possible reforms. Following those opinion polls, the Committee met in Rome with the Monsignors and Cardinals. And there, P.L. came flat out with it all!*

Bah!... *(Mother laughs)*

*Because some five or six months ago, I wrote to him a few reflections of yours about Christianity. I wrote him that, developing it (it really came to me).<sup>31</sup> And then he came out with it all!*

What! Bah-bah!

*Here’s his letter:*

*“I can finally write to you with the calm and tenderness that spring from my soul, which is truly reaching out towards Sweet Mother and tuned to her. She gave me a spiritual joy that has not left me since I have known her.*

*“These last few days, Mother’s presence has revealed itself in my being and activities, stronger and more VISIBLE. In the polls commission, of which you know I am a member at the Pope’s pleasure, I felt the other day an irrepressible force in my breast: I had to speak out. I knew that my words would cause a scandal in the meeting. The little voice was telling me, ‘Now is the time, cry out the message Mother has given you; do not fear, she is with you.’ And I spoke, to the great consternation of those present. ‘Listen to me, all of you. The only thing that could open up Christianity (because it’s closed in on itself, turned towards the past, and therefore immutable, unprogressive: there is the seed of its own death and decomposition), the only thing would be for it to admit a force from the FUTURE....’ Satprem, do you remember these words? You conveyed them from Mother to me on 26 November ‘68, the day I sent you that article on the crisis of Christianity. I went on: ‘There are new forces and new facts. Someone has said it’ (I did not name Sri Aurobindo, following*

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<sup>31</sup>We publish in Addendum extracts from this letter.

*your same letter), 'and has spoken of the SUPRAMENTAL, but the word, the form or terms matter little.'*

*(There I quoted you again.) 'If only Christianity could admit, for instance, Christ's reincarnation, or a second, FUTURE Christ, it would be saved, its attitude would be open instead of being closed. That is the crux of the whole matter, and beating about the bush, carrying out all kinds of reform and modernization is nothing, it only touches appearances, and unless we touch this center... But of course, it instantly means heresy! Yet there is the only salvation for the Church, the only thing that really needs rethinking. All the rest is chatter.... We have shut everything up: we are the "depositaries of the faith" – Depositum Fidei! And nothing to add. Does it mean that Christ died without leaving any possibility to add to his message? But we aren't the same men as in Palestine. We have limited the Divine's powers. We have forbidden Christ any expansion. We have locked him up and thrown the key into the sea.....*

*"The silence was dense, the stupefaction huge. And I went on again: 'But we believe we are the interpreters, and except us none has the right to speak. Nevertheless we are faced with the current phenomenon of anti-establishment protest. The youth is running away from us, our formulas are old, ineffective, we preach without conviction, we demand absurd things, and to have peace, we stick a label of "sin" on all taboos. I know that my speech will be called subversive. In dictatorial or established regimes, those who move forward are suspicious. For twenty centuries we have used the weapon of heresy, and we know the atrocities that were committed in the name of Christ: that was our defense – it was his wisdom to keep power. But if Christ suddenly appeared here, in front of us, do you think he would recognize himself in us? Is the Christ we preach the Christ of the BEATITUDES? Our preoccupation is to prohibit opening. And we make fools of ourselves with the pill. But are we also preoccupied with the TRUTH?... Yet we should read our holy books again, but read them without passion, without egoistic interest; almost two thousand years ago, St. Paul said, "Multifariam, multisque modis olim Deus loquens in prophetis, novissime diebus istis locutus est nobis in Filio" (several times and in several ways God has spoken through the prophets, but now in these last days he has spoken to us through his Son Jesus Christ...). Thus God has spoken "in several ways." I know that a new light has just appeared, a new Consciousness – let us go in search of it. But we shall have to step down from our throne, from our convenience; perhaps to leave the place to others and do away with the Hierarchy: no more Pope or Cardinals or Bishops, but all of us seekers of the TRUTH, of the CONSCIOUSNESS, the POWER, the SUPRANATURAL, the SUPRAHUMAN.....*

*'Satprem, I left the room and went away... for a walk in the countryside.... What is going to happen to me? Will they put me on trial? Will they declare me insane, heretic? I am waiting. I am eager to go and see Mother. I am preparing my travel for Easter.... (That took place on Monday the 24th of February.) To this day, no reaction. Has the Pope been informed? I do not know. I have continued with the inquiry entrusted to me. I feel very calm, very strong. I have not spoken about all that to any of those close to me (not even to Msgr. R.). The malefic character seen in dream (Msgr. Z) was present, but he did not react either.*

*"I wrote to you from Paris on Monday, March 4; then I only told you about my situation, having no time to relate what I have now written. I came back to Rome on the 12th; as I have told you, no reaction, no admonition. I am simply going on with my work. Lacking time, I did not write earlier, and I wanted to see if my situation would change. Nothing. We are meeting again on March 24.*

*'So I am here, waiting, very much tuned to Mother.*

*(Rome, March 18, 1969)*

(long concentration)

It's good.

\* \* \*

## ADDENDUM

*(Extracts from a letter from Satprem to P.L., following the conversation of November 2, 1968, in which Mother spoke about the future of Christianity. See Agenda IX under that date.)*

November 26, 1968

...Thank you for the photos and the interesting article on the crisis of the Church.” In this connection, Mother told me that the only thing that could *open up* Christianity (because it is closed in on itself, turned towards the past, and therefore immutable, unprogressive, that is the germ of its death and its decomposition), the only thing would be for it to admit a Force from the *Future*. Sri Aurobindo spoke of the supramental, but the form or the terms matter little; if only Christianity could admit, for instance, the reincarnation of Christ, or a second, *future* Christ, it would be saved – its attitude would be open instead of being closed. That's the crux of the whole matter, and beating about the bush, carrying out all kinds of reform and modernization is nothing, it only touches appearances, leaving this center untouched. But of course, it instantly means heresy! Yet, there is the only salvation for the Church, the only thing that really needs rethinking. All the rest is chatter and papering over the old cracks.

Your photo of Msgr. Z fitted precisely with the vision! Now you have nothing to fear anymore. Simply keep me informed if you notice outer changes in this person....

The disciple who had the vision wanted me to ask you if you happen to carry Mother's symbol or something of her around your neck? Because he saw you with this symbol around your neck.... He told me that the basilica where the photo of this Msgr. Z was taken had very much the vibration of a haunted place! Poor Church.... You are indeed courageous, dear P.L., and you are silently doing a great and good work for the world.

S.



**March 29, 1969**

Have you received any news of P.L.?

*Yes. You know that he was supposed to arrive today. Then he sends this wire: "Impossible to leave. Letter follows. Situation difficult."*

Oho!... I hope they haven't put him in jail.

*They can't. But they can put him on trial for heresy.*

Yes.... "On trial for heresy"!...

*(long silence)*

Was it you who told me that the Pope had invited a sadhu from India?

*Yes.*

But the Pope too is on trial for heresy! Since he told the sadhu that true spirituality is now found in India – so he too is a heretic!

*But the Pope is isolated. He told that sadhu that his task is very difficult in view of the people around him. He is isolated in there. He is surrounded by a mafia of cardinals who are attached to power.*

What I mean is that the Pope and P.L. are guilty of the same heresy! So if they put P.L. on trial, it's like putting the Pope on trial – will they dare to do it?

*But no one knows that the Pope and PL. have some relationship. P.L. has never been able to meet the Pope personally.*

He has never been able...

*No, never, he has always been prevented. It's a... rigorous mafia.*

*(Mother goes into a trance  
and keeps working inwardly  
till the end)*

*Should I wire or write something to P.L.?*

I don't know.

*(silence)*

If they're watching him, they will get hold of his mail. That could put him in trouble.

If they do something against him, they have innumerable ways of getting hold of his mail. We shouldn't make problems for him.

It's better to wait for his letter.





# April

**April 2, 1969**

*(Since the previous year, Satprem had complained of headaches and eyeaches, which, strangely, would come during the night. Recently, Mother ordered him to stop reading and writing for a month.)*

How are your nights?

*All right.*

They're not better?

*Yes, they're better.*

Ah!... Are you still suffering?

*If I do anything, I soon get a headache.*

But you shouldn't do anything! *(Mother laughs)*

*But often some people want to see me.*

As for me, I am not giving you any more work.

*That's too bad! It's not tiring, on the contrary. What tires me is seeing people.*

But is it necessary that you should see them?

*I wonder what I should do. Normally, I think that if they come, it's because they're "sent"....*

*(Sujata, in an aside:) I don't think so.*

*I don't know what to do. For a long time now, all sorts of people have been coming to see me. I wonder what I should do: say no? Or accept-since they come, accept?*

It's not always useful, is it?

*No, once in a hundred times.*

That's right.

Just say that you're not seeing anyone.

*They've found the trick! They know that in the evening I go to the beach for a walk, so they come there.*

Who are those people?

*All sorts of people who've read the book ["Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness"].*

I know that a few times, people told me they would like to see you. I said, "It's no use, he has other things to do."

*At home I said, "No one," because if I receive them at home, I can't work or do anything anymore. That's categorical. But at the beach... they come.*

Just go into a meditation at the beach, and you don't hear anything!

*I do that sometimes.*

That's the best. Then you'll make a reputation for yourself as a great sage! *(Mother laughs)* And at the same time you'll get some rest!

They're unbearable! I see some of them here (God knows I see them!), but it's understood that I don't say a word, and when they speak to me, I don't hear anything. So when they see there's no reply, they keep quiet.

Otherwise, there's no way! They burden you with perfectly useless things!

*But yesterday I saw one of them, a Frenchman who works in Auroville and who's been very much in touch with the people of this new "pop" music (you know, this new music movement that goes with the hippies). He's the father of A., who was born in Auroville.*

Yes, I am going to see him for his birthday.

*He came to see me and have me hear this music.<sup>32</sup>*

How is it?

*Odd... It's barbarian.*

Barbarian.

*Barbarian, but my impression was, "The barbarians of the new world."*

*(Mother laughs)* I'll hear a little on the 16th when I see him.

*Those who make this music have millions of followers. They are people with a huge fortune, and with cinema, radio, television and everything at their disposal. And they are right in the middle of a revolution.*

How?

---

<sup>32</sup>It was by the Rolling Stones.

*Yes, as I told you, the barbarians of the new world. The entire old world is swept away. It's really the beginning of something, which expresses itself in a very barbarian way, but which is something. So this boy's idea is to try to get in touch with those people and turn them towards Auroville. Because, of course, they have millions and millions of followers – they have a tremendous power (power over the masses). And they have something, but it's barbarian.*

I'd be interested to hear some once, so as to know... but I don't need to hear a lot.

*That's what I told him.*

I need a few minutes of it.

*Exactly. He wanted to have you hear it for an hour!*

*(Mother laughs heartily,  
silence)*

*I've often wondered what's the true attitude towards all those people who come and see me....*

You could be in meditation. *(Ironically)* You'll make a reputation for yourself as a sage!

*And when I speak with them, very strangely, there's a sort of warrior in me, and some people give rise to reactions: I feel like striking. Sometimes it's quite brutal, I don't know why. It comes and strikes. With others, on the contrary, I am very tranquil. Some tell Me, "You're hard!"...*

Has it always been like that? It's not since this new consciousness came? Since the beginning of this year?

*Last year, too.*

Because I've noticed that in this Consciousness there is something like that: suddenly it comes, oh! and it feels like striking.

*Especially when I contact mental pettiness.*

*(silence)*

The people who play this music, are they the same who take drugs?

*Yes.*

Then it must be in the vital.

*Oh, it's quite vital, no doubt. But they have the perception that the world is in the midst of a revolution, that we're moving towards a new world, and all the old conventions have to be swept away. There's no conformity of any sort. They're open to everything.*

Open like that (*horizontal gesture*), not like this (*vertical gesture*).

*No, not like this, but with a certain goodwill nonetheless. They're the ones – or a group of the same type, the Beatles – who went to see this Mahesh Rishi in the Himalayas.*

And what happened?

*This yogi's idea was "transcendental Meditation," and he had them come for a month to his place, in the Himalayas. Of course, after two weeks they were getting bored, they couldn't stand it anymore! And the "Transcendent" has little opening onto the world (!)... If on the other hand these people were shown what Sri Aurobindo has brought, a yoga open to the world, they would be touched.*

The trouble is that all these people take their desires for inspirations. And then... I have this difficulty with Auroville too, that's why I take every opportunity to repeat to them (they all keep saying that they come to Auroville "to be free"), I answer them that one can be free only if one is united with the Supreme; and to be united with the Supreme, one must have no more desires!

Oh, all that [i.e., desires] was necessary, but... one can't remain stuck there.

(*silence*)

No news of P.L.?

*No.*

We have gone a little beyond the times when someone could be locked up.... They can tell him he has "fallen from Christianity," but I think he doesn't care. Or does he?

*He would be affected, because he would be unable to do anything for Catholicism anymore.*

That would be a pity It would be a great pity. But it's the worst that can happen to him.

He has acted with great courage.

(*silence*)

The night after you gave me P.L.'s news, I sent him... (how should I put it?) a "special delegation of the Consciousness" so it may let him speak just what he should, and as he should. It'll be interesting to know.

It's wonderful, this Consciousness, it has such a way of seeing things! Really... really unique. I could say that my vision and my understanding of the world, of life, of everything, have completely changed, in a widening... Of course, I had worked constantly to get the widening, but this widening has shown itself to be full of something completely new, completely. And there are two things mingled together: one is this sort of understanding and benevolent Smile, which is CONSTANT, whatever may be there, even the most stupid negations; and at the same time, underneath this benevolence (but "benevolence" is a weak word), there's such a power! A tremendous power. Tremendous... As if it were swollen with power. An almost concrete power, I don't know (*Mother feels the air*)... it's a light, but a light you could touch, as it were: if it goes through your fingers, it's so concrete that you feel it go through. A deep golden light.

In the space of a few days, I had two cases of people who behaved like fools and ninnies (that often happens!), but those two realized it, felt it, and wrote to me accusing themselves of the very thing that had been seen in this light. So that's new. There was one letter yesterday, and another today; one is a Frenchman, the other an American. Both had behaved absolutely like silly fools, but ordinarily they would have excused their behavior with all sorts of good reasons, while both accused themselves: "I've behaved like a fool." That's new.

*(silence)*

We could say this: if you compare the consciousness, not of ordinary humanity but the higher consciousness of humanity, the consciousness one has when one is a man and endeavors to come into contact with the higher consciousness (the contact one has with it), if you compare that with this Consciousness, you feel that as soon as the human consciousness tried to contact higher things, to purify lower movements, to widen, it used to become... fluid, transparent, ethereal, whereas this Consciousness, with a vision, a perception INFINITELY SUPERIOR to the other, is solid and concrete. And the impression is... it's so strong! I said at the beginning that I felt as if surrounded by a protection [the "rampart"], something solid; well, it's remained like that, with this solidity, and at the same time infinitely vaster, loftier, more understanding.... And, yes, this solidity. And in this something I must call "benevolence" for lack of a better word, there's such an extraordinary Power of Compassion! Something like... almost an intolerance of suffering – of PHYSICAL suffering (it's not much interested in the moral suffering that stems from a moral distortion, it finds it idiotic), the wholly material suffering that comes from the structure and working of the material world: it finds that unacceptable. I don't know how to express it, there's a sort of refusal to accept that.... I am observing (we're still in a phase of observation), and from the experiences I have, it seems to me that this Power can, at least to some extent, transform physical suffering, cancel it. In some cases it's obvious, but it's not a constant fact. I don't know. That's why, for instance, I was hoping, from what I had seen and what took place, that your nights would get better, but... Naturally, I am an extremely imperfect instrument.

*They're much better.*

Yes, but... That's right, it's still in the world of relative things.

The two states are like this (*Mother puts one hand tightly against the other*). As for this body itself, it constantly has the experience of an almost miraculous state, but there still remains (is it the memory or habit, or really a mixture?), there still remains the capacity to suffer physically, materially. So it means a lot remains to be done.

There is (for me, everything is now a question of vibrations), there is a certain vibration, which I find it hard to describe because there are no words, but which has to do, as I said, with compassion (I don't know what to call it, but it's very, very intense, those perceptions are very intense), and when it comes, it really has extraordinary power, but... it doesn't seem to have the possibility (*Mother suddenly tips over two fingers*) of an abrupt change. In some cases, people have been completely... quite relieved, but not cured.

*My mother, you did cure her.*<sup>33</sup>

Yes, so-so.

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<sup>33</sup>There were fears of cancer.

*But she was completely cured!*

Ah, yes (*Mother seems to remember*), your mother was cured.

I receive unexpected letters from people with whom I haven't been in correspondence, and they give news of cures. But I was referring to the very small circle here.... For Pavitra, it was a miracle even according to a doctor, though he's not a believer;<sup>34</sup> it was a miracle, but... it's not total, that is to say, it's still there with the possibility of resuming. And yet Pavitra has taken the best attitude.

It's like that, you see, it's almost wonderful, and then... That's probably so we don't swell with pride and satisfaction, so we know how much change still remains to take place. Of course, when it comes to the physical (*Mother looks at her hands*), there's no need for any demonstration, it's obvious! But it's been said and repeated a hundred times: that's what will come last. So...

But the inner change is considerable – considerable. It's considerable: from the point of view of consciousness, it has been the greatest change in my whole existence; I've had many of them, I've worked a lot, but... nothing in comparison with what has taken place since the 1st of January. To such a point that the body feels like a different person.... But it's not enough.

We'll see.

But I want you to be strong and solid.... Act the great sage, it'll be fun! (*Mother laughs*)



**April 5, 1969**

Now, what's the news of P.L.?

*He writes this:*

*Rome, March 29, 1969*

*“When I canceled my ticket for Pondicherry, I felt a spell of giddiness as when one receives a sharp blow to the head and one's balance seems lost.... I was summoned to the Vatican and told to remain at the entire disposal of the Holy Father, who entrusts me with a grave and difficult question concerning the president of the Italian Episcopal Conference: I am asked to solve that problem. The Pope is counting on my skill, and so on. I was questioned about the reasons for my remarks of February 24 (on March 24, I did not open my mouth), for there had just been a bombshell: two young Latin American bishops (from Peru and Chile) had left the Church—the first such cases in history, of course after the well-known and unique case of Talleyrand (for other reasons). They were my fellow students at the Rome University. They are leaving the Church because of a religious crisis.... Yet they had everything the Church could give: honors, money; one was made a bishop at the age of thirty-three, the other two years*

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<sup>34</sup>It is a cancer. Unfortunately, there will be a relapse.

*ago.... My remarks of February 24 were therefore prophetic. The reason for their running away? I have just said it....*

*"I do not feel inclined to go on giving you the detailed chronology of these facts...."*

But it's interesting, VERY interesting!

*"...I wanted to leave. But I concentrated very strongly on Mother, and I felt her voice telling me, 'Stay on...'"*

Yes.

*"... 'You will come later. Continue to be my WORD where you are...'"*

*(Mother nods approvingly)*

*"... 'I am with you.' So I canceled my ticket."*

It's good.

Oh, you know, I concentrated a lot, but a lot, and I found the Pope extraordinarily receptive – only, imprisoned. That's it, you understand, a rather remarkable receptivity, but... *(gesture under a bell-jar)* imprisoned in his action. But where he can probably act, he has placed his confidence in P.L. Which means they want to use what he knows rather than try to stifle him. It's adroit. And it can be useful.

Have you written to him already?

*No, I was waiting to read you his letter.*

You can tell him that it's true I am with him, but very strongly and very consciously.

But that it should have had that effect [the "blow to the head"] is troublesome.

*He seems to have pulled himself together afterwards, since he understood you were telling him to stay on.*

Oh, was it they who asked him not to go?

*They told him to remain at the Pope's entire disposal.*

Yes.

*Those two bishop's running away really came at the right moment!*

It came as evident proof.

\* \* \*



*(Then Mother records her translation of a few excerpts from "Savitri," which are to be set to music. Satprem suddenly notices that a corner of Mother's left eye is slightly bloodshot.)*

The master of existence lurks in us  
And plays at hide and seek with his own Force;  
In Nature's instrument loiters secret God.  
The immanent lives in man as in his house;  
He has made the universe his pastime's field,  
A vast gymnasium of his works of might....  
He is the explorer and the mariner  
Of a secret inner ocean without bourne:  
He is the adventurer and cosmologist  
Of a magic earth's obscure geography...  
Or passing through a gate of pillar-rocks...  
He leaves the last lands, crosses the ultimate seas,  
He turns to eternal things his symbol quest;  
Life changes for him its time-constructed scenes,  
Its images veiling infinity.

(I.IV.66-70)

Isn't it clear?

*A car was just passing by.*

I'll have to do it again....

*Won't it tire your eye?*

What's wrong?

*You have a small red patch in the eye.*

Red? Inside?

It's new.

Odd... Was it there when you came?

*I hadn't noticed, I've seen it just now.*

I didn't strain myself....

Strange, I didn't strain myself.

*(long silence)*

It's strange....

*Mother, Sujata has noticed that whenever I get a letter from P.L., I always have a headache*

*afterwards.*

Oh!

*She's noticed it, and it's indeed like that.*

Oh!... But this too (*Mother points to her eye*), I am not sure it's not a result of...

*Yes, I wonder if there isn't some connection. Sujata has noticed it, she told me, "Every time you get a letter from P L., you have a headache the following night."*

That's it. For the eye too.

I'd seen that; I wanted to be sure, and here is the proof. I immediately wondered if it wasn't a result of...

They want to use him.

*It attacks the eyes and the head – with me it's like that.*

They are highly skilled occultists.

I'll tell you something: while you were reading the letter [from P.L.], Sri Aurobindo was there, and he told me, "Be careful."

I am always careful, but he probably saw that...

They're very skilled.

*(long silence)*

The next time you get a letter (either write to him or get a letter from him), first, invoke Sri Aurobindo and ask him for his protection BEFORE starting. We must be careful. There.



**April 9, 1969**

How are you?

*Ah, it's better. Yes, since last time, I've felt an improvement.*

Oh, good.

*I think that's what was affecting me for the past year [i.e., those occult schemings]. Because it was always at night that those headaches and eyeaches used to come-always.*

At night... it's disgusting!

*I think I could resume my work, couldn't I?*

No hurry.

Do you have some news?

*There's a question I'd like to tell you about. It's about the publication of Sri Aurobindo's books in France. You know that we sent *The Synthesis of Yoga* and *The Human Cycle*.<sup>35</sup> The woman who looks after those publications hasn't reacted very well. And not because of the translation (which she finds good), but because of Sri Aurobindo and the text itself. She rather arrogantly passes judgment on Sri Aurobindo, whom she doesn't understand at all but has sized up at a glance. A sort of arrogance...*

What has she read?

*"The Synthesis of Yoga."*

!!! (Mother laughs)

*She is an eager disciple of Zen, so she writes that Zen says in one sentence what Sri Aurobindo says in millions of words. She says one could "cut out nine tenths of Sri Aurobindo's text without removing any of its substance" – you see the arrogance!<sup>36</sup>*

It means she doesn't understand anything.

*She doesn't understand anything, but of course she's understood everything!*

Is it recently that you got this letter?

*Two days ago.*

Have you replied?

*No.*

Don't.

*I felt like replying to tell her... Do you know the thought that occurred to me? It's that we don't need to go and beg all those people to tell them that Sri Aurobindo is great: we can just publish him here ourselves.*

But of course! That's my impression.

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<sup>35</sup>Sent to Fayard publishers.

<sup>36</sup>"This heap of sentences which could be divided by ten without cutting into their substance."

*They disgust me, these intellectuals.*

(Mother laughs) Oh, yes!

*For the past two days I've been in a state of indignation-not indignation; I feel outraged. I feel like striking at these people.*

(Mother laughs) They're idiotic.

But I mean we shouldn't even write to ask them to send the manuscripts back.

My thought was to leave it at that (with an inner action) and not to say anything anymore. It will act naturally: there will be someone who will understand after a year, two years... we don't know. Like that – we should put a force on the manuscript that will let it be put into contact with someone who will understand, who will suddenly realize: “Oh, but we have this and haven't used it!” After a year, two years...<sup>37</sup> You understand, we close the door to the person who wrote this letter; let her find herself behind a closed door – that's all, silence. And then, we put the Force on the manuscript, and one day it will come into the hands of someone who will understand.

*These intellectuals are terrible.*

Oh, they're stupid.

*It's a fortress. Such conceit...*

(Mother laughs) They're stupid.

It's even very visible in the atmosphere: as soon as people think they're very intelligent, it's FINISHED, they completely cut themselves off from the true light. That's it. They become self-sufficient, so... (Mother laughs)

It doesn't matter, it's better this way: we'll publish it here.

*Do I ask her for the manuscript?*

Leave it. One day... one day it'll come into the hands of the one who will understand.<sup>38</sup>

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

In Canada there's a whole movement now. They've just asked me for a message for a Canadian group (Mother looks for a note).

Auroville also, I am constantly telling them two things (*hammering gesture*): “For those who want to be free, there is only one freedom, that is to be united to the Supreme; and to be united to the

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<sup>37</sup>The first volume of *The Synthesis of Yoga* will appear in France in 1972, coincidentally in April, exactly three years later.

<sup>38</sup>As a curiosity, we publish in addendum the letter Satprem wrote to this editor of Fayard publishers *before* receiving her letter about Zen and Sri Aurobindo.

Supreme, one must no longer have any desires!” So they’re like this (*Mother remains open-mouthed*). Very amusing!

So I’ve put the same thing here:

(*Satprem reads*)

“A new consciousness is at work upon earth to prepare the coming of the superhuman being.

“Open yourselves to this consciousness if you aspire to serve<sup>39</sup> the Divine Work.

“To come into contact with this new consciousness, the essential condition is no longer to have any desires and to be wholly sincere.”

That’s what they must be told again and again (*same hammering gesture*). I am constantly, constantly impelled to repeat it to them.

There are all the time little incidents with this Consciousness, which are quite amusing, showing why desires are... it really feels they’re rubbish. And it shows why; for instance, it shows the body all those little desires it has, and how they prevent the Force from acting. That’s very interesting. The body is beginning to understand. It’s beginning to feel in an extremely precise and clear way that the MOMENT it’s aware of itself – the moment it’s aware of itself and of the rest in relation to itself – it falls into a hole; and the moment it’s aware of the Force acting – the Force acting, the Consciousness acting – then this (*Mother touches the skin of her hands*) has no more than a wholly relative reality, wholly relative.... It’s like using an instrument for a particular purpose-it’s quite like that – but with the immense advantage of not being separate, of feeling like a sort of condensation of the Consciousness. The body is learning well, it sees, it can see that in tiny details, all the time: as soon as it feels it’s “something” and the Force is “something else,” there’s a pain here, a pain there, this goes wrong, that goes awry.... A world... a complex and thoroughly ugly world. And when it has a movement... (how could I put it?), the opposite of condensation, like a dilation, something like a dilation in the consciousness, then limits grow dim, they fade away, everything becomes supple, and pain goes away... PHYSICALLY.

It’s an experience the body is given day after day, now on one spot, now on another, now for one thing, now for another, and it goes through all that. You know, it’s... absolutely wonderful.

There’s all the old habit, which simply has to be conquered. All the old habit which, as soon as there is a slackening, goes like this (*gesture of falling back*); it’s like a rubber band that you let go of, and it all starts up again: you have a pain, you... And the moment the body identifies with this Vibration, everything becomes like a... radiant expression of the Consciousness, and then everything is smooth (I don’t know how else to put it), free from clashes or difficulties; then, if you let yourself go like that, it becomes a marvel. It becomes a marvel. Unfortunately, there’s the whole influence of the outer world which makes it difficult for the body to be CONSTANTLY like that and makes it tend to fall back into the ordinary way That’s why it can’t settle in permanently.

The body is becoming conscious as if it had a truth-vision to see all the previous falsehood. All that it did, even when the inner being knew and the consciousness was growing more enlightened and there was a general goodwill... all the silly things done because of that sense of a separate personality, all that is becoming clear, very clear, and with this nascent vision. While it’s in this state where the vision is clear, everything simply becomes wonderful – but it can’t last. It can’t last mostly because of the

<sup>39</sup>Mother first wrote “collaborate with,” then changed it to “serve” and made a few other minor corrections.

constant contact... (*gesture around Mother*). But even without contact, at night, for example, it can remain in that state for an hour, two hours, and suddenly – one doesn't know what happens – ah! it falls back into the old way, and then... Then you get a pain here, a pain there, a sense of unease... oh, you're disgusted. Then, simply, when you climb back again and all those divisions disappear, then everything is so clear! So clear, so transparent, and so simple! So simple...

Life could be so marvelously simple and beautiful.... Man has really made it idiotic.

I quite understand it was necessary to churn matter, but... the time has come for this to end, for a way out to be found.

The impression is that the visible form is as much (at least as much) the result of how you are seen by others, at least as much as of how you yourself are.... I don't know how to explain that. But there is a way of being which results from the true consciousness and is felt quite concretely, but which is... not exactly in contradiction with, but wholly different from the way you see yourself according to others' vision of yourself... The eyes are beginning to see in both ways. The old way is partly veiled by the new, and when someone else sees you, you see yourself the way others see you.... It's hard to explain.

That's why something must be found for it to be independent of everybody's influence.

At night, for instance, the body is taller, and it's active, it does things (it's this subtle body that does things, is active and has an existence of which it is wholly conscious), and it's different from this (*Mother touches the skin of her hands*), but in the subtle physical it's a PHYSICAL body, and it's already something permanent, in the sense that you REMAIN the same, you find things again as you left them (they exist permanently, though they aren't visible with the ordinary vision, but they have a logical and continuous existence). So, there, the form is the true expression – the true expression of the state of consciousness; while here, the form is the result of... (*Mother laughs*) we could say of all the falsehood spread about in the consciousness.

People who see me at night (those who have this vision in the subtle world) don't see me like this (*Mother points to her body*): they see me as I am, and they tell me-they say, "Oh, but you are like this, like that...."

But for the one to take the place of the other...?

And this Consciousness can explain wonderfully (not with words: by making you have experiences one side by side with the other). For example, many people say they can't realize the difference between an aspiration, a spiritual effort, and a desire; for them the two are hard to tell apart in the sensation; this Consciousness explains it, and shows you, gives you the one and the other, and the difference – wonderful! Wonderfully exact. Now the body KNOWS, it knows perfectly well the difference – and it's a huge difference-between aspiration or effort, the vibration that makes you become a thing or obtain a thing, and desire. Now the body knows. It knows. It has had such a demonstration in every detail with food.... For a very long time the body has been quite indifferent to food (that's probably the reason), but it has been given a demonstration with one thing, the relationship with that thing; it has been shown how desire is and how the harmony is that makes the thing beneficent. So as to understand clearly, it has also been shown how total indifference isn't good either – it's not like that, neither desire nor total indifference, neither this nor that, but like this (*Mother seems to follow a tiny vibration with her fingertip*): in a certain way, with a certain vibration, the thing you take is neutral (that is, it can't harm you, it's neutral); if you take the same thing with a certain vibration, it's beneficent; and then, the body is shown how vibrations of desire are disastrous – all of it in detail. Tiny little things, but so clear, so precise!... It takes place while you're eating, so it's perfectly concrete.

It's a mentor, this Consciousness. It knows, mon petit! It knows loads of things that men don't know!

All that goes on in people, their reactions, their movements... And it's in contact with birds, in contact with flowers – they respond, birds respond very well.... It's really interesting, one could write very interesting things, but there are too many of them!

*(silence)*

Are the nights better?

*Yes, yes, Mother!*

Just fall asleep in this Consciousness – just call it, call it... *(Mother makes a gesture of wrapping herself in it)*, it's very comfortable, oh!... It's a kind of golden softness – very comfortable – and the body feels it very clearly.

\* \* \*

#### ADDENDUM

*(We publish here the letter Satprem wrote to the editor of Fayard publishers, as we find it touches – or touched – on a difficulty quite central to the Western mind. Since 1969, things have much changed.)*

March 27, 1969

I had felt your reaction. It does not surprise me. It is precisely one of the general difficulties to be conquered. Perhaps the most hardened one (it seems especially localized in France): the intellectual difficulty. It is really a veil that blocks one's view and makes one read or understand things on a very narrow range. It almost seems as if people are looking through a slit and catch a thin layer, tiny and bright, and all the rest eludes them: mountaintops are cut off, abysses are filled, and there remains one "pure" line. And if one happens to try and open them to a broader view, the line of sight gets lost in the "mists" or "muggy vapors" you mention. A curious phenomenon.... I do not know if you trust me, but I will tell you that *every* sentence of Sri Aurobindo is the expression or translation of a precise experience, and not only is it like a world enclosed in a few words, but it also contains the *vibration* of the experience, almost the quality of light of the particular world he contacts; and through the words one contacts, or can very well contact, the experience. I tell you, Sri Aurobindo is full of marvels – pure marvels – and I discover new ones every time I read his texts again, I say to myself, "Oh, how well he saw this!" And if there happens to be some haziness, I am sure a discovery remains to be made there. Sri Aurobindo *never* used one word too much. As soon as he comes to the mentally obvious – what would be for you precisely the starting point of a brilliant development – he cuts off. He smiles and leaves you hanging in midair – oh, he is surprisingly "discreet," as you yourself put it, for a man who wrote thousands of pages!

You have not stepped into Sri Aurobindo. On the other hand, I quite understand if intellectuals so easily step into Zen! But I do not want to compare merits. With Sri Aurobindo, I am content to see and smile.... You have "better understood" my book, you say it has brought you "more than Sri Aurobindo" – but of course! That does not surprise me, I am afraid: I simply entered the regions of the "mentally obvious" he neglected, I climbed down a number

of degrees. The “lines of force” you felt are simply the little strings I hung here and there to try and hook people on to the true lines of force that seem to elude them completely, because they see and feel just at the level of the mental slit. But I will tell you again, if you have the least trust in me, that Sri Aurobindo is a tremendous giant and not *one* word of his is without a full meaning.... Some time ago I wanted to have a music lover (a Westerner nurtured on true music like myself, formed in music) listen to a music of genius composed by an Indian; well, this poor boy could make no sense of it! He could not hear! His musical slit was open at one particular level, and he literally could not hear what was above – a true marvel, immense streams of music flowing straight from the Origin of Music.<sup>40</sup> For him, it had no “structure,” it was “shapeless” music – whereas I saw, I could see that marvel, I knew where it was coming from, I could touch that world, and as soon as that high musical tension slackened in the least, I instantly felt that it came down to touch a center on a lower level.... It was the same thing in Egypt. For weeks I lived in an ecstatic state in Upper Egypt; I was with people who were looking at “ruins,” seeing beautiful “statues” – while for me those “statues” were living, those places talked to me, those so-called ruins were full of overflowing life....

So what to do?

Sri Aurobindo often said or hinted that writing, for him, was a sort of concession to the mental world, but that he might very well have done without writing, and that his real Action, in fact, took place in silence. Sri Aurobindo was not a writer, but an evolutionary leaven, a tremendous impelling Force, like the Mother. So we may say that his books, even if poorly understood, or misunderstood, act as vehicles for this Force, and that we should just “take the plunge” and publish them anyhow, until the day that famous mental slit will open, and people will gape open-mouthed. The Work gets done in spite of mental incomprehension, even in spite of mental “comprehension”! Only, it is a pity that people do not see the beauty of the Play and do not consciously take part in it.

Before one takes a first step into the great Kingdom, I think one must have definitively felt all mental comprehension, all mental illumination, and naturally all mental explanation, to be worthless or inadequate.... For more than ten years I have not read any book, but if I am given one in my hands, I immediately know the level of its vibration, In order to see clearly, one must get out of it, obviously. The same goes for the little individual – renouncing the individual is what you call “saintliness,” but it’s merely the beginning of Humanity! Does one “renounce” an anthill? – One gets out of it! And it is wide and joyful. We are right in the middle of human infancy.

S.



**April 12, 1969**

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<sup>40</sup>Unfortunately, this spark of genius was soon extinguished.



*(Mother first reads a few fragments from "Savitri" which are to be set to music.)*

In Matter shall be lit the spirit's glow...  
A few shall see what none yet understands;  
God shall grow up while the wise men talk and sleep;  
For man shall not know the coming till its hour  
And belief shall be not till the work is done.

\*

This transfiguration is earth's due to heaven:  
A mutual debt binds man to the Supreme:  
His nature we must put on as he put ours;  
We are sons of God and must be even as he:  
His human portion, we must grow divine.  
Our life is a paradox with God for key.

\*

But none learns whither through the unknown he sails  
Or what secret mission the great Mother gave.  
In the hidden strength of her omnipotent Will,  
Driven by her breath across life's tossing deep,  
Through the thunder's roar and through the windless hush,  
Through fog and mist where nothing more is seen,  
He carries her scaled orders in his breast.

\*

A power is on him from her occult force  
That ties him to his own creation's fate,  
And never can the mighty traveller rest  
And never can the mystic voyage cease,  
Till the nescient dusk is lifted from man's soul  
And the morns of God have overtaken his night.

\*

This constant will she covered with her sport,  
To evoke a person in the impersonal Void,  
With the Truth-Light strike earth's massive roots of trance,  
Wake a dumb self in the inconscient depths  
And raise a lost power from its python sleep  
That the eyes of the Timeless might look out from Time  
And the world manifest the unveiled Divine.  
For this he left his white infinity  
And laid on the Spirit the burden of the flesh,  
That Godhead's seed might flower in mindless Space.

\* \* \*

Soon afterwards:

*If you are interested, little K. [aged nine and a half], J.s son,<sup>41</sup> has had a dream.... Would you like me to read it to you? It's about the Pope!*

Really!

*It's rather odd, because the child isn't aware of anything. He has had a dream which his mother has noted down:*

*"We go and see the Pope. There are lots of people. Mama puts me second in line, and we draw near the Pope. He gives Mama a few hosts in a handkerchief then asks his servant to bring a multicolored alb similar to his, and I see on the Pope's chest Mother's symbol, and at the back a Greek cross (with two equal sides). The servant brings the alb, which the Pope puts on me. Everyone has left. I hear P.L.s voice, but only see a little friend of the Ashram. We go back home, and as we are about to enter, the Pope's two servants arrive. I think, 'Now that I am going to be the Pope in turn, I must be very careful; my entourage and everyone I meet is important. These men may have come to harm me out of jealousy.' Mama opens the door and I see a servant of the Pope already in the room. I go in, caress my dog, and wake up.*

*(After a long silence)* Are you sure he hasn't heard of anything?

*He isn't aware of anything at all, this boy.*

It's strange.

Do you know if he has ever seen the Pope?

*I don't know. I don't think so.<sup>42</sup>*

You don't think so....

It's interesting.

This little one has a destiny, but it's for years later... What will take place until then, I don't know.

*(long silence)*

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<sup>41</sup>K's mother is a friend of P.L.'s. Both mother and son stay at the Ashram.

<sup>42</sup>Satprem later learnt that the boy had seen the Pope two or three times in audiences (when he lived in Rome, where P.L. was looking after him).

This Consciousness is at present showing this body, making it... not understand, but feel (*Mother feels the air*)... it's neither feel nor understand, it's becoming conscious of the vibrations that belong (how could I put it?) to destruction, I might say, the vibrations that belong to the process of destruction in the world, and the vibrations that belong to the process of progress without destruction.

Those experiences last for several hours every day, and they make you feel the two sides like that, with a clear distinction, very clear, in what people do, in what they say, in the relationship with events, and also the different states of consciousness (everything takes place in the consciousness, of course, it's not at all – a thought, it's not formulated, I don't know how to explain). And this Consciousness also teaches action in silence – at a distance as well as in the presence. All kinds of things, it's constantly, constantly teaching one thing or another. And not formulated: there are no formulas, it's not thoughts, but states of consciousness. And the relationship between the various states of consciousness: how they dovetail with one another, how they mix with one another, how they can be separated, how... It can't be explained: it can be lived (the body is being taught how to live), but it can't be explained. For everything – everything, all activities.

As soon as you try to formulate it, there comes in that mental element. It's no longer that.

Very, very active. A constant activity of demonstration, of teaching – in action, in life (not mental, not in thought). And as soon as speech, for instance, comes, it takes away the truth of the thing, I don't know... It turns it into literature, as it were.

One can't say anything.

*(silence)*

Regarding that relationship with the Christian world (we'll know, but...), there is now an impression that they want to use this Knowledge. Instead of rejecting it, they have chosen to use it.

It's better – better that way.

*(long silence)*

Oh, this morning it was so interesting, so interesting! The difference between the vibrations that bring about progress without necessitating dissolution, and the vibrations that belong to the old method of dissolution. And constantly, constantly, for each and every thing – constantly. And how they dovetail, how they can be separated... quite interesting.

As soon as it's explained, it's finished, it's no longer that – no longer that, the very essence of the thing is lost.

It's nothing but movements of consciousness.



**April 16, 1969**

*(Mother listens to a few pieces of pop music brought to her by François B., an enthusiastic visitor)*

It's very amusing! *(Mother laughs)*

It's the vital in full revolt against the mind, but it's magnificent! They reject the whole mind. It's interesting, very interesting!

You get the feeling that if they pushed a little farther on *(gesture of piercing above)*, they would catch something.

*(François B.):* Mother, a few groups have pushed much farther on. This one [the Rolling Stones] is the most vital of all the groups. But there are others, more open, less rough. They are really ready to recognize you, but they don't know.

It's clearly a complete rejection of all mental rules, and that's the first step needed to go beyond. There are two or three minutes when suddenly – hop! *(gesture of piercing through)* you feel it contacts something above.

Is there something else?

*(F.B.):* A lot more!

*(Laughing)* You can give me another piece or two!

*(“music”)*

*(Mother laughs, greatly amused)* It strikes me as a band of children freed from any mental yoke! Very amusing.

It's all right.

*(F.B.):* I'd like to have you hear something else, another kind. But from the same generation. Something gentler.

All right... But it's very amusing! There is behind this a mental form that looks like the I-couldn't-care-less of the perpetual Smile! It's strange.... I mean, that which smiles at the whole life and all its forms, but as if seen and felt by children.

*(“Music” of a sober kind)*

These are more anxious!

*(F.B.):* Another piece, if you like?

I think it'll do! *(Mother laughs)*

*(F.B.):* There's a group which sings something rather humorous, and at the end they say, “O Mother, tell me more, tell me more...” It's fantastic! Because the inspiration is so pure, and they really ask, “O Mother, tell me more...”

*(Mother laughs)*

*And these are “Commercial” things, I mean they’re there in the public.... Do you think the time has come to contact them?*

*(Mother has not heard the question)*

It’s an open door. They must step through the door and go into the future (*gesture of piercing above*), towards... what has not yet manifested.

*(F.B.): Can we help them?*

It opens a lot of doors. All habits, the whole past civilization is as if walled in by mental rules; this music (*gesture of breaking through*) sends them flying! It strikes me as a band of children crying for something-and the open door.

They must step through it, they must go farther – there are now possibilities that weren’t there before, and this [the pop music people] is precisely all that wants to open up so as to receive those possibilities. So a few in the front must be the first to go through and receive what’s on the other side.

There.

It’s good.

*(Satprem:) He would like to put them in touch with the Ashram...?*

All aren’t ready.

*(F.B.): I don’t want to tell them to come here...*

No.

*...but I want to tell them that something is taking place here which is in relation with what they don’t have.*

Yes. (*Laughing*) They’ve broken the walls to go through to the other side! It’s true.

*(F.B.): But, Mother, it’s the problem of this whole generation....*

Yes.

*(F.B.): And I think we can perhaps give them the information we have. At least show them, give them things to read...*

Reading is still too mental!

*But we could also, if you think it can be done, form a little group, or maybe just one individual, or two or three, to go and see them.*

That’s right.

*And speak their language, but to show them there is something else.*

Yes, that's right.

*Mother, I am – I was – deep in this “Pop” world, and to come here, all I had to do was... to decide to come. And all I've been able to see or learn since I came here is great joys and confirmations of the aspiration I had before. But there are many like me, who go round in circles and rebel...*

Yes.

*And if they are told, “There's this,” they're ready to change their action completely....*

Good.

*And to become very pure and devoted.*

It's good. So you must take up that mission.

*(Mother lays her hand  
on FB.s head)*

It's good.

*I'll do all I can.*

*(To Satprem:)* Oh, you know, I asked this Consciousness what was needed to receive it without distorting it, and it answered me *(Mother reads out a note):*

*“One must be able to stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness without casting a shadow.”*

*(Satprem:)* *Without casting a shadow, yes.*

That's what it replied.

*(F.B.:)* *That is, forgetting oneself completely?*

*(Satprem:)* *Being totally transparent.*

But that's all the way up! *(Mother laughs)*

*(To Satprem:)* He's leaving for Bombay to do some good work.

*(F.B.:)* *I hope so.*

It's very interesting *(Mother points to her note):* there was the experience of the Consciousness, the light of the Consciousness....

Very well, here *(Mother gives François B. a “blessings packet”)*, it's to keep in your pocket,

always. It's a good means of communication, in the sense that if you hold this and concentrate, I KNOW and I answer. There.

*(All this time, F.B.'s wife and their forty-day-old baby were quietly sitting in a corner. Mother looks at the baby.)*

Oh, we shouldn't wake this up!... Adorable! Look at this, if it isn't lovely...

*(the baby moves its fingers,  
the three leave)*

*(To Satprem:)* Do you want "patience"?

*Yes, Mother!*

*(Mother holds out a garland of flowers,  
then continues)*

They reject the ordinary control, absolutely, and some are fully in the pleasure of upsetting everything, but now and then you feel something... *(gesture of piercing through)*: "Oh, I'd like... I'd like something else." And that will be ready to receive the new consciousness.

This boy is nice, he has stuff.

It seems he met Y and was captivated by her "ideas" (!) R. was alarmed. So I told him, "It doesn't matter!" That's why I've encouraged him to go to Bombay, so he would free himself from that [i.e., from YJ. He was constantly talking about *Equals One, Equals One*...<sup>43</sup> Mentally, they're defenseless.

*Yes, there are many like that, who are "Captivated"... by nothing.*

Yes.

But it's an open door, really.

This *(pointing to her note)*, mon petit, it was magnificent; it means this Consciousness is working and working... working and teaching – night and day it's teaching the body From that point of view, it's marvelous. And it goes about like that *(gesture everywhere)*. So naturally, some people imagine that all their fancies are the result of this Consciousness....

One day, I received someone here (it was R., in fact), and the body asked this Consciousness, like that, it asked, "How, how to make sure there is no mixture of all the lower movements with this light?" Then (I was sitting here), there came down a sort of column wide like this *(gesture of about five feet)*, here *(gesture in front of Mother)*, like a column of light. But it came down IN THE ROOM, mon petit! It wasn't "elsewhere" – it was here. To such a point that I saw it with my own eyes. A light... indefinable, dazzling, but... I don't know, so tranquil! I can't say, I don't know how to explain... so steady, so tranquil. Dazzling. And without any vibrations. And its color... indefinable, in the sense that it was neither white nor golden nor... It was... as if EVERYTHING were there. It can't be described. Wonderful. Then this Consciousness took my consciousness and went like this *(gesture in a circle*

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<sup>43</sup> "I," the review edited by Y.

*starting from Mother on her left, going through the column of light, then returning to Mother on her right)....* I felt it [the column of light, when Mother’s consciousness went through it]. I felt it, but I didn’t see anything [i.e., no shadow]. I didn’t see anything, I only saw a slight movement, but... It was like a slight movement, but it was the same light.<sup>44</sup> Then it went through the column, and came back [into Mother]. And then it took RA *consciousness (same gesture in a circle starting from R., taking her consciousness through the column, and coming back to R.)*, it went through, and there was an *outline* [while crossing through the column of light], an outline, and in the place of the head, it was blue, it had become blue [i.e., a shadow in the light]. That was R.’s effect: an outline. Then it said something to me (wordlessly, but it was instantly translated into words, in English):

*“When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness you must not make a shadow.”*

And with that experience, it was so real and intense!... It said, “That’s the condition – the condition.” Then, half an hour later, it said it to me in French; it was translated into French.

I gave the text to the person. It can’t be published as it is, because it requires a whole explanation (and I think it’s better not to publish it, I don’t know). It requires a whole explanation. Or else, we could put:

“To be able to receive the new consciousness without deforming it...

Then the text:

“...One must be able to stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness without casting a shadow.”

Words... if one hasn’t had the experience, words are... They don’t have what the experience gave – that power. It was so intense, you know! Since then, the body has been constantly “thinking”

Of that: “Don’t cast a shadow, don’t cast a shadow...” And the transformation of the body’s consciousness is taking place at a tremendous speed.

But my eyes were open, I wasn’t in trance, I was talking with R. I saw it like that: it took my consciousness... (*same gesture in a circle*).

*Did it envelop you or...?*

No: it [the column of light] was in front of me, like that, between me and R. In front of me, like a layer. Between me and the window. And then, my consciousness was as if seized and taken through it (*same gesture*). I looked and didn’t see anything [i.e. any shadow or trace], but I felt. I felt: there was a slight quiver [while going through]. Then, to give a demonstration, it took R.’s consciousness inside the column, and there was an outline of the head: the outline was seen, just an outline; overall it had become somewhat gray, but not dark at all. And at the place of the head, it was more blue; it was blue, opaque: the head, the shape of a head, like that – an outline. So I wholly understood what it meant:

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<sup>44</sup>The “slight movement” is Mother’s consciousness going through the column of light, which means that Mother’s consciousness had the same color or the same light as the column’s.



*“When you stand in the light of the Supreme Consciousness, you must not make a shadow.”*

It was an experience given TO THE BODY – L tell you, my eyes were open. I felt the consciousness... *(same gesture in a circle)*. It can't be described, can't be expressed.

Since then, the body has been full of an intensity of vibration, of aspiration, of... And a tremendous will to get rid of all possible falsehood, all of it.

*(silence)*

It remained for a long time. It remained for at least a quarter of an hour – a long time. And I felt like doing this *(Mother rubs her eyes as if in disbelief)*. It's the first time the physical body has had an experience of that sort, with the eyes wide open. I saw it come down, come down like that, settle down and stay there. And all the cells seemed to be thirsting and thirsting for that – it was wonderful! Inexpressible.

*No shadow, that is, no ego.*

Yes, it's precisely that. It means no ego.

*(silence)*

And I understood. I understood to what extent it was a grace – truly a wonderful grace – to have taken away my mind and vital. Naturally, it could be done only because the psychic was in full possession of the body, otherwise... *(Mother laughs, showing that otherwise she would have disconnected from her body)*. Which means the process isn't to be recommended: it was quite radical. But it was wonderful. And I found something in Savitri... something in the fifth Canto (I translated it yesterday and kept it to show you).... Here:

*(Mother takes a roll of sheets and reads:)*

This knowledge first he had of time-born men,  
Admitted through a curtain of bright mind  
That hangs between our thought and absolute sight,  
He found the occult cave, the mystic door  
Near to the well of vision in the soul,  
And entered where the Wings of Glory brood  
In the sunlit space where all is for ever known.

*(Savitri, I.V.74)*

*(then Satprem reads out  
Mother's translation)*

Not too great, the translation!

*Oh, but it is, Mother.*

That's the best I found, but it's not too great.

*(silence,  
Mother looks at another sheet)*

And at one place he says:

He shore the cord of mind that ties the earth-heart  
And cast away the yoke of Matter's law.  
The body's rules bound not the spirit's powers....

(I.V.74)

You see, he says the heartbeats stop....

*(Mother looks for the passage,  
which Satprem reads out:)*

When life had stopped its beats, death broke not in....

*That's it!* And he says that the mind also stops.

*(Satprem reads)*

He dared to live when breath and thought were still.

That's it.

Thus could he step into that magic place  
Which few can even glimpse with hurried glance....

When I read it, I didn't know he had spoken of that experience of the abolition of the mind – he did speak of it, and he says the heartbeats have stopped, but that one isn't dead. That's it.

I don't know, when I read it, I suddenly felt he was describing the transition from ordinary life to a supramental life.

I don't know why, but I very strongly said to myself that I absolutely had to show you this.

*(Satprem reads out the translation)*

I don't know if the translation is very great, but it's the best I could do. (I am slowly translating the whole of *Savitri* – it'll take ten years!) You remember, we had translated a good deal of it, but it was the end of *Savitri*; this is the beginning.

*But the abolition of the mind, isn't it the same as the complete tranquillity of the mind?*

No.

*It's not the same thing.*

No.

*What can be done to abolish the mind?*

No, I don't think it should be done. I think what's necessary is this absolute tranquillity so That may go through without being distorted. The abolition [in Mother] was done because the body wanted to attempt the process of transformation of the cells, and it was already quite old, you see, so things had to go fast. It was for the movement to be swift. But of course, I can see it's risky...

This experience [of the column of light] came so spontaneously, effortlessly, without concentration or anything; and to the very body it was visible like this (*gesture, eyes wide open*). I couldn't see the window anymore, that table there I couldn't see anymore; I couldn't see: it was here, like this, here (*gesture between Mother and the window*). As if it were PHYSICALLY here, you understand.

The body is learning very, very small details, very small things, all the time, all the time, night and day.

But just a year ago, I wouldn't have been able to listen to that music. Now... (*Mother smiles, amused*)... It's strange.

And I didn't just hear: I saw the people, the things, the future, where it was headed – all, all of it together, just like this (*gesture of looking*): I was only slightly attentive.

But it's strangely fragile at the same time, that's the curious thing. There's a sense of having gone out of all ordinary laws, and... it's hanging in suspense, like that. Something which is seeking to be established.

And extremely sensitive to what comes (the two things at the same time), extremely sensitive to what comes from others, and at the same time, with a sort of extraordinary power to enter into them and work there. As if a whole kind of limits were... (*Mother slips the fingers of one hand through the fingers of the other*) done away with.

It's strange.

Oh! (*Mother looks at the clock*) It's very late and we haven't done anything.... Did you have something? No. How are you?

*Fine.*

Your nights?

*All right. I'm going to resume work.*

Not too much.

Not too much, you should take the opportunity to... Can you feel this Consciousness? No?

*When I concentrate... I don't know, I find there's something solid.*

Yes.

It's changing things. Strangely, they seem to be just the same, and they become very different.

In Canada, lots of people have made contact with this Consciousness. I receive surprising letters.

*(Satprem gets up to leave)*

I'm not giving you anything to eat – that's disgusting!

*No, no! I have all I need.*

You really don't need...?

*No, no, I need nothing except...*

Ah, I wasn't looking at it from that angle! *(Mother laughs)*

The body still needs to eat, though here too, it seems... There are all kinds of things....

Well, everything still seems to be called into question.



**April 19, 1969**

*(Regarding the departure of Amrita, who looked after the Ashram's finances.)*

*(Laughing)* Here are soups!

We're in a dreadful confusion, dreadful!

For years there was a whole side of things, the side of money and all the arrangements, which I wasn't told about, and it was quite fine, I didn't look after it, didn't bother myself with it. Now, they suddenly tell me things (half tell me, and without telling me what used to be done before), and I realize... Everything is in a dreadful confusion, dreadful! Because... I can't understand what they do because I don't know the reason, I don't know how things are arranged.

Now a weight has been lifted, but... They quarrel... oh!

I had things to tell you... but I don't remember – I don't remember at all! On Wednesday, after you left, I realized I had things to tell you, but now I don't remember – so many things have taken place that I don't remember.

You see, previously, Amrita used to centralize many things. He had organized them, and I didn't concern myself with them; he would only tell me where I needed to intervene, and all the rest was arranged. But now, for the least thing they come to me, and as they don't know what he used to do and how, everything needs to be done. It has caused a lot of difficulty.

Now, I know I have something to tell you, but I don't know what!

*(silence)*

Everything is in a sort of hubbub. The whole country.

You know there's now a Communist government in Bengal.... It would be better not to record this *(Mother touches the microphone)*.

*I can erase it.*

So then, there were scenes (I forget the details), rather unpleasant scenes, then a sort of riot, and the army had to open fire. Four people were killed.<sup>45</sup> So the Communist government wants to arrest the four soldiers who opened fire, saying... well, that they did quite wrong. They said that to the head of the army there, who said, “If they come to arrest my men, *I* will arrest them! I’ll arrest the police and put them in jail!...” I found it charming. But I had just seen N.S.<sup>46</sup> – you know N.S., don’t you-who had been sent by Indira to ask me questions about what should be done.<sup>47</sup> She had just left when I was told about this other affair. I thought, “How to have her told?...” (because Indira won’t know what to do-whether to support the army or the police). Then I said, “If she supports the police, the Chinese are here in two weeks; she must absolutely support the army” So we had to catch up to N.S. (she had just left for Delhi), we had to catch up to her to tell her, “Mother said you should...”

And L. left behind to catch up with the plane.

That’s how it is. The previous days I had seen all kinds of catastrophic things. (I didn’t know what the situation was.) When I was told, I instantly knew: I saw the Chinese HERE. Yes. It stirred me a lot, a lot. And with HORRIBLE things, horrible.

So I had to send someone immediately to tell her, “For heaven’s sake, support the army.” It’s India’s only hope. The army is good, but it’s not supported. But that shouldn’t be told, because I am not supposed to concern myself with politics, so...

But it seems that in three States the Communists WANT the Chinese to come. That’s dreadful. The Chinese, *mon petit*, you can’t imagine what it is.... Horrible! They’re horrible. With a cold, terrible cruelty.

So it’s been very, very difficult these last few days.

It’s almost a miracle: Indira all of a sudden realized (N.S. told me so) that she doesn’t have the required knowledge or the required power to face circumstances, so she told N.S. to come and see me and ask me to help her. Then I understood why I had seen all those circumstances – for several days it was all about India, and I saw it was serious, very serious.

*(silence)*

There was one man here who could have done something: it was the former chief of the army, K.’s cousin<sup>48</sup> – but they sent him to Canada!... It had the result that now the whole of Canada is interested in India! There’s quite a widespread and interesting movement there. But they don’t want him here. And he was a good military chief.... It’s a pity he’s gone away. Also, he was in contact with us, and just now...

So that’s why: there’s constantly the pressure of very serious things.

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45Incident at Kashipur.

46A minister in the Central government, and, at the time, a friend of Indira Gandhi.

47We give in addendum an account of N.S.’s conversation with Mother.

48K. is a disciple.

(silence)

What news do You have? Nothing?

*But this increasingly growing Chinese monster, one doesn't see what will be able to stop it.*

Yes, that's right.

*One doesn't see, except, of course, a nuclear cataclysm. Otherwise, everywhere it only wants to devour.*

Yes.

*What will stop it?... Is it receptive to the subtle forces?*

(After a silence) There's a man... First, there's our good S.H.<sup>49</sup> here, but there's another man at Shantiniketan; I saw him, I know him, and he always said it was Sri Aurobindo's thought that could save China. But he came here because he wasn't a Communist and they filched all his goods – he gave them; when he was informed, he wrote [to the Chinese government] and told them, "I give them to you; you took them, but I give them to you." That was very good, very clever. So naturally, he is respected. But I don't think he can do much. But his own opinion is that it's only Sri Aurobindo's thought that can save China. China is extremely intellectual; if the Chinese intelligence were captured by Sri Aurobindo's thought, it would be... That seems to be the sole, the only hope.

But Formosa [Taiwan], which is nothing, is wholly with us.

*Yes, but that's not much.*

It's nothing.

The Soviets were a very great danger, but now they seem... they seem to begin to understand. They're divided among themselves.

*But here, it's really a growing monster.*

Oh, it's formidable.

(silence)

America is extremely interested in Auroville. Russia is extremely interested in Auroville. The Chinese... nothing, absolutely nothing, no response.

They are... I don't know how to... The impression is of something stonelike. It doesn't respond.

(long silence)

For... for years, even from the time Sri Aurobindo was here, there had been the vision – an inner vision – that India is the place where the fate of the earth will be decided. So the two opposite possibilities are

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<sup>49</sup>A Chinese disciple.

there. As if it were said that if there were war, it would be over India; that the world conflict... (how can I put it?), the ISSUE would be played out over India. But will the Force of Peace be sufficient to prevent war? There's the whole question. But the whirl of forces is here, over India.

And since this Consciousness came, things have been accelerating.

It has given a great rapidity of movement to circumstances. But then, it's becoming urgent. And... oh, falsehood, duplicity... oh, everything seems to be rising to the surface – it's hideous. Will the... the Force of Harmony and Peace be strong enough to... to digest all that? I don't know.

I thought (there were all kinds of things going on, like pictures of possibilities), I thought it was in the body's makeup, that it was coming out in order to be purified. Now I realize it may have been partly that, but that all those pictures correspond to things taking place at present [in the world]. And if they are true... the things to come are rather catastrophic.

There is always this inner will to... (*gesture of pressure to establish peace*). As if it were, I can't say a last conflict, but it's becoming... it's becoming immediate.

It's like a conflict between the forces that want to destroy the earth and the terrestrial transformation. If those forces can be checked, can be mastered or rendered powerless, then the earth's progress and transformation will go on soaring up – magnificent! But now... monsters seem to be coming up from every side to prevent that.

(*silence*)

It's exactly as if we were sitting on top of a volcano: either the volcano must fall extinct, or everything is going to blow up. That's how it is.

Eleven o'clock, oh!

Wouldn't you enjoy to go boating? I told Z to take you along....

Just like that... a little boating. And I also thought that you wouldn't be pestered by people! They won't find you anymore!

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## ADDENDUM

(*Account of N.S.'s visit on April 17, 1969. Mother's words were noted down in English from memory, and are therefore approximate.*)

1. When N.S. spoke of what Indira said about the troubles she is having and the difficulties she is facing and that she wanted the Mother's help, strength and guidance, the Mother said She knew very well about all this, and that she was constantly giving Her help and blessings to Indira.

2. Regarding the danger of Communism, the Mother said that Communism is a truth that has been distorted and that when the truth comes out, the distortion will fall off. The truth is that all one's efforts and all one's work should be turned not to the State, but to the Divine.

3. There is only one country in the world that knows that there is only one Truth to which everything should be turned, and that is India. Other countries have forgotten this, but in India it is ingrained in the people, and one day it will come out.

4. We must all recognize this and work for this. India is the cradle of the Truth and will lead the world to Truth. India will find its real place in the world when it realizes this.

5. The Mother asked N.S. to say to Indira that she should decide to become an obedient, faithful and devoted servant of the Truth and the Truth alone, and then nothing could obstruct her. All outward difficulties and even persons trying to upset her position will not be able to affect her, and if they seem to succeed, if she is firm in her faith and in her devotion to serve the Truth, nothing can prevail against her.

6. To be a true servitor of the Truth one must forget all one's personal desires and preferences and have only the thought to serve the Truth.

7. The Mother then said to N.S. personally and hoped that the men present would not be offended, that it is only women who know how to use this Power that comes from serving the Truth.

8. The Mother also said to convey to Indira that she must know that the laws of man cannot stand before the laws of the Divine and ultimately it is the laws of the Divine that will prevail.

9. The Mother said that the new Consciousness that has descended on the 1st of January is very active, and that we have come to a very critical time in the history of the world, and it is most interesting to watch how things are happening. This new Consciousness is preparing for the Superman and so there are big changes happening all around. When the first man developed, the animal had no mind and could not appreciate the evolution. Man has mind and can appreciate the evolution. That is why this is the most interesting time in history. If one can stand in that consciousness and watch the happenings from above, one can see how small and futile they are and one can then act upon them with a great Power.

10. The Mother said to N.S. that She wants Indira to continue in her present position because the Mother is able to work through her as she is sincerely trying to serve the country.

11. The Mother said: "I know the conditions of the country. Even if one person could put himself faithfully at the disposal of the Truth, he could change the country and the world."

12. The Mother said that Auroville is the only hope for preventing a new world war. Tensions are growing and the situation is becoming very critical. But only the Idea of Auroville, if it can become more widespread, can prevent world war.

13. The children who are born at this time are fortunate.



**April 23, 1969**

*(Mother received Satprem at 11 instead of 10.)*

It's frightful, mon petit!... Oh, there were lots of amusing things to tell you, but it's no fun, we're too hurried....



*Oh, you know, Mother, I wanted to tell you one thing: the whole gossip in the Ashram is that you sent L. to Delhi with a message regarding the events in Bengal and telling the government that it should be strong – the whole Ashram knows it!*

*(Mother laughs)*... They were VERY WELL received in Delhi. A. [a secretary to the government] came back and told me that Indira was in conversation for twenty or twenty-five minutes, and that she seemed quite happy. It was a complete success.

But you know, you can't stop them from talking! They can't help it: they're terrible, they'll talk rubbish on any subject under the sun. They even said, it seems, about that poor man, the chief minister<sup>50</sup> of Madras who died of cancer, that I had said he was a very bad man, and that's why he died! That sort of thing, you understand.

Now I've grown used to it. All the rubbish in the world they will tell – it's the whole system that should be dissolved!

*(silence)*

What about you? How are you?

*[Satprem complains about his eyes]... Otherwise I am fine, Mother.*

But don't work too much! *(Laughing)* I preach laziness!

I had lots of things to tell you, and strangely, my watch stopped; I had no idea of the time, so I asked, "What time is it?" They told me, "It's quarter to eleven." It gave me such a shock *(laughing)* that everything I wanted to tell you went away! vrpp, like that!

*(silence)*

But it's interesting, the work has entered an interesting phase.

*(After a silence)* Yes, I wrote something *(Mother looks for a piece of paper)*.... The trouble is that once I've noted it, it's gone. And it was... *(Mother tries to remember)*.

Yes, it was someone who wrote to me... I don't remember, it was about "consecration." But I remember that when I answered, I looked, and I saw... (what should I call it?) the curve, but it's not exactly a curve.... You understand, consecration, self-giving, *surrender* (not "submission"), all that still implies a separate self giving itself. And I saw – in fact, I saw in the body's experience – that the body is on the verge of... it's just in an intermediary state, because all the parts haven't exactly reached the same stage (I don't know why, but that's how it is). So I might say (but this is a simplification), I could say that overall, the body's self-giving is total, the consecration almost total in the sense that there's everywhere an active collaboration, but with an intense aspiration, and at times a moment when it goes like this *(gesture expressing a swelling in the cells)*. I don't know what happens, it's something going on in the cells, and then... there's no self-giving anymore or anything... neither a "consecration" nor "listening to the command": it's a state, a state of intense vibration, with at the same time a sense of all-powerfulness, even in here *(Mother pinches the skin of her hands)*, in this old thing, and... a luminous all-powerfulness, always with this... something in the line of goodness, of benevolence, but much above that (those things look like ridiculous distortions). It goes like this *(same gesture of swelling)*, and static, that is, with the sense of eternity in the cells.

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<sup>50</sup>Annadurai.

It doesn't last-it lasts for a few minutes at the most; yes, a few minutes, but it comes back. It comes back. it's something COMPLETELY new for the body.

All the time-constantly, all the time – there is the warmth, the sweetness and happiness of a complete self-giving, with an aspiration: “To BE, to be You, not to exist anymore.” But there's still a sense of... it's the joy of giving oneself. It's like that, constant. And when the consciousness isn't active, that is, when I don't speak or don't listen or... automatically the body repeats the mantra like that, constantly like that; that's the constant state, day and night, continually. But now and then – now and then-there's a sort of fusion (I don't know what happens), and even that whole joyful aspiration, that whole fervor is transformed into a state... which is, or seems, perfectly still, because... I don't know what it is: it's not stillness, not eternity... I don't know, it's something, a “something” that is... Power, Light, and really a Love which doesn't “give” itself and does not “receive”; a Love which... something (I use this word for lack of others), something like that, but it's That, it's a vibration which is That, a vibration of Power, Light and Love (those are the three words I must use to translate), which is IN this, in the body, everywhere. Everywhere. To such a point that when you leave that state, you wonder (*laughing*) if you still have the same shape! That's how it is, you understand.

It's new – it began two days ago.

It's not constant. It comes when I am left in peace (*[laughing]* which doesn't happen often!), when I can melt into the joy of belonging to the Divine (something like that). There isn't even the idea of “being the Divine,” it's not that! That seems so silly! The first time I read that, to me it was the height of egoism: You are the Divine! (*Laughing*) It's not the Divine who contains you, it's you who contain the Divine, don't forget!... But there is the joy of wholly belonging to the Divine, and suddenly (*gesture of breaking away*) something takes place... (*Mother shows the absence of any more separation, of a “giving” and of a “someone” to give oneself to*).

Strangely, as soon as there's the slightest slackening in the attitude, for instance, a second of forgetfulness (what I might call “forgetfulness,” that is, the former old habit, the old terrestrial habit of being), the body instantly feels about to be dissolved. And that, strangely, is something... The body is now aware that it can hold together, exist together ONLY through the Lord's Power, not through any natural law – that it knows – and so, at such times, brr! there can come two or three seconds like that: you feel everything, but everything is about to be dissolved.

Strange.

With people, unless (this is rare), unless they are quite unbearable (but that's very rare), with people, this [body] no longer exists: what's there is the Divine Consciousness at work, observing, working, answering, and (*laughing*) sometimes full of mischief! A mischief so full of goodness, but quite mischievous. And an extraordinary sense of humor.

Well, there you are. So it's all right. In a way, it's all right. I feel it's still... Let's see, let me try to mentalize a bit: the impression is as if the supreme Consciousness had undertaken the work of transformation of the body and were doing it thoroughly, but also without hesitation, without compromise or anything of the sort, and... the question is whether the body will hold out. That's how it is. The body knows it – it knows and doesn't have a shadow of fear, I must say – it's all the same to it: “What You want will be fine.” At times it feels a little suffering for one thing or another, a little friction (a pain here or there... some pains aren't too pleasant), and at such times it always says (*Mother opens her hands*): “As You will, Lord.” And within a few minutes at the most, the thing calms down. But it has stopped wondering whether or not it will last, whether or not it will succeed – all that is over, gone: “It's as You will, as You will.” It uses those words because we can use only one language, which is quite incapable of expressing things; we don't know anything else, so we use that language. When it says, “As You will,” there's this movement of... (*gesture of dilation and expansion*) what should I call it?... It's like an easing in all the cells – they ease up. They ease up in the supreme Light, in the

supreme Consciousness, like that. Then you feel the form is about to disappear, but... (*Mother looks at the skin of her hands*) it must be the consciousness contained in the cells [that spreads about]; I don't think it's the substance, because (*Mother looks at the skin of her hands*) so far it has remained as it is! But that [easing] stays there for a rather long time.

But there are no words to express that, because I think... (I don't know whether some people felt it, but if they did, they didn't know what it was because they didn't express it), I think it's new. It's new for the body. It's new. A sort of... as if one were tense, and the tension were easing, easing up... (*same gesture of expansion and diffusion*). Yes, it's quite like that, as when one is tense, like someone full of tension, and it eases up. Now it's like that for all the cells. There, enough chatter for now!

(*Satprem gets up*)

I'll give you the perpetual Smile of the divine Consciousness.

(*Mother gives a Champak flower<sup>51</sup>*)

And roses... here. (*To Sujata:*) For you too.



**April 26, 1969**

(*Mother first shows a note she has written about religions:*)

The attitude to be taken towards religions:

A benevolent goodwill towards all worshippers.  
An enlightened indifference towards all religions.

All religions are partial approaches to the one  
simple Truth that is far above them.

*Then replies to questions  
from the New Age Association:*

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<sup>51</sup>*Michelia champaka*, cream yellow ("Supramentalized Psychological Perfection").

*In what sense is our Yoga an adventure?*

We may say it is an adventure because it is the first time that the yoga aims at the transformation and divinization of physical life, instead of aiming at escaping from it.

*Why is faith supremely important in the yoga?*

Because we are aiming at something completely new which has never been accomplished before.

*What is the power of faith?*

When you have faith, you put yourself under the domination of the Divine, who is all-powerful.

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*Soon afterwards:*

You know that L. went to Delhi to see Indira. He brought her a message about the situation up there [in Bengal]. Then, at the end of the conversation, he told her about the new Consciousness, saying she should open to this Consciousness and that it's all-powerful (he repeated it all to me), all-powerful. He even told her, "Even if there is a fire, you can walk through the fire without danger if this Consciousness protects you," something like that. Just when he narrated it to me, they were holding there [in North India] a meeting of the Congress<sup>52</sup> in a big *pandal* [dais], and the *pandal* caught fire and burned down! Indira was there, and she walked out unharmed – just when he was telling me about it! It's amusing (*Mother laughs*).

She is beginning to really have faith.

*(silence)*

So that question, "Why faith?", it's like asking, "Why does faith have power?"

Basically, it's stupid, isn't it?

*(long silence)*

There have been queer things... and I thought it may again have been the result of what they're doing there. I was looking, like that (in fact, trying to put the Light and Peace everywhere), when this new Consciousness said something to me (*Mother looks for a note*).... It didn't "say," it showed me. It showed me the vibrations of those who want to cause harm (you know how it is there), vibrations, formations, and it showed me that when it is around someone, around a person, those vibrations come and are violently thrown back on the person who sent them. And it also showed me how, when they go back, they take just the form that can affect the person!

It was seen, like that. Afterwards, it made me write (*Mother points to her note*). I first wrote it

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<sup>52</sup>Meeting of the All-India Congress committee at Faridabad (U.P.).

without the first line:

“To people of ill-will”

I first wrote without putting any title, then it insisted, it said, “No, you must put it, it’s very important.”

“The harm you have caused willfully always comes back to you in one form or another.

(said by the S.M. consciousness)”

And, you understand, it’s something practical: it was DONE like that; he [Sri Aurobindo] showed me it was like that: “You do like this.” So if what he showed me is really now established in the world, it must have extraordinary consequences.

On the mental heights, Buddhism had already said something like that: your thought, your will goes around the world and comes back to you. “Do not think you can do something with impunity,” it says, “because it goes around the world and comes back to you.” But here, it was... He showed me bad vibrations with their will to harm, he showed how they came, like that, and how, with this Consciousness there around someone, the vibrations hit and went back, they bounced back as if against a wall – they hit and went back. And on their way, they modified themselves so as to take the very form needed to strike the person [who sent them].

That’s what I SAW.

Then it made me write that afterwards, as if I were speaking to those people.

*Are you referring to the Vatican people, or to the Chinese?*

All of them! That’s just it, it was... The planes are different. With the Vatican, it’s much more mental. With the Chinese, it’s very material.

The harm you have caused WILLFULLY.

What I saw seems to be much more effective (that is, with an immediate effect) in the mind than in the physical. in the mind, it appears to be immediate. So it might rather be against magic practices. But it was general: for instance, I don’t know if an invading army... Unless this Consciousness gives the other army the power to repel it? I can’t say.

I haven’t shown this note, haven’t spoken to anyone about it.

*I get a sense of many ill – wills at the moment – many forces of ill-will.*

Yes, oh yes!

But this message of Sri Aurobindo about the Grace has almost been a revelation to me.<sup>53</sup> I thought, “What! There are people who refuse the Grace....” And since then, several people have told me so. It was something almost unthinkable for me.

But the impression is that things are moving fast and a very radical change is taking place – in

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<sup>53</sup>Message given for the April 24 darshan: “The best possible way is to allow the Divine Grace to work in you, never to oppose it, never to be ungrateful and turn against it - but to follow it always to the goal of Light and Peace and unity and Ananda.”

people too.

This (*Mother points to her note*) came when I was looking at those actions there [at the Vatican], first; and then here in India, there's a gentleman... a nasty gentleman (I saw his photo), a wicked man who wants to get into the Parliament (he isn't in it) so as to demolish Indira.<sup>54</sup> He's taken that into his head. So she was afraid. She's been told not to be afraid, what she should do, and so on. He hasn't been elected yet (I think the election is to take place next month). But I was looking at that, and it's in response to my concentration that it came; it came like that: first the vision, then the explanations.

There would seem to be a rage among the adverse forces; they feel that something radical is now going on and want to prevent it at any cost – which is idiotic, by the way, completely stupid.... But we might say it's fine, because they actually give an opportunity... they put themselves in the conditions needed to receive the answer: the backlash.

*You know, I saw something last night.*

Oh!

*I saw an immense sea in a fantastic state of violence, a raging sea with formidable hollows and whirlpools (and a steely light), and beside that, a huge wave, like a mountain, behind which I was, which came and smashed against that sort of raging sea, throwing it all back. Something seemed to fall over-that collision nevertheless sent small bits flying over that mountain and falling back on my head. But I saw that huge mass (I don't know what it was) of force and power, and that raging sea which came and collided against that mountain.... It looked like quite gigantic powers.*

But that's the image of what I saw. It has aroused the resistance. But the Consciousness was quite smiling – with an absolute certitude. It was showing me, it was there around someone (an imaginary person), it was around like that, and really with a smile: it came (*gesture showing the onslaught of the bad vibrations*), and as soon as it touched That, it was thrown back – but thrown back with extraordinary power!

*Yes, that's also what I saw. It was thrown back with tremendous power. Yet it was like a wildly violent ocean, and beside that ocean, there was a mountain of "Water" still more powerful than all that violent ocean. It was awesome.*

That's it.

*And the ocean actually came and collided against that mountain, and was thrown back.*

It's exactly like that.

*But I got something on the head!*

Did it hurt your head?

*No, but over that mountain, something came and fell on my head. I saw it. It didn't hurt, I just noticed it.*

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<sup>54</sup>A former minister of the Central government, S. K. Patil.

In this Consciousness there's really an extraordinary power. And it encourages to act – it encourages. Previously, when I was told that someone was ill or there had been an accident, something of the sort, I would merely do this (*gesture of offering, both hands open Upward*): I would present it to the supreme Lord, and that was all, I would remain like that (*immobile, passive gesture*). Now this Force encourages me to take... (*laughing*) to take the supreme Lord and put him like this (*swordlike gesture*) on the event. You understand, instead of being like that (*gesture of passive offering*), it's like this (*swordlike gesture*). It responds. Strange.

(silence)

But are you better?

*Yes, yes, I'm better!*

It doesn't give you a headache?!

*No! But I feel something relentless.*

Ah, yes. Oh, yes, ooh!...

But that's why this Consciousness told me that, it's to... to be, to REMAIN in the Consciousness, tranquil, peaceful, like that (*gesture of being enfolded*).

But if the forces weren't relentless, things could go on for a long, long time, you understand; this way, the conflict becomes swifter. And that's what this consciousness... That trust is what it wanted to give. We mustn't go out of this Consciousness, you understand. It has power. And a fantastic power.

Basically, this message of Sri Aurobindo is almost this: Do not go out of this Consciousness, do not refuse this Consciousness. It is sent by the Grace, do not refuse it.

(silence)

(*Mother gives soup packets to Satprem*) Yesterday I received lots of soups, and I thought, "Well, it has come just for him!" (*Mother laughs*) That's how it is! And for VERY SMALL things, mon petit, everywhere, like that – fantastic, unbelievable. Unbelievable. It would take a long time to tell everything.

But we should keep well – and have faith! (*Mother laughs*)



**April 30, 1969**

This Consciousness is truly extraordinary, and with such a sense of humor, you know!... It's educating this body, beginning with sweeping away all moral notions. The body is spontaneously in a sort of adoration, and all of a sudden this Consciousness showed it a big, huge serpent, with two formidable

fangs, which was like this (*gesture erect in front of Mother*). And at the same time it gave the explanation: “The poisoned fangs... It’s the Supreme Goodness that invented them, of course...” You know, it was so... It’s irresistible. And this poor body remained like that, a little flabbergasted... It realized it had never thought of that! It had taken things as they are, the world as it is, it had never thought about that: “How can this exist? How can it?...” (*Laughing*) It needed a good fifteen minutes to find its poise again.

It’s constantly like that. It’s a relentless struggle against ALL possible conventions. At the same time, this consciousness seems to inculcate the sense of an irresistible power. Which isn’t a personal power, not at all, it has nothing to do with the person; only one must be in accord with the Consciousness that rules the world, and this Consciousness has irresistible power. But it sweeps away all notions – ALL notions – and makes you see the stupidity of the notions you hold together [within the same consciousness], naturally in contradiction with one another. All that. And then, as soon as you are tranquil (after an experience like that serpent: it lasts for one minute, or two, or ten minutes, five minutes – it depends on the case), but once you remain like that, peaceful, there comes a sort of sense of limitless immensity, of... in English they say ease, that is, something extremely peaceful, and at the same time vibrant, in which you feel that everything, but everything, is harmonious, like that – everything. And it’s like that in a great intensity of light which tends to be golden (it’s not golden, I don’t know what that color is, but it tends to be like that), a light like that. Then, if you remain there, everything is fine – EVERYTHING is fine: the body is fine, everything is fine. And as soon as you go out of that state and get into other movements, you see that all, but all is... a world of contradictions, everything is a contradiction: chaos and contradiction. But there, everything is perfectly harmonious.

This poor body, it takes its lessons like that.

So it no longer tries to understand anything. It has understood that it cannot understand; it says, “Very well, let That use me as it likes.”

That serpent, you know... Why this vision suddenly? I don’t know.... I was in a state in which I was trying to establish a general harmony – probably it was too limited or incomplete or... And then that serpent came.<sup>55</sup> You understand, the universe is the Lord manifested, and so for this body, anyhow, it’s perfection, but of course it’s unable to understand; and all of a sudden this serpent came, and came in such a way that the body said to itself, “Well! I’d never thought of that” (which isn’t true, of course). There are all the theories that explain evil as the action of adverse forces in the universe, but that seems quite childish. And as always it showed something VERY subtle in the play of forces (and how, to try and make it [evil] understood, the notion was born of a “succession in time,” which is absurd – in other words, successive creations). And there was something very subtle to show that those poisoned fangs are a defense, not an attack; this consciousness gave proof that the poisoned fangs are a defense, because they existed AFTER the attack – but how to explain that I don’t know.

*(Mother seems to gaze at a world of  
simultaneous things, and gropes for words)*

At any rate, it was one more decisive turning point in this body’s development. It once again felt that all it knew, all it thought it knew, all that was... *rubbish*, as they say in English, and that unless you are in this absolutely luminous and tranquil and all-containing Consciousness... [you cannot understand]. “Containing” still gives the impression of a limit; it’s not “all-containing,” it’s vaster than anything existing. This Consciousness is vaster than the manifested world; there’s almost a sort of sensation that there’s a vaster Consciousness: the manifested world takes up a certain “place” in this Consciousness

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<sup>55</sup>Mother may mean that the “poison” is a weapon not to cause “harm,” but to break the “harmonious” limits within which one was going to shut oneself.



(how can I explain?), it's not the WHOLE Consciousness.... (That's probably the body's difficulty in being completely receptive, yet it's for IT to understand....) And that seems to be the attitude to be kept. Is it an attitude?... – It's a way of being. A way of being. First, there are no limits (but that's an old experience the body has had for a long time), no limits: there's a sort of capacity to identify with things; but that's a consequence, as it were, of the impelling Will (this "central" Will, if I may say so, which impels to action).

And the body is like that... (*outspread gesture*). It's become so acute, this impression of... The two things (two absolutely contradictory things) have become so intense: one is an absolute incapacity to understand anything about anything, the realization that the thing anyhow eludes understanding; and at the same time, the experience that the limits of power are progressively lessening, fading, receding. This Power... it has become fantastic! Fantastic, this Power.

At the same time, it showed (oh, it's constantly, constantly teaching something), it showed how with people who still have the sense of ego, when they receive a little bit of this Power (that is, when this Power uses them), that causes a sort of panic, and it showed why: the ego becomes tremendous. And that was to show, to make the body clearly understand the necessity of its present state: it has almost no more sense of its existence, as little as possible; that mostly comes back with things that still grate quite materially. But if, at such times, the body can, or has the time to, or knows how to go into this state of... then the difficulty vanishes as if by miracle, in a trice. There was even something to show how, this way (*Mother presses her two index fingers together, then slightly lowers the index finger of her right hand*), there is suffering – this way, there's suffering – and when it's like that (*Mother raises slightly the index finger of her left hand*), it no longer exists. (*Mother does the same gesture again*): This way, suffering; that way, it no longer exists. So the body may know exactly in which position suffering no longer exists.

That goes on all the time, all the time, night and day, constantly, continuously – one thing after another, one thing after another. I would have to spend hours to narrate it all.

This morning I saw someone, and for ten minutes it was a continuous experience of the manner of working: how the Action takes place.... Someone will be talking to me, and I'll see at the same time the thing as it actually is, and the contrast with what the person is saying – the two things. And none of that is mental: it's a concrete experience.... I'll be given some news (of something that took place somewhere, for instance), I'll be told some words, and at the same time, the thing ITSELF is HERE, and I see the difference between what I am told and what took place. And that's ceaseless, constant.... People come (I see swarms of them, it's frightful, there have never been so many), I see people: I see in front what they think they are and how they want to be seen, and behind, what they really are – effortlessly, without seeking, automatically. And it's all an effect of this Consciousness.... And then, when I speak, while I speak and try to explain, there's at the same time the difference between what I am saying and what IS.... (*Smiling*) So that makes speaking a bit difficult!

(*silence*)

Also, there's a kind of demonstration from the general point of view. Man gives a great importance to life and death-for him there's a great difference, death is a rather capital event (!). And I am shown to what extent the disequilibrium which, in circumstances, results in what people call "death" (which is death only quite apparently), how the two things, so to speak, are constantly there: this all-containing Harmony which is the very essence of Life, and this... division (it's a sort of division, yes, of fragmentation), this fragmentation, this APPARENT, UNREAL division, which has an ARTIFICIAL existence, and which is the cause of death – how the two are interwoven in such a way that you can go from one to the other at any time and on any occasion. And it's not at all as people think, that there needs to be something "serious" – it's not that, it can happen "with the most futile thing! It's simply

being here or being there (*with the edge of her hand, Mother very slightly tilts to one side and to the other*), and that's all. So you are here (*slight tilt to the left*) and remain here: it's over; you are here, and then you are there (*gesture in between the two*), you are here one second, then you are there: it makes for a life with sufferings and troubles – all kinds of things. And being there (*slight tilt to the right*) is perpetual Life, absolute Power and... you can't even call it "peace," it's... something immutable. And at the same time, everything is there: this state and that state are both there. And man makes a more or less clumsy mixture of the two things.

But a few seconds of the true state in its purity and there's... an awesome power. Only... it's still far, far away.

But I remember the time when, if there was one minute or a moment in this State, the body would get afraid – not "afraid," but alarmed. That goes back to about... I don't know, a little more than ten years ago. There has been a whole curve. Now, it's the other way around: when the body is in this State, it feels normal-it feels that's the normal state. But the whole makeup of the world still seems to act as a brake, there still seems to be something... And that "something" is what this Consciousness is working on. For it to be established, a change in the earth consciousness must take place.

But the Action is constant.

*(silence)*

Maybe I had something else to tell you, I don't remember... (*Mother looks around and finds a piece of paper*) It may be this.

*Why do men want to worship?...*

*(Mother laughs)* It's this Consciousness again!

*It is much better to become than to worship!*

*(Mother repeats vigorously)* Better to become! Why do men want to worship the Divine? Better to become!<sup>56</sup>

It's quite like this Consciousness! It's just like it.

It has an answer for everything, all the time. Now it's become quite active.... I got a letter from Y. describing the activities of all those young people who have come for Auroville (they have a place of their own now, it's the office of =I, somewhere at the back or in front of the Library). They have an apartment where they do all kinds of things, including "improvised dances"; Y. wrote about that (with much praise, besides), and she asked, "But the important thing is to know what Sri Aurobindo and you too think about it?" (*Mother smiles ironically*) Then this Consciousness (*laughing*) made me answer her, "Just see to it that it doesn't degenerate...." And it added (I don't remember exactly because it wasn't I who wrote), "See that it remains..." – I forget the words. But mon petit, the irony of it was priceless! And I sent it to her.

Constantly, constantly it says or answers something. It obliges me to write: "Answer this.... Say this...." It has taken the place of the mind, you understand.

It's most interesting.

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<sup>56</sup>Later Mother added: "It's out of laziness to change that people worship."



# May

**May 3, 1969**

This Consciousness is very interesting. It has (*smiling*)... it's not scorn, it's a sort of faraway indifference for all human ideas – all conventions, all principles, all moralities, it finds all of that... absolutely grotesque. Now and then, it comes into contact with human ideas (*Mother takes a surprised tone of voice*): “Ooh! So that's what they think...” It's amusing!

There are two things. Death, it doesn't at all understand what we mean by that, the importance we attach to it – but not at all. And then, money, to this consciousness, is buffoonery: this system of money, the invention of this system, which prevents you from doing anything unless you pull out a banknote, to it, really it's buffoonery. Strange, I suddenly realize that the psychic being (*dominating gesture behind*)... the psychic being is almost like a witness, it's a witness to the whole evolution of things, and it KNOWS (it understands the deeper reasons, it knows how things are). It's in the body that this Consciousness is so active, and so, every time the body goes on with the little habits from the time when there was a mind and a vital, really it feels it as buffoonery. And the attitude with regard to money is like... Death, food and money: this Consciousness feels those are the three “awesome” things in human life, that human life revolves around those three things-eating, (*laughing*) dying, and having money – and to it, the three are... they are passing inventions which derive from a wholly transitory state that doesn't correspond to anything very deep or very permanent. That's its attitude. And then, it teaches the body to be otherwise.

It tolerates food, provided it doesn't take up too big a place and isn't too cumbersome or too important; it says, “Very well, that's the way you're built, too bad for you, you've got to eat.” (*Mother laughs*)

And then, death... Just yesterday (yesterday afternoon), I had an example. An accident took place, have you heard about it?<sup>57</sup> They're really wondering how it happened. As for me, I INSTANTLY saw that there was in the girl a psychic will (which she wasn't conscious of: she only felt an unease), but there was a psychic will to die (why? I don't know, I haven't yet seen why). That was clear.

And how everything was arranged to favor that, it's almost miraculous (you don't talk about it because people will say you're going mad if you call such a misfortune “miraculous”). But habitually, all those who go into the swimming pool have to put their name down when they go out (that's the rule). Yesterday, the man who kept the register had asked to go to Madras at 6, so he wasn't there and no one's name was noted down, and so they didn't know... Things like that. She went to see the group's captain and told her, “I am tired, I don't feel well, I want to go”; the captain said, “Yes, yes, you can go.” (Of course, it was foolish not to check that she had left; the captain was busy and just thought, “All right, she's leaving.”) The girl was then at the shallow end of the pool – impossible to get drowned there, unless you do it quite deliberately (they found her at the other end). But the pool was full of people – nobody saw anything. You see, everything was arranged just to... force her to die.<sup>58</sup> Every

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<sup>57</sup>A teenage girl drowned in the Ashram's swimming pool in the presence of her whole group.

<sup>58</sup>Let us note that the girl's sister, who was very close to her, should have accompanied her to the swimming pool, but was away on that day. And when the girl's body was taken to the hospital and put under an oxygen tent, after two minutes the oxygen was exhausted and there was none left in the whole hospital.

precaution is in place, and not one worked.... And as soon as they told me the news of the accident, as soon as I was told, I immediately looked, and I saw, in the place of her psychic, a peaceful will, like this (*Mother stretches out her two arms in an immutable gesture*). They were working hard: they worked for hours; first they took all the water out (they know how to do that), they drained the body of the water, then started working-tractions and all that to try to make her breathe again – they worked for hours (they were ready to work the whole night), they did all they could. And the psychic was like this (*same gesture*), that is, immutable, determined. But she didn't know [that she was going to die]: it came through her vital to reach her, and she felt quite ill at ease, she said, "Oh, I want to go out." So they told her, "Yes, that's right, you should go...." And because she had said that, naturally no one was worried when they didn't see her (no one had put their names down, so they couldn't check); it's only when they found her clothes... She had been under water for over an hour.

This Consciousness was so conscious of the movement in everyone, of every reaction, it was extraordinary! And it's this Consciousness that saw this, that showed me this: a psychic like this (*same immutable gesture*), like an irrevocable decision. And for this Consciousness, you understand, it's like someone who decides to move to a new house, or to a new room, or even to change clothes.... "Why do you make so much, so much fuss about that?"

I haven't said any of this, because... I haven't said anything to anyone.

(silence)

Last year, you remember, there was a boy who drowned at Gingee:<sup>59</sup> that was with P. [the group's captain]; and this little one, it was with B., R's sister [also a captain]. So I looked: outwardly, they are vitally very strong and very egocentric, which would be the external, material reason that allows the accident to take place—that is, no intuition of other's needs or state: no contact, they're like this (*gesture closed in on oneself*), but with an inner solidity on which, the psychic was leaning, for both of them [the two captains].

The other one too [the boy who drowned in the pond] wanted to go, but in his case it was very interesting: I saw Sri Aurobindo come and fetch him under water, and Sri Aurobindo said, "He will be born in the family" (he came back in a child), "he will come back in the first child to be born in the family." And this girl, I don't know yet what will happen, but her psychic being WANTED to go (for some reason or other).<sup>60</sup>

(silence)

The strange thing is that when you see things with this Consciousness, the PERFECTION of the organization is so TREMENDOUS that you are... you're almost terrified! Normally, when she went down to the bottom they should have noticed it immediately – they would have brought her up and it would have been over (they know very well how to do that, nothing would have happened).

(silence)

For this Consciousness, apart from a few individuals, human beings are weak. They are weak beings. Highly speculative, imaginative, very highly active in the mind, oh, tremendously active; that gives it a sense of... oh-oh, what agitation! But like that, from the psychophysical standpoint, weak.

<sup>59</sup>It was three years ago, in a pond, during an outing. See *Agenda VII* of 17 December 1966.

<sup>60</sup>See in addendum Mother's comments to a disciple regarding this "accident."

Since it began, I've told you several times about this sense of a FORCE, an absolutely unusual force (I am not the only one: all those who are in contact with this Consciousness say they feel a force... an extraordinary force). And it's this Consciousness. But it has a different character: it's a force that sees things differently, wholly differently.

So then, for instance, these two I mentioned [P. and his sister, the two captains], from a human standpoint, you would say they're really insensitive – it's because they're insensitive and too egocentric that the accident took place. In other words, a reproach. In this light, “Oh, these are good instruments, one can lean on them<sup>61</sup> (*solid gesture*), they won't sag, they're strong enough for one to lean on them.” And all that is shown to the body, which is really beginning... (*laughing*) to know things no body had ever learned before – ever. And to see life quite differently It feels... (*laughing*) you know, it feels stupid, that is, consciously it's in one way, and then out of atavism, out of construction, it's tied down in the other way. So it feels very silly, very silly. But the Consciousness held it (with yesterday's event), it HELD it in its Consciousness like that, present, until it had really understood everything in detail, and once it had really understood, poff! the thing was gone, finished. So it understands that when something is held like that, it means there's something to understand, it has a lesson to learn, and when the lesson has been learned, when it has understood, seen clearly – once it has seen clearly and it's all simple and very clear – that's it, poff! it's gone, finished (*gesture showing the Consciousness letting go of the body*), as though the thing were quite taken away That was taking place at night, while I am not disturbed (the night hours are the only ones when I am not disturbed every minute; I can carry on with my work untroubled), and then I saw. And that night was so peaceful, but with such peace!... It's ten rungs above the ordinary material “peace,” completely You know, the peace of a psychic will so powerful (*Mother stretches her arms in a sovereign gesture*), so tranquil... that all our emotions, our reactions, all that absolutely looks like childishness. But the body understands very well (since this Consciousness came it has begun to understand lots of things), it understands that all that [emotions, reactions] was a necessary path to prepare receptive instruments.

It's really interesting.

There are all the vibrations, the little tensions in beings, and this Consciousness shows (it shows very clearly) how that is the cause of disorganizations, illnesses, distortions... that vibration of constant trepidation – a vibration of weakness.

(silence)

There was one thing. This little one, they're going to cremate her now. So they came to me with a tray of flowers to show me the flowers they were going to place on her body And there [with the tray], there was something of the little one – a psychic embryo; it was there, and it made a slight movement... suddenly, a movement of such a deep tenderness. She was like this (*gesture in front of Mother, with the tray of flowers*), I took a rose, and it was as though I gave it to her in her hand; I gave it and said, “Here, it's for you.” And all that, all those vibrations, it was all luminous, lovely, and she (the conscious part in her) was so per-fect-ly happy!...

How can you tell that to the parents? They would say, “You're crazy...”

But that's the FACT, the plain fact: I saw Champaklal come with the tray of flowers, and it [the psychic embryo] was floating above, like that; so when I saw her, I took a rose and... there was something SO lovely, SO luminous, like that (a very small thing, not a great force or anything), but so lovely, so luminous, so happy, with such a sense of repose....

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<sup>61</sup>Let us note that P. and his sister are both very muscularly solid.

And how many times it must happen like that!

Mon petit, we don't know anything! Day after day after day, I am increasingly convinced that WE KNOW NOTHING. We think we know, we think... and we know nothing. We are in the presence of hidden wonders that elude us completely because we're idiots. There.

But with this Consciousness, there is the why of everything: everyone's reaction, why he acts in that way, and... And since it's been there, not once have I seen in this Consciousness a reproach – not once did it reproach anyone. It has explained everything in such a way that it becomes so luminous, so understanding as to make you wonder, “Why should one reproach anyone?...” Oh, for it, moral notions are something... something ultra-stupid. But I told it (I am still telling it) that they were necessary in the course of evolution to refine matter and open the way to certain forces: if people had been from the beginning wholly satisfied with themselves, they would never have progressed. But now, it's time to see— time to see.

The vast majority of humanity is unconscious (what I call unconscious, that is, without contact with the Consciousness, not CONSCIOUSLY in contact with Consciousness), the vast majority; but for one who is capable of being above circumstances with a clear and precise vision of the why and the how... it's wonderful.

There.

It's what Sri Aurobindo wrote in *Savitri*: God grows up on earth – God grows – but man... (*laughing*), the wise man talks and sleeps... and no one will notice it till the work is over.<sup>62</sup> That's how it is. And he knew it.

(*silence*)

Do you have any news?... Nothing?

*Do I have a contact with this Consciousness?*

Do you...?

*Have a contact with this Consciousness?*

(*Mother opens her eyes wide*) I never even asked myself the question! I took it for granted.

*But I can't make out the difference: for me there's always “the force,” so... I can't tell the difference between forces.*

No, but I... Mind you, if I hadn't had that experience of January Is', when I felt it come – I felt it, saw it come, it was wholly concrete, like... like someone coming into the room, you understand, that concrete. So that's what made me take notice, otherwise I would have found it to be the normal course of the development. But that experience alerted me; that, and the fact that three people felt it before I said anything, and those three people told me about it before I even said a word. They told me about it while asking me, “What has happened?” That's what I found interesting. But, for me, it was the same thing as for them, there was no difference; I told them there wasn't any difference in gradation – it wasn't that this Consciousness was more intimate with me than with you all: it's the same thing, it was like someone coming in. But a someone... superlatively conscious. That's what caused me to note the fact;

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<sup>62</sup>*Savitri*, I.IV.55.

otherwise I would have taken it as the course of the development, like you.

And it did that thing... (it was the first time it happened to me...) You see, I was asked, “What is the condition one should be in to fully receive this Consciousness?” So I was here, sitting like this, and the person was sitting where you are (a little more to the side), and I saw with my open eyes the Consciousness (not this consciousness: the Supreme Consciousness) come down (*gesture like a column of light before Mother*)... That, mon petit, it can't be described... I was like this (eyes wide open), and I saw it come (*same gesture like a column*) and settle down on the wooden floor like that, about this size (*gesture: about five feet wide*). All the rest was as usual (*Mother shows the furniture, her bed, which she could see as usual*), and there was “that” which I saw with these very eyes. Then this Consciousness took my consciousness (*revolving gesture starting from Mother's left side, going through the column of light in front of Mother, and returning on the right side*): I didn't see anything [i.e., any shadow]. I wondered whether it had gone through the column (yet I FELT it while going through). And then, so I would understand clearly it took the consciousness of the person sitting there and made it go through [the column of light], and I saw a slight form, I saw a blue form in the place of the head.... That was a weakness. For a long while I saw, I looked, then it went away all of a sudden. You know, it's so independent of one's will, aspiration, movements of consciousness – of everything. And like this: visible for this body – on its scale, you understand. Fantastic!

This body was accustomed to having experiences under the psychic's influence, in its adoration for... the Supreme Conscious Truth – in adoration. Its whole joy was there, it was fully satisfied. But since that time, it has had experiences – which the other parts of the being had IN THEIR OWN WAY, but now this way this physical way is so concrete!... So concrete and tangible.... The body can say, “I have SEEN the Supreme Consciousness,” like people in the past who said, “I have seen God.” – This body doesn't believe in God... it believes in something much better than God! (*laughter*)

There. Is that all? Do you have anything to ask?

*No, Mother.*

Nothing?... Mon petit, I can tell you (I don't like to tell things that look like compliments or flattery, that's why I don't say anything, but since you've asked me...). As a matter of fact, I feel that this Consciousness moves about in you without meeting obstacles. It's only materially: the physical needs a slight encouragement to let itself... be kneaded, so to speak, so you may become physically really receptive – but in my case, my body can't say anything, because it too is like that: it has that same difficulty, a pain here, a pain there, this here, and that... all the time small things that... For them to disappear, it has to remember. It's the only thing, it's analogous to you. But the Consciousness moves about (*Mother makes a wavy gesture, pointing to Satprem's body*), I see it move about, always unhindered – unhindered, like something natural. You understand, it's like something natural: it goes through like this (*same wavy gesture*), perfectly natural. So it's all right! (*Mother laughs*)

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## ADDENDUM

*(Mother's comments, noted down from memory by a disciple, in English, about the teenage girls drowning in the swimming pool.)*



P. spoke to the Mother in detail at 1:30 p.m. today about the findings of his inquiry of yesterday's incident. To that the Mother said:

“I can tell you about the result of ‘my’ inquiry – the inner inquiry. Last night I was busy all the time looking at this incident. I found that it was her soul that took this decision – she was not conscious – but her soul wanted to go... to leave her body. From the facts that I gather from you it seems that there was not enough reason for her drowning – in spite of it her soul managed to leave her body.

“This fact was further supported when this morning Champaklal brought a dish of flowers to be burnt on her body. I saw a pretty little flame in the center of the dish. Generally I do not give any flowers on the dish; I send it as it is. But today I was specially interested, I took a rose and put it on the flame of the dish. The flame grew big and it was glowing wonderfully – it was very beautiful.”

May 3, 1969



**May 7, 1969**

*(Mother remains in meditation for a long time)*

This Consciousness has started working in people's vital beings. Have you noticed? Some people had big vital difficulties – it's beginning to work in them. It's quite unexpected for me. You haven't noticed?

*I have an impression that it's more easy, that difficulties are less violent – that one has a greater mastery, if you like. That's my impression.*

*(Mother nods her head  
silence)*

And it's taken it into its head to compel me to concern myself with politics, and that bothers me. But if the time has come...

I have the impression that just as it has tried, not exactly to dissolve religions, but to get inside them and remove barriers, it's taken it into its head to do the same thing with politics (if I may say so). It seems to be working to create, not a disharmony, but a sort of... to take away cohesion among people: cohesion among parties, cohesion among religions. As though this Consciousness were doing that.

It's odd.

*(silence)*

*But you have noticed something in the vital?*

Yes... I have noticed... (how can I put it?) the presence of this Consciousness in the vital. Some people I see are almost exclusively in the vital, and there is the PRESENCE of this Consciousness, at work there.

And also I am compelled to intervene (not outwardly, but inwardly) in the actions of people involved in politics.

We'll see.

It's continuing its action of mentor of the body in an absolutely remarkable way That's going on well. But added to that, there are contacts in the vital, and also the obligation to intervene in certain political actions.

We'll see.



**May 10, 1969**

What's new?

*Nothing, Mother.*

You know, it's like a stick stirring a pond: everything is coming up... one thing after another, everywhere, in the whole country a rottenness. As if everything, but everything were exposed.

*(silence)*

People write to me... Previously, all kinds of things were going on downstairs [in the Ashram's offices]; people would speak with Amrita and they would "sort it out"; now, they're writing to me!... I've just heard a load of it, you know... (*gesture like a truckload being dumped*). I did have a kind of sensation that things weren't right, but I'd never have thought they were like that.

And how are You?

*Fine, Mother.*

You have nothing to say?... I think I had something, but in the middle of all that I don't remember what.

Oh, but there's really a Grace acting here constantly to maintain... at least a harmony in appearances, otherwise there are things... And then, this Consciousness seems to be drawn to two things: money and... (*Mother runs her hand across her forehead as if she had forgotten*). Oh, it's gone – this Consciousness doesn't want me to say it.

*Politics?*

No.

Politics, yes, it has shoved me right into it! I have been asked to choose the President [of India] who will replace the one who has just died!<sup>63</sup> And the best part of the story is that this Consciousness immediately suggests what needs to be done.... We'll see.

But regarding money, it doesn't tell me what it replaces it with. You see, it wants money to be a circulating force. That's perfectly true, but...

*(silence)*

I had lots of things I wanted to tell you, but... *(gesture to the forehead)* it's just been driven out of my head and replaced by the whole mudhole in the Ashram!<sup>64</sup> *(Mother laughs)*

But what about you, do you have anything?

*Nothing very interesting, no.*

What is it?

*Someone has sent a photo of the place where Leonardo da Vinci died. Would you be interested to see that?*

I know that place, I went there *(Mother looks at the photo)*.

*It's the place where he died.*

But it's in France.

*Yes, he died in France.*<sup>65</sup>

It has been said that Sri Aurobindo was Leonardo da Vinci... but Sri Aurobindo never told me so.<sup>66</sup> I don't know. Just as it has been often said I was Mona Lisa, but I know nothing about it (!)

*(Mother looks at the photo)* That's right. Which château is it?

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<sup>63</sup>Zakir Hussain, who died on May 3.

<sup>64</sup>Pavitra is dying – perhaps we should say, dying *from* it.

<sup>65</sup>Leonardo da Vinci left for France in 1515, and died there in 1519.

<sup>66</sup>A disciple once put this question to Sri Aurobindo: “is it true that the same consciousness that took the form of Leonardo da Vinci had previously manifested as Augustus Caesar, the first emperor of Rome? If so, will you please tell me what exactly Augustus Caesar stood for in the history of Europe and how Leonardo's work was connected with his?” Sri Aurobindo replied: “Augustus Caesar organised the life of the Roman Empire and it was this that made the framework of the first transmission of the Graeco-Roman civilisation to Europe – he came for that work and the writings of Virgil and Horace and others helped greatly towards the success of his mission. After the interlude of the Middle Ages, this civilisation was reborn in a new mould in what is called the Renaissance, not in its life-aspects but in its intellectual aspects. It was therefore a supreme intellectual, Leonardo da Vinci, who took up again the work and summarised in himself the seeds of modern Europe.” (*Life, Literature and Yoga*, p. 6, July 29, 1937)

*That of Amboise.*

That's it, yes. There's a plaque. I saw a plaque. But who sent it to you?... Anyway, it's someone who thinks it was Sri Aurobindo.

*(Mother looks)* Yes, I saw this.

It's still a... *(Mother shakes her head)* a childish way of putting it. You know, like putting one doll inside another, then you take it out and put it into another... It's not like that(!)

*(silence)*

You know, it's day after day after day that there's something new; and always the immediate conclusion: I know nothing, understand nothing, am nothing.... The negation of EVERYTHING – all the scaffoldings of the human mind and consciousness... collapsed. And for small things, for big things, for everything. And then, this question of death: “What is death? What takes place?...” To this Consciousness, it's... it's clearly what we might call an “accident,” but an accident... that has persisted. And it's now showing how one dies, that is, how the body suddenly comes apart-and how it might very well not have come apart.

And with demonstrations on people, imagine. Someone comes and implores me to die; so the only thing I do, and can do, is to establish contact in a constant and unalloyed way between... (what should I call it?) the destiny of that body and the Supreme Consciousness, like that. And then, all kinds of things have taken place: one left in an hour – died absolutely healthy, you understand. And very recently, I had another extraordinary example: someone comes and implores me to leave; so I put the full Force on him – now he's completely cured! They had brought him to me in a wheelchair, he couldn't walk... now he trots about, he comes all alone! And he's old, very nearly ninety....<sup>67</sup> Another was clinging on; then his daughter told me, “He is unhappy, miserable, can't you make him leave?” I looked, and I saw, tight like this *(Mother squeezes two fingers together with all her strength)*, a black knot there. I told the daughter, “Yes, I don't mind, but I can't cut his head off! *(laughing)* He is clinging on like this *(same gesture)*.” Two days later, gone!

My method is always the same, of course: full concentration of the Supreme Consciousness on the person, removing all obstacles. It works like this, like that... *(gesture of moving about here and there)*. And it's like a factual demonstration that ALL the rules we have established in our consciousness, all of that is absolutely idiotic. It doesn't correspond to the truth. There's... something. There is something.

Yesterday *(laughing)*, this Consciousness made me see all the wills, or the vibrations (because ultimately it boils down to qualities of vibrations), all the vibrations that bring about anything from the smallest troubles to the biggest catastrophes – it's all of the same quality. And how the physical cells respond. And now and then – now and then – like a reward for the effort: what needs to be done, the true thing. But that passes – it's like a dazzle, but it doesn't last. We are... This Consciousness seems to have to go very fast, because from the point of view of consciousness, we are still quite in a quagmire, and it goes like this *(gesture of an irresistible march forward)*, oh, it asserts itself.

And this poor body... it doesn't complain. It doesn't complain; it goes on, almost constantly with some pain somewhere – and it's in a blissful state. That's in the consciousness of the cells. There is something... Constantly some pain somewhere, but it knows it's because of its incapacity to hold out, that's all – but it has to, it will have to.

It's unbelievable. Unbelievable, it's a story... a story more extraordinary than anything we can

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<sup>67</sup>He is a doctor who some time ago had peritonitis and refused to be operated on, perfectly aware that it meant certain death – but death did not come. None of the doctors at the hospital where he had been taken was able to explain the miracle.

imagine.

Why? Why that habit of suddenly coming apart, why?... Of course, it's not something new that came with man, because it was the same thing with all that preceded him: it would take form, dissolve – take form, live, grow, and dissolve – everything: plants and... The mineral kingdom was more stable by virtue of its unconsciousness (!), but all the rest was like that, constantly taking form, losing form, taking form and losing form again.... Then man made a fuss about it, of course, and a drama. He dramatized it, and because he dramatized it he endeavors... not to get out of it, but to adjust himself – to understand and adjust himself. And when you are in a certain consciousness, it simply looks like foolishness, nothing else. But why?... Is the human body incapable of...? It's not even that, I can't even say that. There are minutes (minutes, it doesn't last), minutes when the body feels it has escaped that law [of death]. But it doesn't last; it's for one minute, then it passes and things are back as they were. But the body consciousness is beginning to wonder why it's like that: Why, why isn't there... a growth in light and in consciousness, an indefinite growth? Why? The body itself wonders why. Also, it's constantly assailed by all the... well, the general corruption; and once in a while – once in a while – a flash of light, lasting... a few seconds: all of a sudden, something else. Something else and... a wonderful consciousness, and then the old routine goes on.

Then, people come with all their thoughts.... Some come, sit down in front of me, and start thinking, "Maybe it's the last time I am seeing her!" Things of that sort, you understand. So it all comes (*gesture like a truckload being dumped*), and because of that, it's... a bit difficult.

Within, there isn't the assertion of a yes or a no: nothing at all, there's nothing, it's like this (*neutral, immobile gesture*). There's only a constant Presence. A constant Presence, and it's in this Presence that the body takes refuge. But you know... There are other things [i.e., good ones] that come too, but those other things... there are perhaps... oh, they happen perhaps once or twice in twenty-four hours: all of a sudden, a light that is pure... Like that, something pure, which makes what we might call a minute of eternity That's good. But it's rare.

The body knows a lot, a lot of things about what happens (I think, in fact, about all that happens within its sphere of activity), but it's forbidden to say them. And those things are put in such a way that they can't be said, because the way they're put, they wouldn't make any sense for others. "Don't speak, don't speak."

But the quantity of formations in the earth atmosphere that we might call "defeatist," it's tremendous! You wonder how everything isn't smashed, it's so... Everybody is all the time, all the time shaping catastrophes – expecting the worst, seeing the worst, observing nothing but the worst.... Their reactions... Oh, you know, it's down to the smallest things: the body observes everything. So when the reaction is in harmony, everything is fine; when there is that reaction I now call defeatist, if someone takes an object, he drops it. It happens all the time. There's absolutely no reason whatsoever why it should happen: it's the presence of the defeatist consciousness. Someone takes an object, and drops it; he wanted to do one thing, and he is made to do another.. And if (the body having been aware of it), if it makes the mistake of telling the person the thing AS IT IS, the person is completely upset!... It happened again two days ago – a very simple thing, you know, that is, just as it is, and the person is completely upset!

But you know, this Consciousness is amusing, it has put this body in contact with, if not all, at least a considerable number of desires that it should die! Everywhere, they are everywhere! It sees that, sees it as it is, but it's not affected at all anymore, it doesn't care in the least. It seems to be fully protected from all the things that come. It doesn't care in the least. Most of the time, they even make it laugh. But it's incredible!... And then, from time to time, a little flame, it's so lovely! And that Presence... That Presence, that Presence... These cells are like children: when they feel, everything, but everything disappears except that Presence; then there is... like a sigh of relief. But outwardly, it's invisible: if the

body were suffering, it would amount to the same thing. Generally, when it suffers, it doesn't complain: it calls.... It calls and calls and calls.... And it's quite aware that it's absolutely useless, that if it only knew... how to go into immobility, go into silence, it would be enough. As soon as it does it...

But I am not quite sure (because it hasn't tried to find out), not quite sure that all those pains it feels all over, all the time, aren't coming from... aren't the effect of all the bad wills. They are all over the earth, you know. And most of the time, they're hardly conscious....

Why is it like this?... Why, why?... Will you tell me why this exteriorization began (not began: it's here, on the earth) with this almost total Inconscient – the Inconscient, this almost total inertia? Why did it have to begin with this?... Why?

The mind has imagined all kinds of magnificent reasons, it builds constructions – that seems like childishness.... Why?

There's the whole side of Buddhism, nihilism and so on, according to which (we can give a translation for children) the Supreme Lord made a mistake! (*Mother laughs*) He blundered, so... And then we'll help Him get out of his blunder!

There's the other extreme: it's YOUR own stupidity that makes you feel it this way – but then, why do I have stupidity in me, where does it come from?

*There is no doubt that everything is willed, everything has a meaning.*

Yes, it's certain. It's certain.

That's certain.

And there's... The impression is: we don't understand because we are too small.

But why is this the result, this... suffering and suffering?...

*(long silence)*

We'll see.



**May 14, 1969**

*(For several days, Mother has been unwell: A "heart attack.")*

The movement is accelerating.

It was the turn of the heart, so the doctor forbade me to see people – but that's not possible. The day before yesterday, I was busy; yesterday, I saw a few people... altogether, it gets to be some fifty people! Fantastic.

Yes, it began on Sunday (I saw you on Saturday the 10th, and it began on Sunday). It started with a

kind of raging toothache, but it wasn't that.... There's the whole resistance centered here (*gesture to the throat and mouth*). So it caught on here, and the pain became so acute (and naturally, impossible to eat), then... Naturally, I concentrated, I wanted to know, and I realized all that was the preparation for... (*Mother points to her heart*).

So it's a bit difficult. There.

But interesting, very interesting.

*(Mother remains in contemplation  
till the end)*

I'll speak afterwards, in a few days.

It's extremely interesting, but it's... it touches the very heart of things. In three or four days, that is, maybe on Saturday, or maybe next Wednesday, I will tell you.<sup>68</sup>



## May 17, 1969

*(About Pavitra's departure. Pavitra was the oldest French disciple; chemist and engineer of the École Polytechnique, he came to the Ashram in December, 1925, after having pursued his quest all the way to Mongolia's lamaseries.<sup>69</sup>)*

You know that I used to see Pavitra every day, in the evening. He was in a poor state. But I had been forewarned (long ago) that his inner being was waiting for A.<sup>70</sup> to return before it would leave. I don't know whether he was aware of something in his outward consciousness, but at any rate he had never said anything. But I knew... The day A. arrived, that very day [May 13], just before coming here, Pavitra fell down. He came here with quite a few scratches. I thought it would stop there, but the day after A.'s arrival (I don't remember, I never keep a clear memory of dates), at any rate between the 15th and 16th, at night, after 9 (I didn't look at the time, so I don't know precisely, but I was on my bed), Pavitra's whole individualized consciousness (but not in a form), his conscious, fully awakened

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<sup>68</sup>Let us note that two days later, on May 16, Pavitra left his body.

<sup>69</sup>Pavitra left some very interesting memoirs of his conversations with Sri Aurobindo and Mother in 1925 and 1926, which unfortunately were barbarously mutilated (with whole pages torn away, almost a third of Pavitra's notebooks) by his closest collaborator, under the pretext that it would be "better left unsaid." We shudder to think what would have been the fate of this *Agenda* had it come into the hands of those same "collaborators." As Mother remarked in *Agenda V* of October 14, 1964: "They cut out and remove all that bothers them and leave only what suits them." Thus invaluable treasures disappeared. (See Sri Aurobindo, *Conversations avec Pavitra*, Fayard, 1972.)

<sup>70</sup>A. lives in Paris.

consciousness, down to all that can come out of the cells, began to come and enter into me according to the ancient, the very old yogic practice of merging into the Supreme in that way that practice. It came while I was lying on my bed; it began, and it was so material that there was a very strong friction in all the cells, everywhere. It went on for three hours. After three hours, it became... not exactly still, but no longer active. Then, the next morning, I saw A. (it was on the 16th), I saw A. at about 8:30 (naturally, Pavitra had been in bed since the day before, they had put him to bed), and in the morning, A. told me that just as he was about to come here, Pavitra opened his eyes and looked at him... So I told him, I don't know, but with a yogic knowledge of the process, quite an extraordinary knowledge" (he had never boasted of having it), "his conscious being melted last night and entered my body, this body..."<sup>71</sup> I told him, "We'll see." But half an hour later, they told me that just as I was talking with A., the doctor declared he had left.

Have you seen him? I am told he looks very good.

*Oh, Yes!*

I had first said that he would be buried this morning at 10 o'clock, since the end took place even before the doctors declared it was over, but I had it delayed until 4... I can't say he has remained separate [from Mother], not at all, but now and then, for one thing there's his way of reacting; it's quite interesting. And he has brought with him an extraordinary sense of satisfaction! As if, "Ah, at last..." Like that. It's constant, night and day. I wanted to see last night whether something of him would still come, but it was all over, there was nothing more.... It was done as a super-yogi might do it! He'd never boasted about it, I don't even know whether he actively knew it. He did it wonderfully. You know, the stories that are told of those who would have themselves shut in a cave and who would leave like that – that's it.

They didn't exactly pick him up, because he hadn't fallen down, but they found him standing, unable to move. It was after lunch (on the 15th he had his lunch with A.), and immediately after lunch, he asked A. to leave,<sup>72</sup> and wanted to go to his terrace – it took him an hour to go there! It's while coming back from there that he remained like that, standing – he nearly fell down, so they had to carry him to his bed (that was in the afternoon of the 15th), and during the night he did that. So then, I had said he would be buried this morning, that is on the 17th, then A. came and told me he was quite intact, not stiff (he went to see him with N., who's a doctor, and N. said that was because Pavitra was so thin), so I said we might as well wait till this afternoon. It has been postponed till 4 o'clock. But as for me, last night I saw carefully: there's nothing.<sup>73</sup> Even if there is something, a little consciousness left, it's better to let it go peacefully.

But I wasn't expecting it, I didn't think about it, didn't even know that he knew how to go out like that – it must have been something deep down in him that knew. I didn't even know he knew how to do it. Because the evening before Pavitra left, A. told me what had happened at lunch time, and I told him, "Generally, I don't see Pavitra [at night], it's very rare, very rare, it happens quite accidentally, and it's more symbolic visions than..." I said to him, I don't see him, I don't know, but this night (of the 15th, that is) I'll inquire to see what it is, in what state he is, and see if he goes out of his body or comes to me...."

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<sup>71</sup>As a matter of fact, Mother looked quite surprised when A. told her that Pavitra had opened his eyes.

<sup>72</sup>Because he did not want to show A. the difficulty he had moving.

<sup>73</sup>No more consciousness left in the body.



There was nothing in a form, nothing. And some time after I'd lain down, it started coming, but then with an extraordinary SCIENCE of the process! And for THREE hours without stop, continuously, in the most *steady* manner, like that: an action. After three hours, it was as it is now; I felt as if he said, "Now it's over." Only, you never know, of course: there might be some consciousness lingering in the body... I thought it was better to wait till this afternoon, not to shut him up with something in his body.

It has brought to the body consciousness a sort of sense of satisfaction: the appeasement that satisfaction gives. That's there quite concretely.

Did he know it from a previous life, or...? I don't know. Or else, he just didn't talk about it. Because the way he spoke, he didn't seem to know the secrets of yogic processes.<sup>74</sup> It was done with a rare perfection.... Three hours without stop, without flagging – three hours – continuous, continuous. Naturally, I was lying on my bed....

(silence)

When Sri Aurobindo left, I was standing near his bed (later on, when he was alone, when there was no one left), and all the supramental force he had concentrated in his body (what was left in his body), he passed on to me. I stood near his bed; he had been declared "dead," but all that supramental consciousness which was there came out of his body, slowly, and directly entered mine. It was so material that I felt the friction of the force everywhere, all over. But it was slightly luminous. That was something different than with Pavitra. As for Sri Aurobindo, he... (how can I put it?), he stayed mainly... I found him everywhere: I found him all the way up, absolutely one with the Supreme Consciousness; I found him spread about in many places to see many people and do a lot of work; and I found him (but then, in a precise form, though NOT FIXED – A precise, rather supple form that looked like him, like what we knew of him, with more suppleness, without the fixity of the physical, but quite precise, a form in his likeness, quite in his likeness), I found him in the subtle physical.

There he has a dwelling, he is settled and stays permanently (which doesn't prevent him from being at many other places and...), but there is a Sri Aurobindo there whom I see almost every night, who looks after the whole work, sees people, and who is almost constantly with me. In the subtle physical, it's a specific place, and very large – huge, you know, he is there, seeing people, doing all kinds of things....

Apart from that, in Amrita's case, it was something different again.<sup>75</sup> Amrita used to come in spite of his illness, he used to come and see me every day; he would come upstairs in the morning and sit down here, and once again in the evening (you saw how much work it was to climb the stairs). In his case, when he left... The doctor had told him, "You can't go upstairs for a month," and it's after that, later on that day, that he came: he didn't accept, he left his body and came – he came straight to me. But he was IN HIS OWN FORM, more subtle, but precisely defined (*Mother draws an outline showing Amrita's form*), it was his form, in his likeness. And he remained there, now active and now at rest (he rests more than he is active, but now and then he is still active). It's like... like a shadow, you understand, which is wholly in my atmosphere. And he has stayed there – he stays there, rests there. But in Pavitra's case, it was something else altogether: it's the entire conscious being which gave up... (how can I put it?) its limits, the personal limit and form, so as to identify totally – he entered like that,

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<sup>74</sup>We are convinced that Pavitra had learned many things in Mongolia's lamaseries, where a highly advanced occult science was practiced.

<sup>75</sup>Amrita left his body on January 31, following a heart attack.

like a stream of consciousness and force, but very material, very material: it produced a friction, I felt a friction, and for three hours. I had never seen that before, it was the first time – I had heard about it very often (it's often mentioned), that knowledge the great yogis had: they would go like that deliberately.

And it has ADDED something to the body consciousness. In the body's spontaneous attitude, its way of being, I have noticed a slight change; it has added a sort of... stability in the body: a satisfied stability, like that. It's not like something that comes and might go, it's not that: it's here [in Mother]. It has been really quite interesting – and unexpected.

I wanted to be sure that there was nothing left that could make the body suffer, but now I think it's over.

*Does it mean that his individuality has been dissolved?*

Those notions of individuality, you know... for me, they've changed a lot, quite a lot. This whole morning again... But for a long time, at least for a month, it has become something else.

When people speak of individuality, there's always a sort of at least a background of separation, that is, something that exists independently and has its own destiny. Now, as the body consciousness knows it, it's almost like a pulsation of "something" which MOMENTARILY has a separate action, but which, deeply, essentially, is always ONE. Like something projected like this (*gesture of expansion*), momentarily with a form, and then... (*gesture of contraction*) it can cancel that form at will. It's very hard to explain, but at any rate, the sense of the permanence of separation has completely disappeared, completely. The universe is an exteriorization (*same gesture of pulsation*) of the Supreme Consciousness; it's our incapacity of total vision that enables us to have that sense of fixity: there is none, it's something like pulsations or... really a play of forms – there is only ONE being. There is only one being. There's only one, only one Consciousness, only one Being.

Separation is really... I don't know what happened.... And that's what made all the *mischiefs* – all the misfortune, all the misery.... For the last few days, this body has gone through a series of experiences (it would be much too long to tell), through all the states of consciousness one can go through, from the sense of the single reality of this (*Mother pinches the skin of her hands*), of the substance, with all the misery, all the suffering which is the consequence of seeing matter as the single reality – from that to liberation. Hour after hour, it has been a whole work. And this incident of Pavitra's departure has come as an example, as a demonstration.

But even before that, the consciousness of the cells had realized the oneness – the true, essential oneness – which CAN become total... if this sort of illusion disappears. You understand, the illusion which has created all this misery was lived so intensely that it became almost unbearable, with all the horrors and all the terrors it has created in the human consciousness and on the earth.... There have been... dreadful things. And just after that, just after: liberation.

What remains to be lived, that is, the experience that remains to be had, is... the next progress of the creation, of matter – the next step to return to the true Consciousness. That's...

It seems to have been decided that something like a beginning, or an attempt of experience, is going to be made (*Mother touches her body*).

It's a question of intensity of faith, or of the power to bear that faith gives. All depends on the capacity to go through the necessary experiences.

In any case, all the old notions, all the old ways of understanding things, all that is quite over, it's past.

And all that is necessarily the return path; we had to walk that path and we still have to walk it

(though not the same thing), but all the while progressing until we can... until this [the body] is ready to live the Truth. I don't know, the impression is that things are going as fast as they can possibly go; the Consciousness is really making us move forward as fast as possible. It's no longer the time of a drowsiness that drags on.

*(long silence)*

I can say (and it was almost like a surprise, I mean I didn't know it), I can say that the consciousness that came out of Pavitra's body was a consciousness without ego – without ego. Without SENSE of ego. There was a clear will to merge, a will with an intensity of aspiration, it was fantastic! Fantastic.<sup>76</sup>

*But by individuality, I don't mean an ego: I mean the "something" that's identical through all lives, the one thing that progresses through all lives. The something that remains the same and pursues its development.*

That's the Supreme.

*Yes, but there is something that...*

It's the Supreme conscious of Himself...

*Yes.*

...partially.

*Yes, that's it, there is something...*

The Supreme partially conscious of Himself.

*...that pursues a line of development.*

Yes, that's the process.

It's the process that has been used for evolution.

*Yes, that's what I call individuality.*

That's agreed. It's the process – it has been the process of the creation.

And it's because it was the process of the creation that men have confused it with...

*Separation.*

With separation: the ego.

But that [the "something" that persists] is obvious. It's there, very strong, in this action of Pavitra's – it was very strong. And in fact, it was free from the illusion of ego and had the full force of That. But that [center] remains! It can't disappear.

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<sup>76</sup>It may be noted that Pavitra was suffering from cancer. The cancer had miraculously been checked, then suddenly regained ground.

(silence)

What's going to happen? I don't know.

Because it [this merging of Pavitra] is very clearly part of the work: there are no accidents, nothing, nothing of the sort (all that has vanished), everything very clearly happened exactly as it had to happen. It seems to mean that "one" is attempting something (*Mother touches her body*). But what? I don't know.... The body isn't at all worried, it's like this (*Mother opens her hands*); always this: "What You will, Lord, what You will...." And with a smile and perfect joy – this way, that way, that other way... (*fluid gesture, as if to indicate this or that side of the world, or all kinds of other sides*).... Very strangely, it has been given a consciousness that no longer has anything to do with time: you understand, there isn't "when it was not," there isn't "when it will no longer be," there isn't... It's not like that, everything is something in motion. But it's really very interesting. And all, all those reactions, those sensations, those feelings, all that has completely changed – changed even in its appearance. It's something else.

You understand, the states one could be in when one was in the highest consciousnesses – those that were united, were automatically one with the Supreme Consciousness and were conscious of the whole – those states have become the body's natural state. Effortlessly, spontaneously: it cannot be otherwise. So what's going to happen? How is it going to take expression? I don't know...

It's contrary to all habits.

Does this consciousness know what needs to be done on the material level? I don't know. But the body isn't worrying about that at all, it does what it has to do from second to second, without asking any questions. No complications, no plans, nothing, nothing.

There.

We'll see, it's interesting!



**May 21, 1969**

*(Regarding a photograph that was taken just before Pavitra's coffin was closed and lowered into the ground. Satprem was standing near the coffin, to Pavitra's right.)*

No news? Nothing from P.L.?

*No, Mother... There's this [Satprem holds out an envelope].*

What is it?

*The pension... [such and such an amount].*

Oh!... Doesn't your mother need anything?

(silence)

I saw the photos – have you seen them? Have you been shown the photos? They took some there. I am telling you about it because there was something interesting.... There was a photo with you there (there was A., there was the governor, there was...), just when you were all lowering the coffin. And then... (you know, this presence of Pavitra hasn't merged with the rest [of Mother]: it has remained there very peacefully, he is very peaceful – it hasn't merged), and then, just as I looked at the photo and saw you, there was something like this within (*gesture to the heart, like an emotion*), I don't know, it was almost like a tenderness, and he was almost happy I can't explain what it is, he was like this: "Oh! Satprem..."

He was really very pleased.

It's curious. I wasn't expecting it: I was given the photos and started looking at them, when I suddenly felt something (*same gesture to the heart*)... It struck me very much. Because you had asked me, "Is he going to merge?" So even that, even that contact he has kept. Now and then, when someone says something regarding the work, he has his remark to make (I've noticed that), but there, it was very strong, almost like an "Oh!" of joy, you understand: "Oh! Satprem." So I thought, "It's good, since it really pleased him."

I am wondering whether the consciousness [of Pavitra] has been especially preserved intact because it entered here [into Mother], or whether it's always like that?... Where does someone conscious go? Does he remain here?...<sup>77</sup> I told you, with Amrita, it's a sort of not too precise form; it's always there, now resting, now waking up, but he doesn't seem to be particularly interested in material things. While Pavitra, from what I see, seems to be conscious of them. It's something rather remarkable, I think.

I have seen cases of people who took interest and continued to take interest in what goes on [here], but then they have an independent form. While with Pavitra, it's something else.

It struck me because it was strong, like this (*same gesture to the heart*).

All these last few weeks, there has been a sort of constant... I can't call it "preoccupation," but a sort of need to know: to what extent and how do those who have left remain conscious of the things they used to do, for instance, take interest in them, look after them (supposing they have the means to do so)?

A case such as Sri Aurobindo's is quite different: it's as if he had been multiplied. He has a constant presence in the subtle physical: he goes about, visits a number of people, and he is conscious of a lot of things, he intervenes in a lot of things, but a considerable number – it has multiplied his action. But that's exceptional.

(silence)

*I have often wondered about the same thing. I've often asked myself whether on the other side I'll be as unconscious of this side as I am here unconscious of the other side!*

(Mother laughs heartily)

Most people – the vast majority of people – go into a sort of assimilative sleep: all the experiences they had in their lives, all they learned, the consciousness seems to ruminate over that. In the beginning... (Théon knew a lot of things – I don't know how he came to know them, but I verified them and found them to be correct), in the beginning, the span of time between two lives is very long, and it's a sort of

<sup>77</sup>Mother means "here, conscious of the things of the earth."

assimilative sleep in which the consequences of what one has learned develop inwardly. Then, as the psychic being is formed and as one grows more conscious, rebirths take place more and more closely, until the time when rebirth becomes the result of a choice: at a precise place, for a specific length of time. And then, depending on what the psychic being wants to do, depending on the action it has to do, the new birth may be near or distant. There, we have all possible differences. But in the formative stage, that's how it is: very distant rebirths. So then, I've often wondered... You see, Théon says there is a psychic STATE in which those beings rest (it's true, there is such a place, I know it), but many people, especially at the beginning of their evolution, are quite tied down to the earth; I have seen quite a few people in trees, for instance. Very often I saw them in trees; often, while following someone [with the inner vision], I saw him enter into a tree; and often, while looking at a tree, I saw someone in it. I saw others who were... oh, people clinging to a place they were interested in: for instance, I saw a man who was interested in nothing but his money, which he had hidden somewhere, and as soon as he left his body, he went there, settled there, and refused to budge from there!... Incidentally (*laughing*), it had a curious result: it led people to discover the place! You see, it caused movements of forces, and some people felt it and thought, "Oh, there must be something here."

There was a time when I concerned myself with that a good deal, and I made a good number of discoveries (following Théon's indications); later on, it no longer interested me. And now, quite lately, I have been reviewing all kinds of things, all kinds of things....

But Pavitra's case, I really believe it's exceptional. It's the first time it has happened to me – with nobody, nobody else before. I told you, when Sri Aurobindo left, for hours he passed on to me the whole supramental force and consciousness he had concentrated in his body. It was immediately after he left. I felt he had called me; I stood there, near his bed, looking at him, and... I saw it, you understand: he passed on to me the force, the whole supramental force he had concentrated in his body, and I felt him everywhere enter like that, with a friction. It lasted for hours. But that's quite an exceptional case, as I told you. But what took place with Pavitra is really... it's really... It's not the same thing: he simply came out of his body deliberately (and not his psychic being: it was as material as he could), and I felt him, felt it enter and enter everywhere, all over my body... And now, if I look within, I can't say I see a form, but... it's not completely fused. And for certain things – certain things that have to do with people, or the School<sup>78</sup> – there's a very clear personal reaction. And then, those photos... I think that's quite exceptional.

I felt something in the brain. You know that since Sri Aurobindo gave me mental silence, it has been absolutely still; it never started up again as before, and the consciousness has been there (*gesture above Mother*), working from there. But then after Pavitra came here, something (*gesture to the forehead*) impelled me to ask (I asked what's here, within), "Could I get the mathematical knowledge you had?" I asked him that. And his answer was, "Of course, it would be easy if you set this in motion again!" But that I don't want to do. Anyway...

Anyway, that's how it is, as if I were talking to someone within! How happy he was! I think he loved you very much. He never spoke a word about all that. It has pleased him a lot.

*I always used to keep back from Pavitra, because he had two sides: the luminous side that I liked, and then a whole other side... that resembled my father: a somewhat rigid mental side. So I used to keep back, it prevented the contact.*

Yes, he was rigid.

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<sup>78</sup>Pavitra was the School's director and the Ashram's general secretary.

*He had ONE side like that.*

*(long silence)*

But the strange thing is that it has given a sense of the complete unreality of death – instantly. And then, this body (*laughing*) is funny (!), now and then it asked, “Am I alive or am I dead?!” Like that. “Am I alive or... I’m not sure!” It had a very high fever,<sup>79</sup> it was quite in a bad state, and it wasn’t too sure whether it was the one involved!... That didn’t last. And, I don’t know... all that seemed to be a demonstration to make us understand the secrets of existence. It’s strange.

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

Something has changed in the nights too. That is, the last two nights have been extremely active; I went to some places (if I went there before, I didn’t stay long) where there were lots of people, but mingled, that is, the so-called living and the so-called dead together. Quite together, and used to being together, and finding it quite natural – but CROWDS of people! Last night, I noticed Nolini there – he was there, he was used to being there – and we arranged things, organized, made decisions.... It seems to me to be in the subtle physical.

I remember that in both cases, yesterday and today, when I got up, I thought, “Well! I told this and that person that I didn’t use to see them at night, but I see them regularly!” And to one of those people (in fact it was... who was it?) I said, “Of course, I see you constantly, and we constantly do things together.” It seems to have opened in me the memory of a new activity – not “new”: a new memory of an old activity.<sup>80</sup>

There is increasingly an impression that our head and our way of seeing are what makes clear-cut limits like that [between life and death, between the ones and the “others” ] – but it’s not like that! It’s all mingled, it’s consciousness... (*gesture of stirring and mixing*) interdeveloping, I don’t know. And all that is together.

It’s far more interdependent than we think.

*(silence)*

At any rate, with this departure of Pavitra, one thing has been categorical: if there was in the body the least fear of death, or anxiety, it’s com-plete-ly gone. With Pavitra’s case, it’s completely gone, completely. The impression is: “But... but why do people make such a fuss about that!”

There. it’s strange.



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<sup>79</sup>Pavitra had a very high fever before leaving his body. Might that be what Mother felt in her body?

<sup>80</sup>Mother already has spoken several times of this place where the “dead” and the “living” are together, without difference: see *Agenda III* of 12 October 1962 and *Agenda VIII* of 6 December 1967.

**May 24, 1969**

It's difficult.... The English would say, *it's not a joke*.... Everything, everything is getting disorganized, everything is disorganized.

It's easy to see that it's getting disorganized TOWARDS a higher organization, that is, a broadening, a liberation – that's true... but nothing, nothing at all is working in the ordinary way any longer. So the body can no longer eat, can no longer... Sleep, of course, for a long time there hasn't been any ordinary sleep (I don't regret it), but everything, just everything is like this (*gesture of upheaval*).

*(long silence)*

It's a very strange sensation: no relationship remains as it was before. Nothing: neither of the body with itself, nor of the body with others, nor anything; it's all... like something that has disappeared. Now and then, you know, it's like a breath of air passing by, a small thing... I can't say how it is – charming. It's not a pleasure, not a joy, it's... a breeze passing by, something quite special – and charming, quite charming. You drink a drop of something, which the minute before was absolutely dull – it's not intense, not violent, not strong, but... charming. The next minute, it's gone.

The body suddenly feels a sense of peaceful and luminous rest, something quite... adorable – the next minute, it feels pain all over.

So everything is like that.

A sort of identification with everything, which is far from being too pleasant (it's not unpleasant either), but... it gives a bizarre impression of life. Everything is like that. One moment, the impression that you don't depend on anything, that you are an expression... (how could I put it? [*Mother smiles*]) an expression of the Lord, and that you depend on nothing; the next minute, that you are nothing at all, merely a sort of semiconscious movement in the middle of a general semiconsciousness – very unpleasant. It's like that, and all the time like that.... At one time, things become so... (what should I say?) repugnant, almost, that you feel like screaming – and in fact, if you don't keep a check on yourself, you do start screaming. Another time... everything is so peaceful that you feel as if you are entering an eternity So you understand... All that you can do in the middle of all that is to be still!

Then, it comes along with an awareness (not a mental perception: an awareness) of all that people think, all that people feel, all that... it's all oh, so pitiful! It's so pitiful.... As I said, one minute, suddenly there's something absolutely marvelous; and the next minute, it's... So the body, one can't say it finds that very amusing, no, but it... It doesn't rebel in the least, not in the least, it says, "Since it's like that, it has to be like that." Sometimes, now and then, it aspires to get somewhere.

You see the condition.

As a result, I can no longer, I can no longer even...-for instance, previously, when someone told me he had difficulties or was unhappy or... it was very simple, spontaneously I would say, "But just think of something else, think of the yoga, and you'll find peace" – I can't even say that any longer! Because I can't tell people, "Do as I do and you'll be in peace"! It's true that I don't have a single care – not one care. One day (it was yesterday or the day before, I don't remember), everything seemed to go haywire – everything everywhere: everybody, all circumstances, all things – every thing, on the scale of the earth. Not on a small scale, on the scale of the earth. On a small scale: complete disorder; on a general scale: complete disorder. But even that the body can still see and smile at. But you see, it can't eat anymore, or it throws up all that it eats, or... Complete disorder. I can't say it finds that perfectly all right, but it doesn't find it unbearable; it says, "It's like that, so it's like that." Because there's always, always this, this which doesn't budge (*gesture above the head, like an unshakable will*), there is always



the consciousness of... reaching, reaching the Lord, the Supreme Consciousness... reaching the Lord. This is stable. This is durable. And then: “If all this still has to dissolve, it will dissolve; if it can evolve, it will evolve; if it has to go through all these troubles, which really aren’t very pleasant, it will go through them.” This doesn’t budge (*same gesture above the head*). And it even comes – when things begin to be troublesome enough, it comes like this: “To be what the Lord wills.... What You will.”

There.

So I’ve stopped speaking – I am speaking just now, but I have stopped speaking because...

And a sort of fluidity (*gesture spread all around*): either what people have comes here, or what’s here goes out there, or... A fluidity like that... which isn’t particularly pleasant. It’s interesting, even amusing at times – it’s funny, comical. But I can’t say it’s very cheering.

I didn’t even know if I would say anything, because it’s really not... really not pleasant to say... How long is it going to last? I don’t know... There are times when you feel it can’t last, it’s going to end; and there are times when you feel it can go on like that for an eternity. And then, when it’s like that, when there is that feeling... “Why? Why, why all this? Is it really any use to have a manifestation like this, which lasts eternally like this? What’s the use?...” If you have the vision of a Beauty and a Joy, a Harmony, then you say, “All right, let’s go through the difficulty and then we’ll arrive there,” but this way, if things must always be as they are... So there.

And then, as I have said, from time to time, for ONE second (not even one second), a joy... something... I can’t say, it’s neither joy nor pleasure nor happiness, nor any of all that, it’s... something adorable – which may be nothing: it may be a taste, or a perfume, or a gesture, and then... it disappears. If the world were constantly like that, it would be a wonderful thing! Wonderful, inexpressibly wonderful, but... But impossible to be all alone like that, it’s not possible. It’s not possible, there is all that comes from outside (*gesture like a truckload being dumped*) and which... So if we have to wait till everything is changed... phew!

It’s obvious that the creation CAN be a wonderful thing – it seems to be the opposite of that. But how is the one going to change into the other?...

(silence)

The body has reached a state of consciousness in which it knows that death can bring about a change, but isn’t – isn’t a disappearance (disappearance of the consciousness). And then, that idea the vast majority of human beings have: the repose of death... (*Mother puts her hand on her mouth, as if before an extraordinary piece of nonsense*). Not even that consolation. For most people, it’s the opposite of a repose. So then, there too, but even more acutely and intensely: “The only, the SOLE hope is... You, Lord, to be You. Let there be nothing but You. Let this separation, this difference disappear, it is MONSTROUS!” Let it disappear. Then, let it be as You will: You in full activity, or You in complete repose – it doesn’t matter in the least; whether it is this way or that way, either way it’s completely, completely unimportant; the important thing is that it should be You.

There’s the absolute CERTITUDE (*Mother clenches her two fists*) that there’s only ONE way out of all that, only ONE – only one, not two, there’s no choice, there aren’t a few possibilities, there’s only one: it’s... the supreme Door. The Marvel of Marvels. All the rest... all the rest is an impossibility.

And all that is the experience of this (*Mother points to her body*), it’s not mental, but wholly and completely material.

I see, you know, because people’s consciousness is an open book for me (there’s no difference, it’s an open book), and so I see: in the vast majority of people, when things become really difficult, there is that idea (that sort of idea is always there): “Oh, one day, all that will be over.” – What a joke!

(silence)

But why?... Why?... Now and then the body worries: “Why? Why, why all this, why?...” When it sees, when it’s in contact with suffering, people, miseries, difficulties, why, why? Why... why?

(Satprem lays his forehead  
on Mother’s feet)

Since this Creation can be a marvel identical with the Supreme Consciousness, why, why did it have to go through all this? (*Mother draws a circle that comes back to its starting point*)

Now and then that comes to it.

But obviously, it’s idiotic, because it’s useless – it’s like that, so it’s like that. All the whys will not prevent things from being like that. All that we have to do is to find the way for them no longer to be like that, that’s all.

(silence)

I always think of Buddha and all of them: we’ll go and merge with the Lord, and then there’ll be nothing left! (*Mother takes her head in her hands*)

So then, for their theory to be credible, they say... (*laughing*) that it’s all an “error.” And they don’t see the stupidity of their theory: that the Supreme Lord should have been capable of an error... and then should have repented and withdrawn from it!

These people, all these people, the more convinced they are, the more you feel they are shut up in blinkers.

(silence)

*But in fact, your body is a symbol of the whole earth.*

It seems to be like that.

*So everything comes to you to be purified.*

Yes, but that doesn’t console me, the body couldn’t care less!

*Yes, but I feel that once anything has touched you, it can’t go back into the world as it was before.*

It seems to be so; there are constantly extraordinary things taking place. Constantly, all the time, every minute, I hear really extraordinary things.

But that doesn’t console the body!... It doesn’t have any self-esteem.

*Yes, but that serves some purpose.*

Oh, yes!

*It purifies – it must purify the world.*

The body doesn't even worry about its purification.... I don't know how to explain.... It's night and day, ceaselessly, "What You will, Lord, what You will...." You understand, "what You will" in the future, instead of "what You want" in the present, because it's not only like this (*gesture inward*), but also like that (*gesture outward, spread out*). "What You will, what You want." That's all. And that's its perpetual state.

(silence)

*Because, of course, one very clearly feels how everything is grating.*

(Mother laughs,  
silence)

At any rate (this is very clear), the consciousness striving to help the body in the work has made it understand perfectly well that going away isn't a solution. Even if there was earlier a curiosity to know what the body will be, that curiosity is gone; as for the desire to stay on, that went away long ago; the possible desire to leave when things become a bit... suffocating went away with the idea that it would change nothing at all. So only one thing remains for the body: to perfect acceptance. That's all.

When it doesn't talk about it, it's relatively easier; when it expresses it, it becomes very concrete.

There.

The only thing that really consoles it (but not for long) is the idea, "What you are doing is useful for all; what you are doing isn't for you, a stupid little person, it's for the whole entire creation to profit by it." That's what gives it patience.

But when there are people with, you know, a great goodwill (with perhaps a little ambition) to do some work too, I tell them, "If it comes, take it, but don't pull it to you...." A part of the creation had to do the work for the whole (that's obvious – obvious), and, well, what speaks [i.e., Mother] happens to be at least a part. There had to be someone. That's good; it's like that, so it's like that; there's no point being... It's like that, so it's like that.

Ah, it's only asking to do the work properly, and that's all.

The body is aware of a very deep stupidity, and it realizes that because of that stupidity, the whole entire universe is the way it is.

And its perfect incapacity to get out of it... It's a question of Grace, that's all.... There are some seconds when everything is so wonderful as to be unbelievable, and then, the next second...

There. It's better not to talk about it.

(silence)

*One would like to help you better.*

Mon petit, you are helping me as much as you can. It's very good.... There's one thing: you are the only one I can talk to. And that's good. From a general standpoint, I am very grateful for that – you are the only one I can talk to. The others don't understand.

The others don't understand.

I don't know. I don't know what will happen. There are times when things become so difficult that I

wonder if the body will be able to hold out, but I would like... I would like people not to put me in a box and shove the body... like that, because it will be aware of it, it will feel it, and that will mean adding one more misery to all those it has had. Let them wait till it deteriorates. I am saying this to you, so you will be able to say it to others if necessary.

*Yes, certainly.*<sup>81</sup>

It doesn't desire that, it doesn't fear it – things will be as they will have to be, that's all. Only, it would really like people to understand... to understand the effort it has made, and not to rush to (*gesture of getting rid of a burdensome body*) shut it in, with a heap of earth above it. Because even long after doctors will have declared it to be dead, it will be conscious: its cells are conscious.

So there, that's all.

I don't know... maybe... You know, there's such a long way to go that it appears... absolutely miraculous. And the other thing ["death"] seems to me more and more idiotic. So I am like this (*gesture in between*). It's really a queer condition: you're not alive, you're not dead.

Ah, good-bye, petit.



**May 28, 1969**

*(Mother looks a little overburdened.)*

I have nothing to say.

Do you have anything, any news?

*I don't have any news, but there's one thing here. They've found in Pavitra's things the record of an experience he had three years ago, just when his cancer was beginning. Would you be interested to know the text of that experience?...*

Is it interesting?... As for me, I have nothing to say. I have nothing to say, things are going on.... It's difficult.

*Yes.*

But anyway...

Pavitra has remained here, not at all mingled; now and then, wholly conscious, otherwise very tranquil. It's good – not a hindrance, you understand.... Now and then, he manifests something, which shows he remains conscious. That's all.

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<sup>81</sup>Satprem was still under the illusion that he could "say" something.

As for me, I am continuing... it's not easy That's all. So I can listen to this.

*(Satprem reads out)*

*Pavitra's experience  
Night of February 5, 1966*

*"It is a night of fully conscious spiritual experience, a night of torture and glory.*

*"I walked through large rooms in which beings without communication with outside were living. And other rooms where wretched beings were dragging out a wretched life. They took notice of my presence, which seemed to bring them a ray of light from outside. A few reacted well, with a smile; others fled. A few knocked against me. Then I went into other rooms. The same goal always seemed to justify my presence. For, as I went by, a few showed a sign of hope. But at the same time obstacles, sufferings, tortures of all kinds fell on me. They were not deliberately inflicted tortures, but sorts of reactions of ignorance and suffering.*

*"This work progressively became more and more difficult for me. I moved about with difficulty, walked more and more slowly, as though overburdened, until it finally became difficult for me to find my way... to escape.*

*"These experiences seemed to last for a long time. When they ended, I found myself in my physical body, surprised that it bore no marks of all that I had just undergone.*

*"But I slowly began to understand the meaning of all that had taken place. An immense gratitude rose from my heart towards the Supreme, as did an entire self-giving so that His Will may be accomplished everywhere.*

*"I perceived the meaning of the great promise:*

*'I shall deliver you from all evil, fear not.'*<sup>82</sup>

*"That promise of victory from the Divine embodied on the earth carried me away with joy.*

*"I repeat that I was fully conscious for as long as those experiences lasted.*

*"That is all I have to say."*

Is it after this that he fell ill?

*It's about that time. That's when he started walking with two canes.*

*(After a long silence)* It would mean that he took upon himself quite a few people's burdens.... So that would explain what happened: on the day he left, a number of people were terribly attacked by things, as if those were coming back onto them; things that had been taken away from them and which were coming back onto them – especially women.

*(long silence)*

There was in him a being more conscious than lie. That's obvious. It was that same being which absorbed [others' suffering].

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<sup>82</sup>Bhagavad Gita, 18.4.66.

*So ultimately, it's on the earth, by taking a body on earth, that one can deliver those worlds?*

*(Mother has not heard)*

*Those subtle worlds that are imprisoned worlds, it's by taking a body on earth that one can deliver them?*

They are worlds of the vital.

That, of course [i.e., taking a body to deliver them].

*(Mother goes into a contemplation,  
at times letting out a moan)*

I understand better why he came [into Mother].

It's to escape all those horrors.

Very well.

There's only one solution, the direct contact of the physical with the Supreme. It's the only thing.

There.

But the body's cells... (I don't know whether it's specific to this body; I can't believe this body to be so exceptional), they are ABSOLUTELY convinced, and they keep trying and trying and trying all the time, all the time, for every misery, every difficulty, every... There's only one solution, only one thing: "You, You alone, to You – You alone exist." That's what expressed itself as the illusion of the world in the consciousness of people such as Buddhists and others, but that was a half translation.

The true translation is, "You alone exist, You alone." All the rest... all the rest is misery. Misery, suffering... darkness.

Oof!...

Maybe – maybe if... In Sri Aurobindo's conception, the Supermind clearly escaped all this misery.

There's only That. Otherwise, it's difficult.

Maybe half-measures are no longer sufficient.... I don't know. Maybe the time has come to take a clear stand.

This body has taken its stand. But I thought that... One must be very, very enduring – very enduring – so I wasn't urging others to do it; but that<sup>83</sup> may be saying that perhaps THE TIME HAS COME. I don't know.

Oof!

*We'll get out of this.*

Yes! *(Mother laughs)* Of course we'll get out of it.

I would like us to be able to say, "We're now getting out of it"!

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<sup>83</sup>"That" seems to refer to the difficulty of the present situation, but Mother may also be alluding to Pavitra's departure.



**May 31, 1969**

How are your nights?... The same? Still the same?

*(Satprem grimaces)*

Two nights ago, I spent more than three hours with Sri Aurobindo, and I showed him all that was going to descend for Auroville. It was rather interesting. There were games, there was art, there was even cooking! But all that was very symbolic. I explained it to him as if on a table, in front of a large landscape; I explained the principle on whose basis physical exercises and games were going to be organized. It was very clear, very precise, I even did a demonstration, as if showing him on a very small scale: a representation on a very small scale of what was going to be done. I moved people, things... *(gesture as if on a chessboard)*. But it was very interesting, and he was interested: he gave kinds of broad laws of organization (I don't know how to explain).

There was art and it was lovely, it was fine. And how to make houses pleasant and beautiful, with what principle of construction. And cooking too, it was very amusing! There were the different manners of presenting a dish; take a fish, for instance, with the different ways of preparing it, and everyone came with his own invention.... It went on for more than three hours (three hours of the night, that's huge). I woke up at 4 o'clock with that (4 o'clock, and I had gone back to bed at 1 o'clock: 1 to 4 is three hours – I can still calculate!). Very interesting.

*Yet the conditions on earth seem very far from all that....*

No... It was just there, it didn't seem "foreign" to the earth. It was a harmony A conscious harmony behind things: a conscious harmony behind physical exercises and games; a conscious harmony behind decoration and art; a conscious harmony behind food...

*I mean that all this looks poles apart from what is now on earth.*

Not...

*No?*

Today was Y's birthday She came, and *(smiling)* started telling me that the latest scientific discoveries are "absolutely wonderful," that they have found how thoughts are formed and travel from one person to another... *(Mother laughs)*. I couldn't help telling her, "Yes, that's what yogis already knew!"

*Well, indeed. Really!*

And she also told me that animal psychology can lead us to the knowledge of the superman's psychology.

*Good.*

There's something true there.... But anyway, it's...

*It's seen from below.*

So I told her that the whole artistic, athletic, even culinary organizations, and all others, are ready in the subtle physical – ready to descend and incarnate-and I said, “All that is needed is a little soil (*gesture in the hollow of the hand*), a little soil to let the plant grow....” I said that to her, “I am telling you because we have to find a little soil to let it grow....” I don't know if she understood!

*(silence)*

*I don't know if this perception is correct, but for several months I have felt that the earth has never been in such darkness. I have a sense of a tremendous darkness.*

Yes, yes. But both are there. It's true. A CONFUSION – it's a confusion – a dark confusion, yes. A dark confusion, but that's what Sri Aurobindo always said: the confusion becomes much more intense and dark just when the light is to come. That's correct. It looks like a dark chaos. And especially in this country... terrible, oh, unbelievable things. It's because serious people said them to me (they aren't newspaper gossip) that I am obliged to believe them. There are really dreadful things going on in the government and in the organization – dreadful. Unbelievable. And the Chinese...

*But Mother, do you know in the West, the influential books (not only influential, they're read and devoured by all the young) are those of Mao Tse-tung?*

Of...?

*Mao Tse-tung.*

What's that?

*...He's the great Chinese, the great Chinese mandarin – Mao Tse-tung.*

And what does he say, that man?

*That man... says that “Power flows from the barrel of a gun.*

*(Mother remains silent)*

*That's what they read in the West. And the latest bestseller is a book titled something like “The Wretched,” which is an apology of violence: “Power must be seized through violence.” That's what is successful in the West, what all the students are devouring.<sup>84</sup>*

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<sup>84</sup>The book is *The Wretched of the Earth* by Franz Fanon, whose central theme is “Violence alone pays” (quoted in *The Indian Express* of May 30). An extract: “The practice of violence binds men together as a whole, since each individual forms a violent link in the great chain, a part of the great organism of violence which has surged upward.” The book is prefaced by Jean-Paul Sartre, who says even more explicitly, “Irrepressible violence... is man recreating himself.” It is “mad fury” through which “the wretched of the earth” can “become men.” “To shoot down a European is to kill two birds with one stone... there remains a dead man and a free man.”



Oh, an apology of violence...

*A gospel of violence.*

That's the vital in full swing.

Yes.

Ooh! That explains all the visions I've had. I thought... I put the blame on my body, thinking this poor body has an unfortunate atavism: constantly dreadful, frightful imaginations – but they weren't imaginations, it was conscious of what was going on.... Oh!...

Oh, what you're telling me is very interesting, because yesterday (these last few days, these last three days), faced with the horror of the perception of things, this body (which is quite the opposite of sentimental, it's never, never been sentimental) started weeping.... It didn't weep materially, but it was... And with an inner intensity, it said, "Oh, why does this world exist?" Like that, it was so... awful, sad, miserable... so miserable and... so horrible, you know, oh!... But it instantly gets the Response – not a response with words, it's simply... like an immensity opening in the Light. Then, there's nothing more to say.

But how can That, that immensity, become this?... I don't know. The question is, "How did That become this?..." That's how it came: "How could That, the Wonder, become this – this hideous, monstrous thing?"

But the process to change this back into That is what I don't know... The process is... abdication (what word should we use?), self-giving (that's not it). But the body felt everything, everything to be so... horrible. There was a very, very difficult day.<sup>85</sup>

And curiously, I knew at that time that it was the exact repetition of the experience Buddha Siddhartha had, and that it was IN this experience that he said, "There is only one way out: Nirvana." And at the SAME TIME, I had the true state of consciousness: his solution and the true one. That was really interesting. How the Buddhistic solution is only ONE step taken on the path – one step. And BEYOND that (not on another path, but BEYOND that) is where the true solution lies. It was a decisive experience.

*(long silence)*

But what's this creation?... You know, separation, then wickedness, cruelty (the thirst to cause harm, we might say), then suffering, again the joy of causing suffering, and then all disease, decomposition, death – destruction. (All that is part of a single thing.) What happened?... The experience I had was the UNREALITY of those things, as though we had stepped into an unreal falsehood, and when you step out of it, everything vanishes – it DOES NOT exist, it isn't. That's what is frightful! What to us is so real, so concrete, so dreadful, all that does not exist. It's... stepping into Falsehood. Why? How? What?...

But never, never in this body's whole, entire existence, not once – not once – has it felt such a... total and profound sorrow as on that day... Oh, something that made it... (*Mother has a lump in her throat*). And at the end of it all, Bliss. And then, pfft! it faded away, as if to say, "Not yet, not yet, the time hasn't come yet." But as if all this, which is so awful, did not exist.

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<sup>85</sup>On Thursday 29th May. On the 30th, too, mother received no one. This is probably the course of experience that began a little before Pavitra's departure (see conversation of May 17).

After all, it's probably... probably only on the earth (that I don't know). It doesn't seem to be like that, because for the moon, it's very concretely a sense of devastation. Anyway, there's nevertheless a very strong, very concrete sensation that what's like that, in this Falsehood, is something limited. And unreal. And that we are all in Falsehood and Unreality – that's why things are as they are. And the interesting point was that that escape into Nirvana wasn't the solution, it was only a remedy – a remedy for a time (how can I explain? I don't know)... a partial remedy. A partial and, we might almost say, momentary remedy.

So that's a paroxysm at a certain point. Afterwards comes the long path: one must go on and on with the PROGRESSIVE work of transformation. Then, the next minute, there is what Sri Aurobindo called the supramental being. It's like the transition from the one towards the other.

But how will all this change? I don't know.

*Yes, the other day, I had a perception (I don't have the gift of vision), but such a concrete perception, that the earth was as if beneath a black cloak-what you call Falsehood or Illusion. It was something COVERING the earth.*

Yes, yes.

*I felt that, but very concretely: a black coat.*

Yes, exactly.

*Only, it would have to be pulled back FOR EVERYONE.*

(After a silence) I can't say (it's inexpressible), it was something that contained horror, dread, sorrow – and a compassion, oh, intense!... Never, never had the body felt things like that. Besides, that put it in a rather... critical state for a few hours. Afterwards, it was as if everything, everything came – every single thing – with a Smile and a resplendent Light; as if (to put it into children's words), as if the Lord were saying, “See, I am everywhere. See, I am in all things.” It was unbelievable – unbelievable.... But there's no communication between the two.

You understand, that was when the body said, “What? Shall we have to go on and on with that? Must we... go on and on with that? The world, people, the whole creation – go on and on with that?...” It seemed... I suddenly understood: “Ah! That's what they expressed as ‘perpetual hell’.” That's it. It was someone who had that perception.

And all the methods – which we may call artificial, Nirvana included – all the methods to get out of it are worthless. Beginning with the fool who kills himself to “Put an end” to his life: that's... of all stupidities, that one is the biggest, it makes his case still worse. From that up to Nirvana (where one imagines one can get out of it), all of it, all of it is worth NOTHING. Those are different stages, but they're worth NOTHING. And then, after that, when you really have a sense of perpetual hell, all of a sudden... (nothing but a state of consciousness, it's nothing but that), all of a sudden, a state of consciousness... in which all is light, splendor, beauty, happiness, goodness.... And all that is inexpressible. It comes like that: “Oh, here it is,” and then pfft! It shows itself, and hop! it's gone. Then the Consciousness, which sees, imposes itself, and says, “Now, the next step.” So it's in the presence of all this that the body had... never, never in its whole life had it felt such a sorrow, and even now... (Mother touches her heart).

Is this, is this the lever?... I don't know. But salvation is PHYSICAL – not at all mental, but PHYSICAL. I mean it's not in escape: it's... HERE. That I felt very strongly.

But the body had a few very difficult hours. And to it, that's always indifferent, it says, "All right," it's fully ready for dissolution or... There was no question of that; there was no question of that, the question was to... know how to receive the Cure. And what is the Cure like? – Inexpressible with our means.

But it's not that it's veiled or hidden or anything: it's HERE. Why? What in the whole deprives you of the power to live THAT? I don't know. It's here, HERE! All the rest, including death and everything, really becomes a falsehood, that is to say, something that does not exist.

*Yes, it's a cloak that has to be drawn back.*

If it were only that, it would be nothing!

*No, I mean that all this Illusion is like a cloak to be drawn back off the earth.*

Yes, that's it. But of course, that's it! But is it only off the earth? I don't know... They're going up there to find out!

All I know, the impression I have, is that it's concentrated here. The concentration is here, the work is here. But it may be... the whole solar system, I don't know.

*(silence)*

But one can't get out all alone.

*Of course!... Mother, the other day you said something. You said, "The time has come to take one's stand." You said, "The body has taken its stand," but you didn't dare urge others to do it, and you added, "Now the time has come to take one's stand."*

Yes, I think so.

*But what do you mean by "taking one's stand"?*

This, the awareness the body now has that all this is unreal.

If you asked the body, it would say, I don't know if I am alive, I don't know if I am dead." Because that's really how it is. For a few minutes it absolutely has the feeling of being dead; at other times, it has the feeling of being alive. The body is like that. And it feels that exclusively depends on... whether the Truth is perceived or not.

*(silence)*

What does it depend on?...

*(silence)*

According to what others say or write or experience, I have seen that what the vast majority of humanity fears the most is this perception of the Falsehood of it all, and all that leads to it. I know people (they've written to me) who just these last few days have had terrible frights, because all of a sudden they were forcibly seized, something was beginning to touch them: the perception of the unreality of life. So that shows the immensity of the path still ahead. Which means that any hope of a

solution near at hand seems childishness. Unless... things take place differently.

If things must follow the movement they've followed till now... How many centuries and centuries and centuries there have been.... So the superman would only be one more stage, and after him there would be many other more things....

*Every time I think of that, I always get the impression that the only solution is for you to have a glorified body, visible to all. Then everyone would come and see-come and see what the Divine is like!*

*(Mother laughs a lot)* That would be quite convenient!

*It would so much upset all their notions....*

Yes, of course! That would be really convenient. Will it be like that?... That's for sure, I wholly agree! And I would be very happy if it were anyone, I don't have the least desire that it should be mine!

*Come and see what the Divine is like!*

Yes, what it's like! *(Mother laughs)*

Oh, you should write that....

Write it, write that.

*(Mother remains "gazing" for a long time,  
with an unbelievable expression.  
The clock strikes....*



# June

**June 4, 1969**

*There's a letter from PL. He writes:*

*"...My work is the same, there are difficulties in accepting my ideas. I am regarded as a 'crank' (I think so, though no one has talked to me about it, for there is a force protecting me). Yet, things at the Vatican, at the center of the Church, are changing. The struggle of the new forces against the traditional ones is now very strong. If the Pope accepts (his entourage is against it) to go to Geneva on June 10 and take part in the Assembly of Protestant Churches, and asserts there that we are not 'the only ones to possess the truth,' I believe that will be a great step forward. But will he have the courage to accept that other religious movements too are seeking? Or will he remain rooted in the assertion that 'extra ecclesia non est salus,'<sup>86</sup> that the only depository of the Truth, the exclusive owner (!) of salvation is the Catholic Church?... For the time being, I am on the list of those accompanying him. Mother's assistance will have to be strong on that day..."*

*(after a silence)*

Religions are an old thing.... Don't you have that sensation?

*Oh, absolutely.*

Old, very old.

*I even feel they're finished.*

Yes.

*(silence)*

*My impression is that the next Church to be demolished is the Intellect.*

*(Mother laughs) Yes!*

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

\* \* \*

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<sup>86</sup>"No salvation outside the Church."

*(Soon afterwards, Satprem proposes to publish in “Notes on the Way” the text of the last conversation, of May 31, about the glorified body “Visible to all.”)*

Aren't people going to believe that we've gone mad?! No?

You think we can publish that?...

*I feel we can.*

You might ask Nolini? As for me...

*(silence)*

After you left [last time], I looked a good deal, the whole day long.... There is the sense that it [the glorified body] would be a wonderful solution. When you said it, something all of a sudden became concrete.<sup>87</sup> But with no personal sense in it.... The body doesn't in the least, in the least, have either the ambition or the desire or even the aspiration to become that [the glorified body], but there was only a sort of joy at the possibility that “that” may be – that THAT MAY BE – with anyone, anywhere, anyhow: that that may be. And I looked very, very attentively: not for a minute did it have the idea, “It should be this” (*Mother pinches the skin of her hand*), you understand? It was, “May that incarnation, that manifestation BE” – not with the choice of one person or another, one place or another, no, none of that was there: it was the THING IN ITSELF which was a wonderful solution. And that's all.

Then the consciousness started observing: if there is nothing in this body even “aspiring” to be that, it shows that's not its work. Then came this extraordinary Smile (I don't know how to explain), like that, which passed by and said... (to put it in a quite childish manner), “That's not your business!” And that's all. And it was over, I didn't concern myself with it anymore. “Not your business,” in the sense, “It's none of your concern; whether it's like this or like that, it's not your business.” That's all.

But what has become its business, in such an intense, intense manner that it's almost inexpressible, is “You, You, You, You that no word can express: the Divine, to use a word. That's all. For everything: eating – the Divine; sleeping – the Divine; suffering – the Divine... like this (*Mother turns her two hands upward*). With a sort of steadiness, of stillness – there is a great unification in the cells.

*(silence)*

This Consciousness... for instance if someone writes and puts a question to me, through this Consciousness I instantly get the answer; and when I write it down, it's this Consciousness that speaks. These last few days I have written a number of answers, and all of them so far AHEAD of all that has been said up till now... The answers are so far ahead of the state of consciousness of the people who put a question that... And that happens spontaneously, effortlessly, just like that (*Mother lets her pen flow*).

*(silence)*

Its sense of an individual, that is, separate existence would appear to be closely, indissolubly linked to suffering (I am talking about physical suffering, nothing moral – physical suffering). So then, if the body has one aspiration, that is to melt... to melt not into the whole, but to melt into... into the something we call the Divine, and which is everything – the true whole instead of the false whole. But I

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<sup>87</sup>As a matter of fact, at the end of the previous conversation, Mother remained “gazing” for a very long time with an expression that had to be seen to be believed, and Satprem felt something like a cataract of luminous power coming down.

can't explain.

The body clearly mustn't be preoccupied with anything; it mustn't be preoccupied with anything, neither this way nor that, neither with progress nor with dissolution – not preoccupied with anything. The state (not the state it aspires to, it's not that, because it doesn't have any "aspiration"), the state that seems to be... willed for it (I don't know how to explain) is – peace, a receptive peace, that's all.

*(long silence)*

Can't speak, words are idiotic.



**June 11, 1969**

*(Following a telegram from PL. announcing that he has been "excluded from the retinue" accompanying the Pope to the Geneva assembly.)*

It seems to me to be a conflict between the Pope and the cardinals.... Have you got his letter?

*Not yet. He simply says he has been 'excluded.'*

*(After a silence)* A. has told me that the two preceding popes had made considerable changes. I know that one of the changes was to recognize that life on earth was "purgatory".... And apparently that was so much ground down and twisted that it all disappeared! Nothing remained.

\* \* \*

*(Later, regarding a letter from the Raymonds, friends of Pavitra's and the architects who built "Golconde," the Ashram's guest house.)*

Have you seen the Raymonds' letter?... They've written a very sweet letter. In their letter, they write something I didn't know, which Pavitra had never told me; they say that when Pavitra put them in contact with here, it completely changed their lives, the aim of their lives and everything.

Raymond is a great architect. When they came here<sup>88</sup> and built "Golconde," I asked Raymond to prepare the plan for the first Auroville I had conceived (that was when Sri Aurobindo was still alive), and it was magnificent! He didn't leave it here.

But it was an Auroville with, at the center, Sri Aurobindo's house (*gesture on a hilltop*). Sri Aurobindo was alive, so we had put him at the center.

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<sup>88</sup>In 1937-38.

(silence)

Pavitra has remained wholly conscious, independent. For instance, when I was read this very letter of the Raymonds, it was Pavitra who listened!

And who had all the reactions.... It's very interesting. It's something quite unexpected.... There are times when I feel a slight inner duality, that is, for example, two reactions to one thing! It's quite funny.

He had an extraordinary goodwill! I realize he really had goodwill, and a sort of modest endurance – never a sense of wanting to pull things to himself....

(*Laughing*) I know him better now!



**June 25, 1969**

*(For some time Mother's health has been very upset. Most of her recent meetings with Satprem were spent in silent contemplation.)*

...Then there is little S.U. (do you know S.U.?), who isn't too happy with her work and asked me if I couldn't help her make some progress. So I told her, "Read Satprem's book...." She started reading Satprem's book. She told me "If I don't understand something, what do I do?" I said, "If you can't understand, ask me." So yesterday, she quoted a bit of a sentence to me (you know how they do: they take a bit of a sentence and ask you, "Whatever does this mean?!"). I answered. It was a sentence in which it was said that there were two "positions": the materialist and the spiritualist; then you mention me, saying we should take another position, a "third position." She didn't understand (*Mother gives Satprem the child's letter*).<sup>89</sup>

My answer is prompt. But I felt like saying to her, "Another time, what if you went and asked Satprem?"

*It wouldn't have the same effect!*

No, but you could explain better! (*Mother laughs*)

*Ah, no!*

You can keep this if it amuses you... my comments on your book! (*Mother gives her reply*)

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<sup>89</sup>"I like Satprem's book which You gave me. But I have two difficulties. The first is with the words. There are some words whose meaning I do not know. And the second is that some passages are not clear. Here is one: 'What we may call with Mother a third position, a 'something else' we tenaciously need, we who are neither narrow materialists nor exclusive spiritualists.'"



“In the world, people generally classify themselves as materialists who believe in nothing but matter, or as spiritualists who reject matter in order to lean on the spirit alone.

“Sri Aurobindo is neither a materialist nor a spiritualist. He admits both, but wants a matter transformed, divinized by the spirit, capable of expressing the truth instead of constantly denying it.”

That’s all. So what are you bringing?

*I wanted to mention something (I couldn’t tell you about it last time), but I have been solicited by Paolo,<sup>90</sup> who is preparing a documentary on the Ashram for television. He asked to take photos of me, a film, and so on. First I said, “I’ll talk about it with Mother.” But as it wasn’t possible lately, yesterday he finally came down on me with his camera, and I let him.*

He’s nice, Paolo, very nice!

*Yes, but still, showing myself off...*

Oh, mon petit, and what about me!

*Ah, but with you it’s different!*

Excuse me! It’s still worse! *(Mother laughs)* You understand, this body has a sense of the ridiculous, so it says, “Here, I’m being shown off when I have very little to do (not to say nothing) in this affair.” We can’t pull them out of their... extreme individualism. What can you do?!

*Well, I am mentioning the fact. And then he has asked me to write something: a “manifesto for the youth,” which would serve as a backdrop to that whole documentary. That’s more important.*

That’s useful. But it’ll give you work.

*It has to be brief, but it has to have force and simplicity.*

Yes... that’s more interesting.

You aren’t tired?

*No, no, Mother!*

*(Mother runs her hand over Satprem’s forehead)*

Then it’s all right. He’s nice, Paolo, he’s generous. We have to help him.

Now here’s something else *(Mother takes a file out of a pile of letters and various other things)*. I receive this notebook every two days. Let’s see if there’s something interesting....

*(Mother reads)*

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<sup>90</sup>An Italian film maker, architect and painter.

*“To be what Mother wants,” is that not to be transformed?*

Very easy to answer (*Mother writes*):

“Undeniably.

For everyone: to prepare oneself for this transformation.

For a few: to begin the work of transformation.

“For a very small number: to hasten the process of transformation.”

*(Mother turns towards Satprem)*

Isn't the thought clear?

*Oh, yes, it is!*

*(Mother laughs)* I see him every day for a minute or two. He asked me, “Is it possible to have a new birth every day?” I said, “It's possible... if one is capable of it!”

So we'll see his reaction (*Mother seems very amused*).

*(silence)*

But you know, this little S.U. (I've never said this; I forget when it was – years ago, she was big as a boot), when your famous Sannyasin<sup>91</sup> came here, he wanted to do a worship to the Mother,<sup>92</sup> and he did one thing... which isn't regarded as very charitable (that individual had a certain capacity): he put into this child an emanation of a higher spirit (which he thought was an emanation of the Mother), he carried out the ceremony, and afterwards (it was infinitely too powerful for the child), he came to me and told me, “I'll send her to you for you to take out the emanation, we can't keep that!”

So he sent me the child.

And I saw that he had put something into her (which was fine, by the way; it wasn't at all a bad thing, it was fine), and for several days, I did the work to see what could be adapted without upsetting the child's consciousness too much, and to drive out what was too strong.... The work was interesting, and I did it successfully, so it gave the little girl a sort of trust in me (naturally I didn't say anything to her, no one has ever said anything to her), but it gave her a rather exceptional trust (she was very small, a tiny thing). Since then, for that reason, I have taken interest in this child. Because there really is an aspiration in her – it has created an aspiration in her being. And that's why I decided to help her, and why I've told you about it.... She had some stuff (he was rather sensitive, your Sannyasin, he felt she was receptive). If he had asked me before, I would have told him, “For heaven's sake don't do that, it's not something to be done!” – He might have upset the child's whole life. But at the time, he had some semblance of trust in me: he came to me and said, “Now this should be taken out” (*Mother laughs*)

But the child knows nothing, she mustn't know.

It seems that among those Sannyasins and others, it's often done... but it's dangerous.

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<sup>91</sup>The Sannyasin who initiated Satprem.

<sup>92</sup>Mother is referring to a special puja or Tantric ritual (*kumari puja*) during which the officiant brings down certain forces – an emanation of the Mother – into a very young girl. This was on October 20, 1958.

(silence)

What news do you have? Nothing?

Working at a hastened pace. The body... doesn't complain. It doesn't complain because... There are two things at the same time. It has increasingly and in an increasingly precise way the full perception of its... to use the exact word, its nothingness (that goes without saying, and without even a shadow of regret, because there's the full awareness that it can't be otherwise; in the present state of matter, it can't be otherwise)... There's an interesting process of development through which the body sees IN DETAIL – in detail, in every detail – how the Force of Consciousness acts, and what... to put things simply, what we turn it into. It's very interesting. For everything, you know, the details of every minute: how the Force of Consciousness acts, and... what we turn it into. With, from time to time, a marvelous key for certain problems, and a chance given to apply the key to see how it works – it works admirably!

But all that... you understand, it's like a few drops in an ocean of work. That's how it is. The work is terrestrial, of course-more and more terrestrial, even the body has a connection with the whole – and therefore rather tremendous. But the sense of limitlessness in regard to the Force (not only the Consciousness, but the Force), the sense of limitlessness is becoming more and more permanent. The scale of the work in proportion with the form [Mother's body] is very perceptible, and perceptible in a very keen way, but there is the sense of the inanity of this form – not even its relative character: almost its inexistence, something like the sense of... a continuing illusion. And then, quite concretely, the wonderful allpowerfulness of the Consciousness-Force; that comes with the impression that so-called "miracles" are nothing at all, a natural working. But you understand, the work has the proportion of the Consciousness, and it has to be done on... (*laughing*) on the scale of the body. So that gives a sort of perception of an immensity that has to worked out on one point.... I can't express it, it's something inexpressible with words.... But I need to have some peace.

And above all, above all, the chatter of words... For instance, it has become very hard for me to read a letter: there are always at least a hundred times too many words. And it's easy to see it's in the head that it goes like this (*gesture of a jumble*). But then, here (*gesture to the forehead*), it has remained marvelous-ly tranquil and calm and white and... oh, that's really a Grace. It has remained like that. So all those things that come and try to enter – there's no response, they are kept at a distance. And then, the Solicitude, the Care taken to make the thing as easy as we permit it to be – it's wonderful! Wonderful... Naturally, from time to time, one is crushed under the weight of stupidity, but behind, there is nevertheless a benevolent Goodness, smiling and so TREMENDOUS that... nothing matters, no worry There. So...

The body has the sensation of hanging between two states: one which people call life, and the other which people call death. The body feels it's hanging between the two: neither alive nor... (*laughing*) dead, like that, neither one nor the other. It's between the two. And that's very odd. Very odd. There is an impression (not an impression, it's a perception) that the slightest disorder (*gesture of tipping over to the left*) would be enough to fling it to the other side, and that this very slight movement "this way" (*gesture of tipping over to the right, into "life"*) is made impossible by something one doesn't understand. And it takes very little to...

One just has to keep very still.

That's the body's impression: just be very still, always very still, even when things begin to grate with all that comes from outside, all the circumstances – the laggard cells go like this (*gesture of grating*), ill-adjusted, and one is on the very edge... on the very edge of tipping over: the only thing to do is to stay very still... and then it passes (*immense, even gesture*)... wonderful! Something like... I don't know... I don't know what to call it, it's wonderful (*same immense, perfectly even gesture*). And

along with that, the constant impression of that Smile, but an all-powerful smile.

And for... for weeks, it acted only on this body, which was in a very concentrated state; since... not long, since yesterday, it has started (*gesture of expansion*) acting on other people. And then, some entirely unexpected things happen, that is, which were neither planned nor willed nor devised, absolutely nothing: all of a sudden, this Consciousness comes, seizes the person who's here (*gesture like a tornado*), then through this body [of Mother] does something, and takes the person away in its whirl. Especially today. Yesterday, it was a sort of Force – active Force – which came into the body, not bothering anymore about all that's in a bad state.<sup>93</sup> And this morning, I twice saw this occurrence: I saw (when I say "I," I mean the consciousness there [*gesture above the head*], which is a Witness quite... like this [*immutable gesture*], without any reaction, without a shadow of personal will to intervene in the work of this Consciousness; it was simply a spectator), I saw how through this body, the Force came, seized the other person (*same gesture of a tornado*) and took him away...

That was amusing! They were two difficult cases, two cases in which I really met with a difficulty to be conquered – you could see how it seized the person, oh, like a child playing with a ball. Like that. Extraordinary! Extraordinary. So if "that" comes and settles... I don't know.

We'll see.

It looks as if it's going to become amusing!

(silence)

There is clearly an active Will at work for this body to learn to live in a state in which there is neither life nor death – a state which is something else.

I don't know. I don't know what will happen – the body isn't told what will happen. It's very easy to understand why, moreover: if the body knew in advance what will happen, it would surely do foolish things instead of being very attentive and... simply like that, not just "listening" (it's not a question of listening), but attentive to the Impulsion so as to do exactly what it has to do – what's expected of it, for everything, everything, down to the smallest thing: eating, sleeping, speaking, moving, everything, everything. To be like that all the time, all the time: attentive so as not to do anything but what has to be done.

And (*laughing*) the body finds it thoroughly funny, absurd, that one could think one is a "person." It has such a strong sense of fluidity! The sense that whatever isn't fluid is false. It's really amusing.

So there.

Enough chatter for today!

And how are you?



**June 28, 1969**

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<sup>93</sup>These last few days, Mother has been "in a bad state."

Oh, I've received this from little S.U., again in relation to your book:

*(Mother holds out a letter)*

*Sweet Mother,*

*What is the idea behind this sentence from the "Adventure": "Unfortunately, the West has too much intelligence to have much clear vision to translate outwardly, while India, too full within, is not demanding enough to match what she lives with what she sees"?*

*(Mother smiles and dictates straight off)*

It means that in the West (especially in France), the intellectual development has prevailed over the spiritual development and the contact with higher regions, while in India, the inner knowledge has remained more developed than the intellectual field.

We could put the sentence thus:

The West expresses more than it really knows.  
India knows more than it really can express.

Enough!

\* \* \*

*(Then Satprem reads out to Mother the article he has written for Italian television.)*

*It's for Paolo, for Italian television.*

Maybe you could read it to me....

*Does it interest you?... I have entitled it, "The Great Sense.*

*(Satprem reads)*

*"This is the time of the Great Sense.*

*We look to the right or to the left, we build theories, reform our Churches, invent super-machines and go out in the streets to break the Machine that stifles us-we struggle in the small sense. When the terrestrial ship is sinking, does it matter whether the passengers drown to the right or to the left, under a flag black or red, or celestial blue? Our Churches have already sunk: they are reforming their own dust. Our patriotisms are crushing us, our machines are crushing us, our schools are crushing us, and we build more machines to break out of the Machine. We go to the moon, but we do not know our own heart nor our terrestrial destiny. And we want to improve what is-but the time for improvements is past: can one improve rot?...*

(Mother holds back a laugh)

*“...This is the time for SOMETHING ELSE. Something else, which is not the same thing with improvements.*

*“But how shall we proceed?*

*“They preach violence to us, or nonviolence. But these are two faces of the same Falsehood, the yes and no of the same impotence: the little saints have gone bankrupt with the rest, and others want to seize power-what power? That of the statesmen? Are we going to fight over the prison keys? Or to build another prison? Or do we really want to get out of it? Power does not flow from the barrel of a gun, neither does freedom flow from the bellies of the dead – for thirty million years now, we have been building on corpses, on wars, on revolutions. And the drama is enacted over and over again. Perhaps the time has come to build on something else and find the key to the true Power?...”*

It's magnificent, mon petit!

*“...So let us look at the Great Sense.*

*“Here is what the Great Sense tells us:*

*“It tells us that we were born so many million years ago – a molecule, a gene, a quivering bit of plasma-and we have produced a dinosaur, a crab, an ape. Had our eyes stopped halfway along the road, we could have said with good reason (!) that the Baboon was the summit of the creation and nothing better could be done, except perhaps to improve our simian capacities and create a United Kingdom of Apes.... And we may be committing the same error today in our jungle of concrete. We have invented enormous means at the service of microscopic consciousnesses, splendid devices at the service of mediocrity, and still more devices to be cured of the Device. But is man truly the goal of all these millions of years of striving? – The secondary school for all and the washing machine?*

*“The Great Sense, the True Sense, tells us that man is not the end. It is not the triumph of man that we want, not an improved version of the intelligent dwarf-it is another man on the earth, another race in our midst.*

*“‘Man is a transitional being,’ Sri Aurobindo said. We are right in the middle of this transition, it is bursting forth on every side: in Biafra, in Israel, in China, on the Boul’Mich’<sup>94</sup>*

*Man is uncomfortable in his skin.*

*“And the Great Sense, the True Sense, tells us that the only thing we can do is to set to work to prepare that other man and collaborate in our own evolution instead of going round in circles in the old dead-end humanhood and grabbing false powers...”*

Listen, you say, “To prepare that other man,” but wouldn't it be better to put, “To prepare another BEING”?

Yes!

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<sup>94</sup>The famous Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris, in front of the Sorbonne university, which was the scene of the students' revolt in May 1968.

*“...to set to work to prepare that other being and collaborate in our own evolution instead of going round in circles and grabbing false powers to rule over a false life.*

*“But where is the lever of this Transmutation?”*

*“It is within.*

*“There is a Consciousness within, there is a Power within, the very power that strained and strove in the dinosaur, in the crab, in the ape, in man – it strives still, presses farther on, clothes itself in a more and more perfected form as its instrument grows, and creates its own form. If we grasp the lever of that Power, it will itself create its new form, for it is itself the lever of the Transmutation. Instead of letting evolution unfold through millennia of fruitless, painful attempts and useless deaths and fake revolutions that revolutionize nothing, we can hasten the time, we can make a concentrated evolution – we can be the conscious creators of the New Being.*

*“In truth, this is the time of the Great Adventure. The world is closed, there are no more adventures outside: only robots go to the moon and our borders are guarded everywhere – in Rome or in Rangoon, the same functionaries of the great Machine are watching us, punching our cards, checking our faces and searching our pockets – there is no more adventure outside!*

*The Adventure is with in – Freedom is within, Space is within, so is the transformation of our world by the power of the Spirit. Because, in truth, that Power was always there, supreme, all-powerful, prodding evolution on: it was the hidden Spirit growing to become the Spirit manifest upon earth, and if we have trust, if we want that supreme Power, if we have the courage to descend into our hearts, everything is possible, for God is in us.”*

It's unfortunate that there can't be another word than “God.”

Yes.

Can't we find something else?

It's magnificent, it's really excellent.... Only that word...

*(silence)*

Wouldn't “the ONE” do?

*When they hear it, people won't understand.... Or perhaps “the supreme hidden Light”?*

But it becomes very small.

It's magnificent, mon petit, you know, it's inspired. There's only the question of that single word. For such a long time I've been there, racking my brains to find a word!

ONE, with a capital O, when it's written, it's fine, but when it's heard...

*Dieu* [“God,” in French] is a terrible word. God is an even more terrible word (!) And in Italian, what is it going to become!

*(silence)*

Is “the Divine” too impersonal?

*No, we could put, “The hidden Divine”.... Or else, “It was the hidden Wonder growing to become the Wonder manifest upon earth...”?*

Yes, “the Divine,” or “the Wonder.” But I always think about the translations – since it’s going to be translated.... I don’t know. Ask Paolo, have him choose between “the Wonder” and “the Divine.” Explain the idea to him. In English, it’s certain that the Divine is infinitely better than God.<sup>95</sup>

*Yes, certainly!*

It’s a question of keeping the idea without keeping the word!

But it’s very good.... Just what needed to be said.



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<sup>95</sup>Satprem finally left the word “God.”



## July

**July 2, 1969**

*(Satprem proposes to Mother a partial publication of the conversations of May 31 and June 4 on the glorified body.)*

Don't you think some people are going to imagine they have a divine body?...



**July 5, 1969**

*There's some news of P.L. He is a bit discouraged. You know that he had been excluded from the Pope's retinue just as the Pope was to make a speech in Geneva on "Christian unity" with the Protestants. So P.L. writes, "I started writing to you several times, but could not manage to end my letters. After the huge effort made to infuse the sentiments of openness that Mother had inspired me with, just as the Pope accepted to refrain from proclaiming himself as the 'Sole' possessor of the Truth and to put himself at the same level as the other creeds, Reaction had the upper hand and everything has remained as before...."*

That's it.

*"...At the last minute, the paragraphs in the speech were changed."*

That's it. And that's why they didn't let him go.

It's the same thing going on here, I see it clearly: there was that movement of the Consciousness which wanted to bring about a general progress-and all those who want to pull backward pull as hard as they can.

And they don't even realize what they are doing.

It's so small, so small.



**July 12, 1969**

The nights are beginning to be interesting! Very interesting, because I have a vision – I don't know where it is, whether it's in the subtle physical (probably so) – a symbolic vision, but active (it's an action), a vision of what's happening, but then... (*Mother smiles*) AS IT IS, not as people see it!

Things here are always cloaked in a number of clothes, it's never the exact thing, but there, it is the exact thing. Just now... Last night, I had a long activity, and I wondered, "But why am I seeing all this?" A long activity (I'll tell you what it was), and just now, Z was here and started telling me the difficulties they have with the servants.... "Ah," I thought, "here we are, it's my vision, what I saw last night!" And in my vision... You know that here, it's P. who looks after the servants, but in the night, it was Amrita, and Amrita as he is now, not as he was physically (because when he left his body, Amrita came to me, and in fact, he hasn't left me, but he is free: now he rests, now he goes about). Last night, he was very active, and he symbolized R's activity, as if his influence was what guided R. But it was... (*Mother seems very amused*) the symbols were so clear and so amusing, with such an amusing sense of humor! (The nights have really become very interesting....) Oh, last night, I did gymnastics! (*Mother laughs*) It was because of that business with the servants: in the end, at one spot a wall was needed as a protection from the servants' invasion, and they had built a small wall (a small wall to protect a doorway); so I entered the house, and when I wanted to go out the other way, they had removed the staircase to build that small wall! So (*laughing*) there was a gaping hole, and I had to go back down (I was very agile) by clinging to the wall! Things of that sort, thoroughly amusing.... They had put up a kind of big partition as a protection from a crowd of servants who had swarmed into the street, a partition so they wouldn't sweep in here; then Amrita came, opened the partition, and started talking with the people outside! I told him (*laughing*), "There, you're ruining all our work!"

And then, I go to America, I go to Europe, I go... all the time. I go to some places in India. And all of that is work, work, work – at night. But so living!

The other day, a few days ago, I had a long activity in America where I met people in a meeting, spoke to them, replied to their questions, arranged things; and two or three days later, I received a letter from someone in America who is organizing a boat to come here for the centenary, in 1972 – a woman. And I found her photo again: she is the one I had seen and talked to!... It's becoming interesting.

Not many different things: the greatest part of the night is perfectly still, silent, and WITHIN the Force – within the Force – as if I were lying WITHIN the Force to let it permeate everything; and then, at a given time (generally at the end of the night), an activity like that one, just one, which lasts for one hour, two hours, with all kinds of details, and extremely precise. So it's beginning to be interesting.

The body participates, you see; I could say that it's the body which dreams, it's not an inner being: it's the subtle body that dreams. It has a very concrete character, with a very SIMPLE symbolism, simple but so clear! It's interesting.

(*silence*)

Then, the contact with people... I have made it a rule not to speak to those who come, the visitors; I only speak to those I work with, because the body itself feels its consciousness go down as soon as I start speaking. If I don't speak, its consciousness is very... (what should I say?) very even and vast (much vaster than the body), very vast, even, and very receptive without distortion; as soon as I speak... it's not longer that. So I don't like to speak, but I am obliged to somehow, as I speak to you or when I have work to do to organize things. This morning, I had the visit of the Commission sent by the government to see if we are good children (!) and deserve the money... which they are to give us. So that Commission asked to see me. I said, "I agree, provided we do not talk and I say nothing." When I

see people... they are transparent, you know, and generally I see what they think, I see what they want, or their impulsion or... – it's very amusing. And I talk to them. I talk to them in the sense that I tell them something inwardly ("I" doesn't know: it's the consciousness that knows precisely what they should be told). Sometimes I know nothing about them; they've just arrived, I see them and give them a speech! I give them a speech, and I am myself surprised: "Well! Why am I telling him all this?" And later on, I learn that it's precisely the person's preoccupations or difficulty or...

Which means there is some progress. There is progress in the consciousness, but not yet in the equilibrium of health; that's very difficult. It has become extremely sensitive and the least thing causes reactions.... We'll see.

(silence)

And what about you?... Nothing?... What do you have to say?

*I have a feeling that I am less conscious than in the past-in my sleep, for instance.*

Earlier, you always used to tell me that you were unconscious!

*In the first years, I was more conscious.*

Ah?

*For instance, during my sleep, I would often wake up in the middle of a meditation, or else I was conscious of being seized by a force and moving on elsewhere things like that. Now there are never any phenomena of that sort anymore.... It's a complete void, or else chaotic activities.<sup>96</sup>*

(Mother remains silent)

*I felt there was all the same a sadhana taking place in my sleep....*

For a time, I used to see you every night, to go to the places where you went (and I would tell you). They are places that have to do with the life of the earth, but which aren't very near, I mean it's a rather subtle vision of things, above the mind; a vision and an action that are above the mind. And I always used to see you there; you had... something like an office, it was an IMMENSE hall (I told you several times), and no walls; the impression was of being in halls, yet there were no walls: one could see outside. And it was always the same place, but with different halls, in the sense that now one would look after one thing and now after another. But you were always there and always busy. There were big cupboards that contained all the "reports," and you were very interested in that. It went on for YEARS, almost every night I would see you there.

But now, I am not going there anymore, so I don't see you. I did see you, but then it was quite different, once in a while like that, as in that vision with Amrita, and associated with a work I was

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<sup>96</sup>To explain Satprem's repeated complaints better, let us add that for the first five years of his yoga, he used to have an extremely conscious sleep, almost from beginning to end, on various planes and with the perception of the transition from one plane to another or from one body to another and the memory of his activities on every plane. Then everything abruptly disappeared. It took Satprem almost ten years to understand that this "disappearance" was deliberate and meant to compel him to do the sadhana in the physical, otherwise he would have indefinitely continued with the "experiences" of the inner planes.

doing.

I no longer go there because... you understand, there's only the body, it's the BODY'S activity; it's interesting: it's the body's inner life. So then, I see you now and then, but it's because of the thing I concern myself with, it's not as it was before.

There, in that domain above the mind, you seem to be there every night: a very constant activity. And it's very interesting, it's a place where, so to speak, a number of events to come are decided: changes, events are organized there; but they're organized... as in a management office, you understand – the action doesn't take place there, it's the organization (*gesture of vision*). The execution isn't visible, it's below.

There was a time when I used to see you very, very regularly, and that was the time when you would tell me that you were completely unconscious! (*Mother laughs*)

*I feel that the key I lack is the key of the physical mind.*

Physical?

*Physical, yes. If I could get a grip on this physical mind so as to make it work spontaneously on true things rather than work on stupid things, if it worked automatically, then even at night it would be...*

Yes, yes!

*But how to do it? I don't know... As long as I put on it a pressure from above, it's very good, but the second the pressure goes...*

It starts all over again.

*It goes on.*

Well, yes! It obeys but it's not transformed.

*No, not at all. I have to put pressure on it.*

That's right.

*But how to get hold of it, I don't know.*

*(after a silence)*

Oh, but if it's the physical mind... Because it's the physical mind that's now developing<sup>97</sup> [in Mother] out of all proportions foreseen as possible, while Sri Aurobindo himself thought it wasn't possible; he said it's better to get rid of it, it won't be possible [to transform it]. But I have noticed it can be transformed, because the mind and the vital are gone, so there was a need to replace the mind in the functioning, and this physical mind has developed in quite an extraordinary way. It has become... (what

<sup>97</sup>It would seem that these last few years Mother often spoke of the "physical mind" when she meant "body-mind," as though the terminology were not quite fixed (which is hardly surprising when one is "in it"). Thus she will soon say twice, "The BODY is repeating the mantra..."

should I say?) far more conscious, first of all, far more organized and methodical in its work. So if it's your physical mind, something can be done – I'll try. I can try to do something at night.

The mind, I can't do anything about it anymore, I no longer have a mind; but the physical mind, I can.

*It would have to be touched.*

Yes, yes.

*A few years ago, for instance, the first time I heard that mantra at the Playground (it was in a film<sup>98</sup>), well, that evening, it had touched me so much that in the night I woke up repeating that mantra.*

Oh!

*It's something that needs to be TOUCHED. If it were touched and hooked on to the true vibration, well, it would go on.*

Yes.

*When I used to do that Tantric japa, at night, for instance, I often used to feel an activity of sadhana going on BECAUSE of that.*

Oh!...

*Because this physical mind had been so much handled and worked<sup>99</sup> that even during sleep something would remain.*

Oh, then, it had some effect.

*It had some effect.*

But why don't you do it again?

*But I am done with X.<sup>100</sup>*

Yes, but you don't need X.

*You mean I should start doing it again for several hours?*

Oh, was it written?

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98A film on Prahlad played at the Ashram's Playground, on 27 April 1956.

99By six or seven hours of japa (repetition of a mantra) every day.

100Satprem's former Tantric guru.

*No. There were written yantrams, but there was also japa.*

Japa? You did japa?

*I did japa for... I don't know, for hours every day.*

But I told you, the body repeats the mantra (which is also japa) spontaneously, and absolutely without the intervention of the consciousness. It has got into the habit; as soon as it has the least difficulty, it repeats the mantra. So you can obtain the same result.

*Of course, but how? It would have to be ingrained.*

Yes.

*But how?*

We'll try.

*Should I start doing methodical japa as I used to, or what?*

You could try, perhaps simply as an experiment, to see if it has effect. Maybe not as you used to do it, but as I did it, at the slightest activity, or the slightest difficulty, repeating the mantra or the japa. And almost uttering it, you understand.

*But Mother, in fact I do it almost all the time.*

Oh, do you?

*I do it, but... as it is, it's a certain part of my mind, with a bit of psychic, that has to do it.*

Ah!...

*It's not something spontaneous, it's not INGRAINED in the physical substance, you understand.*

But we could try.

*I do it out of a will, it's not a spontaneity.*

Yes, yes.

*A will that has become quite habitual, but a will nonetheless.*

Yes. But we can try.

What's your mantra?

*It's the mantra you gave me, Mother!*

Oh, that one!... It's the mantra the body repeats spontaneously. I'll suddenly hear it saying it, you understand, so spontaneous is it.

(silence)

Did you give me the photos of your initiation?

*Yes.*

Do you have them, too?

*Yes, Mother.*

You have the same photos.... I can't manage to find them again! I had kept those photos with a letter from you which you had written from up there, when you were traveling.

*From Benares?*

Not Benares, the other place?

*Brindavan... no, I don't know.*

A famous place, a place of Krishna, I think.

*Then maybe it's Brindavan.*

From there, you wrote to me. You wrote me a letter, and in that letter, mon petit, you told me, I have just had an experience." And you had seen me.

*No, it was at Benares.*

At Benares. So I had kept it separately with the photos. I don't remember where it is. I looked for it, I looked a lot. But it remained downstairs, and downstairs I don't know what they did with it.... In front of the window I had an armchair in which I used to sit; beside the armchair, there was a sort of small partition screen; in the lower part of the partition, I had put a sort of upright drawer (it was a kind of bag, but fastened), and in it, I had kept letters and those photos (I had kept other things too). And everything has disappeared. I don't even know if that contraption still exists....

*It still exists, says Sujata.*

*(To Sujata:)* Will you go and see? If it still exists, will you bring it? That would be amusing. *(Sujata goes out)*

(silence)

I'll try.

That place where I used to see you was an experience of the higher mind, just above the mind, and since the mind left I have stopped having that experience. But this, here [the physical level] is fully active, fully. I'll try.

*(Sujata comes back with cardboard boxes full of old things which*

*Mother starts examining)*

Oh, and this... this I must have had for... at least seventy years! *(laughter)* It's a copper thing that served as a letter opener; it lost its handle, but I kept it and used it.... But there's a mirror somewhere, I don't know where (a mirror with a golden frame, very pretty, a folding pocket mirror); it belonged to my grandmother, who gave it to me; and she had got it when she was... twelve years old. She was given it when she was twelve; she gave it to me and I kept it, and I still have it, which means that it must be much more than a hundred years old! It's downstairs, in the cupboard.... But this is a letter opener. It's, oh, very, very old: I had it in France before coming here, I brought it with me when I came here; I took it to Japan and used it there [to open Sri Aurobindo's letters], and I brought it back here. So it must be... I had it at the beginning of the century – it's much older than you! Do you want it? To open letters...

*(Mother gives the letter opener to Satprem and goes on looking through the boxes)*

Oh, it's amusing!

This is a pencil sharpener! *(To Sujata:)* Do you use pencils?

*Not much Mother, no.*

There are erasers, but they must be so old!...

Is there nothing you'd like to have?... Some old trifle there?... If you find something you would like – but you would have to use it, not to keep it in a corner.

*(Sujata) No, Mother, it's fine where it is, with your things.*

So the next time, we'll see the papers, I absolutely want to find those photos of you, and that letter.

*(To Sujata:)* Is there nothing here you'd like? No?

*I won't dare to use it, I'll be tempted to keep it.*

This I used all the time. It's what I used – take anything!

*(Sujata takes a pencil)*

Ah, these are good pencils!... Do you want the pencil sharpener? Take it *(Mother laughs)*.

Next time, we'll see the papers, it'll be fun!

*(silence)*

I remember having seen you not very long ago (I'll have to see that), and it must have been in the subtle physical. So if that's where you want to become conscious, it's easier for me.

It's very interesting, you know! Very interesting... Life stripped of its false appearance!

There are still forms, but not at all the same thing. You know, people are so accustomed to... travesty everything – all that is gone; there, it's gone.

Tell me, what time do you go to bed?



*About 10:30.*

Ten thirty... So the first time I wake up (“wake up” is a manner of speaking) is about midnight (a little before or a little after), and you’re asleep at that time.

*Yes, Mother.*

So at that time, when I go back to sleep, I’ll call you. But don’t bother about it. You’ll just tell me if something happens. I’ll try.

Oh, I see lots and lots of people, I do lots and lots of things. And then I can check:<sup>101</sup> afterwards, without trying, without questioning, I can check; the next day I am told this or that... So I’ll try. I wasn’t trying because I thought you were still going in the mind at night, in that higher region above (it’s just above the mind), and I no longer go there: I go... (*gesture all the way up*). But I constantly work there, in this subtle physical. And it’s becoming increasingly conscious and clear. So I’ll try.

Sri Aurobindo is there – he can be seen all the time; he is all the time doing one thing or another, he is VERY active, very active. You would meet him, that would be fine. You never see him at night?

*Never, no.*

*(Mother gestures to put  
Satprem into contact)*



**July 19, 1969**

*(Mother was strongly shaken on Wednesday the 16th and could not see Satprem.)*

They have mixed me up (in Delhi and here) in all their political affairs... “mixed me up,” I mean they’re asking for my help. Some people are discontented and without scruples, and there was some *mischief* (on Wednesday, when I couldn’t see you). I realized it afterwards. But it’s troublesome. I haven’t told anyone what it was. It was an incredible affair... with no cause, no reason,<sup>102</sup> and when I looked, I saw where it came from.

Anyway, I was in no condition to see anyone. That’s troublesome. It’s about their politics – here [in Pondicherry], it’s some nasty business, but in Delhi, it’s about their president.<sup>103</sup> Anyway, I think they have found someone.... There’s Deshmukh (it seems his name has been proposed), and I said, “Very

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<sup>101</sup>Mother means she can afterwards check the correctness of what she saw.

<sup>102</sup>Violent vomiting, probably the result of some magic.

good.” Yes, this Deshmukh is a very fine man – if he agrees. I didn’t think he would accept, but it seems his name is there.<sup>104</sup> But all that... Well, all that is to tell you why I didn’t see you on Wednesday.

*But who did “mischief”?*

I don’t exactly know where it comes from. I can’t accuse anyone because I don’t know where it comes from. But it’s... Once they had tried that on me (long ago, very long ago, when I was downstairs; at that time I don’t think we used to see each other often). But they have a trick, a sort of... I don’t know what, some trick of magic that causes your body to empty itself completely. Generally it kills people. The first time it really shook me, but... This time it was much less strong, but it’s the same thing. It stopped all functions, digestion and everything.

Anyway, it’s settled.

But there’s an interesting thing Nolini showed me yesterday. There’s a French lady, an astrologer, it seems, who has the reputation of being very skilled;<sup>105</sup> she has made a prediction based on the stars, according to which in July this year (that is, this month), India would be in a very great difficulty (just what is happening), but she adds that India would come out of it with a great improvement of consciousness.... I haven’t seen [her prediction] in detail, I don’t know, but it seems she almost announces a sort of change of government.... But the disorder is there, oh, awful!...<sup>106</sup> Everybody quarrels! And some people are without any scruples whatsoever. They are all against the prime minister because she wants to nationalize the banks; she wants to nationalize the banks because she has realized that there’s a gang of rich men (whom I know and had been denouncing for a very long time) who monopolize everything and cause general misery – people absolutely devoid of scruples. So then, by nationalizing the banks, she hopes to prevent them from... I told you there’s a gang of people (I’d rather not name them) who have money everywhere, and huge amounts abroad. So they have the country by the throat, because they can cause a bankruptcy here whenever they like. She knows it, and those are people no one has ever dared to touch. But as for her, she has found this solution: if she nationalizes the banks, they won’t be able to do their mischief anymore. So they’re furious – furious. And they have all kinds of means at their disposal....<sup>107</sup> And through N.S., she is in constant contact with me, asking for help, for an indication, and so on.

We’ll see. I was happy with this prediction because... All depends on whether she’ll stand firm. If she stands firm, it will be all right.

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103All parties, including the Congress, are divided over the choice of a new president of India: Indira proposes V. V. Giri, who will be elected, while the “old Congress” proposes Sanjiva Reddy, who will become president in 1977.

104C. D. Deshmukh will withdraw his candidacy.

105Madeleine Montalban.

106A split within the Congress Committee between “rightist” and “leftist” elements. Finally, the prime minister, Indira Gandhi, took away the finance portfolio from Morarji Desai, the deputy prime minister, and declared her intention to nationalize banks (which she did two days later). This will lead to a scission in the Congress, and this same faction will overthrow Indira in 1977.

107Including Tantrics experts in black magic.

We'll see.

*But a few days ago too, I felt there was the beginning of something.*

Ah!

*While usually those quarrels don't strike me at all. I clearly felt, "This is the beginning of something." That was three or four days ago, before all these events.... But this thought also came to me, "Won't the Chinese take advantage of the situation?"*

The danger is there.

But the internal chaos... already almost exists, you know.

Naturally, the Chinese would likely take advantage of it immediately.

*(long silence)*

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother takes from the table by her side a few letters of Sri Aurobindo which she intends to publish, including these:)*

*"The prestige of an institution claiming to be a centre of spirituality lies in its spirituality (Mother laughs), not in newspaper columns or famous people."*

This, I know, is about the Theosophical Society. I don't know whom he wrote it to.<sup>108</sup>

*"A sincere heart is worth all the extraordinary powers in the world."*

It's lovely.

Then there is this... *(Mother shows a note)*. You know that a Commission came from the government, and when they left, they asked if I could give them something. I gave them this:

*"There is a Supreme Divine Consciousness. We want to manifest this divine Consciousness in the physical life.*

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<sup>108</sup>In fact, the text of this letter was given truncated to Mother. Sri Aurobindo was referring to the Ashram and not to the Theosophical Society. Here is the full text of the letter: "Queer idea all you fellows seem to have of the 'prestige' of the Asram. The prestige of an institution claiming to be a centre of spirituality lies in its spirituality, not in newspaper columns or famous people. Is it because of this mundane view of life and of the Asram held by the sadhaks that this Asram is not yet the centre of spirituality it set out to be?" (Nirodbaran's *Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo*, vol. 2, p. 1105. Even in the Centenary Edition – 26.380-381 – the last sentence was omitted.)

*Soon afterwards:*

There was someone in America whom I would often see at night, a woman. I would go there, talk, and people answered.... Some of those night activities are strange: I feel as if I enter someone, because I speak, people answer me.... And I don't know whom I enter or what it is. But there was someone I would often see: I would see her house, I would see gatherings (there were gatherings), I would see... I didn't know who it was. Then, one day, we got a letter from a woman who said that for 1972, she wanted to get a boat and come with a group of people in that boat. I replied, and she sent her photo – it was the person I had seen so often and was in contact with! And she is a woman who seems to have authority there (she looks like a rich woman): she has authority, she knows government people and has written to them. She already has a very large group, there seems to be some good work being done in America. Very receptive and full of energy. I still remember that my conversations [with her] were very interesting. And the other day, her letter came (it was the second or third time she wrote) along with her photo, so I recognized her. That's interesting, because... *(just then the door of Mother's room slams)* the contact was constant: the place is constant, the people are constant, and I see them very often, it's not something just random. She wrote to the government to tell them that they should take special interest in Auroville and do something. And she seems to have authority there.

*(Sujata goes and sees who slammed the door, then comes back)*

What is it? What happened?

*Someone opened this door, then closed it again, and nobody is there!*

Gone?... But isn't Champaklal there?...

*No, Mother.*

Oh, when no one is there on the landing, some people come upstairs and into the room!... *(Mother laughs)* Once there was a big to-do: it was in the morning and I was seeing people, when suddenly there barged in a very tall man. So everyone rushed to him and took him out. It seems that man had written to me that he wanted to see me, and I hadn't replied, so *(laughing)* he had decided he would come without reply!... A fairly young man. Afterwards he said (he knew some people here, who told him it was a big scandal), he said, "I don't even know why or how I did W..." He was waiting there in front of the door on the terrace, and M. who had just seen me came out; thinking the man had come to see me, M. told him, "Come with me," and the man replied, "Go ahead, I'll follow you," but instead of following him he came right in here! Then he said he hadn't the least idea how or why he had done it.... So it means there are "formations" waiting there to get hold of people.

*(silence)*

I have become a little too "public" for my taste.... Yesterday, the whole morning I saw people from the government here. The [Pondicherry] governor comes very often: he comes, sits down, removes his *Gandhi cap*, then settles there in front of me, and stays for at least five minutes like that [absorbing energies]... like a sponge.

*(silence)*

Do you have anything to say?

*Last time, you spoke about the subtle physical – about sleep and the subtle physical...*

Yes.

*Then you told me...*

Yes, yes, I haven't forgotten!

*I must be dense because...*

So then?

*Well, yes, I am dense!*

*(after a long silence)*

Nothing has happened?

*No, Mother. But I have resumed doing japa. Instead of doing my mantra "just like that," I have started doing it again systematically. Before going to sleep, for instance...*

Ah!

*For about half an hour. I don't know, but anyway I think it's a long process and one has to be patient.*

Yes, yes.

*(silence)*

There's a new phenomenon during the night. One phenomenon was there before, but has grown more precise: it's a place in the subtle physical where those with a body and those without a body are mingled without difference. They have the same reality, the same density and the same conscious, independent existence. There I see... Last night (or the night before, I don't know), there were things like that: Chandulal<sup>109</sup> was there, Amrita too, they met and talked, made plans together, just as they would have done physically on earth. It wasn't the first time they were meeting, and they said to each other, "I'll tell you tomorrow like that, regarding their ideal. Interesting things. There's another... *(Mother tries to remember)* Ah, yes, Purani<sup>110</sup> also. They go about there. There's an extraordinary likeness to material life, except that you can feel they're freer in their movement. But that's not new, it's just growing more concrete and precise. What's new is what has taken place these last few nights...

My sleep is no longer sleep at all, I don't know, it's a sort of... *(gesture as if Mother drew her energies within)* withdrawal, that is, I go within, and then I am active. And those people are in that same state. Among them, some are with people who still have a body: it's not just those who no longer have a body. So then, I am also there, and in the same kind of state. But the strange thing is that when I

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<sup>109</sup>Chandulal is the engineer who built Golconde. He left his body in November 1945... twenty-four years earlier.

<sup>110</sup>Purani left his body in December 1965.

supposedly “wake up” and get up, I go on with something (*laughing*) that’s not physical! You understand, the state of over there goes on, and it’s as real, as tangible as physical things; and after half an hour I realize that I have moved about here and done all kinds of things ENTIRELY in that consciousness!...<sup>111</sup> What’s that consciousness?...

It’s a very clear, very harmonious consciousness, in which there are no difficulties, and very creative.... I don’t know what it is....<sup>112</sup> This morning it was peculiar: for a half-hour I was literally there [in that world], and I wasn’t aware of it! It’s afterwards that I wondered, “But... is it physically like this?” There was someone, you understand, I was with someone [in that world], and I wondered, “But is this person physically like this? Is it physical?” And I was standing!... So it’s as if the two worlds were... (*Mother slips the fingers of her right hand through those of her left hand*). Strange....

The physical appears to be less imperative, less... Previously, there was the impression that, all right, it wasn’t a “dream” as people call it, but a more subtle and less precise consciousness, and that the physical consciousness was quite concrete and precise (*Mother gestures as if to knock against something*). But now this distinction... the other consciousness has become almost more concrete and real than the physical consciousness; the purely material consciousness is more wobbly: the impression of something not too... not too steady – not too steady, it’s odd.<sup>113</sup>

That’s odd; it’s new, it began two days ago.

We’ll see.

(*long silence*)

Maybe a new consciousness is trying to use this body?... It’s a new consciousness in the sense that what this body did, its activities, all the events of its life, appear in the memory as COMPLETELY different from the way it remembered them – not that events have changed, but the sense or sensation or vision or understanding of things is COMPLETELY, completely different. Completely different. It finds its earlier state... unconscious to the point of stupidity – for everything, everything. And there is a sort of... strange gap: it now finds its former state of consciousness artificial, untrue, and... incredibly stupid; and then, in the new consciousness, the SAME circumstances have a completely different MEANING – another meaning, they give another sensation.

I think there’s something changing in here.

And at the same time, a sense of... (what should I call it?) unimportance, of *nothingness*, and then the sensation, the perception of the divine Presence, so concrete, so powerful... that sometimes I get the feeling people will break down! (*Mother laughs*) That’s how it is: when they’re here I feel as if... (*gesture*) That so-called “accident” of last Wednesday has had a very considerable effect on the body consciousness: it’s now very different. The perception of a Power limited only by... the prudence of an infinite Patience. Like that. And at the same time... well, what we might call “remnants of personality,”

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<sup>111</sup>Mother described a similar phenomenon two years earlier (the story of a golden watch). See *Agenda VIII* of August 30, 1967.

<sup>112</sup>Also in 1967, about the story of a diplomat’s son killed during the war who had merged with Pavitra, Mother said, “It’s a knowledge of the CELLS’ consciousness.” See *Agenda VIII* of March 7, 1967.

<sup>113</sup>Could it be the transition from the physical, material consciousness as we know it to the cellular consciousness in which there are not two “sides” – one of “life” and one of “death” – but something else?

reduced to a musty and absolutely unimportant state.<sup>114</sup> The two are there together. But it's very difficult.... For instance, they've taken new photos [of Mother], yesterday I saw a number of them: I looked at them as I would look at the photos of someone else – they were exactly like the photos of someone else! And I passed some comments, mon petit! (*laughing*) I remember the impression I had while looking at them.... Well, I do think I've changed quite a bit in appearance, too, haven't I? Haven't I changed?

*I wouldn't be able to say.*

You haven't noticed. Have you seen those photos?

*No, Mother.*

There must be a big beige envelope there.

*(Sujata brings the envelope)*

I don't know if they are the ones.... There's a photo taken in profile....

*(Mother and Satprem  
look at the photos)*

*You have very different expressions!*

Haven't I!

*Yes, but you also look very mocking!*

One especially...

*A slightly mischievous air...*

*(Mother searches among the photos)*

*It's the eyes that I find different.*

That photo isn't here, I don't know where it is.... Ah, here it is (*Mother shows a photo taken in profile*). Don't you find it strange?

*Yes, a little... Yes, it's not the usual thing.*

Isn't it?

Strange... Yesterday, they had me sign them (because they made lots of them so as to distribute them), and I don't even know who spoke, but when I looked... (I took the magnifying glass and looked) I said, "*Oh... Oh, she is a dangerous person, she knows too much!*" It was exactly the impression... like

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<sup>114</sup>Mother is referring to her own body.

what ordinary humanity feels: a sort of fear of someone who knows too much – because it's true, when people are sitting here in front of me and I look at them, I see what they think, I see what they feel, I see what they want, you understand, all of it. It's not that I try to see: it's more visible for me than the features of their faces. So then, it was like their impression: brrr! let's beware! *(laughter)*

*You look a bit Chinese in these photos.*

Very Chinese, very Chinese. But long ago, I saw an old Chinese come into me. It was a man, and an old Chinese....<sup>115</sup>

*Through all these photos it's striking.*

Yes. But what's most, most extraordinary is this change of consciousness of the BODY!... You understand, it's as if it were reliving... they are things that have remained in the consciousness because the psychic being took part – they're very clear, very precise; the rest has been erased (it's been like that for a long time). Well, those things were recorded by the psychic being, and the body had an impression, you understand, an impression of its own; now the psychic consciousness is the same, it sees things in the same way, but the physical impression is completely different!... Which means it's the PHYSICAL consciousness that has changed.

These last few days it has become very, VERY clear. It began on Wednesday – from Wednesday to today: Wednesday, Thursday, Friday... It's quite recent.

*(Laughing)* A dangerous person!

*(Satprem lays his forehead on Mother's knees and prepares to leave)*

*(Mother looks at Satprem)* I have a sort of impression that there's going to be a change for you too, for your nights.

We'll see.



## July 23, 1969

*(The American astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin landed on the moon on July 21. Mother shows the following text which was suggested to her as a "message" for August 15.)*

It's Nolini who suggested this text... because of the people who landed on the moon! *(Mother laughs)* But it's far too personal – I said no. I am just showing it to you, but I told him, "No, I don't want."

<sup>115</sup>Could it be the old Chinese who gave Mother delicious food, then said, "I have no path"? See *Agenda VII* of 11 February 1966.



*Q. "I have been wondering whether the Mother has been able to establish a direct connection with Mars or any other far off planet which is probably habitable and inhabited."*

Someone put this question to Sri Aurobindo. So now that people have landed on the moon...

A. "A long time ago Mother was going everywhere in the subtle body but she found it of a very secondary interest. Our attention must be fixed on the earth because our work is here. Besides, the earth is a concentration of all the other worlds and one can touch them by touching something corresponding in the earth-atmosphere."<sup>116</sup>

Sri Aurobindo (25.373)  
January 13, 1934

He tells what I was doing, but I don't like to be spoken of.

They're so excited about this moon! Have you heard?

*Yes, but what's so exciting about that?*

To hear the voice of the gentleman on the moon.... You hear him as he speaks.

I must say I find all that puerile.<sup>117</sup>

It's childish.

But I also heard the radio.... I got a queer sensation: I went there in a trice, like that (*gesture like an arrow darting from the forehead to the moon*); when I heard, I went there in a trice because I was told there was a dangerous moment when they were to leave the moon to rejoin the other man who was going around [orbiting the moon] – it seems that was dangerous. I had just been told about it.... At first when I heard the voice, I didn't understand anything he said (it was uninteresting, besides: he said he had picked up a stone, that there were mountains – things like that, quite uninteresting). Then, hop! I was sent off like that (*same gesture to the forehead*), and I actually FELT that I was going there (I found that amusing), like that, prrrt! Off from here, direct.

They're on their way back. But the Russians sent a robot in a machine that went round the moon, landed on it and picked up stones – and it was a robot! They said, "We'll never risk a human life – a robot is good enough."<sup>118</sup>

But the children at the School here were in an extraordinary state of excitement.... So I was asked to say something to them. I said, "I'd better not say anything, because I would say it's big children having fun!" (*Mother laughs*) It would have thrown cold water on them!

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<sup>116</sup>When she read Sri Aurobindo's answer, Mother remarked, "This answer is very interesting, because it touches the heart of the problem."

<sup>117</sup>More explicitly, a month earlier, in a text written for Italian television (*The Great Sense*), Satprem had said, "We go to the moon, but we do not know our own heart nor our terrestrial destiny."

<sup>118</sup>Their probe, Luna 15, crashed on the moon.

(silence)

And what news do you have?

*Well, I have gone once to that subtle physical.*

Aah!

*You must have called me.*

So then?

*Then it's all a bit chaotic, but anyway I saw Sri Aurobindo. I saw an image of him in which he told me (he was speaking in French, by the way), "Come, we need to do some physical exercises!" And it was as if he were taking me along for a walk....*

(Mother laughs)

*Because there was a crowd there, oh, a crowd of people. And it was a Sri Aurobindo... not that he was younger, but he still looked very young. And he had...*

He is particular there, you know; he is very particular, with a very particular form. I mean... In fact, he is in his own likeness, but he is ageless.

*Yes, ageless.*

He is ageless.

*But he looked much more agile, if you like, and his skin had a golden red color, golden pinkish red.*

Yes.

*And a crowd of people.*

Yes, I have noticed that... Was he dressed?... Because I have seen him hardly dressed, with a light, a sort of light (here, for instance [gesture]) hiding the lower part of the body: only a light was visible.

*I didn't notice, but it seemed to me that he was bare (or at least bare-chested).*

Bare, that's it, me too. I have always seen him bare, but he doesn't look naked. And there's a special color, that's right.

Oh, so, you went there for a stroll....

*But what disappointed me was that it was all very familiar.*

But it is very familiar! It's very familiar, extraordinarily so. With me too, it's like that. Far more familiar than our physical life.... Oh, but then you did go there for real.

*I mean I remember having seen Sri Aurobindo fifteen years ago: he came during my sleep and put his hand on my heart – there was such an emotion... in my sleep I wept and wept.... So I thought that when I saw him again, I would have that same emotion....*

No!

*But not in the least! He told me, Tome, we need to do some physical exercises”! And then it was as if he took me along for a walk.*

Yes.

*It seemed to be... “just like that.”*

Yes, exactly, it shows you really did go there. It’s really “like that.” As for me, I find it more... familiar, more (what’s the word?) simple, you know, than our own life. Our physical life here seems... (*Mother puffs up her cheeks*). We make a lot of fuss about very little.... Oh then, you can be sure that you really went there!

*But the place where I met him looked a little like your room downstairs....*

That’s right!

*And it was full of a clutter of things, you know: piles of things here and there....*

That’s right.

*And a crowd of people.*

Exactly, it’s correct. People going and coming....

*Yes! There was even one amusing detail: among that pile of things that were there, there were books; then as he went by, Sri Aurobindo took one to see what was inside. But B. was there (you know, the Italian), and told him, “You mustn’t touch this without Mother’s permission”!<sup>119</sup>*

(*Mother laughs heartily*) Oh, this is priceless!

But didn’t you see Mridu?<sup>120</sup>

No.

She’s there (*huge gesture, laughing*), just as she was!... I saw Purani, I saw Mridu, and the other day (I told you) I saw Amrita and Chandulal talking together. That whole place looks like downstairs, but it’s not downstairs. So it’s the place all right.

Very long ago (very long, a few years after Sri Aurobindo left), one night (because I was already seeing him), I saw him: I had gone to his place, and I found him sitting on a sort of bed... with a truss:

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<sup>119</sup>Let us note that B. is a new, young disciple whose work is to keep that room downstairs clean.

<sup>120</sup>Who was Sri Aurobindo’s cook, and round as a barrel; she left her body seven years earlier, in September 1962.

three or four bandages like that on his body! (*Mother laughs*) So he called me and said (in English), “Look! Look what they’re doing with me! Look, they’re putting bandages all over me!” So I inquired – and found that they wanted to make cuts in his writings....

*Ooh!*

I said, “Be careful! Here is what he thinks of your cuts.”<sup>121</sup>

It’s like that, thoroughly familiar, but very expressive.

I’ve had hundreds of visions there, I have them almost every night, and it’s always nearly the same. But there’s a crowd! And all kinds of people....

*But does one work there? What does one do? What do all these people do?*

According to what Sri Aurobindo told me, with those people he is preparing what will take place on the earth.

Last night (that was the first time), I was in a place (again in this subtle physical), a place as if atop a rather barren mountain, but where people met – there were even kinds of seats. And I was there to see... I don’t know who (now I forget), but they were “wise” and “well-known” people of India. It seemed (in my vision) that I was there permanently and that those people had come to see me. And they came from every side: all of India’s spiritual sects were represented, and everyone came, sat down, and told me... (*laughing*) the “virtues” of his creed. It was pricelessly funny! It was... I spent a good while, but I really had great fun! Some wore big turbans and were dressed in white, “very important” people who had had special seats brought for them, and they were quite... (*Mother puffs herself up*) they swaggered, they looked down on others from their lofty heights! Some were almost completely naked, some were... there were all sorts, and they were all in a big group like this (*gesture in a circle*). As for me, I was wearing a little white dress, like that, quite plain (the same shape as this one, but in white); I was sitting in a corner, having great fun – but I took up very little room! (*Mother makes herself small*) It was quite comical. Last night.

A big circle: one group, another group, a third group, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth group... and what fuss they made! It had to be seen.

But it’s the first time.

Sri Aurobindo wasn’t there – he was as he always is, a little more subtle within me: not with the same density. But not visible.

\* \* \*

## ADDENDUM

*(As an illustration, we publish here two letters of Sri Aurobindo that were omitted from the “Complete” edition of his works, or simply truncated.)*

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<sup>121</sup>Numerous texts were nevertheless censored in the so-called “complete” edition of Sri Aurobindo’s works (the “Centenary Library”), in particular letters about the Ashram. As an illustration, we publish in addendum two of those censored letters, to make the intention plain.

“In order to remove many misunderstandings which seem to have grown up about his Asram in Pondicherry Sri Aurobindo considers it necessary to issue the following explicit statement:

“An Asram means the house or houses of a Teacher or Master of spiritual philosophy in which he receives and lodges those who come to him for the teaching and practice. An Asram is not an association or a religious body or a monastery – it is only what has been indicated above and nothing more.

“Everything in the Asram belongs to the Teacher; the sadhaks (those who practise under him) have no claim, right or voice in any matter. They remain or go according to his will. Whatever money he receives is his property and not that of a public body. It is not a trust or a fund, for there is no public institution. Such Asrams have existed in India since many centuries before Christ and still exist in large numbers. *All depends on the Teacher and ends with his lifetime*,<sup>122</sup> unless there is another Teacher who can take his place.

“The Asram in Pondicherry came into being in this way. Sri Aurobindo at first lived in Pondicherry with a few inmates in his house; afterwards a few more joined him. Later on after the Mother joined him, in 1920 the numbers began so much to increase that it was thought necessary to make an arrangement for lodging those who came and houses were bought and rented according to need for the purpose. Arrangements had also to be made for the maintenance, repair, rebuilding of houses, for the service of food and for decent living and hygiene. All these were private rules by the Mother and entirely at her discretion to increase, modify or alter – there is nothing in them of a public character.

“All houses of the Asram are owned either by Sri Aurobindo or by the Mother. All the money spent belongs either to Sri Aurobindo or the Mother. Money is given by many to help in Sri Aurobindo’s work. Some who are here give their earnings, but it is given to Sri Aurobindo or the Mother and not to the Asram as a public body, for there is no such body.

“The Asram is not an association; there is no constituted body, no officials, no common property owned by an association, no governing council or committee, no activity undertaken of a public character.

“The Asram is not a political institution; all association with political activities is renounced by those who live here. All propaganda – religious, political or social – has to be eschewed by the inmates.

“The Asram is not a religious association. Those who are here come from all religions and some are of no religion. There is no creed or set of dogmas, no governing religious body; there are only the teachings of Sri Aurobindo and certain psychological practices of concentration and meditation, etc., for the enlarging of the consciousness, receptivity to the Truth, mastery over the desires, the discovery of the divine self and consciousness concealed within each human being, a higher evolution of the nature....”<sup>123</sup>

Sri Aurobindo  
16 February 1934

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<sup>122</sup>Emphasis is ours.

<sup>123</sup>The rest of the letter was published in the “complete” edition of Sri Aurobindo’s works, joined to another letter of August 1934. See Vol. 26, *Sri Aurobindo on Himself*, p. 95. It is, moreover, impossible to overemphasize the disfigurement of Sri Aurobindo’s letters under the pretext of a “subjectwise” classification, some letters having one bit published under one subject, another bit published under another subject, and yet another elsewhere – a classification into the mind’s little pigeonholes. As Mother said, “Three or four bandages on his body.”

\* \* \*

*(The following example, among many others, was deliberately chosen as innocuous, so as to make the intention behind these cuts better understood. The censored passage is italicized.)*

“As you say, it is the failure of the right attitude that comes in the way of passing through ordeals to a change of nature. The pressure is becoming greater now for this change of character even more than for decisive Yoga experience – for if the experience comes, it fails to be decisive because of the want of the requisite change of nature. The mind, for instance, gets the experience of the One in all, but the vital cannot follow, because it is dominated by ego-reaction and ego-motive or the habits of the outer nature keep up a way of thinking, feeling, acting, living which is quite out of harmony with the experience. Or the psychic and part of the mind and emotional being feel frequently the closeness of the Mother, but the rest of the nature is unoffered and goes its own way prolonging the division from her nearness, creating distance. *It is because the Sadhaks have never even tried to have the Yogic attitude in all things, they have been contented with the common ideas, common view of things, common motives of life, only varied by inner experiences and transferred to the framework of the Asram instead of that of the world outside.* It is not enough and there is great need that this should change.”<sup>124</sup>

Sri Aurobindo  
9 September 1936



**July 26, 1969**

*(Mother wants to revise with Satprem a few passages of her translation of ‘Savitri.’)*

But now I’ve come to notice that they cut these quotations, they leave out two lines in the middle – suddenly I’ll say to myself, “But it doesn’t hang together!” I’ll ask, and F. tells me, “Yes, they left out one line, two lines....” So what’s to be done?

It’s absurd.

Here, all this is ready.

I don’t need to see it again: it’s for you to see it. It’s my translation.

*What should I do?*

*(Laughing)* See if my translation is good!

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<sup>124</sup>See *Letters on Yoga*, 23.904.

*But Mother, listen... why?*

No, because some things might be put in a better way.

*Yes, but I'm wary. You know, I have learned that what's thought to be "better" according to literary knowledge isn't necessarily better from the standpoint of the true force.*

I quite agree with that.

Listen, basically what you should do is to see (you can see it right away) if you find something you think isn't too good. I've done it "like that"; I can't say I am attached to my translation, not at all, but if you could suggest something to me... (*Satprem starts reading out a passage*).

As you said, the French might be a bit awkward, but it may be the only way to translate precisely. Sometimes I did it purposely.

Admitted through a curtain of bright mind  
That hangs between our thought and absolute sight,  
He found the occult cave, the mystic door  
Near to the well of vision in the soul  
And entered where the Wings of Glory brood  
In the sunlit space where all is for ever known.

(I.V.74)

*"Brood"?...*

It's the image of a hen brooding on its eggs! "*The Wings of Glory*" brood on things so they may be realized.

There in a hidden chamber closed and mute  
Are kept the record graphs of the cosmic scribe,  
And there the tables of the sacred Law....  
The symbol powers of number and of form,  
And the secret code of the history of the world  
And Nature's correspondence with the soul  
Are written in the mystic heart of life.  
In the glow of the Spirit's room of memories  
He could recover the luminous marginal notes  
Dotting with light the crabbed ambiguous scroll...

(ibid.)

*(Mother laughs) "The crabbed ambiguous scroll"!...*

Is that all?

He saw the unshaped thought in soulless forms,  
Knew Matter pregnant with spiritual sense,

Mind dare the study of the Unknowable,  
Life its gestation of the Golden Child.

(I. V. 76)

A Will, a hope immense now seized his heart,  
And to discern the superhuman's form  
He raised his eyes to unseen spiritual heights,  
Aspiring to bring down a greater world.

(*ibid.*)

(*silence*)

Yesterday, I read another part of *Savitri* which tells how the king is transformed<sup>125</sup> – those are ALL the experiences my body is now going through! I knew nothing about it (I don't remember that at all), and I seemed to be reading all the experiences my body is now going through.... It's interesting.

There's EVERYTHING in this *Savitri*!

And to be able to describe those experiences like that, he must have had them.

(*silence*)

*The mystery is always why he left.*

Yes.

I remember quite clearly and precisely (I still see the whole setting, in his room) a conversation I once had with him-in what connection, I don't know.... It was... (I forget what preceded, you understand), he told me, "*We can't both remain upon earth, one must go.*" Then I said to him, "*I am ready, I'll go.*" Then he told me, "*No, you can't go, your body is better than mine, you can undergo the transformation better than I can do.*"

And the strange thing is that... It took place just before all his physical difficulties.

But I didn't attach too much importance [to that conversation]; it's only when he left that it suddenly came back, and I thought, "So there, he knew!..." It was... I don't know. It was almost like a speculation, you understand, which he was just mentioning. It was at the time of our moving from the other house to this one,<sup>126</sup> because it took place one day in that room, here [downstairs], and it was before his accident, before he broke his leg.<sup>127</sup> In what connection, I forget. That's gone. But I remember clearly, so clearly, I still see the room and everything, how he was, how he told me, "*We can't both remain upon earth.*" That's all.

*But why can't "both" remain?*

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<sup>125</sup>The World-Soul, II.XIV.

<sup>126</sup>In February, 1927.

<sup>127</sup>On November 24, 1938.



Ah, that's the question.

*Why?*

But when he said it to me, I found it so obvious that I didn't even ask him. So it must have followed something, and that something is gone.

Because I remember, I told him, "*I am absolutely ready, I'll go.*" Then he looked at me, and he said, "*No, no, your body is better than mine, it can undergo...*"

Why?... How many times since then I have asked myself that question.

*Yes, one would be tempted to think that with two, one can better support each other...*

*(after a silence)*

These last few days it came once again; once again I looked and looked, and... *(Mother opens her hands, in a gesture expressing that she does not know).*

It depended on something, but what? I don't know.

*(silence)*

I remember another thing, but then much more recent. After he left, long ago, years and years ago (it was not very long after he left, maybe a year or two), I was downstairs, in the bathroom downstairs, and in that bathroom, early in the morning I was taking my breakfast on the corner of a table, like that. Then, while I was beginning to eat, he came and stood there *(gesture beside Mother)*, and he was so concrete that I felt as if... it would take VERY LITTLE for him to become material again. So I said to him, "*Oh, you are coming back!*" Like that. And then... he answered me, "*I'll be with you, but I can't come back materially – I MUST NOT come back materially.*"

It was so material that I suddenly felt, "Oh, nothing, a mere nothing would be enough... [for him to materialize]."

*But doesn't it mean that Your presence here could help him, on day, to materialize in another body?*

Yes, yes.... That he said clearly (I asked him), he clearly said, "*I'll come back only in a supramental body.*"

That was before what I have just told you.

*So it would be you who would help him to materialize?*

Yes, yes.

But there's the big question of that supramental body, I don't know.

*Yes, but if it materializes, that's different. It's not the same thing as creating it.*

Yes.

*If Sri Aurobindo materializes again, but in another body...*

Ah, in a living body...

*In a living body, but made of another substance than the physical substance.*

Yes, but that's what I said: that substance, when, how, what?...

*But on a much lower level, lasting materializations have been made – like those stones that were thrown in the Guest House, for instance.<sup>128</sup>*

Yes.

*So why couldn't this substance of light materialize in the same way?*

*(long silence)*

The beings who do those materializations (all those mediums) always have a very fat body, and it's a special substance. Those materializations aren't permanent.

*That of the stones was – those stones that were thrown.<sup>129</sup>*

*(silence)*

Oh, that reminds me of something: you know that long-haired S.B.?... Dr. S. has just gone to see him – he came back with a ring. I always thought it was some conjuring trick or other, but the Doctor seems to say... he says, "He made a gesture (*like a sleight of hand*), and he put this in my hand."

It may be a materialization.

*Yes, but he does that sort of materialization – he does it a lot, that man – but he uses the lowest entities of the vital world; he is a man who has disgusting dealings with lower entities.<sup>130</sup>*

Oh?

*Yes, whereas this [supramental materialization] is another kind of materialization.... He uses the lowest entities.*

At any rate, when the Doctor came back, I SAW: it takes place exclusively in the vital. I am sure of that.

*But he does materialize.*

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<sup>128</sup>In 1920.

<sup>129</sup>Some disciples (Amrita for instance) kept them for several years.

<sup>130</sup>In this connection, the reader will read with interest (when they are published) Pavitra's records of evening talks with Sri Aurobindo, in particular the talk of 12 May 1926.

He does.

(silence)

In any case, I don't know about all that. It's completely outside my consciousness.

*Yes, but that [trick of the ring] is all the way down. This would be another kind of materialization.*

(long silence)

We'll see.

As for me, I don't know.

(silence)

*In a childish imagination, we may picture a Sri Aurobindo whose luminous substance grows, develops, and when the time is ready, there would only be a transition to be made.*

That may be. At any rate, that he is in the subtle physical is certain. He is there all the time.

But this body knows very well that it isn't endowed with exceptional capacities.... It doesn't delude itself. All it has is a faith ardent, constant, intense, oh!... A faith nothing can shake. But that's all.

It has never had a desire or ambition to work miracles – it's not interested in that. It has seen many miraculous things, but it has always felt it was... the Supreme Lord who was doing all that (which it finds quite natural, by the way). But imaginings... when they come it drives them back, it says, "No, that doesn't interest me." Things people find "marvelous," all of that doesn't interest it. It wouldn't be surprised to see Sri Aurobindo walk in one day – not in the least; but it doesn't have... it feels no urge to do it, you understand! It feels no need to astound people – none at all.

*Yes, of course!*

We'll see.<sup>131</sup> (Mother laughs)



**July 30, 1969**

*(The "healer" referred to in this conversation will often recur in this Agenda, and will play a decisive*

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<sup>131</sup>This same afternoon, Satprem, struck by a sudden thought, wrote the following note to Mother: "Following this morning's conversation, I have suddenly thought, 'But Savitri goes into death in search of Satyavan... so Mother is going to bring back Sri Aurobindo?'" Mother seems to have replied to the person who brought her the note, "Something of the sort."

*role in Satprem's life, in the sense that through a sort of reductio ad absurdum, he will make Satprem suddenly understand who Mother really is.)*

Have you heard of that healer?... Someone has written from France, the son of a farmer (I think), anyhow not an intellectual in the least, who by accident became aware that his hands have a healing power. So he writes a very long letter narrating all he did, how he developed himself, and so on, until he came across your book;<sup>132</sup> and when he read your book, for him it was a revelation (he doesn't have a philosophical mind or anything), he said, "Could it be that I am unknowingly following Sri Aurobindo's yoga?"

So he writes to me narrating everything and asking me that question.

How this uneducated man read the book and it was like a revelation!... He says he'd like to come here for a few weeks – in fact he is coming, he has already bought his ticket. It will be interesting.

*Yes, surely.*

This man... I don't know, I think he is now oldish; he worked in the subway, things like that, but his parents were from the land, they were farmers.

He narrates several of his experiences, strange ones. They don't at all look like those of the usual healers, they seem to be... He seems to have something.

He noticed his hands had a healing effect on himself, by laying on his hands.... According to his letter, that power seems to run in the family, because a niece of his, I think, used to cure animals by laying on her hands.

But what I found interesting is that here is an uneducated man – he had no formal education-who read your book and felt "the Thing."

*Oh, but those are much more receptive than the others!*

Oh, yes.

*(silence)*

*You know that I sent my "Sannyasin" to Paris, and the publisher of the "Gold-Washer" didn't want it. He found it was "speculations," "abstractions."<sup>133</sup>*

Oh!... Is this gentleman of yours an idiot?

*Then F here has read my book (I don't know why I was impelled to give it to her, because I didn't intend to), and she has been very touched, it seems. She has a friend in France and wants to ask her*

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<sup>132</sup>Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.

<sup>133</sup>"All that is the most vital and important for you will appear to be abstractions and speculations." A friend of Satprem's in the same publishing house gave him this explanation: "Were you writing about Vietnam, the Black problem, LSD, the Third World or Marcuse, we would a priori be interested, even if we disagreed with you. But capital letters frighten us. Social peace is a topic; Peace isn't."

to present it to another publisher.<sup>134</sup>

(Mother nods her head)

*What do you think of this ‘Sannyasin’?*

I think it’s all right.

I think your book is very fine.

*Do you?*

Yes.

*Well, I’m glad to hear that!*

Of course, your book is very fine! But it’s a book of tomorrow, not a book of yesterday. And this gentleman of yours is probably a man of yesterday.

But I am hopeful.

(silence)

I mean, someone who reads this book and doesn’t feel anything has to be inwardly completely obtuse – it’s the mind going round in circles.

*But the very strange thing is that for those people... all that we find abstract and false, they find concrete and true!*

Yes.

*It’s very strange.*

Yes, that’s true.

*It’s exactly the other way round!*

Yes, exactly, they live in complete Falsehood.

But listen, yesterday, I saw a dozen young men and women who came, I think, from America (they were from various countries), and they’d asked to see me. I said, I am not keen to see them.” But they had asked, and L. was moved to pity and brought them to me. Mon petit, if you knew how HOLLOW they were!... Hollow, nothing but words. And what questions they asked me!... “What is responsibility?...” One of the girls asked me, “What’s the Divine?”

(They’re all ultramodern people, you know, much too intelligent to believe in any godhead! They’re far above that.) She asked me with a derisive little air, “What’s the Divine?” So I looked at her (*Mother looks hugely amused*), and told her, “The Divine is the perfection you have to realize.”

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<sup>134</sup>Gallimard, who will not reply.

I had some real fun!... There was nothing more to be said. (*Mother laughs*)

*Yes, there's nothing more to be said!*<sup>135</sup>

(*silence*)

In some fifty years, your book will be very famous. But it's ahead of the times. But there may be some people with flair – it's a question of flair: they may not understand anything, but they feel.<sup>136</sup>

(*long silence*)

I have wondered if we couldn't have in Auroville a publishing house, because Auroville is an international township, and so we could have an INTERNATIONAL publishing house. There would be books in every language. That would be interesting.

Auroville is beginning to be fairly well known in America. There's a lady (I told you about that) who is planning to come in a boat for 1972 – she is very interested in Auroville, she has gatherings and is in touch with the government. It seems to be moving fairly well there. So we could have a publishing house in several languages.

*What we should also have is cinema – it has such a tremendous power.*

Ah!

*We should have a studio.*

You know, F told me she saw this book as a film.

*Yes, it could well be.*

That would be interesting.

*Because with cinema, you reach millions of people. And you have everything: you have light, music, colors, faces... everything!*

But it could be done.

*Only it means huge funds.*

Yes.

*But I would enjoy a lot working on a film.... I find it's such a complete means of expression: pictures, music, everything is there.*

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<sup>135</sup>Among the questions, there was also this one: "What should be the goal of our life?" Mother's answer: "Materially speaking, to be shrewd. Spiritually speaking, to be sincere." (!)

<sup>136</sup>Four years later, at the end of 1973, when Mother left her body, the French publisher Robert Laffont will take this book for publication.

Do you know Paolo?... He makes films. Why wouldn't you do that together?... He is coming back.

*I feel there's an extraordinary means of work there.*

Yes.

*A book reaches but in a still limited way, whereas a film means millions of people reached all at once. So to make a beautiful, a TRUE film...*

Ah, but this book would make a very good film! You could see that when Paolo comes back, he is used to it. It could start with Italy, it doesn't matter, then it would go to France, and then... It can go everywhere. Yes, here's an idea!

*The power of a beautiful picture!... It sinks in so easily, you can convert so many people – at least open them, open the doors.*

Yes, yes.

*(long silence)*

And what about... what's this thing called?... I can't recall the name: you know, cinema at home?...

*Television.*

Television.... But it would be better as a film than on television.

*Yes, television is very limited. And its public is generally rather vulgar. It reaches a lot of people too, but it's limited.*

I am mentioning it because Y's idea is to have television in Auroville (they're working on it). A receiving center, and a transmitting station, so as not to depend on others: a television station in Auroville itself.

*But television is quite suited to scientific, technical broadcasts, documentaries, information – on that level, it's very useful.*

Yes, but not for literature.

*Not for the beauty of pictures.*

I don't know, I have never seen it.

*It's a very small screen, like this.*

I used to like cinema a lot. I always thought it could be used to good purpose.

*Oh, yes, it's an extraordinary means.*

(silence)

But you could turn your book into a film?

*Yes. It requires some work, but it can be done.*

My idea is through Paolo, but naturally you should... Paolo could give you technical advice, but you should be the one who does it.

*Yes, certainly, it can be done.*

I have a feeling that if I speak to him about it, he would do it with pleasure. The movement in Italy is doing very well.

*They're far more receptive in Italy.*

Ah, it's because they've had painful experiences, mon petit. They know what it means to be oppressed.

*Also they don't have that intellectual arrogance – that's French.*

(long silence)

Someone has just written from America (I think it's America), they're preparing what they think will be a "revolutionary" film: it's about Hitler, the war, and children!... But it's so old! They don't know how awfully old it is!

This book would have to be made into a film: in Italian if it's for Italy, in French and in English, and then (*smiling*) we would see... you understand, we would have to make three different films out Of it!

*Yes, that would be very amusing!*

Just to see...

Well, it would be interesting. In America, in France and in Italy Comparing the three would be very interesting!

As for me, I have SEEN scenes from your book, I have seen them – I always see scenes. Even now, I see scenes... Is it in this book that you write about someone who dreams he has died?

*Yes.*

I see that. Also the end: I see the end. I see several images. So I would be very interested to know which one would take those images – those images are somewhere in a subtle world.

We'll see to that.

Even if it takes a few years, two or three years, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

But you'll have a sequel, won't you?

(Satprem opens his hands)



There has to be a sequel.

*Send it to me!*

Yes.

*(long silence)*

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother returns to the previous conversation about materializations, and Satprem's note in which he asked, "But Savitri goes into death in search of Satyavan... so Mother is going to bring back Sri Aurobindo?")*

I've received your note.... But you know that Sri Aurobindo said he wanted to come back on the earth only in a superhuman body... a supramental body.<sup>137</sup>

*(silence)*

A host of problems have instantly arisen.... You see, there's a considerable difference between human life and animal life, and there will be a considerable difference between superhuman life and human life (supramental life and human life). But then, IN WHAT SENSE?... Take wholly... practical things: Will they have houses? How will they live?...

We can conceive that food will no longer be needed, that there will be another method of sustenance, but...

*No need of houses!*

*(Mother does not hear and goes on)*

Individual life or collective life? A constructed house, or a... spontaneous house?

*They don't need houses, they draw back within!*

You think they can make themselves invisible?

*Yes, they can draw back within.*

Ah, that's what came to me, but I don't...

*They draw back, and then project themselves, like this [gesture of contraction and expansion].*

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<sup>137</sup>For a long time Mother at times confused "superhuman" with "supramental," but she clearly means the latter and not the former.

*(Mother approves and “looks”)*

That’s what came to me. *(Laughing)* It was even... it didn’t come as thought at all, it came as FACT – A Sri Aurobindo who becomes visible, whom you can hear... and then *(Mother laughs)*, who disappears! That’s wonderful, mon petit! It would be wonderful.

*(Mother smiles  
and keeps looking)*

A number of things would have the power to be visible or invisible: to appear just when there’s a reason for them to, and to disappear when they no longer need to be there.... It opens up magnificent horizons!

*Yes, but it’s already like that in the subtle physical.*

Yes-yes, but...

*Basically, it’s the screen between life and what people call “death” that must... disappear. Because when I say that those beings “draw back within,” well, to us they become “dead,” you understand? To human beings, it means they’re dead. So in fact, there would have to be a passage.*

No, no! Because there remains a body you destroy or bury.

*Yes, but with this supramental being, in fact no “body” remains: he interiorizes (meaning that to humans he becomes “dead”), or exteriorizes, meaning that to human beings he becomes alive, going from one state to the other at will.*

But that’s my whole experience, that it’s not true, there isn’t “life and death.”

*Well, yes, precisely! There’s no such thing. But there’s still a veil or a screen between the two states.*

But it’s NOW still like that – we can foresee a time when the screen is gone.

*Yes! So then, when it’s gone, Sri Aurobindo will be able to go from one state to the other.*

Oh, that, he would constantly be there, he would constantly appear.

*How to pull down the screen?*

Ah!...

*How to go from one to the other?*

*(long silence)*

We’ll see that. It opens up... a whole field of experience.

*(Mother remains “looking” for a long time,*

*then suddenly looks very amused)*

I've just had a vision... of what a life will be like in which beings of the supramental will mingle with physical life... It will be... You know, for three quarters of humanity, it will be a terrible panic! Someone appears all of a sudden (*Mother laughs*), and just when you want to say something to him, ploff! nobody there!

You can picture that.... The brigand about to do his mischief, someone appears... and just when he wants to defend himself, poff! (*Mother laughs*) nobody there.

A tre-men-dous means of action!

So basically, later on when this life is established, it's only the untransformable residue that will... really be death. And that will go on decreasing.

*(silence)*

We'll SEE! (*Mother laughs*)

I have a feeling that doors have opened.

*(Mother gazes at the future)*



# August

**August 2, 1969**

*I've received a line from P.L. He is arriving on the 8th. He just writes this: "The distress of these last few weeks is slowly turning into strength and calm.... I confess that I suffered a good deal from my failure regarding the Vatican, but after what you conveyed to me from Mother, everything is growing clearer..." Yes, I had told him that it wasn't at all a question of outer triumph or failure, that the simple fact of his PRESENCE there acted as a kind of "relay" enabling the Light to enter there – the very fact of his being there. That's what I had told him.*

As for me, I'll add something. You understand, they made an attempt to unify all of Christendom, and the Pope went to Geneva to unite with the Protestants – which wouldn't have been so good. That's not the thing needed, because it would have strengthened Christianity – division takes away some of its power. It's the unification of ALL religions that's needed, not the unification of Christianity – they haven't reached that point. So after looking a good deal, I saw it was, on the contrary, a divine grace that it didn't work out.

If you have the opportunity, you can tell him that.

I don't know if he himself is still Christian....

All that gives strength to Christianity isn't good. Christianity hoped to dominate the earth, and it's this division that prevented its domination. In other words, I don't think uniting with the Protestants would help the general work of unification. And for the time being, they can't in the least conceive of anything else than putting all Christians together.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

I am reading *Savitri*, the second Book, I think, the transformation of the King, his experience.<sup>138</sup> I had read it very long ago, I didn't remember at all, not at all; these days I have been reading it again... and it's like a detailed description of the experience my body is now having! Ex-traor-di-nar-y. When I read it again, I was flabbergasted.

It's absolutely as if my body were trying to copy that! And I didn't remember at all, not in the least.... which would mean that Sri Aurobindo had SEEN the thing – did he see it, or did he experience it? I don't know... And that's what he regards as the supramentalization of the physical being. Do you remember that in *Savitri*?

*I'll read it again.*

\* \* \*

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<sup>138</sup>Book Two, Canto XIV, "The World-Soul."

*Towards the end:*

Have you seen that healer's letter?

*Yes, and I was struck by one thing: the impression of a natural absence of ego in this man.*

It looks like that, indeed.

*At no point did I feel an "I" in that.*

Yes, that's right, it's very interesting. We must have him come.

*He said he would come towards September, but that his means are limited and the duration of his stay will depend on financial conditions here.*

But here, he won't be asked to give any money, that's all. He won't have to pay. If he agreed to show us what he can do, it would be the other way round (*laughing*), HE would be giving to us!

*But when you see – him, you'll understand the kind of force he is in relation with.*

Yes. Oh, but I already understand. It's very interesting.

But I'd like to have the physical contact so as to see.



**August 6, 1969**

*(After studying various matters of printing, Mother abruptly asks:)*

I'd like to ask you a material detail: have you enough cheese for one week?!

*Yes, yes, Mother.*

Are you sure?... Because cheese is good for you. If you want more, there's nothing easier...

*(Mother peers at Satprem's face)*

Ah, it's yes! (*To Sujata*) Go and ask for a box.

*You think of everything!*

You know, I don't "think," but things come like this (*gesture as if on a screen*). All of a sudden I see, so it must be true, it's not my imagination.

*Yet it's not in my consciousness!*

Ah, mon petit, I see much more than what you're aware of! (*Mother laughs*) It's in your subconscious.  
Have you some news of P.L.?

*No, he is supposed to arrive any day now.*

(*Sujata comes back with the box*) Here! Eat it, cheese is good for you.

*If one could be more conscious...*

Yes!

*But I don't know how to do it!*

(*Mother laughs*)... Last night, I spent the whole night with Sri Aurobindo somewhere, I don't know where, but there were lots of people. The two of us were alone, but we saw a multitude of people pass by. But the peculiar thing is that when I wake up, it doesn't go away! And when I lie down again, it's there, just where I had left it: it goes on. There's no longer a... You know, in dreams, you have a dream, and then (*gesture of breaking off to another level*), the consciousness you're in suddenly changes, and it's over, you have to make an effort to recapture your dream or the state – but this doesn't budge! It doesn't budge, it's there like this (*Mother slips the fingers of one hand between those of the other*), all the time: it goes on, whether I concern myself with it or not.

It's rather new.

I no longer feel I am dreaming, you understand: it's an activity I grow conscious of.

But Sri Aurobindo was... it's odd, he looked as if younger. He was happy, and very amused, passing all kinds of remarks – remarks full of humor, you know! – about things and people. I noticed he was... as if brighter, I don't know how to put it.

Last night it was very particular. I no longer have the impression of dreaming, no longer at all. It no longer has anything to do with a dream: it's an activity that goes on and on. If I remain very tranquil, like that, it goes on.

*(long silence)*

In the end, it's all a question of consciousness.

The body is growing INTENSELY conscious of what responds to the true Influence, and what's still the residue of habit and the universal, terrestrial development (general, terrestrial), very conscious. Sometimes, it's... almost painful, you know, that old way of being.

And at certain times, the vision is almost veiled, as though I were seeing through a veil; at other times it's ABSOLUTELY precise. I can't believe it depends on the eyes.

With some people, when they come I see them absolutely precise; with others, I hardly see, hardly perceive where their eyes are, or their mouth.... It must depend on something else.

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation  
lasting till the time when Satprem  
normally leaves)*

What did you feel just now?

...

Nothing special?

*I always feel the Power, there, present.*

It was that world I was telling you about... as if it wanted to ENTER into this world (and there is indeed a great power in it), and, I don't know how to explain... as if it wanted to force its way into this world. And it came... (you know, it comes without the least personal will, I am like this [*still, silent gesture*]), it comes and IMPOSES itself, it settles with such power. And the relationship with things and people and the consciousness works differently It came very strongly, and you were IN it: you weren't outside, you were in it. So I was hoping you had felt something.

*It's always the Power that I feel.*

It's like that, yes.

*But instead of a transformation as we imagine it, won't it be a sort of invasion by this subtle world, which will pierce the veil, the barrier, and will enter, will manifest in the physical world?*

It may well be.... It may well be!

*Because a few days ago, I read again a text of Sri Aurobindo with quite a different understanding....*

Ah, what text?

*It was a very "Ordinary" text (I've brought it with me), in "The Riddle of this World."*

Ah!

*And at the end, he says this, which he said many times but which I understand differently: "His [mental man 's] full liberation and enlightenment will come when he crosses the line into the light of a new superconscient existence...." And then he says:*

*"But in itself this would change nothing in the creation here, the evasion of a liberated soul from the world makes to that world no difference. But this crossing of the line if turned not only to an ascending but to a descending purpose would mean the transformation of the line from what it now is, a lid, a barrier, into a passage for the higher powers of consciousness of the Being now above it...."*

Ooh!... It seems to be that.

*Yes! I understood it differently, but one may understand that... this subtle world will break the screen, or the barrier, and will be able to manifest physically!*

Yes, that's what seems to want to happen.... Because just now, it was so imperative.

*(silence)*

The only thing is to know whether the phenomenon will be perceptible only to certain consciousnesses, or perceptible to all?... Just now, for example, I... it wasn't just felt: it's a sort of vision, a sort of... as if the atmosphere had changed; and I asked you precisely because I wanted to know whether I alone had noticed it, or if you were...

*But I only feel the Power, always.*

It's curious, it's as if... the nature of images were changing, I don't know how to explain.

*(silence)*

*And at the end, he says that if this line, this barrier could be turned into a passage for the higher powers, "... It would mean a new creation on earth, a bringing in of the ultimate powers which would reverse the conditions here."*<sup>139</sup>

Yes, it's obviously that. It's obviously that.

*But until now, all that was understood as vague phenomena of consciousness up above, but if it's a manifestation of the...*

Ah, no, its HERE.

*Yes.*

But that's it: it's something that PRESSES to be manifested. I told you, at night I felt that. And then you wake up and its THERE, it hasn't budged; you don't MOVE from one world into the other: the two consciousnesses are together (*Mother slips the fingers of her right hand between those of her left hand*). The ordinary consciousness seems artificial, and it's "dominating" – but it's NOT truer, it's less true. Last night, it was very, very clear.

It makes for wonderful nights, mon petit! You don't sleep, yet you are much more rested than if you slept.

But the ordinary consciousness is becoming a bit cumbersome, a bit painful, physically so.

Oh, it's interesting, I think we've caught the tail of something!

*Yes, yes, it feels like that!*

We'll see! (*Mother laughs*)



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<sup>139</sup>“The Riddle of this World” (July 1933) in *Letters on Yoga*, 22.31.



**August 9, 1969**

UNESCO want to publish a brochure on “tolerance,” and they wrote to K. to ask him for a message from me. So I wrote something (*Mother laughs*), here it is:

“Tolerance is only the first step towards wisdom.  
The need to tolerate indicates the presence of preferences.  
He whose consciousness is one with the Supreme Consciousness meets all things with a perfect equanimity”

They puff themselves up like that, they still think themselves highly superior because they have “tolerance” – and tolerance is looking down on things with contempt.

*(silence)*

Have I seen you since that experience?... I spent one night (but I forget which), it was strange.... I was with Sri Aurobindo, but a Sri Aurobindo... (how can I put it?) quite joyful, full of liveliness, and slightly more material than what I usually see, as though... not material, but (I don't know how to explain) more precise, and we spent hours working together, seeing things, seeing people, doing things, and so on. But then, the strange part, the peculiar part was that it didn't depend on my body being asleep: it didn't sleep, it was simply quiet; and in the middle of it I had to get up, but when I did, that consciousness and activity didn't cease. It was the ordinary consciousness (that is, the perception of ordinary things, of the room and all that) which was somewhat less precise. It was as if topsy-turvy, you understand. And it remained for a long time, even in the morning, until I was obliged to see people and do things.

It was very particular, it's the first time it has happened like that. Which means that this slightly inner consciousness was more concrete than the ordinary consciousness.

The funny thing is that this ordinary consciousness, these ordinary things, it's not that they fade away and are effaced: they become... like paper! (*Mother laughs*) Paper, or bark, or... something dry-dry and thin and devoid of true reality, simply like a thin appearance. The sensation is like this (*Mother makes the gesture of feeling something*), like paper or bark.

It's the first time it has happened.

And a quite joyful Sri Aurobindo.... It's strange... as if he were very happy at the way things are going.

*(Mother remains silent  
for a long time)*

Did I tell you that in Italy a veterinarian has found a cure for cancer?... This man has discovered that goats, the goat species (male and female), never have cancer! They even went as far as trying to make them have cancer, and they didn't succeed. Conclusion: in their makeup, there's something opposed to cancer; they've discovered that something in the stomach (I forget the details), and he made a serum. As he is a veterinarian, he doesn't have the right to give it, but he has doctor friends, and those doctors (a dozen or so) have tried it out – extraordinary cure, without fail. But with a difference: the female goat cures certain cases, while the male cures other cases; it's not the same with the male or the female,

they cure different types of cancer (I understand nothing about it). Anyway, he lives somewhere in Italy, I don't know where, and I had him asked if he would like to come here – he has accepted. And he's going to come: there's a whole group of young Italians who want to come at the end of the year for Sri Aurobindo's yoga, and he'll probably come with them, or else he will come with Paolo if Paolo doesn't mind paying for his travel. My intention is to put him in touch with Dr. S., to let them study that together, and if it works well, I'll ask him to stay on. Because you know that S. now has a sort of dispensary in Auromodèle [in Auroville] (there's even a young French medical student who has come and stays there too, he is very happy). So we could open a "cancer clinic," that would be very interesting! Because with S.'s presence here, there's no difficulty – in Auroville he can do what he likes. That would be wonderful!

He is coming before the end of the year. And the other man, the healer, is coming in September... The other, we'll see if he wants to cure some people here, that would be good.

It would straight away give an interesting direction.... "Auroville, the city of healing"! That would be good!

*Nature will have to invent other means to get rid of the human surplus!*

Oh, there's no lack of means....

*It's frightful!*

There would be one way, to make human beings sterile. That would be the best way. And it seems they have already found something; if a woman takes it regularly, she doesn't have a child – a pill.

*Yes, but people don't want it.*

More and more want it.... Oh, there's still that old sentimental attachment. No, as long as death is there, the sense of the necessity of reproduction is there; it's the presence of death that makes things like that, like a need. But if death were no longer there...

I don't know about other countries, but here, any deliberate abortion was a crime, that is, punishable under the law – they're now getting rid of that. There are too many people.

*When you just look at Pondicherry, it's frightful.*

Oh, when they are five, six... up to twelve, mon petit! There are families with twelve children. So it's really too rapid a multiplication.

*(long silence)*

This Consciousness which has been at work since January insists a lot on the need to become conscious and do things at will: one should be born at will, die at will, fall ill at will – will must be the dominant principle. It insists on that a lot.

I think that would change a lot of things.

*(silence)*

Just fancy a recollection has come to me... from the beginning of the century. I don't know why, and it won't go away. So, as it won't go away, I'll recount it to you-there may be some reason, I have no idea.

Four of us went on a trek from... I forgot from which place on the banks of the Rhone, to go to Geneva, crossing the mountains on foot, the four of us – two men, two women.<sup>140</sup> We walked on, and when we reached some place at lunch time and were hungry, we ate there; when we reached some place at nightfall, we slept there, and then we went on – it was real adventure. We didn't even know the route, we had some kinds of maps. Well then, once, far from any town or any village, on a mountain road, we arrived at lunch time at a sort of inn – something that looked like an inn, which stood by itself, miles from anywhere. We entered. An old man and an old woman were there... They had a most peculiar look. They were very brisk, very alert – they had a peculiar look. We asked if we could eat there. They said yes. They looked at us, eyed us closely, then let us into a big room, with a table in one corner and chairs around it and also big benches – I don't know what that room was used for. And they had us eat there. They asked us if we wanted – they had a good little white wine – if we wanted some of it. The other three said yes; as for me, I had already stopped drinking alcohol. They said yes, and they drank the wine (it was a light wine), they washed down their food with it. But I didn't touch it. At the end of the meal they said, "Oh, how sleepy we are! We'd like to rest, we'll take a nap."

So they lay down on the benches and slept. Now, I had a pair of shoes that didn't fit me and were hurting one of my big toes: it had caused an inflammation, it was painful, and I wanted to bathe my foot so as to disinfect it. I didn't feel sleepy in the least. I sat down – there was a basin and some water – and bathed my foot.... Half an hour later, the room's entrance door slowly opened, and the old couple came in (*furtive gesture*).... I was sitting rather low, so I was hidden by the tables and they didn't see me. They came in on tiptoe, looked this way and that, and were about to come up to the benches on which the others were lying, when... suddenly they saw me – ah! (*Mother gives a start of surprise*) They stopped. Then I raised my head, looked at them, and said, "You wanted...?"

"Oh," they were very wily, they said, "Oh, we just came to see if you needed anything." And they went out.

I AT ONCE knew they had come to steal – they had put some drug in the wine and had come to steal, thinking I too was sleeping.... But the picture that has come back was so vivid, as if they held butchers' knives in their hands!...

Why has it come? That's what I can't understand.

Things come when I have something to do about them.... This story is almost... it must have been in 1910 or '12 at the most, that is, more than fifty years ago. Those people were old, they are long dead – so why has it come? What is there in it for me to learn? I don't know... And it has remained LIVING, you know, like a living thing. What was it trying to teach?... Naturally, the presence of the Grace, always – that goes without saying, I don't need to be shown, I know it!

They were far away from anywhere, there was nothing for miles and miles around....

It was exactly a film scene, and all set to be filmed.

It happened in Savoy, on the French side, in the mountains.

(long silence)

Strange...

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<sup>140</sup>Hohlenberg, the Danish painter who did a portrait of Sri Aurobindo, seems to have been among them. Mother already alluded to this trek in a Playground talk of May 5, 1951.



**August 16, 1969**

*(Mother had advised Satprem to go for a walk on Auroville's beach so as to get some rest, but as it happened, someone absolutely insisted on accompanying him.)*

Nothing interesting... How are you? You went for a walk with F?

*Yes, the other day we went for a stroll on the beach.*

Yes. Were you absorbed or something?

*Why?*

I don't know, she told me she felt you weren't there. So I wondered if...

*Yes, it's true, I wasn't there. I felt somewhat like... sweeping everything away.*

*(Mother remains silent)*

*Is it a mistake?*

No, not at all! Not at all, she was only afraid that... She asked me, "Is Satprem in good health?..." I think you are!

*Yes!*

No, that's not how she took it, she was afraid you might be unwell.

*No, I mean, is it a mistake to sweep away everything, to make a blank, or what?*

Oh, no!... Oh, no....

*I have often wondered if I was wrong in my way of going about it: spontaneously, it's to sweep away everything, make a complete blank, then to turn towards something above, and be absolutely silent and still.*

Yes, that's the BEST of all methods, there's none better than that. That's what I do all the time.

And if one didn't do that...! From every side it comes like that (*gesture of waves of onslaught*). Now they want to force me into politics... and it's an unspeakable mud pit! I've never seen it as I now do, because now I SEE: I see people, things, reactions, what goes on.... It's so disgusting!... Sri Aurobindo

had always told me, “We must keep out of politics,” and I kept out of it.

From every side they’re asking me for blessings... and I give blessings to everyone!<sup>141</sup> (*Mother laughs*) But I warn them, I tell them, blessings TO DO THE WORK. Each of them is asking for himself to be victorious, but “that” doesn’t budge. All that I’ve done (because I have been dragged into it) is to ask for what happens to be the best for the country’s future – it has already had enough difficulties! I mean, there were two centuries of servitude under the British: that has left them completely rotten. So it’s enough. They would need to pull through. Oh... unimaginable, it’s unimaginable. The chief of the police here says, “I can’t intervene anymore, because now I’ll be told that ‘democratic rights’ allow you to do anything.... If people enter your house” (he says this personally), “if rebellious servants enter your house and I intervene, I’ll be reprimanded, I’ll be told, ‘You have interfered in their democratic rights.’”<sup>142</sup> – They have a democratic right to invade a house! That’s what they’ve turned ideas into!... Which means we’re in complete madness.

It was C. who was told that, and C. replied, “All right, but if you no longer have a right to protect people, they have the right to defend themselves; as long as you have the power and the right to protect them, they don’t have the right to defend themselves, but if you no longer have the right to protect people, they have the right to defend themselves.” Then (*laughing*) the police chief said, “In that case it would be better if it’s not the Ashram boys who defend, because... And he said, “All right, all right, I’ll see to it”! (*Mother laughs*)

In complete insanity!

*In Delhi too, it’s complete insanity.*

Oh!... Oh... they’re voting just now, and from every side everyone has asked me for help.... They’re now voting... and what candidates!

One candidate is a respectable man, a fine man,<sup>143</sup> but he has been put there just to cut into the others’ power!... Openly. There’s no intention to nominate him at all.

No, it’s unbelievable... unbelievably rotten.

*But what’s really at stake isn’t the presidency, it’s a contest to know whether Indira will be overthrown or not.*

Yes, that’s right.

*And they’re powerful, those who want to overthrow her.*

Between the two candidates, it’s the better one who has taken the stand of wanting to overthrow Indira.<sup>144</sup> He’s a man of integrity and goodwill, but he doesn’t understand, he doesn’t know – they don’t understand, they don’t know, none of them! But I had him told that I was behind Indira (because he

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141Mother is referring to the candidates in the ongoing presidential elections. The strange and amusing part is that Mother gave her blessings to two candidates: V.V. Giri and Sanjiva Reddy; by some quirk of communications, Sanjiva Reddy was to receive them only... eight years later on 13 July 1977, the very day on which he was elected president, after V. V. Giri’s successor. (See *The Hindu* of July 14, 1977.)

142Because since the 1965 attack on the Ashram, the Ashram boys have a reputation for being “solid.”

143C. D. Deshmukh, who will withdraw.

asked me for my help), that I was behind Indira, and he should beware – behind Indira AND WHAT SHE IS DOING. Because what she's doing, she does after asking me if she should do it, and I said yes.

It's this whole business with banks<sup>145</sup> and the swindlers who're there.

I don't know...

I think democracy... Already at the age of ten, I found democracy to be idiotic (there, in France), but anyway... It's idiotic there, in France (but that doesn't matter), but at any rate I don't think democracy is AT ALL, at all an organization in accord with India's spirit – not in the least. And the proof is that it's not at all the collectivity of people that controls things, it's a few scoundrels who push themselves forward, saying, "I represent this, I represent that..."<sup>146</sup>

(silence)

Unfortunately, the new invader would be China, and that... that would be frightful.

(silence)

Anyway...

*But you know that in "The Ideal of Human Unity," Sri Aurobindo says in black and white that the next battlefield would be India?*

Yes, yes.

*That the conflict would take place in Asia, with India as the first battlefield.*<sup>147</sup>

Yes, I know very well, we spoke about it together before he wrote it. I know very well.

(long silence)

There's a Chinese in Shantiniketan (I forget his name<sup>148</sup>) who once came to see Sri Aurobindo; I know him, he spoke to me. He is a philosopher. He had properties in China (he lives in India) and gave everything to the Communists, saying, "I give it to you so you don't have to take it"!... He told me personally (I was downstairs, long ago, Sri Aurobindo was there<sup>149</sup>), he said to me, "China is a very intelligent country; they would be able to understand Sri Aurobindo's writings, and I see NOTHING

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144Sanjiva Reddy, who will be elected president in 1977.

145The nationalization of the banks decreed by Indira has caused the Congress to split into two opposing camps (the "old Congress" and the "new Congress"), each one fielding its own presidential candidate.

146In an undated note, Mother once wrote, "Democracy was necessary and useful a hundred years ago, but now we must go beyond it if we want to take a step forward towards a new creation."

147"It would be fairly safe to predict the next great human collision with Asia as either its first field or its origin.... The possibility of a stupendous world-conflict would arise dwarfing anything previously experienced." (15.367 & 567)

148Tan Yun-shan.

ELSE that could save the world from confusion....” Only, naturally, it would have to be in Chinese – that’s what S.H.<sup>150</sup> did, he put it into Chinese, but now it’s not even printed and can’t enter China.

*And they’re cutting off the heads of all the intellectuals there<sup>151</sup> they’re demolishing a whole generation – stupefying a whole generation.*

Yes.

*(Mother goes into a long concentration)*

In the end, I am absolutely convinced that confusion is to teach us to live from day to day, that is to say, without being preoccupied with what may happen or what will happen, just concerning ourselves from day to day with what we have to do. All thinking and foreseeing and devising and all that furthers disorder a lot.

To live almost from minute to minute, to be like this (*gesture turned upward*), attentive only to the “thing” one has to do every moment – and to let the All-Consciousness decide... We never know things, even with the most general vision; we never know things except VERY partially – very partially. So our attention is drawn to this, drawn to that, but such and such other thing exists, too. And to give a lot of importance to dangerous or harmful things is to give them strength.

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

When one is assailed by the vision of this disorder and this confusion, there is only one thing to do, it’s to go into the consciousness in which one knows that there is only ONE Being, ONE Consciousness, ONE Power – there is only ONE Oneness-and all those things take place within this Oneness. And that all our petty vision, our petty knowledge, our petty judgments, our petty... all of it is nothing, it’s microscopic in comparison with the Consciousness that rules over the Whole. And then, if one has in the least the sense of why separate individualities exist, maybe it’s only to enable aspiration – the existence of aspiration, of this movement, this movement of self-giving and surrender, of trust and FAITH. The faith that there lies the raison d’être of the makeup of individuals, and the aspiration to become THAT in all one’s intensity and all one’s sincerity... That’s the only thing needed.

That’s the only thing needed, the ONLY thing; the only thing that subsists. All the rest... phantasmagoria.

It’s the only thing effective in every case: when you want to do something, when you cannot do something, when you act, when the body can no longer act... In EACH and EVERY case, that alone – that alone: make conscious contact with the Supreme Consciousness, unite with it, and... wait. There.

Then one receives the exact indication of what one has to do every minute – to do or not to do, to act or to remain still. That’s all. Even to be or not to be. And it’s the only solution. More and more, more and more this certitude is there: it’s the ONLY solution. All the rest is childishness.

And all activities, all possibilities can be naturally made use of it does away with the arbitrariness of

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149He came for the darshan of November 24, 1939.

150A Chinese disciple, a painter.

151The “cultural revolution.”

personal choice, that's all. All possibilities are there, all, but all things are there, all perceptions are there, all knowledge is there-only, personal arbitrariness is done away with. And this personal arbitrariness seems so childish! So childish... foolishness – foolishness, ignorant stupidity.

I feel, I feel that agitation, like this (*Mother feels the air*), phew! It whirls about in the atmosphere!  
Poor humanity.

(long silence)

There you are.

Here (*Mother gives roses*).

All that to teach the world to go back towards the Lord, into his Consciousness... Why? Is that why there has been a creation?...

(silence)

*But I have a practical problem: every time I make this blank, to tune in above as a matter of fact, towards... that something, I feel I never get a precise response: there's a MASS of Power, solid, and that's all.*

Oh, you never get a response?

*It's always the same thing: that Power there, impassive.*

Well, well!

*Yesterday, for instance, during the meditation,<sup>152</sup> it was the same thing – it's always the same thing: this massive Thing there, mighty, but which won't say anything.*

But don't you have the sense of... I don't know how to explain because it's neither well-being nor... I don't know how to explain. It's something that... there are no words to express it, but it leaves you absolutely contented.

*You feel at ease.*

Ah!

*Yes, you feel at ease, that's for sure.*

Ah, then it's all right, it's all right. All, all the rest is useless.

*Yes, but you understand, how to have the true, correct impulse?*

But that's BELOW this state.

*Below?*

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<sup>152</sup>Of August 15, on Sri Aurobindo's birthday.



It's below.

This state... From experience I know it's the state in which ONE CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. One becomes a sort of instrument (which is even unaware of being an instrument, you understand), which is used for... (*gesture showing the flow of forces through the instrument*) projecting forces (*gesture in every direction from the central instrument*). You know, the brain is far, far too small-even when it's very large, it's too small to understand; that's why there is this blank in the mind. And the "thing" takes place.

So then, you realize that for the purposes of the very small life you represent, it takes place automatically, and it simply makes you do every minute what you have to do, without... without calculation, without speculation, without decision, without anything, like this (*same gesture of flowing through the instrument*).

I've had the experience, but then a personal one, that if something in the body is upset (a pain or an unease, or something not working as it should), when you've gone through that state, the pain goes – it goes, it vanishes. Sharp pains, you know: completely vanished, you don't even know how! "Ah, it's gone," like that.

And in the contact with people and the contact with the things of life, the simplicity of a child. That is, you do things without... above all, without speculation.

With those workers, for instance... You know that the workers (not the workers, the servants) sent me a threatening letter three days ago (have you heard about that?); a threatening letter (in English) telling me I had to receive them and discuss with them their working conditions, or else they would wreak havoc on August 15, yesterday The letter was read out to me. I was like this (*gesture turned upward*), and there simply came... (ah, I forgot: they also wrote that if I didn't reply, they would conclude the letter hadn't been given to me, that I hadn't seen it, and they would start their agitation). So it came like that-no thought, you understand, completely *blank*, like that – it came, I took a piece of paper, and I wrote (in English), I have received your letter and read it..." and then, "*If you have the slightest fear of God, keep quiet.*" The letter was sent – they didn't do anything, not a move.

It's like that, you see, I always try to be in the state you describe, like that, WHATEVER HAPPENS, and always – always, without exception – if something needs to be done, I am made to do it.

I can't say anything else, that's how it is.

And I've noticed that at different moments, with different people, I am made to act very differently, and the experience is itself very different – again, all of it like this (*same gesture turned upward, immobile*).

Only, one must have reached a state in which, naturally, there are no more preferences or desires or disgusts or attractions or anything – all that is gone.

And above all, above all, no fear – above anything else. Of all things that's the most needed.

I generally don't talk about it because... because I think it's given to everyone only when he is ready.

It has to be spontaneous, natural.

Voilà, mon petit.



**August 20, 1969**

*(The Vatican disciple has arrived in Pondicherry)*

*I saw PL.... There are two things, first a personal one, then a more general one. He said the last time he saw you, after leaving you he went to the Samadhi, and there he suddenly had an extremely sharp pain in the lower abdomen. But he said it was very strange because it didn't feel like an ordinary pain: it didn't stop him from walking about, but it remained centered there – a sharp pain.*

As for me, I am afraid those people there may have cast a spell on him.

*You think it's that?... I don't know; when he said that, I felt it was one of the lower "centers" that was touched by the Light.*

*(Mother shakes her head)* And did that pain stay long?

*I don't know, for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes.*

And then gone.

*It was after seeing you, while he was at the Samadhi.*

I think those people are quite capable. of casting a spell.

*Yes, but you being here, it shouldn't have the power to touch him.*

Ah, no, it's not like that! It's done consciously against... not against him, but against what lie receives here. So it changes his personal sensation (they're very skilled at those things); to his personal sensation, the sense of Ananda, of... (it's not quite a "joy," it's really the Ananda of the presence of the Force) is turned into pain. That they know how to do. For the very sensation.

*Because it's well known that in a general way, when the Light touches the lower centers, sometimes it provokes this violent sensation.*

Yes... But it didn't hurt him; I mean he felt in pain, but it didn't hurt him.

*It didn't, it had no physical effect.*

Yes, that's right.

You see, if there were nothing in his mental or vital or physical makeup to respond to those people's force, he wouldn't have felt any pain – but there's necessarily something. And that's what made him feel it as a pain, whereas it's not a true pain.

Certainly there is still something in him that can get afraid (that I saw), and its enough. It acts as a link.

Is he going back, or staying some more time?

*He is staying for a few weeks.*

Then I'll see him once more, because I'd like to try and do something.

*The day before that incident, I had a vision (I don't know if there's any connection). He was with me, we were walking together on a mountain road; I was holding his hand. Then, after some time, he felt tired; he said to me, "Oh, I am tired." But I was holding his hand, and I told him, "Come." We walked on in that mountain, then once again he said, "You are going too fast for me, I can't follow you." Again I told him, "Come," and pulled him along. Then we reached the top of that mountain, it was all in light, and there was a sort of precipice. And it seems I hurled him into the precipice – without any violence, any movement of passion: I simply flung him into the precipice. And he went down – he told me, "It wasn't a fall, it was rather a descent; I wasn't at all going to crash down at the bottom: I was just going down." And he saw my eyes at the top. He felt no passion, no violence, nothing of that sort in me, but simply, quietly, I hurled him into the void.*

It means his mind is affected.

*Affected?*

Yes, by them.

*(long silence)*

I'll see him one more time.

*Shall I go on?*

Yes, yes.

*He told me he felt he was going to be excluded from the Vatican this year.*

Oh!

*He's had that sensation. He said, "They will do it as they usually do; they generally give you a promotion somewhere: they might, for instance, nominate me bishop of [such and such a country]." Then he would be driven out of the Vatican. But when something of that kind happens, you are put "under the Holy Office," which means you cannot talk to anyone and are obliged to answer with yes or no. "If this situation comes," asks PL., "what shall I do? Should I fight it out to assert my place at the Vatican, because they must give me the reasons for my exclusion" (he can openly challenge their intentions), "or should I accept, get caught tip in the meshes of a post such as that of bishop [of such and such a country], with, at the same time, a rather widespread sphere of action – should I accept that? Or what should I do in that case?" His sensation is that he is going to be excluded from the Vatican this year.*

Officially, is it the Pope who does it, or the cardinals?

*It's always on the cardinals' suggestion. It's not the Pope who does it, it's merely put to his*

*signature.*

No, but I mean...

*No, no! I don't think the Pope has anything against P.L., but there's a small clique around him which manipulates things and imprisons him.*

Yes, that's it, he is imprisoned.

*Yes, PL. told me, "He is imprisoned.*

What's his post at the Vatican?

*He is on the tribunal that rules on all divorce cases and so on. It's called the "Rota," and it's the highest ecclesiastical tribunal.*

And what is he there?

*I think there are six judges, and he is one of them.*

It's better he doesn't stay there.

*It's better?... Should he accept a "Promotion" elsewhere?*

Yes. It doesn't matter. Are those people paid?

*Yes. They're playing all kinds of nasty tricks on him, by paying him less, in fact; they play all kinds of dirty tricks to try and drive him away.*

It's better he goes.

*Should he go on his own authority, or wait for the time to come?*

No, let him wait.

*(silence)*

That's the first lesson one must learn in order to do the true work: not to have any self-regard. Things must roll off you without affecting you. That's VERY IMPORTANT.

*(silence)*

Are bishops free to do what they like? I mean, can they travel?

*Yes, yes.*

They can?

*Yes, they have great independence. Of course, they must refer all religious decisions, but*

*otherwise they are very free.*

In their private lives.

*Yes.*

If they do that, it will be good.

He just has to stay still.

Is there something else?

*Yes, he has had a vision of a much more general order. All of a sudden he had the sensation that the Pope was dead. It was the same atmosphere as at the time of Pius XII's death and John XXIII's death: "The Pope is dead." Then all the cardinals met in a conclave closeted to elect a new Pope as usual. And they couldn't manage to elect a new Pope; time was passing, but they couldn't manage to elect a new Pope-the Pope was dead, but they couldn't elect one. Then, suddenly, on the Vatican fell a bomb – all the cardinals were crushed, the whole Vatican was crushed by that bomb. And all at once, he saw that bomb turn into a sort of golden sun, or golden ball, and out of all the Vatican's museums (which had been crushed – those places where there were Michelangelos and all those treasures), there came an army of rats!*

*(Mother laughs)*

*...Rats and "malformed" beasts, he told me. Out of all those treasures of the Vatican, there only came rats all over the place.... And at the same time, there was the sensation of those few hundred millions of faithful who were there, wondering, "What are we to do? What are we going to do?..."*

It's interesting.

*(silence)*

Are the Popes always elected from among the cardinals?

*Always, yes, from among the College of Cardinals.<sup>153</sup>*

*(long silence)*

There have already been two more Popes than what had been predicted.

*Really?*

The last two: this one and the preceding one. We'll see.

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<sup>153</sup>There were exceptions, as we shall see later (on 13 September).



**August 23, 1969**

Yesterday I saw Y. She told me what she wanted to do: her new method of education.... It was rather amusing!... It seems there is in a box the miniature reproduction of as many things of the earth as can be represented: humans, animals, objects, houses, and so on. All that is mixed together in a big box, on a sort of table, and the big and small children are put there, all of them together, and given a fixed time (I think): they have to make something out of the objects on the table – absolutely free, they do what they like. And it seems that according to what they do, the way they use the objects and assemble them, you can tell their character... As an illustration, she told me they put someone there (she didn't tell me who), apparently a sage, a sage who knows about the existence of yoga, and the result of his work was this: a Red Indian taking aim to shoot another, the second Red Indian taking aim to shoot another, and the third Red Indian taking aim to shoot another – four like that, in a row. Then the last Red Indian, the fourth, taking aim to kill a lion, and the lion rushing at a deer to kill it.... There's his tableau! And he told them that was an image of life....

According to that, they are sure of knowing his character! (*Mother laughs mockingly*) I found it prodigiously amusing!

The sage must have played a good joke on them (!), he must have pulled their leg and they didn't realize it, they took it seriously... They seem to have asked him what it was, and he said, "This is life...." We see it this way, but it's the other way round: it really begins with the lion running after the deer, then the Red Indian coming to stop the lion and shooting at it, then... I found it very amusing!

She is convinced that it's the way to discover someone's character.

*But all that seems to me very superficial.*

Absolutely!

Absolutely. But naturally, all they do is superficial. They don't even know the existence of a depth. Or if they are told about it, they deny it.

*No, but those who organize that and are supposed to know the existence of a depth, do they believe that through such a game they can reach a depth?*

I don't think they believe so. I think they consider they have reached the height of mental development.

It's for the education of children, taken very small. They are left free in a place, they do what they like-absolutely free, with all they need at their disposal. So those who spend their time fighting are said to have a fighting character! (*Mother laughs*) Some remain all alone, others come together – from all that their characters are determined. So she wants to do that in Auroville. I told her, "How are they prevented from injuring themselves or having serious accidents?" She said they should be put in a place where they can fall without hurting themselves – I found it a bit flimsy! But anyway, there's the idea. She wants to have that garden by the sea. I asked her (*laughing*), "How will you prevent them from getting drowned?!" She replied, "Oh, we'll put a barrier in the sea to stop them from going too far." (She's already chosen the spot, near F's hut, they even want to appropriate one of the places F has

bought: they'll put the children there.) I said, "There are sharks in the sea." So they're counting on their barrier to stop the sharks – it will have to be strong!... These people seem to me to be living in their imagination.

And they're so convinced that they know that you have nothing to tell them. Now and then I tell a joke just to see – oh, brrr!...

*What strikes me in it all is that I find it very old.*

*(Mother laughs)*

*There's no lever of the future in there.*

No, nothing. Nothing.

And to crown it all, who's going to live there and watch over the children but A. – A.!! A. is the one who has learned in Switzerland this new method to describe people's characters, it's he who brought it back, and it interests him... furiously I just said to Y., "I hope there won't be any accidents." Then she told me, "Oh, later, when we have enough money, we'll make a garden in Auromodèle, and then we'll do it with all the necessary precautions." I thought they should rather wait.... But to get money, they have to do something (that's how it is: you must start doing something, and afterwards you're given the money to do it).... Me, of course, I don't say anything (*Mother crosses her fingers on her lips*). I've named her "responsible for the direction of education in Auroville" (*Mother laughs heartily*). She told me, by the way, that she wants to have a bank account in the name of "Auroeducation" – do you know why? Because those young Americans who came here on a visit (did you hear about them?), a dozen or so... I saw them all: quite ordinary people. They asked me, "What's responsibility?!"... Things of that sort.

*Yes, you told me about them.*

Well, those young people all went to see Y, and she showed them what she wanted to do – Y. says they were so ENTHUSIASTIC and said, "At last we've found what we were looking for!" Then one of them (they're twenty – or twenty-two-year-old girls) told her, "Give me the number of your bank account so I can send you my contribution." Y had never dared to hope for such a thing, she told me, "Imagine, they're going to send me money!..." "Oh, very good," I said.

They all seem to me like children.

*Yes.*

Anyway, we'll see!

I don't want to intervene, I want to see. Now and then, I send a collective note, like that.... But I don't intervene.

*Yes, what I look on with curiosity is YOUR way of acting with Auroville.*

MY way?

*Or of not acting, I don't know!*

Does it surprise you?

*No, no, but I try to understand!*

Aaah! You don't understand?...

*Maybe you want to lead them to the end of their foolishness... or maybe their foolishness is at the necessary present level?!*

But mon petit, their foolishness is the height of intelligence in the world!... Don't you know what the world is like, have you forgotten?!

*Now and then, I see.*

*(Mother laughs)* From time to time I have news through Z, he tells me the outer conditions – frightful!... Take UNESCO – UNESCO is a *leading association*, you know, and they haven't gone beyond “tolerance”!

Have you forgotten how things are?

*Not quite!*

*(Mother laughs)* Not quite...

*Now and then I do see some reactions. I realize people don't understand.... Several times I tried to say certain things as I feel or see them, and I saw I had caused a dreadful scandal....*

*(Mother laughs heartily)*

*As if it were an attack on their life!*

Yes, oh!... And you know, if you ask Y (it's truthful people who told me), if you ask her, she says, “The Bulletin belongs to the past,” “Sri Aurobindo's teaching belongs to the past.” While they're in advance. And they're so convinced of it!... She's chosen M. as the god of her new creation, so you understand...

*(silence)*

What I do now is to... *(Mother crosses her fingers on her lips)*... because this Force, this Consciousness is there *(gesture of pressure)*, and it's working, I see it work, and it uses all that wonderfully, so as to... put people *(gesture against the nose)* in front of themselves. There's a place (“Promesse” and “Auro-orchard,” all that area which is concerned with agriculture), with French people, Swiss people, Italians (even Indians!), and they're all busy quarreling... all the time. From every side they complain to me, asking for my support. So it's prodigiously instructive. As for me, I stay like this *(Mother crosses her fingers on her lips)*, and now and then I let a drop fall. The Xs, for instance, would regularly, once or twice a week, send me a complaint against the people living there (now some, now others, all of them in succession). The first time, I didn't say anything, but after a while *(laughing)*, I simply said (I don't remember the exact words, only the meaning) that the true consciousness needed to live in Auroville is to look at one's own faults first, before complaining about others' faults, and to mend one's ways



before demanding others should mend theirs (I put it in a more... literary manner). And I sent it. Since then, silence, complete silence: I no longer exist – I don't go and give support to all their little quarrels, so I no longer exist.

But that's a way of kneading the dough.... They will have either to change or to go – without telling them anything, without having to tell them anything, with the pressure of the Consciousness alone. Either they will have to change, or they will be compelled to go.

It's not a method particular to this person (*Mother points to herself*): it's the method of this Consciousness.

I very clearly see the way in which it works: it puts a pressure for all that resists in someone's nature to come to the surface and manifest, and so the ridiculous or wrong side of the thing becomes conspicuous, and it has either to go or to... I've noticed that. It's its way of working.

But in fact, with this pressure, you realize that people are always ten times more stupid than you thought – they themselves know nothing about it (but that's the habit: one is generally very unconscious of one's own stupidity), but even when you thought you were conscious of what they're like, you weren't even remotely aware of what they're like!

*(silence)*

I didn't say anything to Y, except one thing: "I hope no children will get drowned." That's all. Nothing else. Then what a face she made.... I think the thought had never occurred to her, she'd never thought of that possibility!

*(long silence)*

You know that the [presidential] elections have taken place, and that there were three candidates. Among the three, one<sup>154</sup> had seemed to me the most apt to give India her true place among the nations of the earth – I was immediately told that it was phantasmagoric and quite impossible. I didn't insist. They told me, "Here are the three candidates" (I told you last time), so I had only one solution, only one way, that was to concentrate – concentrate with an aspiration – and ask for the best to happen for the country. That's the message I sent to Delhi; I said to them, "I have received the assurance that what would happen would be the best for the country" (in the present conditions).

Thus there was one man of worth – and no chance; another man, very old,<sup>155</sup> and a third man,<sup>156</sup> upright and capable, with some qualities, but a little behind the times, that is to say, clinging to the past, and quite appalled by the decisions Indira had made.<sup>157</sup> So officially, he was against her way of governing.... That man sent me his photos, asking for my blessings; I wrote, "Blessings" on one of the photos,<sup>158</sup> gave it to L. and told him (you know that he left for Delhi), "While you are there, if you see the possibility, meet that man and give him the photo, saying, 'Here, Mother sends you her blessings, but she warns you that she stands behind Indira's way of acting....'" "I don't know what happened, but

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154C. D. Deshmukh.

155V. V. Giri.

156Sanjiva Reddy.

157The nationalization of banks.

on the day of the election I was like that, with No active thought, simply, “The best for the country, the best for the country” – and it’s the old one who made it!...<sup>159</sup> Not only did he make it, he also sent me a telegram to thank me! So you understand, it precisely shows where things stand. That’s how it is....

Actively, outwardly, I would never have been able to say, “Choose this man.” I only said, “The best for the country.” I don’t know why or how, because... because, *mon petit*, our human consciousness is SO SMALL! Even when we identify with the general Consciousness, we feel so small, so microscopic in comparison with the true, all-containing Consciousness. We can’t contain all! Even, even when we identify with this Consciousness, we become like this (*gesture showing emptiness at the forehead level*), absolutely silent and still, with only a luminous Vibration, IMMENSE, you know, infinite, and an infinite power, too, but... (*same gesture to the forehead*) no translation of any sort, nothing like a thought. So then, if we want to intervene between That and circumstances, we are OBLIGED to make mistakes, we can’t do otherwise! So the only way is to stay like this (*still gesture, turned upward*). That’s why I am like this, silent. You told me, I don’t understand your way of acting in Auroville...”: it’s nothing but that. It’s because our thought limits, opposes – even, even the vastest consciousness, you understand, is only a TERRESTRIAL consciousness, a terrestrial consciousness, and... it’s very small. Very small.

And very small especially from the point of view of consequences, of the sequence of circumstances (*Mother draws a curve*), of how this will bring about that – we don’t see. So one must be like this (*gesture turned upward*), and simply let this Consciousness act.... And there was the result: it is the third man who made it. I found it quite amusing. Quite amusing. I thought, “There you are!”

In my vision (I can’t swear it’s supramental, but at any rate it was much above a mental vision), I chose one man [Deshmukh], and everyone giggled, telling me it was an impossibility – it was the one thing that could make India immediately great. Immediately it gave India a place in the world, which was her true place. Everyone found it profoundly ridiculous. So then, I was asked to choose from among three candidates, and the most obviously incapable of the three was chosen as... as the man who would help the most in India’s development and blossoming. There.

After that, you only have to keep quiet.

You know, this telegram... (*Mother looks for it and hands it to Satprem*).

*“Deep gratitude for blessing. I am always at thy service.”*

V. V. Giri

He was elected, and this telegram was sent immediately: the time coincides.... Don’t you find it interesting?

*Yes, very.*

*(silence)*

It’s after noting a considerable number of such facts that I began being like this: simply bringing,

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<sup>158</sup>That is the photo which Sanjiva Reddy will only receive eight years later, precisely when he was elected president in later elections.

<sup>159</sup>V.V. Giri, aged 75.

almost by force (*Mother brings down her two arms with force*), the Supreme Consciousness in contact with the earth. That's all.

(silence)

F. told me there was a piece of land by the sea where you'd like to have a hut?

*Oh, you know, it's just a manner of speaking!*

Never mind! As soon as she told me, I answered her, "Well, we'll find a way." We'll try to get the land. Luckily it's not too near their future kindergarten!

*There's a small bit of dune or hillock there, which is very lovely.*

Ah!

*So we happened to sit there, and I said, "Oh, it would be nice to have a hut here..."*

But it's not yet ours.

*But Mother, I have no idea or even desire...*

Yes, oh, I know very well, it's simply as you say: one feels a current passing by and says, "Oh, it would be nice..." – Why not! (*Mother laughs*) We constantly have- to do something – as long as we are here, we have to do something – so better do the things that put you in contact with the most harmonious current!

But I must say that from the standpoint of action (not even merely material action, because I have almost no material action left, so to say), but of invisible action, with this Consciousness I have learned a LOT, quite a lot. It has... our means are very childish, and, you know, it has such a wonderful sense of humor, a way of making people face their stupidity, which is really... really charming. And I see it constantly, all the time, for very small things, for big things, for a country's politics or the organization of a house – all the same thing. And with a delightful irony – and so benevolent: no sense of reprobation, no... The idea of evil and sin and all that – prrrt! all gone.

It's only the pressure of the Consciousness on the inconscient and then, in people, the measure of the resistance or of the receptivity. it's like that. In some people (and not always the apparently bad ones), there's such resistance!... It's like... like iron. While others...

It's going much faster. Things are moving fast just now.

We'll see, we're going to see!... (*Mother laughs*)



**August 27, 1969**

They've found a paper I wrote soon after Sri Aurobindo's departure.

I already told you part of it, but this is the full paper. It's dated...

*(Mother hands the paper  
to Satprem)*

*January 26, 1951.*

But it's very private.

*(Satprem reads out the text)*

*(This note is about a person physically close to Sri Aurobindo, who tried to destroy Mother and separate her from Sri Aurobindo. In fact, it is clear and understandable that the darkest shadow is right under the light, and that he or she who comes to do the divine work must take on himself or herself the whole burden of the Opposer. Thus is it near Sri Aurobindo and Mother that the greatest adversaries will be found. That also explains Mother's departure and the ensuing murky situation in Auroville and in the Ashram. For obvious reasons we will not publish Mother's note or the long conversation that followed in its integrality, but only a few brief extracts, insofar as they illustrate the problem," or perhaps the mystery, of Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's departures, for they have one and the same reason.)*

Naturally, this mustn't be published, but it's to be kept.

*But what role did she play?*

She went as far as to tell him that I was betraying his work – everything and anything conceivable.

*But didn't Sri Aurobindo try to intervene?*

Never.

*That's surprising.... It's surprising, this nonintervention of Sri Aurobindo's.*

Never – never.

He had this conviction so strongly, "It's the Supreme Lord who does everything." So... it must be like that.

*But in my small consciousness, I find it astounding that such a ridiculous, insignificant being as this piddling woman could have had such power!*

But there was a great Asura behind her!<sup>160</sup> There were the adverse forces behind. The woman herself was nothing, but she was very receptive to those forces.

*And he didn't want to break her?*

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<sup>160</sup>See *Agenda I*, 26 March 1959.

Oh, he didn't want to. He was all compassion, goodness, patience....

Twice I saw him get angry with her – twice. But he instantly got a grip on himself.

*(silence)*

A sad story, but anyway... Afterwards, I saw, I understood. Now I know. From the point of view of the work, it was... it was what had to happen.

I never said anything, Sri Aurobindo never said anything – all that I wrote is this (*Mother points to her note*), I never said anything.

*(silence)*

The small human individualities act as instruments, that's nothing.

*But by yielding (because in a way he yielded), did he win a greater victory over that Asura?*

Oh, yes, infinitely greater.

*That's what eludes me.*

Infinitely greater. And he didn't leave the work, you understand; he has never left me, never left the work. The amount of supramental force he had accumulated in his body he passed on to me – and I received it. The rest went into the subtle physical, where he has done the whole work. And he said, "I will take on a body again only when it is a supramental body."

*(silence)*

It was... monstrous, you understand.... I didn't say anything, I never said anything.... Yes, once, she was so awful that I made her leave Sri Aurobindo's room, and she was so dreadful that I gave her a slap. And when I came back, Sri Aurobindo told me, "*You ought not to have done it...*"

It was... It is the highest, the most – the most sublime way, one might almost say, of exhausting the hostile force.

*(long silence)*

Ah, here...

*(Mother takes a note near her)*

There's a druid (*laughing*), a still-existing druid, from Brittany, who has written a letter to F. saying he had heard about Auroville from friends of hers and wants to come. He says, "I am poor, I am not bringing anything" (he is married, he and his wife intend to come together). He writes that he will bring a book; a book by one of his friends, who has had "the economic and financial vision" of the world. He will bring it – he says it's a revelation – for it to be used in Auroville. So in my answer, I intend to tell him, "Here is the basis on which Auroville is established..."

*(Mother hands her note)*

"Money is not meant to make money..."

I wrote this in English very long ago, and sent it to America: it caused a revolution! Most people were indignant that one might think such a thing!

“...Money is meant to prepare the earth for the new creation.”

So we'll see the druid!... That makes the fourth person: we have a healer of cancer coming; we have a healer pure and simple coming; we have... (*Mother tries to remember*) ah, yes, a Persian inventor who has made “extraordinary inventions” for education (he sent a paper), especially for children's education; he is coming in September....

*All that will be very amusing!*

Yes, at least we'll have variety!

But the druid said he is penniless, so we'll send him to R. [Auroville's architect], who might be able to arrange something....

He has studied all religions, and... (*laughing*) stopped at druidism.

He is Breton.

*Yes, I guessed so!*

He regards that book by his friend as a very precious gift (I don't know whether it's published or not), as a revolution. So I prefer to send him this note in advance, because, I don't know what's in that book, but if it's a similar idea, I want him to know that we had it before!

*(long silence)*

This (*Mother points to the magnetic tape*) must be destroyed.

*Yes. It's a problem which... which I don't clearly see, this problem of nonintervention. To what extent should one intervene, and when can one intervene? Or must one always let things alone?*

One has the right not to intervene only when one is constantly – constantly and intimately – united with the Supreme: when one is the REPRESENTATIVE of the Force, of the supreme Consciousness. That's all. Otherwise, one must intervene. And he had that sense to the utmost, you understand, it was with him that I learned not to intervene.

Otherwise, it's the play of forces, and it's NECESSARY to intervene. But there, if one is like this (*still gesture, turned upward*), then it's the Supreme Power that comes. Then...

*It's a frightful ordeal.*

Yes... yes – to see if we were capable of doing the work!

*(silence)*

It was the most powerful means of purification that can be imagined.... That I know.... To such a point that even physically, the least, the slightest possibility of reaction was over.

I told you, the only thing I once did, and I found it a disgusting weakness, was to slap her.  
So there.

*(Mother gives Satprem and Sujata  
flowers of "Sri Aurobindo's compassion")*



**August 30, 1969**

Things are beginning to come for Auroville (*Mother points to several written notes*); there are many, many others, but there is above all the internal financial question: I would like there to be no money within Auroville (we would have to work out something), I would like money to be retained only for relations with outside. But that I haven't written; I wrote something else (*Mother gives a first note*). This I have told you several times:

“Auroville wants to be  
the cradle of the superman.

Then, this one:

“Auroville,  
the free international township.  
No army, no police....

*Bravo!*

“...They are replaced  
by a battalion of guards,  
consisting of  
athletes and gymnasts.”

*Oh, all this is splendid!*

It's for now. It's to be done now.

*Yes, no army, no police. Oh, yes!*

And then (*Mother points to a third note*), this is for entry, because there's a port in Auroville, so naturally entry is free, but conditional: we have no borders, no walls, we're overflowing in India, so I can't impose my law to the whole of India (!), but it will be replaced by a control at the port: we'll let in only what can be consumed within Auroville – so as not to be used as a clandestine entry for a deluge of free goods.

(*Satprem reads*)

“No customs, but permission to import granted only for goods meant to be consumed in the town.”

That' all.

*Yes, to avoid smuggling with the rest of India.*

Yes. If people were honest, it would be fine, but they aren't!

No police and no army.

*Yes, that's fine!*

So it gives physical education a deep *raison d'être*: people capable of stopping fires, saving drowning people and so on. There needn't be many: if there were five hundred of them, it would be enough for the entire town, in little groups going about like that.

Dr. S. also has some ideas to replace jails (because we don't have jails, and we can't dump all the dishonest people into the rest of India! That wouldn't be nice). Prisons and old people's homes would have to be replaced with something.... It's being studied, something has been found. It's going to be interesting!

And one last thing: a place where all the children could be kept when their parents don't want to look after them, or don't look after them properly. And all of it with no possibility of accident or flight – but no prison or hospital, none of that sort of thing.

It's being worked out.

(*silence*)

North of Pondicherry, there are places by the sea where nothing could ever be done (they're constantly flooded), but there's a way to make use of them, so I am trying to get the government's permission to occupy it all. If we can get all of it, then we can have a free port, a free airport, an airfield (but more inland), also cultivation based on the new methods of irrigation with sea water, and naturally the transformation of sea water – but they've found something to transform sea water into drinkable water (*Mother takes a brochure by her side*). It's French, I think, and an economical method; it's very interesting. It's under way, and if we wait for a few more years, they'll have perfected it quite well.

(*long silence*)

I spent a good part of the night (almost the whole night till 3 in the morning) with Sri Aurobindo, and he not only showed me and explained to me, but he himself WAS what he was showing me: he was preparing himself for the new creation. And last night he told me, he showed me how this or that thing would be, how the body would be. I remember that when I woke up, he was lying down on a bed, I was



kneeling beside the bed, looking at him, and while he was that new body, he at the same time explained to me how the superman's body would be (the supramental being).<sup>161</sup> And it was so living that even when I woke up, it remained – I can still see it. But the details... (how can I put it?) the memory doesn't have the precision that enables it to explain (I don't know how to put it). I still have the vision... it had a color... it wasn't casting rays of light, not that, but... and not luminescent like an object, but with a special luminosity which had that light... a little like Auroville's flower (but it wasn't like that, it looked perfectly natural). He was showing me his body; he was lying down, and showing me his body, saying, "Here is how it is." The form was almost the same, with some... I still have the memory there (*gesture in the atmosphere*), but I don't know how to explain.... Lately, I had been wondering, "It's odd, we don't at all know how it [the new body] will be." And I was saying to myself, "There's no one to tell me." Because this Consciousness that came, it acts through the consciousness, but not so much through the vision. So then, I had that last night. For a long, long time I was with Sri Aurobindo, a long time, for hours. It has entered the consciousness, it will come out again one day But I kept the memory of the last thing: I saw myself, I was in two places at the same time (and maybe I too wasn't quite as I am, but that didn't interest me: I was looking at him, who was lying down and explaining to me), and it was... it was the same thing as a luminescent body, but it wasn't luminescent, it was... if I am not mistaken, it was the color of this sari (*Mother points to Sujata's sari*), something like that.

*Orange?*

No... It's a pink with a golden glow, you understand. So the two are seen together, like this (*gesture of fusing together*).

*(long silence)*

It's amusing.... I am trying my best to give a direction to the government here, and Indira is very open, but then the mass of the population says, "She has become a Communist!" while the Communists say, "It's a bourgeois government!" It's quite amusing, because it shows the exact attitude of the two parties towards Sri Aurobindo's ideas!

*(silence)*

What are you bringing me?

*I had yesterday a long and interesting conversation with a nineteen-year-old boy who took part in the "May revolution" in Paris;<sup>162</sup> he was one of the students' Communist leaders.... He read that little text I wrote, which I called "The Great Sense," in which I try to say the true sense of things, which is neither in violence nor in nonviolence, but "something else." He is a Communist, but he was very moved, he was deeply touched and called everything into question. So I tried to explain to him what you once told me, that idea of a silent, immobile revolution:<sup>163</sup> hundreds of thousands of students who refuse, who don't move and say, "We've had enough of degrees, enough of the*

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<sup>161</sup>Mother actually said "the overmental being." This confusion will often take place, probably because Mother found this vocabulary quite cumbersome. But this next being clearly has nothing to do with the overmind or the world of the gods.

<sup>162</sup>In May 1968, the student uprising in France.

<sup>163</sup>See *Agenda IX* of 22 May 1968.

*present structure of society, enough of being engineers or doctors or anything – we want something else.*

Did he understand?

*Yes, he understood. It sank in, it was like a sort of revelation.*

Ah!

Was there a lot of violence in France?

*Yes, that revolution, which at the start was really moved by a divine force, was immediately spoilt by violence. So I explained, “If you want the future, well, you have to use the means of the future. And the means of the future isn’t guns, it’s inner means-the inner power. If you want something else, well, call that something else.*

Yes.

*“And it will answer....” It was very amusing, all his structures were blown away... in simplicity.*

That’s right.

*Before the simplicity of the thing.*

Yes, that’s right.

Ah, I had an experience like that (I don’t know if it was this morning or yesterday morning or in the night, but anyway). For some time, I was in a consciousness in which the separate individuality no longer existed, but the principle... (how should I Put it?) the particular principle of each individual persisted in the universal Consciousness. And then, mon petit, everything became so marvelous!... It lasted maybe for an hour, a little more or a little less, I don’t know, but anyway long enough to... (*Mother smiles*), I mean, to lounge in it. There was no more, NO MORE separation, that had disappeared, but a certain... (how to explain?), almost like an outlook; each individual’s outlook (not just the outlook, but at the same time the stand in action – “stand,” that is, the part of the action initiated by that outlook), that persisted. It persisted in the One – no separation. And then, each thing has its own place with the whole marvelously effective. At the same time... I can’t say, words are impotent. At the time of the experience, I remembered a sentence of Sri Aurobindo in which he said that in the end, the Lord is only a child at play (you know it, he put it in a certain way<sup>164</sup>), and I understood WHY he used those words, it was... it was something... which our language obviously can’t formulate, but to LIVE in that, to live that is... you understand, it’s the impression of so, so perfect an omnipotence, so harmonious, and at the same time, yes, so harmonious that it’s all smiling. It’s inexpressible. Inexpressible. I had the experience, then it went away It got mixed up with the daily work.

And I remember... It’s interesting because while I was in that state, I remembered the question you’d asked me about Pavitra, whether the principle of individuality persists; so something in me said to you, “Now you see, it’s like this!” (*Mother laughs*) I remembered your question, I said, “It’s like this, there is NO MORE separation, but... but this marvel of complexity remains – the marvel of a complexity.” And the impression is that everything, but everything that is has its own place, but when it’s in its place, then it’s perfectly harmonious.

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<sup>164</sup>“What is God after all? An eternal child playing an eternal game in an eternal garden.” (*Thoughts and Glimpses*, 16.381)

Oh, it was... it was a real revelation.

I think all those experiences are part of the consciousness of the supermind, the superman (what name will he give himself? We don't know).

It was this morning, after my night with Sri Aurobindo, and it was there (*Mother points to her bathroom*). I was doing something else, but it doesn't matter in the least – the marvelous thing is that those experiences don't demand that all the rest should stand still! They come, you can go on doing something, and at the same time you see yourself doing it, it's quite funny... It was this morning (not long ago). I had a beginning of it yesterday, then the night's experience, and then this morning...

Well, that's worth living.

The impression is, "Yes, this is life! This is something." All the rest is... All the rest, even the body, constantly feels as if it's knocking against obstacles: lack of understanding, unresponsive things. It constantly feels it's knocking about like that, and then, there you are this (*vast, all-encompassing gesture*).

Well, a being who lives constantly in that state... And I saw, I told you, I saw: the body was doing something else, that's no hindrance – no hindrance. You see, I was even able to remember something you had said. All of it together.

Maybe that's how the superman will be?...

(silence)

He will have a power to change life.



# September

## September 3, 1969

For two days, I've had a sort of retrospective vision of the horrors of life... as though seen with the new Consciousness. And the odd thing is that you wonder how it was possible to go through all those horrors....

It began with a sort of thoroughly repellent perception of people's condition from the standpoint of consciousness – of the darkness and of this so narrow sort of egocentric vision. That was the beginning, and then the Consciousness seemed to be telling me, "Oh, but don't worry, it's much better than it was before!" (*Mother laughs*) And it showed me everything like that (*gesture as in a film*), oh!... it was so frightful that I wondered how it could have existed.

The state of mind of the people who burned Joan of Arc, for instance.

Charming...

*(long silence)*

This coming month, it seems there is going to be a real invasion of the Ashram... Some people are coming (the healer, the druid, etc.), then Indira wants to come, then there is the education minister who's gone askew and expressed a sense of horror at the Ashram – she asks him to come!... So we'll have an invasion this month of September.

*(long silence)*

*(Mother laughs)*... Today, in relation to someone, I had quite an amusing experience.... You know, on the earth there were first those huge, hideous beasts (I don't know their names, anyway, real monsters, those that had pachyderm skins). Then I had the vision (as though I were there) of a first bear, but much bigger than a bear (much bigger than today's bears), and with a BEAUTIFUL silky fur (*Mother caresses the fur*). It was sitting – sitting by a lake, in a sort of... almost of contemplation, very peaceful, with the impression of a great strength, but a very peaceful strength, not a combative one. And those great beasts, like...

*Dinosaurs?*

Yes, all those beasts came from every side and looked at that (*Mother stares wide-eyed*), almost with respect and admiration; it was very odd, like something marvelous they had never seen.... You know, it was extraordinary, and so, so vivid, so real! And God knows I didn't think about it – I saw. I looked at that, and the sort of admiration of those beasts for this extraordinary animal.... A silky fur (*Mother feels it*), very silky, a thick fur – a heavy, thick fur, golden brown. And it was a female. She sat like that, peaceful, as if conscious of her superiority!

Very amusing.

And then, I realized that there ALREADY was an atom of consciousness there – a consciousness that was to become the psychic being. That's what made her so peaceful and so... self-assured. And that was to evolve into man's consciousness. That's what was really interesting.

It was much, much bigger than a bear as we know them, but because of that [the peaceful air], all the others were around like that, they came from every side and stared with wide admiring eyes! It was really amusing.

I just saw that this morning in relation to someone for whom this is the first incarnation (!) And all those stories... you know, the theosophical stories, I've always thought they were cock-and-bull stories, but that was... not a thought, nothing at all: the person was here, seated next to me, and she went into a very deep meditation; I looked (she had her head here [*near Mother's knees*]), I looked, and suddenly I lost all contact with the present life, and I found myself there and saw that. And I saw it for a long while, not in a flash: a long while, several minutes. And I saw it moving: it was living, it wasn't a picture – I saw them move, come, arrive from every side of the lake, or crossing the lake!... And it was like a big mass, with a beautiful fur shining in the sunlight – it was as lovely as can be!

And already there was an atom of consciousness.

Interesting.

*Basically, it's the whole mental path which is ghastly and rotten.*

Yes, yes!

Yes, especially this unconscious cruelty, oh!...

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation, then opens her eyes and speaks in English:)*

*The day when you come is the only day when I can sit quietly here – the other days it's a constant, constant, constant...*

*I have nothing to say.*



**September 6, 1969**

I told you that Indira was to come, but the President [Giri] is also coming, on the 14th....

*It's strange, from every side people seem to be as if driven to come here....*

Yes.

\* \* \*

*Later:*

There's a curious thing: most people are afraid of the invisible, to such a point that when someone is dead (someone they loved when he was alive), they don't want to see him after his death!

I've had one more example today It's a woman who was murdered; I immediately took care of her psychic, it went away there. But a part of her vital stayed on, and she stayed on with them [the family]. I thought they would be happy – they were scared!... It's a curious thing. So I said, "Oh, it's very simple (*laughing*), I'll take her with me, like that...." You know, I have a crowd around me – it's not cumbersome in the least.

I don't understand. What is it?... I don't understand, because even when I was small and knew nothing (I didn't even know it really existed), I was never afraid of invisible things.... Why?... Someone without a body is less cumbersome than someone with a body – someone with a body takes up room, needs room; someone who's not alive doesn't take up any room, he may be there without hampering in the least.... So is it only the appearance people love – the body?... Strange.

But I've had hundreds of examples. Someone who, eight days earlier, was friendly with a person; the person dies, and eight days later, when he sees her in his dream, he drives her away brutally!...

It happened several times.

It's strange.

Maybe because they're scared of misleading appearances – things of that sort? But one should be able to feel the difference... (*Mother feels the air*).

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, regarding Satprem's brother, who is beginning to take interest in the yoga.)*

I must have seen your brother lately, because two nights ago, I think, Sri Aurobindo met someone and explained something to him, and in French; the person was surprised, so I said, "Oh, but Sri Aurobindo knows French very well!" He was explaining in French (I saw, we were on a road), and I am pretty certain it was your brother.

But it was really interesting: there was an overall vision of things to be learned, and we were on a beautiful road, quite a smooth road, and Sri Aurobindo said, "No, see, you have to climb that" – it was a steep path going up, a path of black, gluey soil (one wondered if one's foot wasn't going to slip at every step), as difficult as could be, and he said, "See, that's what you have to climb; when you reach the top, you will truly see." I was there, saying to myself (he was speaking to someone, I didn't notice who it was, but now I think it must have been your brother), I said to myself, "It's strange" (because I didn't think Sri Aurobindo felt that way), "It's strange; so then, one should never be afraid of difficulty..." It went on for a long time, but it struck me a lot. I still see him, I remember, I saw Sri Aurobindo next to someone who was taller (your brother is tall, isn't he?), and he spoke to him, explained, then showed him the path; I saw the path: a path of quite a disgusting black soil, going up almost sheer, it was difficult. And he said, "That's it, that is what you must climb, and at the top, you see – at the top, you have the vision."

In the morning, I wondered who was the person Sri Aurobindo spoke to, and now I clearly see it must have been your brother. Sri Aurobindo spoke in French, so your brother said, "Oh, you speak French," and I said, "Oh, but Sri Aurobindo knows French very well!" (*Mother laughs*) It's amusing.



**September 10, 1969**

I have nothing to say.

My body is going through extraordinary experiences, but they can't be told.... It's as if it were shown how, in all sorts of circumstances – innumerable circumstances – how one goes towards death and how one goes towards life: with everything, everything, you understand, every part of the body, every organ, every activity, one after another – impossible to tell. One can't talk about it.

It's interesting.

But this body was built in a curious way, because every time it's in external contact with wickedness, that is, the will to hurt, the will to destroy, the will to cause harm, it doesn't understand, and that gives it... you know, like a kind of child's sorrow: "How can that be?..." And I see that it's used for a certain work, but...

*(silence)*

There is also a whole little teaching of every minute with regard to the different ways of receiving sensations (of the body, of course), like the teaching you are given when you do the yoga: the attitude with regard to all thoughts, reactions, feelings, all those things; you are taught to have the true attitude (all that is the past). Well, the body is given the same teaching in detail: the attitude to be taken with regard to every sensation: every sensation – every event, everything that happens, every contact. It's a painstaking work, in details. And it's accompanied by a general attitude; but the general attitude, the body has taken it, it's a settled thing – it's the *working out*, that is, the painstaking work of every minute.... It's not interesting. It's only the body that finds it interesting; even then, it's not fascinated – it's something painstaking, a painstaking work. The reactions to the attitudes in action – not what people say, not that, only their gestures, their attitudes, all that. How to have constantly the true bodily attitude.

It's a long, painstaking work, without... without anything fascinating.

\* \* \*

*(Then Satprem suggests the publication of the conversation of August 16 in which Mother says that the "Only solution" is to be in a state of inner stillness that does not seek to know or foresee, and to let the Force flow through the instrument; then, automatically, what has to be done is done, what has to be received is received.)*

I don't think, however, that it can be recommended to everyone to be in that state.

*Yes, I do understand. But it can still point to the state one should aspire to.*

Yes, but... It's very good for me because I lead a quiet life, because I don't move, but for someone who

acts?... It's not quite the same thing. Especially about "not foreseeing": in life you do one thing to bring about another, and yet another, and yet another... like that (*gesture of indefinite ensuing*). As for me, I don't move, so that's why I don't need to do that.... I put it in practice constantly, more and more precisely (for instance, with all the government matters), and it's very good because things shouldn't be done with an AIM in view: one must do like this (*Mother brings down her two arms as if to bring down the Force*), and the consequence will come afterwards. But can someone do that if, for example, he is responsible for a group or an administration or...?

What I wouldn't like is... (*silence*) I don't know.

(*long silence*)

It obviously depends entirely on what one receives – everything is possible, I wouldn't like people to think there's only ONE sort of thing to be received. I don't know if what I said makes it clear that one might receive anything.

*Yes, you say above all that one shouldn't have either desires or fears or preferences, and so on.*

That's obvious.

*But of course, you don't say that all kinds of things may come.*

You understand, if the [true] state is perpetual, it's enough, but

Words are impossible.

(*silence*)

Too bad! (*Mother laughs*) We'll give it.



**September 13, 1969**

*RL. has seen something. He thinks what he's seen is me, but in fact it's his own mental projection, I think. Anyway, it expresses clearly enough the problem he is facing.... Basically, the thought that troubles him is to know whether he would do a better work by leaving the Church than by staying within it. That's the problem he has been somewhat mulling over, because, for instance, next month in Rome, all the bishops are meeting in a synod, and on that occasion, a number of priests who are recalcitrant or refractory or rebellious, let us say, want to meet in Rome and hold a sort of anti-synod to publicly prod the Church towards a more revolutionary path. So the thought crossed his mind...*

To join them.... No.



*As for me, I answered him that you'd asked him to be quiet.*

Yes, that brings the level down quite a bit.

*After that, he had a vision, and he imagines it's me he saw, but I don't think so at all.... It was on the seashore, a rather desolate and rocky landscape, and there was a sort of cave, a huge cave opening on the shore. From that huge cave there came out monks: a crowd of dark monks wearing cowls and black robes, who came out of that cave in a desolate and windswept landscape – it was dark, sinister. He saw that and felt like running away. And just when he felt like running away, he saw in the crowd someone who was me, dressed like a priest, the only one in the crowd with a luminous face, and I told him: "You see, one must stay here to bring the light into here." I said to him, "As for me, I would stay on until I became a bishop."*

It can't be you.

*Of course not! But anyway, since I am somehow the "ideal" representation of his quest, he must have projected me into that. And I supposedly told him, "See, one must stay here to cast the light on this religious crowd."*

I don't think the time has come.

I have looked a great deal...

I'd need a practical piece of information, I don't know if you can give it to me.... Either way, there's only one thing (whether he stays in there or comes out of it), either way he can do useful work – not in the same manner, but he can do useful work. As for me, I want him to choose the way in which he is safer – you know, I don't trust those people in the least, I know they're capable of ANYTHING. So either way, they can do as much mischief as they like – perhaps he knows which way he will be safer, by staying on or getting out? I don't know... Staying on may be a protection, it may prevent them from doing certain things; getting out may make him less "detestable" to them, that is to say, they may expel him and leave him alone.

*But he says, "If I am expelled and get out, I lose all power, I can't do anything anymore." And that was precisely the object of his vision: it's by staying there that he can bring-light. That's his problem. "If I get out, I can't do anything anymore." And he told me that all those priests who got out to try and make the Church progress have been expelled by the Church and no longer have any power.*

Naturally they've been expelled by the Church! But the Church isn't the whole world.

My fear is that he may still be very much Christian without knowing it, he may be under the impression that Christianity is the most important thing.

*Yes, but he can't do any more for Christianity, that's the thing.*

Ah, certainly not!

*Yes, but deep down he keeps that desire of doing something for Christianity-of bringing the light in there.*

Then he must stay on! It's obvious: if he still has that idea of "doing something for Christianity," he

must stay on – what will happen will happen!

*But he takes it as a sort of work given to him by you.*

And I answer that either way, I can use him. Either way, I have work for him.

*I'll tell him that. Because it's symbolic: he wanted to flee from that place, and it's when he was going to flee that suddenly he saw my face in that crowd.*

Yes. There's clearly (maybe not yet so very consciously), but there is in him a will to stay on, I think.

*Yes, I feel so too.*

But those priests meeting in Rome, they're going to be excommunicated, no?

*Oh, they're already more or less excommunicated, their churches have been closed....*

Oh!...

*But they're a small minority, made of people who are generally rather intelligent-intelligent people, mostly – and the press and the whole world are there, ready to exploit the affair.*

They take advantage of it.

Yes, I am afraid it may only be an “intelligent” thing. Like what took place at the beginning of Protestantism. An INTELLIGENT thing, you understand: a mentalization of the opposition.

*Yes, I don't think there are any mystics in there – they're basically Neo-Protestants.*

Yes. But I can't say, I don't know them.

*But that's it, in fact.*

But this Pope, he can't last very long if he has a cancer... Me, I know someone who can cure cancer!... It would be fun to cure the Pope! That would put them all in a... oh, you can't imagine how annoyed they would be! (*Laughter*)

This Pope, in good health, would be a very useful help to the work – but they'll never let him be treated and cured. Those people are crooks, all of them.<sup>165</sup>

*(silence)*

But P.L. isn't a clergyman, is he?

*Yes, yes, he is a priest.*

He's a priest.... Oh, I didn't know. But he doesn't wear a robe?

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<sup>165</sup>The same thing could be said of those who are today claiming to be the “proprietors” of Sri Aurobindo, Mother and Auroville. It is an eternal story repeating itself, at Pondicherry or in Rome – but this time, perhaps, the story's ending will be different. [Note of 1981.]

*He must be doing it there.*

Oh, he's a priest....

Those priests wear the same dress everywhere, don't they?

*Now they've modernized all that, so they wear pants and a short neck, Protestant fashion – those are their great “reforms”!*

*(after a long silence)*

Then he must stay on.

*(silence)*

Is it the cardinals who nominate the Pope?

*Yes.*

And from among themselves.

*Yes.*

Is it obligatory?

*Yes, always.<sup>166</sup>*

And P.L.'s friend, the cardinal, which place is he the cardinal of?

*He isn't a cardinal, I don't know what he is, he is called a “monsignor.” But he is a man with a huge fortune, “Crores.” He has a gift for attracting money. So he founded charities or social organizations with all that.*

Oh, he isn't a cardinal.

*No, but he is a friend of the Cardinal of France, I think.*

Is he “forward” or “backward”?

*He's a fine man, but he is old.*

Do the cardinals always live in Rome?

*They live in their own countries. There's one cardinal for each country.*

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<sup>166</sup>This is not always the case, as Satprem learned afterwards. Thus in the thirteenth century, Celestine V was chosen from among mendicant monks, but five months later he abdicated, probably in disgust. He was jailed by his successor (and later canonized!). In fact, although no rule demands that the cardinals should elect the Pope from among themselves, it is always the case in practice.

I thought they were all in Rome!

*No, no, they often come to Rome. At the time of the Pope's death, all the cardinals meet in a conclave, and now and then they have meetings, but they don't live there, except for a few who are part of the Pope's entourage.*

People from the country.

*I think so, generally.*

And the ambitious ones.

*Normally, there's one cardinal for each country.*

Is there a cardinal in China?... *(laughter)*



**September 17, 1969**

I've written something for Auroville....

“The earth needs a place where people can live sheltered from all national rivalries, all social conventions, all contradictory moralities and antagonistic religions. A place where, freed from all those slaveries of the past, human beings will be able to wholly dedicate themselves to the discovery and practice of the Divine Consciousness that wants to manifest.

“Auroville wants to be that place, and offers itself to all those who aspire to live tomorrow's truth.”

Now things are in the habit of coming like this *(Mother brings down her two arms)*, and they keep pestering me until I've written!

Once I write, it's over.

Then the President<sup>167</sup> went there [to Auroville], in the afternoon, at the time of leaving, he said, “*It is a work of God...*” He felt something.

We'll see. Maybe we'll get somewhere – “maybe” surely.

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<sup>167</sup>On the 14<sup>th</sup> morning, India's President Giri met Mother. On that occasion, Mother told him, “*Let us all work for the greatness of India.*”

I saw P.L. before he left, he looked a bit... Did he tell you anything?

*I saw him at length and told him what you said. He looked quite reassured and appeased. I told him you wanted him to stay quiet, not to mix with those refractory and other groups, to stay quiet and not to draw "their" attention. He looked quite reassured.*

He was very concentrated, like someone who feels he is leaving for something important.

But I looked: he has all his hair! Aren't they tonsured anymore?

*I don't know... I think it's falling into disuse.*

He even has lots of hair! (Mother laughs)

*Ah, I misled you. You asked me a question (twice, in fact) whether the Pope had to be elected from among cardinals. But in fact, there is no law saying that the Pope must necessarily be elected from among cardinals.*

Ah!

*He's elected by the cardinals, but not necessarily from among themselves, there's no such law: they may choose an outsider. In fact, in the thirteenth century, a well-known Pope, Celestine V, was elected from among mendicant monks.*

Ooh!...

*And five months after he was nominated, he abdicated – causing a scandal unique in the history of the Church – and his successor had him imprisoned straight away. Later on, by the way, he was canonized.... But in actual fact, since then the cardinals have always elected the Pope from among themselves.*

They're too scared!

*But there's no law. They can even elect a layman, and in that case, rapidly give him priesthood, then nominate him bishop, archbishop, and so on....*

But they aren't free at all.

*Not at all, they're in a prison. The example of Celestine V is quite symbolic. But P.L. told me one thing (which struck him very much, besides): the first act of this Pope, when he was nominated, was to go and bow before the grave of Celestine V, the only Pope who abdicated.*

Well, well!...

I saw a photo of the Pope doing a full *pranam* [prostration] on the Mount of Olives, at a place where Christ stood....

But I told you that I met him twice: once before his nomination and once after. We spoke, and those conversations were really interesting. The second time, before leaving, he asked me, "What will you tell your disciples?" (I told you that.) Which shows he...

I remember, I was struck by my own answer. I told him, "I will say that we were in communion in

our same love for the Supreme.”<sup>168</sup>

Strange... We'll see.

*PL. tells me he is a very anxious man: he spends sleepless nights cudgeling his brains; he is impelled to carry out reforms, then at the last minute he'll go back on his decision. Two or three times he made a decision to take a step forward, and every time he took a step backward. In fact, he is surrounded, imprisoned by very powerful people. He must be in torment, this man.*

We'll see.

\* \* \*

What do you bring?

*There's something that's not at all part of my role here near you, but I think it's urgent and I should tell you about it. It's about G.*

Ah!

*Yes, he is struggling with death. He came to see me and explained everything. For two years he's been fighting against heart attacks. He has never told anyone about it, he has immense trust in the Grace. He told me, "I've had wonderful experiences in which I called Mother, Mother came, and in a moment the danger was repulsed." (That recurred several times.) He told me, for instance, that he read the February Bulletin a hundred times over and found in it an immense help, precisely where you speak of the descending Presence that makes everything disappear as if it were unreal. But anyway, he has reached a point where his body has become very weak. So he's written a letter to you:*

*(extracts from the letter in English)*

*"Since about two years my health is not normal. Not only in abnormal condition but it is so serious that struggle is going between life and death. It began with a little pain in chest and an uneasiness in the heart. After some time it slowly affected the whole body so much that many a time I feel as it will collapse just now. At such moments I only call Mother and Her Grace and as soon as I do it everything becomes all right and quite normal. I never consulted any doctor or tried any treatment. Even I did not let the people around me ever know about it, as I believe, from my childhood, that such attacks should not be brought in words.... Sometimes, things happened very inexplicable, as more than two times I felt some force entering in my body to bring its end at once. But as I was always ready to face it with the call for the Grace every time it was forced to leave me enveloping with Grace. One night (mostly attacks come at night) I saw a woman aged forty or forty-five with dreadful face declaring, 'I am Death and have come to take you. Now you cannot escape.' But I do not know how it happened that I got up and sat in my bed, challenging her with the Call of Mother and Her Grace. On this, the woman laughed making her face at me and to my surprise I heard her laugh with my physical ears and saw her with my physical eyes. But Mother, she disappeared in no time as soon as Grace's*

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<sup>168</sup>See *Agenda V* of December 2, 1964.

*presence was there and I found myself again in full strength, surrounded with Grace and Grace only. In this struggle I also have the experience of my real 'I' in the heart of the Mother with infinite strength. I found Mother's Presence – no, Mother Herself – hours and hours with me (behind or front). Also I saw Mother in Her quite young body, so much different that for a moment I could not recognize Mother but Mother took me in Her Lap with immense Love..."*

*(after a long silence)*

This woman, did he see her with open or closed eyes?

*With wide open eyes.*

Then it's in the subtle physical.

Did she look like someone he knows?

*I don't know.*

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation)*

I'll see.... We'll try.... In a few days, ask him to come and see you to tell you how he feels.



**September 20, 1969**

Have you seen this?

*(Mother holds out a note)*

Auroville is the ideal place  
for those who want to know  
the joy and liberation of not having  
any more personal possession.

It's the last thing that has come. "Personal possession" in the singular: I mean the sense of personal possession.

*(silence)*

Your healer has arrived, I am told.

*Yes, this morning, I think.*

So I asked A. to bring him to you – you're the one he has come to see.

*Me!*

Yes, of course (*laughter*), the author of your book!... No, you can speak with him and see. You'll tell me how he is.... I put him up at "Castellini" because there's a large garden – I hope he'll be comfortable there. But you'll see, you'll try to make him tell a little what he is seeking by coming here.

*What he is seeking.*

That especially. Also, there are people here who don't want doctors or medicines, and I'd like to try – if he intends to do something here.

*In fact, I think he'd rather need to be protected, because as soon as people hear he's a healer, everyone will rush to him.*

Ah, but I haven't told everyone.

*But the word will get about!*

We'll have to protect him there, we mustn't let people, that would be dreadful.

*He should just say that people can come and see him only with Mother's permission.*

Yes, that's right. But it depends on the gentleman, and that's just what I'd like you to see – whether he is a man who needs to be protected... or who needs to be calmed!

*His photo gives an impression of someone very solid, not impassioned.*

Yes.

*But of course, he mustn't be too mentalized either, so... I don't know what he will understand.*

Oh, you know, there in the West, everyone is mentalized.

*But he'll understand better on a subtle level.*

Yes.

*(silence)*

But this thing – healing hands – don't you have it too?... Because A. told me that when he has some pain, he just has to put his hand and concentrate – and it goes away. As for me, I've been doing it for... (I was going to say for centuries!), even when I was small I used to do it. I always found it something quite natural.

*But concentrate in which way? You apply your hand, and then? You call...*



You apply your hand and concentrate on... what you conceive to be a higher force – or a Force of Harmony, or a Force of Order. Like that. You apply your hand, and you feel it flow through, like that, and enter.

I think every human being has it in potentiality. At any rate, I always found it a perfectly natural thing. And when you develop it, it develops as anything else. Of course, when it takes on miraculous proportions, it's different.

But it's very instinctive. I don't know, even when I was quite small, if I had a pain somewhere, or a toothache, I would do it – and when you're very small, you don't have any thought in mind – I would do it just like that (*Mother presses her cheek*), and it would relieve.

*I'll try!*

Yes (*poking fun at Satprem*).

What do you bring?

*I should first give you news of G. I saw him this morning, he told me that since I spoke to him he has been feeling better, much better. Afterwards there haven't been any more attacks in the night.*

Ah!

*And he says that since then, he has been feeling a little above his head as if Sri Aurobindo were "pouring" something into his body, something that enters his body and is very material, he says.*

Yes. That corresponds to something I did. It's good.

Do you see him regularly?

*No, never!... When he wrote that letter, he wondered, "Whom am I going to give it to?" Then, apparently, my image came to him before his eyes. But I never used to see him.*

He did very well, in any case, he made no mistake!

*But he says, "Since I stopped meeting Mother, I have been obliged to make do as best I can within." And he added, "Very often, when I have difficult, material problems to be solved, I concentrate, I call Mother, and suddenly I'll see white hands come, as it were, and they start sorting out everything. So when I see those hands come, I feel sure that everything is going to be sorted out!"*

Oh, that's fine, very fine.

*He feels that material, concrete help. When he has problems and turns to you, it gets sorted out.*

But I don't know why people don't feel this concretely! This New Consciousness is thoroughly concrete, mon petit. Thoroughly concrete.

*It's a lack of vision. One does feel the Force, but one feels it's... spread out, general.*

But it is like that.

*But is it particular too?*

Yes, both. It's particular to the point that it gives precise suggestions for a very small thing. At times it comes and obliges me to say a word, or makes me take an attitude with regard to something – very small things, which, in the consciousness of the being, are quite unimportant. But this Consciousness finds it amusing! It plays with everything like that, all the time.

It's very useful: sometimes, when I forget where I kept a piece of paper, it tells me. It says, "Here." It's really very interesting! And most of the time, it's this Consciousness that makes me write, especially with regard to Auroville.

But I told you (did I see you after I saw the President?), I told you that when the President was here, suddenly this Consciousness started pressing on my head: "Say this." I didn't feel like speaking, so I kept quiet. Then the pressure became so strong that I started perspiring all over! So I made up my mind and spoke. And it was over. It was... Without the Force in it, it's a platitude, but at the time, it had the power of a revelation, you know, when it made me say...

*(Mother tries to remember)*

What did I say?

*"Let us work..."*

Ah, it was in English – that's it (I was trying to remember in French!), "*Let us all work for the greatness of India.*" You understand, it's a platitude – it became a revelation. I notice this: when it makes me say something and I see it later with the ordinary consciousness, I find it such a platitude! Or something perfectly obvious, or which isn't worth saying. But when it descends, it takes such a force! And it HAS a force (*Mother brings down her two fists*). It has told me all kinds of things like that; it told me, "If this person" (Indira, for instance), "if this person had said this" (in her meeting, when she is in difficulty), "everyone would have been won over." And it's such a compact Power that you feel as if you could cut slices out of it, you understand, so material it is! It's a rather deep golden color (rather deep when it comes like that), and then it goes like this (*gesture of pressure on the head*), you feel it might very well crush you (!) And it has an extraordinary action on people.

On that day, it was really remarkable.

Yesterday, I had the visit of the Vice-President<sup>169</sup> – an intellectual. I am told he is a very remarkable lawyer, a man of law, and he's read Sri Aurobindo's books, he regards himself as a disciple of Sri Aurobindo. He came from Delhi with his whole family specially to see me. He came: the Consciousness didn't manifest in the very least – nothing. It was like that (*impassive, outspread gesture*). Like that, still, nothing, absolutely nothing... That's curious. He gave me books to sign (he had just taken or received them, I don't now), a book by Sri Aurobindo, my photo... Anyway, he behaved like a disciple, he had brought his whole family along and the whole family expressed a lot of devotion and so on – nothing. I don't know if it was there, but it didn't manifest: it was like this (*same impassive gesture*). It's curious.

But it feels the way people are, because did I tell you what the President said while leaving?

*Yes, in Auroville: "It is a work of God."*

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169G. S. Pathak.

Yes.

This Consciousness is very interesting! I'll see how it behaves with our healer... With the Persian, the Persian inventor who was here (he's leaving today), it behaved quite well. It wanted me to give him "blessings," it was very active. With other people, nothing – it ignores them. It's quite curious.

*But to correctly perceive what "That" wants, one has to be very pure.*

Yes. And ABOVE ALL without any mental preferences: it's mostly the mind that stands in the way. Material desires, things of that sort, it doesn't care, but mental ideas, rigid conceptions, oh!... It doesn't seem to be touched by that, it's not interested.

*It's very hard to know what comes from the true source and what's an old reaction from our makeup.*

Oh, no, mon petit! Oh, no! It's... it's as if you told me that alcohol is like milk, you understand! (Mother laughs) No.

*For example, I see all kinds of people who come and see me; well, I never know if my reaction is the true one, or if it's simply something coming from some makeup in me.... I try to be as tranquil as possible, and to see what comes....*

Yes, that's it.

*But is what comes really "that," or is it...*

But is the head silent?

*Oh, yes, there are no ideas in my head.*

Ah! Then it's fine.

*But I fear old reactions above all. Ideas, no, there aren't any.*

Then...

*But old reactions.*

*(after a silence)*

When I take your hands like this, here, do you feel something?

*Ah, of course!*

You do?

*There's your Power.*

Well, mon petit, it's like that: you feel That enveloping you.

*Oh, but that I feel constantly – with varying degrees, but I constantly feel the Power. But I never know if it's the True Thing.... I REALLY aspire to do the True Thing, I aspire to...*

As for me, I have trust. I have trust in your reaction.

*(Satprem opens his hands)*

With the Consul's wife, for instance, it was perfect! It was just what was needed.<sup>170</sup>

*I don't know why, sometimes I am impelled to be quite brutal... Why? I haven't the least idea.*

But you can see: if you are impelled to be very brutal but feel no... (what should I say?) no displeasure or repugnance or... of course no anger, and on the contrary, a constant feeling of unchanging goodwill, even, like this (*immutable gesture*), with a will for the best. When it's like that, when within your consciousness there is that thing which is really to work for the Lord alone (to put it as simply as possible), not, "Oh, what an idiot!" or "What a fool! What a wicked thing to say!", nothing of all that, but the same even goodwill, then if one is compelled to say something stem, it's good. It's if there were some vital STIR at the same time that one should beware, but when there's nothing...

*(silence)*

Do we have some work to do?

*There's the Bulletin: the "Questions and Answers."*

Is it worth publishing?

*Oh, yes, certainly! Certainly.*

*(Mother laughs)*

*They're FINE, these Talks.*

Are you taking up the old ones again?

*Yes, of 1953.*

*(Satprem reads out the Talk of August 19 which first deals with the power of stones. Mother comments:)*

Some stones can contain a force of protection. That's remarkable, mon petit! You can accumulate in a stone (amethysts especially) a force of protection, and the protection ACTUALLY protects the person wearing the stone.... That's very interesting, I experienced it. I knew someone whom I'd given such a stone (an amethyst) full of a POWER of protection, and while he wore it – it was wonderful; then he lost it, and almost met with a catastrophe.... Especially amethysts: the power of protection.

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<sup>170</sup>Satprem sent her packing bluntly, telling her, "You are a poor little thing" (!)

*(Then in the same Talk, a child asks Mother the difference between what she calls “the Divine” and what people call “God.” Mother puts off the question until later.)*

Did I reply?

*No, you didn't.*

Oh, good!

*You didn't say the difference. Would you say it now?*

Maybe... though it doesn't like to be formulated in words: it instantly becomes very small.

Not now! *(Mother laughs)*

*(Then Satprem reads out this very beautiful passage:)*

“Human beings have the sense of their limitation, and they are under the impression that in order to grow, to increase, even to live on, they need to take from outside, because they live in the consciousness of their personal limitation. So, for them, what they give leaves a hole which they must fill by receiving something.... Naturally, that is wrong. And in truth, if, instead of being shut up within the narrow limits of their little person, they were able to broaden their consciousness to the point of not only identifying with others within their narrow limits, but also to break out of those limits, to go beyond, spread out everywhere, unite with the one Consciousness and become all things, then, at that point, the narrow limits would vanish – but not before. As long as you have a sense of narrow limits you want to take, because you are afraid to lose. You spend, and you want to get back. That's why, my child! Because if you were spread out in all things, if all the vibrations that come in or go out expressed the need to merge in everything, to broaden, to grow, not remaining in our limits but breaking out of them, eventually identifying with the whole, you would have nothing to lose anymore, because you would have everything. Only, you don't know, so you cannot do it. You try to take, to accumulate and accumulate, but it's impossible, you cannot accumulate: you must identify. And you want to get back the little you have: you give out a good thought, and expect some gratefulness; you give out a little of your affection, and expect to be given some.... Because you do not have the capacity to be the good thought in everything, do not have the capacity to be the affection, the tenderness in everything. You feel like that, all cut off and limited, and you are afraid of losing everything, afraid of losing what you have because you would be diminished. While if you are capable of identifying, you no longer need to draw to yourself. The more you spread out, the more you have. The more you identify, the more you become. And then, instead of taking, you give. And the more you give, the more you grow.”

What year was it?

*1953, Mother... sixteen years ago.*

That was the condition of my mind, it was full of light – it's gone away, but... At the time, it was very

useful!

*But all this isn't just the mind!*

It's an enlightened mind.

*It receives.*

I mean that the Force expressed itself through the mind, while now... You know, Sri Aurobindo had said that the physical mind (that is, the body-mind) was *hopeless* – he had tried. And I am sure that as long as the real mind is there, this body-mind doesn't budge, doesn't progress. But since the mind was driven away, this one has slowly, slowly, slowly started forming and forming... and now, it's beginning to express itself. And it has NONE of the other mind's difficulties; for instance, it doesn't have the sense of its superiority in the least: very modest, just like the body. And always, with the least thing: the need to learn – it knows it knows nothing, needs to learn everything, and it's constantly open, like that. With any new knowledge, it doesn't have... it doesn't "put on airs," you understand.

*(silence)*

While you were reading, it just had one or two GREAT emotions – emotions that make you take a leap forward.

*It's moving, this text, there is much in it...*

*(silence)*

I'd like you to see the healer and tell me about him; then I'll have him come – because I don't speak; after a conversation one can get something out of people, but as I don't speak, it won't do: they stay put, and when people don't speak, most of the time they put on a nice little shell!

That was the interesting thing, I told you: with the President, "that" opened up; with the Vice-President, nothing – because it was an intelligent man.

It's very interesting!

*Yes, I am quite convinced that the greatest fortress is the intellect.*

Yes, yes....

*I am convinced of it.*

Because it gives people confidence, it makes them believe that they know.



September 24, 1969

So did you see this healer?

*Yes, I saw him.*

Tell me.

*I am very much struck, I must say. First of all, to put things physically, the first time I saw him, I remained with him for three and a half hours – he didn't stop talking....*

Oh!

*But the extraordinary thing is that usually, when I am with people, after half an hour I am exhausted – after three and a half hours (I didn't budge, didn't stop looking at him), I was as fresh as a daisy! And so full of energy that I didn't sleep the whole night! And I spent three and a half hours listening to this man.... Yesterday evening (I was tired, I had a rather heavy day), I spent only half an hour chatting with him – I was as fresh as a daisy.*

Oh, but he's first-rate!

*I was quite fresh, as I am not after resting.... But I'd like to mention one thing: I saw him BEFORE he came to Pondicherry. The day he reached Bombay, I had a sort of vision I didn't understand: I saw an enormous white horse, huge, but massive, like an enormous plough horse: not beautiful, but with an awesome massive power. A huge white horse. And when I saw him here, I thought, "But here's my white horse!"*

Yes, surely.

*A plough animal, you know, not beautiful but awesome.*

And what does he say?

*He's come here with a question – not a mental one.... But I should perhaps tell you the stages of his discovery. As you know, he discovered experimentally on himself what was going on. So he sought to understand: he bought books, went to see so-called "healers." The first people who taught him were "Spiritualists." They told him, "Use a pendulum." He used a pendulum to detect diseases, and it worked very well. Then, after a time, he thought, "But this isn't reality." And then his Pendulum stopped working! Afterwards, he went to see someone else, who told him, "But you should do magnetic passes." He was taught how to do it, and it worked very well: with his fingers he could feel the organs that were out of harmony (because, for him, the key word is "Harmony" or "disharmony"). Then, after a while, he said to himself, "But this isn't reality either." And nothing worked anymore.*

Oh, it's very interesting!

*He thought, "But I have nothing left, neither a pendulum nor my hands nor anything...." And all of a sudden he had a revelation: "You have nothing left because you no longer need anything!" Then he began, and he noticed that when his thought met with someone's thought or call, it was*

*done in a split second. For instance, one day a woman sent him a wire in Paris: she had given birth and had a torn perineum. He got the wire, thought, and said, "She's cured." The next morning he went and saw her: the perineum had healed.... Another extraordinary case: a woman was dying in the fifth month of her pregnancy, dying of meningeal tuberculosis. The hospital was helpless, they brought her home. In reality, she didn't want her child. He went and saw her several times, and one day, she had terrible convulsions and died in his arms. Then, he says, "I had a sort of prayer at the bottom of my heart, I said, 'But this woman hasn't followed the law of love, it's right that she should die, but why should this child in her die?...' " "He had a sort of prayer. And five minutes later, the woman came back to life in his arms. She opened her eyes and said, "I am cured." She was indeed cured, but unable to move anymore. Two weeks later, she gave birth to a child, who was not only normal but viable and full-grown, which means that in those fifteen days, the gestation had accelerated and the child was just as full-grown as a nine-month-old child....*

Five months old...

*Yes. Then the woman died the day after giving birth, and the child is now seventeen, I think.... He told me, "That's how it is: there is NO' power,' it doesn't exist – there is That, the Harmony; everyone has the capacity to call this Harmony, and It acts. And It acts in a second, instantly.... But then, he told me, "Here is my question" (as far as I can express what he said).... Basically, he is aware of quite an extraordinary Power – though I should say I didn't feel a shadow of ego in this man, there's no trace of ego.... He read my book, but that didn't teach him things, it only confirmed some experiences.... This man spoke to me for more than three hours, and apart from you and Sri Aurobindo, I have heard no one speak like him. It was a sage who spoke, a living experience that sprang forth, there wasn't one thing he said you wouldn't subscribe to: those "great Forces of Harmony" that must be embodied on earth, brought down on earth... It was really a sage who spoke, and those were your words, Sri Aurobindo's words.*

That's what A. told me; the first day when he received him, he told me, "I thought I was listening to you or to Sri Aurobindo!"

*But the surprising thing is that when he spoke to me, it wasn't his mind that spoke: it was a living experience that sprang forth, that's what was extraordinary!... He said, "I have the experience of the transformation, the experience of cellular regeneration.... I know from experience that there is intelligence, there is divinity deep down in the cells – I know all that, but it has to be embodied. Something has to be done." So here's his question....*

What does he want to know?

*He is conscious of this Power, but he says one needs to have the TOTAL vision, the vision of TOTAL Harmony. Because, he says, it's all an equilibrium, a wonderful harmony, and we mustn't cause any disequilibrium, we must obey the Law, follow the Law of Harmony, but it's a TOTAL Law, of course, and we mustn't make any mistake. "I need the total vision," he says. "Take the Ashram: it's a center of light where there is total harmony; then there's a circle around it, Pondicherry, which is already darker...*

Very dark!

*"...and less receptive; so you can't bring the Ashram's law into that obscurity without causing a disequilibrium; you can only bring part of it, or something that can be adapted to that darkness.*



*Then there is a third, still darker circle, to which it's still harder to apply the law of total Harmony—so how to find out what one has to do depending on the particular point? How to know the right law, the total law?...” He says, “I don't want to cause any disequilibrium, I want to obey the Law.....*

A. told me you asked to come with him on Saturday?

*It's not that I asked, I just thought it might be interesting for him to try and put himself his question to you.*

The interesting thing would be to know what he feels when he sees me.<sup>171</sup> That would be interesting.... I'll see him tomorrow the first time, but it would be good if you brought him on Saturday. I don't think he'll speak tomorrow.

*I told him, “Mother doesn't speak.” He said, “But of course! It's not words I need, expressing is useless; what I want is the vibration, the experience.” He understands silence very well.*

Then we'll see. In that case the result might come on Saturday.

*Because it would be interesting if in front of you he tried to formulate his question outwardly... He understands quite well that evolution has reached a point where things must accelerate and those Forces of Harmony must be brought into the world, but basically, he feels such a power in him that he wouldn't want to act arbitrarily: he wouldn't want to “break the equilibrium,” but to “follow the Law.” And for that, total vision is needed.... He told me, “The miracles Christ worked, for instance (there is no such thing as ‘miracles,’ by the way), all that I can do, but if I did it, with the means of communication of modern science, it would immediately be known the world over, and something of that sort could strike a ‘great blow’ to the ordinary mind which only believes in the truths of matter.” He asks, “That would be a means of action, but should I do that?...” His problem is one of action....*

What is he doing now?

*Right now, for three days he has been fasting; he's stopped eating. He said, “I'll go and see Mother like this, without having taken any food.” So for three days he has been taking nothing but water... The wonderful thing is that there isn't an atom of mentalization, it's all an experience that springs forth. And all that you've said, all that Sri Aurobindo said, he has experienced....*

*He is conscious of the “Moment” in the History of the earth, he feels all that. So he wants to participate in the Work.*

*(after a silence)*

What is it that speaks in him, then? Is it his mind or his physical mind?

*I think he's inspired. Because the first day, when I spent three hours and a half with him, the first hour (he's very slow to get started), it took a long time, he was groping for words, trying to express himself clearly. Later on, I tried to drive him into his experience, and it started flowing. What he*

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<sup>171</sup>This is precisely what was going to be a revelation for Satprem and a decisive turning point in his own understanding of Mother.

*said was beautiful, it sprang forth like that, spontaneously. It was really inspired.... And at the same time, so moved, because for the first time in his life he can talk about these things with people who understand him. He told me, "No one understands me – but here, everyone understands me." So it comes out, it springs forth.*

I'll see him tomorrow. But I think it would be better to tell him it's only a first contact and won't last long, because tomorrow I have a list long like this – every day it's the same! And on Saturday he'll come back with you, he'll stay for some more time.

*(long silence)*

How old is he? Do you know the year of his birth?

*No, Mother, he must be about sixty-five.<sup>172</sup>*

How old was he when he noticed that?

*He noticed it when he very nearly died, that is when he was about forty-five.*

Oh, as late as that!

*When he was at a complete loss, he was cured in twenty minutes; so that suddenly started him off in quest of the True Thing.*

So some twenty years ago....

Did he tell you in which year it happened?

*No, but I can ask him.*

Ask him.<sup>173</sup>

*So, to sum up his question: "To accelerate the movement without causing any disequilibrium," and "to apply the Law without making any mistake" – that's what he wants.*



**September 27, 1969**

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<sup>172</sup>He was born in April, 1904.

<sup>173</sup>In fact this power had been there ever since he was born, for his diseased mother noticed that her suffering increased when he was not present, and decreased when he was at home. He is the thirteenth child in a family of peasants.

*(A.R., the healer, enters; Mother gives him a red rose.)*

*(A.R.): Thank you... I come to you as a child thirsting and hungering for Truth, Justice, and the Knowledge of spiritual laws. Please give me this nourishment that is the knowledge of the laws, so I may serve the Divine in the most perfect universal Harmony.*

*(silence)*

*(To Satprem:) Did you tell him that I don't speak?*

*(Satprem to A.R.): Mother doesn't speak.*

If he has something to say, he can do so.

*(Satprem:) What is the central question that preoccupies you?*

*(A.R.): The central question... The central question for me, with regard to past experiences, is to understand the Law – to understand it perfectly, not imperfectly, that is, not empirically, so that by fulfilling the conditions of the Law, we may re-create the same phenomena.*

*(Satprem:) You spoke of a "block" somewhere?*

*(A.R.): Yes, exactly, the block is just that.... Ill give an image: when you know a law perfectly, you can't be in breach of the law; but if you know it imperfectly, you risk a fine at any moment.*

*(Satprem:) Mother, it's the knowledge of the Law that he would like to have, so as not to make any mistake.*

But I don't know any "law"!... I don't know what he calls the "law" – I don't know any laws.

*(Satprem to A.R.): What do you call the "law"?*

*(A.R.): The Law... I think that if in deep meditation one realizes union with the Divine according to the right rules, every time you have the same meditation for the same cause, you must certainly obtain the same result.*

In the manifestation, no two minutes are alike, it's a continuous movement; so when you come into contact with the Divine, what you collaborate with is the Truth of that Movement. That's probably what he calls "the Law."

*(A.R.): That's right.*

In the manifestation, it's the Consciousness that expresses itself. And if you identify with it, this Supreme Consciousness, this Divine Consciousness is what makes you act. But as I understand it, the

“law” he refers to is a mentalization of this Movement, and that’s not necessary – what’s necessary is the IDENTIFICATION of the consciousness.... It’s a question of words.

*(A.R.): Exactly, I fully agree with Mother. But the problem remains in spite of this explanation. The question mark subsists, because, of course, I’ve had numerous opportunities to experiment with it – it’s something I frequently realize-and yet the results are different, I mean that one doesn’t get the result one might have hoped for, which seems (I say, seems) really normal in the circumstances.*

*(Satprem to A.R.): You mean, when you want to cure someone?*

*(A.R.): Yes, that’s it.*

*(Satprem to Mother:) Mother, he says that when he wants to heal, for instance, there aren’t two systems, there’s only one: he goes into a deep, intimate communion with the Divine, and lets That come through....*

Yes, that’s right.

*(Satprem:) So he wonders why, in certain cases, the result isn’t obtained?*

But that’s because on the supreme level it’s decided that it shouldn’t be obtained!

It’s a partial consciousness that has the idea that whatever he does, the result should always be the same, but it’s not like that!

*(Satprem to A.R.): Yes, it’s not like that. It’s a partial consciousness that tells you there must be a result, but in the total Consciousness...*

*(A.R.): I had always taken it like that too, but I wanted a confirmation of it.*

*(Satprem to Mother:) That’s how he had taken it, but he wanted a confirmation. Because, for example, he has the case of a man whom he knows intimately and who has become a paralytic. He put all his heart into curing him, and he says he feels the Forces entering this man, he finds him receptive...*

But he isn’t cured.

*(Satprem:) He isn’t cured. He has even given me the photo of the man, and he’d like to understand why, in this instance, he doesn’t get cured.*

*(Mother looks at the photo)*

Does this man have faith?

*(A.R.): Well, in the beginning he didn’t, but his faith has been growing.*

It's because for everyone, what happens is the BEST thing to lead his individuality towards the goal – the goal of consciousness – and if he has faith, the action takes place in an even more precise way, and, we might say, even more rapidly. So in this case, it would mean that his paralysis helps him go faster towards his goal.

*(A.R.): Thank you.*

*(meditation)*

Has he anything to ask?

*(A.R.): Yes, Id like to ask if you think it's good to carry on with this path of healing?*

Oh, yes!

*(A.R.): Do you think it's a momentary limitation?*

It's not a limitation, even the pettiest work isn't a limitation! It's only a means of expression; but it doesn't limit the possibility, that is to say, if one is capable of doing a general Work, it goes on CONSTANTLY, without a material occupation. I mean that the real Work is done like this (*radiating gesture*), in silence.

*(A.R.): Thank you.*

*(Mother gives a photo  
and A.R. leaves)*

I don't know... since the day before yesterday, when I saw him, the whole body has been very, very much shaken. I mean, difficult to eat, all kinds of things.... I feel it's an acceleration of the Work, but... There's a strange (what should I call it?)... fatigue. You see, I never used to use my head, it was always full of Light, and I could do anything without getting tired – but it's as if this Light within (*Mother points to her head*) had gone. So the head is painful. It's empty, it hurts. And... I don't know... maybe it's an acceleration of the transformation – that's how I TAKE it, you understand – but it's difficult.

*He speaks of it, too, he speaks of this transformation “from the tips of the toes to the roots of the hair,” as he says, and he wants it to go fast.*

Yes, it must be that.

*(Mother goes into a meditation)*

And how are you?

*I am better now than before.*

Ah, better... It did you good?

*To the body, yes. I don't know, when my body is near him, it's full of energy... But this man is fine,*

*Mother, isn't he?*

I don't know how to put it.... My only contact with him is a receptivity: he takes and takes and takes, absorbs and absorbs and absorbs....

But I don't at all feel that he draws anything from here (*Mother points to her body or to herself*), it's... I might say there's the Presence (*vast gesture everywhere*), and so it's all the time like that. But what I am wondering about is why my body is in this state?... I told you, I WANT to take it like that, as an acceleration of the work, and it seems to be true, but... it's very difficult. You see, for months and months and months, the work never used to tire me; now, all of a sudden, I'll feel exhausted – the body. It has difficulty eating, and a constant impression... of nausea. At the same time, if I concentrate and am careful, I feel the Presence as usual. But as I said, all this (*Mother points to her head*) is empty – almost painfully empty.

*(silence)*

Not at all, not at all the sensation of something that shouldn't be here or that I should reject – absolutely not. The consciousness is like this (*immutable gesture*). So I say to myself that it may be that instead of following this body's natural rhythm, the Movement is hastened.

*When I asked him your question, whether seeing you made a difference between before and after, he added this (with great simplicity, moreover): "It must make a difference for Mother too."*

*(after a silence)*

I constantly feel nauseous, which points to the insufficiency of material forces.

*But that's strange, because in my case, when my body is near him, it's full of energy.*

Yes, that's right, and that's why I am asking you. So it would really be a hastening in the work of transformation.

*To such a point that the first time, I had so much energy that I didn't sleep all night!*

Yes... I don't know... it must be that.

*(Mother remains "pensive")*



# October

## October 1, 1969

Did F tell you what the healer said to her?... They met yesterday or the day before, and he “confessed” to her. He told her he came to India in the hope of finding a place where he could be left alone for a few weeks or even a few months, because he has found the way of healing everything, except a hernia he has, and he would like to be left alone so as to find a way to cure his hernia. Then F told him, “But you can be left alone right here.” He replied, “Oh, but if I am asked to cure, I can’t refuse.” So it might be better to stop sending him people... but he would have to move to a new house and be alone somewhere. He should be asked if it’s all right with him.

This is how things took place: the other day, the man who does the cooking with F. at *Tout ce qu’il faut* was running a high temperature, he was quite run down. F said, “I’ll go and bring A.R.” She brought him – in five minutes he cured him. And that’s when he spoke to her. So you could see with him. If we don’t send him anyone, no one will go. If he thinks this place is beneficial to his quest, we’ll manage to find some spot where he can be left alone.

How about you? You’re fine, you’ve slept (!)

*Yes!... But the effect of this healer, the effect of acceleration you felt in your body – nausea and all that – did it work out or...?*

Yes, (*laughing*) I worked it out!

As for me, when F told me that “confession” of his, something came just then, I concentrated, and I had F. say to him that I had done what’s necessary [for him to be cured], that now he only had to rest. But it can wait for a few more days, there are still two people I’d like him to see... If I were him, I would stay here (!) because he is REMARKABLY receptive to the Force; so if he stays here, he’ll be able to get cured – yesterday I saw he could very well be cured. I did what’s needed, it’s up to him to receive it – I don’t need to see him for that.

How about you, are you fine?

*Yes, yes!*

R. had some difficulties after meeting him, and so had M.!... I think it’s all come back into place.

*Difficulties? Physical consequences?*

Yes.

*As for me, I’ve always felt his contact as something very beneficial.*

It depends on... what one needs.

But it doesn’t matter. For me, it has given me a lot of work, because I had harmonized the body’s transformation with the requirements of the work, and I had managed to find a harmony thanks to which I was never tired. With him, both the times I saw him, for several hours afterwards I felt a

fatigue I hadn't known for years. I had to work a lot. But now it's all right.

But I tell you, cases like the man who had a temperature he cured in ten minutes. And that doesn't surprise me.

*Well, I find this man touching.*

Yes, he is touching.

It's good he said that – that he'd come to India almost with the certainty of finding a quiet place where he would be able to concentrate until he finds the way of curing his hernia; he said, "It's the last thing; all the rest has been cured, this alone is left."

*That's only incidental, because the true reason for his coming to India is really the questions he asked you the other day.*

Yes... As for me, I think he can be cured quickly. I don't know the condition of his hernia, it depends (some are bad), but if it's an ordinary one, it can be cured quickly.<sup>174</sup>

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother listens to the Talk of  
26 August 1953 about Love)*

*Sujata would like to ask you a question.*

*(Sujata:) Mother, this Force of Love that comes – sometimes it comes, one feels, you know, one truly loves – why can't one keep it constantly?*

One should be able to keep it!

*(Sujata:) I think so too, one should, but one doesn't manage to keep it.*

Mon petit... it's constantly here! Constantly, whatever the body may be doing – whether it sees people or looks after itself or sleeps – it's always, always there, conscious, vibrating.

I say, "It can be done" – but it's a fact. Only, what's needed is... the general obstacle is that most people's physical consciousness is very dark; it's made only of needs, desires, the most material reactions, but what's needed is to awaken in the cells the love for the Divine, and once they love the Divine, it's like that all the time: it doesn't budge anymore – doesn't budge. It's even FAR MORE constant than any vital or mental movement: it's like this (*Mother clenches her two fists*), it doesn't

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<sup>174</sup>The healer gave the following replies to Satprem's questions: "I have not come to India to cure myself, but to put myself at the disposal of the Force and to learn. I don't feel inspired to stop curing people so as to look after myself, and I don't want to make an arbitrary mental decision to stop. Moreover I never 'decide' anything: I do what I am asked to. If Mother asks me to stop and to cure myself, I will do it." He also explained that he had already healed the hernia he had on his left side; there remained that on the right side, which he had purposely allowed to develop so as to have the experience. It was now as big as his fist (a peasant's fist). It was the "last barrier," he said, "after that, nothing will remain impossible."



budge anymore. The cells are constantly like that, in a state of love for the Divine.

That's what is remarkable in the physical, it's that when the physical has learned something, it never forgets. Once the cells have learned that, learned this self-giving, this offering to the Divine, and this NEED to offer themselves, it's learned, and it DOESN'T BUDGE ANYMORE. It's constant, twenty-four hours a day, ceaselessly, day after day, changelessly; even when something goes wrong (you have a pain or something), the first movement is this: it's to offer it, to give it – spontaneously. The higher consciousness doesn't intervene, it's spontaneous: it's the consciousness contained in the cells.

It's the vital and the mind that are like this (*zigzagging gesture*), unsteady Especially the vital, which is interested in all kinds of things.

Naturally, the two are interdependent: the ego must be abolished – the RULE of the ego must be abolished. Generally, people think it's not possible to abolish the physical ego; not only is it possible, it's DONE, and the body continues, it keeps on walking – it hasn't gone! (It had a difficult little moment... a little moment.)

Now these cells are wondering how one can continue to exist without this movement of adoration. They're like this, everywhere (*gesture of intense aspiration*), everywhere. It's very interesting.

All those difficulties one has with the inner development when one deals with the vital and the mind, the return of old things and all that, here [in the body] it's over, it's not like that.



**October 8, 1969**

*(Regarding a letter from the healer in which he asks Mother if he could contact the Indian government and obtain its collaboration to spread the "Spiritual message" as he understands it.)*

I got a letter from A.R. You should read it...

I am absolutely convinced that he can't do ANYTHING with the government, absolutely nothing. But just to please him, I arranged a meeting with N.S.<sup>175</sup> and she accepted, but she had something else to do and couldn't be there. Did he tell you anything?

*He didn't mention it to me, but he did tell me that he would like to reach all the least mentalized classes. He says, "Here, many more people than we think are ready, and they aren't hampered by the mind. A lot of work could be done."*

Yes, of course.

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<sup>175</sup>N.S. is a disciple of Mother's who accompanied Indira Gandhi during her visit of October 6, and who holds a minister's post.

*“But,” he says, “I don’t know the language, so what can I do?”*

He can’t do anything. And mentally, they have everything one could have! Even then, there are swarms of preachers. As for me, I am convinced that mentally he can’t do anything.

*It would be more like a work of service, healing everywhere, that sort of thing.*

Yes, that’s it. But he doesn’t realize what he’s saying! What he writes me people here would find childish.

*The only difference is that it would be a living testimony.*

Yes, that’s his strength. But I find him much more useful and powerful when he says nothing than when he talks – when he talks, of course, you see... Yes, it’s very useful in Europe, but not here. Here, people are saturated with preachers.

*It’s an invisible and silent action that’s needed.*

Yes... If he cured people, then he could have influence. But I’ve been wondering if he shouldn’t rather withdraw to cure himself [of the hernia].

*Then you really should tell him, because I know this man, he’ll never decide that himself – he doesn’t feel it possible to take care of himself and stop serving others. If you tell him...*

I could write him a line.

\* \* \*

*Then Mother takes up various notes:*

This is the message for the New Year [1970].

*“The world is Preparing for a big change.  
Will you help?”*

And this... the other day, I gave Indira four messages.

*Was she receptive?*

Yes. I didn’t speak; she stayed here for fifteen minutes without saying a word. Then N.S. came in and she asked me a few questions. But these (*Mother points to the notes*) I had received before: one after another I received them.

*“Let India work for the future and take the lead. Thus she will recover her true place in the*

*world.”*

*“Since long it was the habit to govern through division and opposition.*

*“The time has come to govern through union, mutual understanding and collaboration.”*

*“To choose a collaborator, the value of the man is more important than the party to which he belongs.”*

It seems it was just what she needed to hear! But now it's always like that; when it comes in that way, I am sure that... I gave it to her without saying anything; I put it in an envelope. And N.S. said, “It's just what she needed to hear.”

*“The greatness of a country does not depend on the victory of a party, but on the union of all the parties.”*

*(Mother points to another note)*

The Pondicherry radio asked me for a message to be put up in their office, so I gave them this – and they put it up!

*“Teach your listeners to love the Truth.  
This is a work worth doing.”*

*(Mother laughs)* They put it up, that's what amuses me!

*(Mother starts writing  
her note to the healer)*

*“The time seems opportune for you to make your last conquest over illness, and to do that, you need some rest in a solitary place. Everything can easily be arranged. Satprem will explain.”*

*His contact is good, you know.*

Yes. S.'s child is no longer in pain at all, he's quite fine.

*His reflection about the Ashram is that there is here a privileged substance, with a knowledge he has never seen anywhere else, but which lacks intensity and energy, and also practice.*

Practice, yes.

*They take life as it comes.*

Yes, because they have an easy life.

*That shocks him: not to do the work with all that's here!*

That's because their life is too easy. If they're asked to make the slightest effort, they rebel.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, regarding Sujata's question about love in the conversation of October 1st.)*

Last night I had a very interesting experience.... I had a long vision – an activity – which I didn't remember because I didn't pay sufficient attention, but at the end, there was someone (that was certainly symbolic), a tall black man. It probably wasn't a human being, it must have been the symbol of something in my life, or something in the life of the people I've lived with, or even the symbol of something I've been fighting against in life. And then, after a lot, quite a lot of goings-on, I had withdrawn into a small place with a few people (those I always see, who are always there), I was there with them when that black man, or that black BEING... There was no roof; it was a small place with walls, but without a roof (it was in the subtle physical). So that black being came, ripped off a huge piece of wall (the wall was built with big bricks), a huge piece of wall, and from above (he was above me), he threw it at my stomach.... I felt it. And at the same time, I heard a thunderclap was there a thunderclap last night?... Just one. Early in the night?

*I don't think so.*

You don't know... I saw a flash of lightning outside before going to sleep, so I thought maybe... But I am not sure; the thunderclap too may have taken place in the subtle physical.... It felt like this (*Mother strikes her stomach*). I felt it fall (*Mother smiles*), I smiled and said, "He can't!" (*Mother laughs*) And it didn't hurt me in the least! Then he left. And it was as if to teach me... I looked, wondering, "How could I receive it?" Then the answer was so clear: it was to teach my body that it can be attacked but won't feel anything.

I felt it, but it didn't hurl! And there's no trace. And there's nothing – there was enough to crush you! (*Mother laughs*) And there was nothing. The body was tranquil, tranquil, tranquil.... It woke me up, and I wondered if I'd been hurt, but there was nothing. And where it fell, I saw it, I felt the shock – I felt it, that's what woke me up: a shock and a sort of weight, and a gap in the wall as big as a door. So then, the body's reaction, but instantaneous (that is, without reflecting or anything), instantaneous, was... "Oh, Lord," like this (*Mother opens her arms upward*), smiling. Not at all frightened or... Then I took a good look and wondered, "Am I hurt anywhere?" There was nothing.... Because I kept the two together: the state of vision and the physical state at the same time; in the state of vision I wanted to know whether I'd been hurt (it hadn't done anything), and in both states the reaction was the same, like this (*same gesture, arms open*), with a smile. So it shows that... the thing is really done.

Later this morning, when I was fully awake, I wondered, "How could I get that? How could that being do it?" (Because it did take place, I received it! [*Mother laughs*] He wasn't stopped from doing it.) Then the answer was very clear: it was for your body to learn that it's really and effectively protected, even if something takes place.

It was interesting.

That black being, I see him very often.... It must be the symbol of the force opposed in the world (not only on the earth but in the world) to the Action I have been given to do. He is associated with my body. A tall, tall black being, all black....

There was a long story This morning I still remembered; now I don't.

But it was interesting. It's the first time such a thing has happened to me; it's the first time someone has managed to harm me in the subtle physical – he didn't harm me, but he pulled off his attack.

*(silence)*

But it's odd.... For instance, when the body received the thing (there was a shock), not for a minute did it have... (fear, there's no question of it), but not for a minute did it say, "Ah, what a disgusting thing to do!" – nothing, nothing, the SAME smile, everywhere....

That's the point it has reached, you understand: a sort of awareness that whatever happens happens by the divine Will, that it's ALWAYS for the best, and it's only human stupidity, lack of understanding, shortsightedness that make us say, "Oh, what a misfortune! Oh..."

It's all MARVELOUSLY arranged.

When the body is aware of that, then it's fine.... It's far from having reached perfection – to begin with, it's... I don't know if it's being transformed, that's not visible, but at any rate its functioning depends on the higher Consciousness, it no longer depends on the ordinary mechanism (that's taking place gradually). Well, even in the middle of that, there's a sort of smiling trust as a result of which, even when there's some pain, some discomfort, it doesn't matter – it doesn't matter. There is the sense of this Divine Presence, always, everywhere, every moment. That doesn't go away.

*(silence)*

Oh, you know, we think we're very intelligent, but... *(laughing)* how poorly we understand! It's like a little piece cut out of the Whole, so we no longer see anything.

Now it's beginning to be better.

*(silence)*

Has it made your nights more conscious?

*A little, now and then.*

I often see you.



**October 11, 1969**

*(Mother first translates into French the messages she gave to Indira, in particular: "The value of the man is more important than the party to which he belongs.... The greatness of a country does not depend on the victory of a party, but on the union of all the parties.*

*Do you know that there's a passage from Sri Aurobindo that says exactly the same thing?....*

Really!

*I wondered if we couldn't publish it too: "Men of free minds and free habits are too strong of soul to be the slaves of their party feelings and too robust of mind to submit to any demand for the sacrifice of their principles on the altar of expediency. It is only in a servile nation unaccustomed to the habits of freemen that party becomes a master and not an instrument."*

This is fine! Where was it?

*In an article entitled, "Party and the Country," in 1908.<sup>176</sup>*

Oh, long before I met him. That was when he wrote in newspapers....

\* \* \*

So, what do you have to tell me?

Instead of going to the beach to cure himself, A.R. [the healer] went to Thiruvanamalai.<sup>177</sup>

*It's tomorrow that he is to go to the beach.*

I forget who met him at the post office just before he left, but I was told, "Oh, he was excited." – Him get excited! It's quite surprising, he was excited.

There's nothing to see there.

Ah, yes, it's M. who met him. He asked M., "How is it that Maharshi let himself die of cancer?" Then M. told him that when he was still alive, someone asked him why he allowed the cancer, and he replied, "Oh, the very body is a cancer...." So it seems that A.R. was indignant.

*With good reason!*

*(Mother laughs)*

*I saw him, this Maharshi....<sup>178</sup>*

Did you?

*I spent half an hour in meditation there, then I had enough and left. You understand, one bathed in... it was peace and peace and more peace – and so what?... I found it quite insubstantial. To me*

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<sup>176</sup>In *Bande Mataram* of 24 April 1908 (Cent. Ed., 1.875).

<sup>177</sup>Where a South Indian sage, Ramana Maharshi, lived; he died of cancer in April 1950.

<sup>178</sup>In 1948 or 1949.

*it had no material meaning.*

Ah, but the aim was to withdraw from Matter. The aim was to withdraw here (*gesture of drawing all energies upward*) and reject Matter, like all illusionists, you understand. It's the continuation of Buddhism, too.

*(silence)*

So is it tomorrow that he goes to the beach?<sup>179</sup>

*Yes. He told me, "My worry is that it may take a long time (if it succeeds), and I have a limited time in India." I replied, "But why should it take a long time?..."*

*(Mother remains silent)*

I also told him you had "done what was necessary,"<sup>180</sup> but it didn't seem to enter his consciousness.

Oh, he's very much like this (*Mother gestures around her head to show that A.R. is shut within his realization*).

*Do you know that I got angry?*

*(Mother laughs)*

*I often told you that when I speak to people, at times something seizes me, and I speak bluntly. Well, all of a sudden, it got hold of me; and yet, I really feel affection for this man.*

What did you tell him?

*It was about the government. You know that he wanted to see people from the Indian government, and I conveyed to him your message saying that there was nothing to be done with those people. Then he insisted, saying, "Mother says, but I think," and again "I think," and again... Then anger began seizing me and I told him, "Listen, for fifty years now Mother has been here working with people of India, don't you think she knows things a little better than you do?" I got a little angry, and all at once I planted my finger in the middle of his chest and told him, "Mister A.R., there's one thing you've missed, it's the understanding of who Mother is."*

So that's what made him agitated! (*Mother laughs heartily*) Poor man!...

*Oh, I am sorry. I felt sorry because I really like this man.*

And what was his reaction?

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<sup>179</sup>To a secluded hut, so as to attempt his "last conquest" over illness.

<sup>180</sup>When Mother heard that A.R. had that hernia and wanted to try and cure it, she had concentrated on him.

*He was very nice, I must say. He told me, "But I have come to understand; if there were nothing to understand, I wouldn't have come here." He was very nice; it's me, I don't know what got hold of me, it came like that.*

(Mother laughs) It's this New Consciousness.

*You think so?*

That's how it is, yes!

I told you, I had arranged for him to meet N.S., and it didn't work out.

*But then, I had a perception afterwards. Because when this man speaks, I always feel the Truth speaking, always, I really feel it flows like a spring; but when he told me about that business with the government of India, I felt it wasn't the Truth speaking (that's in fact why I started feeling angry), and I suddenly perceived it wasn't he who spoke, it was probably the mental formation of those "Divine Life Society" people who sent you a letter of recommendation for him. I feel it's their mental formation.*

That's right.

There's nothing to be done with those government people. They are fully in Falsehood, that is to say, they govern with Falsehood. They haven't yet renounced falsehood, so...

Yet this Indira is nice, she does what she can. You saw her, didn't you?...

*I took great care not to go into that crowd.*

She does what she can.

(silence)

Have you anything else?

*There's some news of P.L.*

Oh, tell me.

*A rather discouraged letter, because he's the victim of all sorts of harassing machinations at the Vatican....*

Oh, yes.... You know, between you and me (don't tell him), after he spoke,<sup>181</sup> he was in GREAT danger, and it gave me work for several days – a long time. I worked and worked and worked to make it impossible for them to do... something radically nasty He had a narrow escape. It was almost miraculous that they didn't get rid of him – they're very skilled for that. So...

(Satprem reads P.L.'s letter)

Give him this (Mother hands a "blessings packet") and tell him it's a symbol of my constant presence.

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<sup>181</sup>During the meeting of the committee to reform the Church. See conversation of 26 March 1969.



You told me that two bishops had resigned – have they been excommunicated?

*I think so, but...*

*(silence)*

Two or three days ago, I read an Aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's (you might know it). I forget the words, but he says that Christ came to purify humanity but didn't succeed, and he said he would come back, but this time, holding the sword of God...

169 – Christ came into the world to purify, not to fulfill. He himself foreknew the failure of his mission, and the necessity of his return with the sword of God into a world that had rejected him.

I was asked what's "the sword of God" (!) I said it was the irresistible Power.

*(silence)*

Oh, a few days ago I was told a frightful story – what depths humanity has sunk to... it's unbelievable. Have you heard this story of the slaughter of baby seals?

When seals are born (a certain species of seals), they're all white, and they remain so for a few weeks, then they lose their hair and turn gray – gray or yellowish, like their fathers and mothers. And as it's the fashion to wear all-white fur coats, some people... It's organized by some trader or other: seals gather at the time of giving birth, there's a place there, in the North, on an island, where they gather in their thousands, and each mother gives birth to a single child. So those people go there in boats, fully equipped, and when the seals are born, they kill them – thousands of them at one go. It takes ten or fifteen skins to make a coat.... And they slaughter them. But then, for the carnage to be cheap (you understand, it shouldn't cost too much), they club the animals on their heads, then with big butchers' knives they skin them on the spot – skin them while they're still alive....

That is to say... it seems they shriek, you know, they aren't dumb. It seems it's...

What happened is that a television reporter went there without knowing what was happening (he went there for something else), and he came upon that. He was so horrified, you know, so disgusted that he resolved to make it stop. And for maybe two years, he has been campaigning all over the world – through television and all sorts of means – for people to intervene. There was a strong pressure on the prime minister (it's in northern Canada and northern Norway, I think, on perpetually frozen islands), and they obtained from Canada's prime minister (charming people!) that instead of clubbing the baby seals supposedly to death, they would throw diesel oil on them, because that asphyxiates them fast.... But people found it too costly (such unbelievably low depths, you know!), so they went to the prime minister and asked him to lift his ban – and he did it! He allowed them to be slaughtered like that.... It seems the mothers (they've just given birth, you see, they're suckling the pups) try to defend them – so to prevent them from seeing what goes on, they put out their eyes.... Well, when I was told that, I saw a humanity sinking into... an abyss of ignominy.

Then they brought cards to me (they're preparing a new movement), cards with big photos – those little ones, if you knew how sweet they are! And intelligent! They're first-rate. And I saw the photo before knowing anything of the story; I looked and said, "Oh, what a lovely little one!" I instantly saw: receptive, admirable, an admirable kid! So there are photos of those little ones, there's a portrait of the

crook who arranges the whole thing, a portrait of the reporter, and cards with the portrait of one of those little ones, with at the top, in French and in English, "Let baby seals live." Like that. And a place for one's name and signature. And at the back, a place to add something if one wants to. They asked me if I wanted to sign. I said yes. There was one card addressed to Norway's fisheries minister, one to Canada's fisheries minister, and one to Canada's prime minister. So I put my stamp: "The Mother, Sri Aurobindo Ashram." I didn't add anything, I left the sentence and signed. And we'll send them.

But when I was told that... Why, why?... And those women who wear that... all those animals' suffering, all those animals' horror, their terror-they wear all that on their backs. And it doesn't give them nightmares!... Unbelievable.

It seems the fashion is to go dancing wearing a stole made of two or three skins of those poor beasts....

People are getting insane!

Of course, up there [in the North], that [kind of savagery] is there. It's only ONE example, one sort of epitome. But this IGNOBLE consciousness is everywhere on earth.... I saw it like that. But it's one thing that has as if crystallized to awaken the reaction.

Oh, those little ones...

Seals are highly evolved animals, they aren't among the unconscious ones. There was one on the cover, with eyes staring at you like that, it was delightful!...

*(silence)*

So this affair put me in contact with all that. It's the sign that it's going to go away.

*Yes.*

It's in Switzerland that they started the movement (the reporter was Swiss), and it's Z who told me the story. Z told the reporter she was returning to India, and he gave her the whole bundle of cards, saying, "Oh, if India protested, it would lend weight."

*(Satprem has Tibet in mind,  
but remains silent)*

It's not so much for those poor little ones, because they have a special protection (all that's conscious in them is like that, cherished). It's the ignominy of humans.... They must become conscious of their ignominy... They find it quite natural.

*This world is revolting from one end to the other. There's nothing – I would keep nothing of this world, nothing.*

*(Mother laughs)*

No, this isn't revolting (*Mother lays her hand on a bouquet of roses near her*). This is... a really and truly beautiful adoration.

*Yes, without humans, it's quite fine.*

Oh, it's the humans, because even animals aren't so disgusting.

*Not at all.*

A beast like a tiger or a lion kills only when it's hungry. But to make money – this is to make money... With the women, it's unconsciousness; I am sure the vast majority of those who wear that, if they were told, "You're wearing on you the skin torn from a living and shrieking animal," it would give them nightmares – the vast majority. Very few would say, "Why should I care!" Very few.

But the brutes are the ones who're getting rich.

*(silence)*

There's a story that took place many, many years ago, but because of the baby seals it's come back to me. One of K.'s relatives (her aunt, I think) died of cholera (I knew her, she'd known me before, then she left for somewhere or other, she caught cholera, and died). After some time, one night, I forget where I was, but I suddenly found myself surrounded by a huge crowd of people who were shouting and protesting; then she came out of that crowd, came to me and told me, "These are all those who died of cholera, they've come to ask you WHY it's like that..." It struck me much, really very much, because, you know... It was swarming with people, a huge crowd, in the middle of the night, like that, and she came towards me and said that to me....

Naturally that's only ONE misery among so many others. Only it's a very brutal misery, which strikes in a very brutal way that's why... And when I was told this affair of the baby seals, I suddenly remembered how I found myself there, with those thousands of people saying, "Why is such a thing allowed?... Why is it allowed?"

*(silence)*

It's what Bharatidi always said; she always used to say: "The Divine is the greatest culprit, He's the one who allows all those horrors!" *(Mother laughs)*

She said that once when we were preparing a play to be staged here<sup>182</sup> (I don't know if you were there). There was the "chief of the mountains" and the "chief of the valley," and then an incarnation of the Divine. The two chiefs were quarreling; the incarnation of the Divine came, and when he tried to stop the fight, they killed him. When they killed him, all of a sudden they woke up to the awareness of the horror of what they had done, owing to the fact of the killing. You see, night fell when they began fighting, and the Incarnation came between them to stop them, but they didn't see him and killed him.... The story was like that, we staged it. We gave out the roles and so on – we had got the play through Bharatidi. So she was there, and she told me, "But the Divine is the greatest culprit! It's quite natural that he should suffer, since He's the one who allowed humans to be like that!" *(Mother laughs)*

Ah!...

*(long silence)*

Those baby seals, I was preoccupied with them one whole night. So then, the first action (naturally, the Force went there instantly), the first attempt was to ask the seal species (the consciousness of the species) to change their birthing ground, to go to a place where people can't go, a place hard to reach (they've been going there because it's less cold for the young). So I don't know... it would be interesting if it succeeded.... A strong pressure for the seal species to act on the animals and drive the mothers to go elsewhere, to select another spot unknown to people (at least for a year or two, enough

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<sup>182</sup>*The Sage*, staged in December, 1953.

time to react).

But the interesting thing (it's obvious, but...)... for those capable of rising to that Consciousness, it's an interesting experience to have: as soon as you go beyond the region of even the highest human consciousness, once you are above, all spirit of revenge and punishment ABSOLUTELY disappears – absolutely It's impossible to feel it. It's... it seems to be a false way of reacting: instead of healing, you perpetuate the vibration, only changing its direction.

But up above, it's absolutely imperative: it doesn't exist, it's impossible.

*(silence)*

We need time....



**October 12, 1969**

*(From Satprem to Mother)*

*(The full text of the following letter regrettably disappeared, only the last part of it was found. The healer told Satprem that what he found near Mother was “the same thing” as elsewhere, the same immutable, eternal, changeless “That.” Satprem tried hard to make the healer feel that there was nevertheless something else near Mother – perhaps because it was the very question that troubled him – and in his letter he asked Mother if he did well to write thus to the healer.)*

“...your journey in India. I pray from the bottom of my heart that you may not pass it by. In your solitary retreat, I hope you will be able to open to Mother, who will open for you the door of the Secret.”

I hope I did well and that Your Grace will be with him.

With love,  
Satprem

*(From Mother to Satprem)*

It is quite good.

The Grace is always with you, you know that. You have given A.R. the possibility of being conscious of it too.

Tenderness and blessings.  
Mother



**October 15, 1969**

*(Heavy rain poured down on that day.)*

We've brought too many Europeans here, it changes the climate!

Do you have anything to tell me?... Me, I have nothing, except quarrels, stupidities, conflicts... all sorts of stupid things...<sup>183</sup>

*(there follows a long affair  
which will remain unsaid)*

*I must say that anyone other than you would find it crushing to have to deal with all this confusion.*

*(Mother laughs)* I find it hard to realize, that is, to understand or explain (it enters my consciousness with difficulty) that people, when they are in front of me, could dare say something untrue.... In the past, it seemed impossible to me, but from experience I've learned (!) that they do it. How they do it, I don't know...

And that's not the only thing, there are many others.

But they do it ingenuously. If they had a will to deceive me, I would know it instantly, but they do it ingenuously – they deceive themselves.

They see things like this *(Mother makes a twisting gesture)*, never straight.... But when one isn't constantly led – exclusively led – by the higher Consciousness, one does it almost automatically: a slight “this way” *(same gesture of twisting)*, without knowing it, without premeditation.

That [the twist], I saw it in the past. It became impossible only when nothing came either from here *(gesture to the head)* or from here *(the throat)*, or here *(the heart)*, or here *(the solar plexus)*, or... It comes like this *(gesture from above)*, then it's impossible – but only then.

*(silence)*

It's clearly a time of transition.

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<sup>183</sup>Last night, Mother vomited every twenty minutes. Yet she worked as usual this morning. It feels as if the enemy is drawing closer to the center.

\* \* \*

*(Later, Mother gives Satprem the following note which was given to seven or eight members of Orissa's parliament:)*

“Socialism like all political parties belongs to the past and must be surpassed if we want to serve the Truth.”

The most comical part – that is, the most extraordinary – is that they all agreed! I thought they were going to be furious.... They all said, “Oh, this is fine, we’ll adopt it....”

Their conviction wasn’t very deep!



**October 18, 1969**

Today is Durga puja.... I have a lion under my feet, you know!

*(the cushion under Mother's feet)*

Pull it.... *(Laughing)* It's nice! It keeps still.

So what are you bringing?... Nothing. Today it's not very late!...

Haven't you anything?... Neither have I, except for news of A.R. He is in his hut and says he is very fine, but he's worrying a bit: “Wouldn't I be more useful if I saw people?...” I had him answered that he himself had said he needed to be alone. He had two hernias and cured one (he told you all that), and deliberately didn't cure the second because he got it into his head that when he has the true consciousness, it will heal on its own.... Theoretically it's true, but... Can it be realized in one lifetime? I don't know. As for me, I saw that if he brought it back inside (it can be done), it would heal. But he refuses to do that – what he is asking is almost a miracle.... So he had me asked through F. if he shouldn't rather start seeing people again. I said, “That's exclusively HIS business, it's for him to know what he wants.” Not “what he wants”: what he MUST do – receive the Order and do what he must. Me, I can't say anything. I gave him the physical conditions he wanted. When you told me about it, I saw (I saw, I concentrated), I clearly saw that if he brought his hernia back inside, it would heal. But he refuses to do that. So I don't know anymore. You see, what he says is theoretically quite true, but... But...

*He himself has worked several miracles on others.*

Yes, he did, he can do it. It's possible; I tell you, theoretically it's quite possible – we'll see.

*But what sort of realization is he lacking?*

I don't know. He had me told that he wanted to be able to say, "I am."<sup>184</sup> And the "I" is, I think, the Consciousness (I don't know if he has a notion of the Divine or of a "supreme Harmony" or what, I don't know – maybe he himself doesn't know). That's what he wants: to be able to say, "I am..." For me, the process is... I say there's nothing impossible, but I much prefer the process, "You are." You understand, let the "I" disappear.

*But this man doesn't have an "I."*

He has one. He's extremely generous and disinterested, but he has one.

*Yet I never felt he said, "I heal."*

*(after a silence)*

I have a strong impression that what he wants to pull... He says, "The Divine is in everything," and he wants to say, "I am the Divine." From the (how should I put it?) yogic point of view, from the point of view of discipline, I found it much preferable to say, "You are" rather than "I am." Do you understand the difference?

*I do understand.*

And that's because he still has very strongly the sense of an individual body.

But since this body stopped having the sense of its individuality, very spontaneously and naturally it has been, "You are" – all the cells, every cell: You are.

For the cells, there's no "I."

Only, everyone has quite conceivably his own path, which is why I didn't tell him, "Don't do this." I took great care not to say that.

*Yes, because after his realization, he has been very influenced by the teachings of the Swamis, for whom it's always, "You are That."<sup>185</sup>*

They're wrong.

That is to say, for the entire old Indian yoga, the body is something untransformable, and therefore it's a momentary necessity that will disappear; while for Sri Aurobindo, the body is transformable, and the minute it's transformable, instead of thinking of itself as an individual, it thinks of itself as the Lord. And, you know, I guarantee that it's spontaneous, natural, and... blissful. While the idea of a separate person is a painful calamity.

I was with A.R. when he meditated here... his body is still ONE body.

*But he has the realization of "That."*

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184See text in addendum.

185*Tat tvam asi.*

Yes, yes, in a certain way.

And that's why (because he is very conscious of the Divine Presence), that's why I said, "Don't ask me what you should do: it's in your body that you must find out." I can't say, because... because the Divine realizes himself differently in everyone – otherwise there would be only one person!

I don't want to give him any advice at all, I absolutely refuse to do that.

*What I find remarkable in his case is the way in which he has EMBODIED his realization, because it's really not something he has cross-legged in meditation: he is solidly full of this Consciousness. One feels it, I mean. That's what I find rather extraordinary.*

*(after a silence)*

But here in India, that stillness comes from contempt for the body: it must be nullified as much as possible. Its very existence must be nullified. And that's precisely what Sri Aurobindo rose up against, saying, "No! The body must PARTICIPATE in the experience." So naturally, A.R. is convinced that the body must participate in the experience, that's why he has the right attitude. But to be convinced, he wants to realize NOW the consciousness that will be the consciousness of what Sri Aurobindo calls the Supramental. That is to say, to BE the Divine, without distinction between the body and the rest-to be the Divine....

If the time has come for that, it's very good – that's why I don't want to intervene. But I don't know, I don't know if the time has come for that.... There are moments when the body is thoroughly convinced – moments when it seems impossible that the time might not have come – but at other moments, it gets completely veiled. And that comes from the fact that despite everything, the awareness of the mixture is becoming very clear. Which means that the realization is partial; it's partial, fragmentary. And for a very simple reason (there's no arguing): it's because somehow or other, the appearance will have to change. This body has capacities – that's visible – it has capacities which many other bodies don't have, but it's still uncertain, not established, not complete. So in this transitional period, there will certainly be one who will get through to the other side, that is, who will reach realization – there has to be a realization at some point, you see. Well, it must be... In any case, with A.R., the attitude is good, so there's nothing to say. But as he isn't developed mentally, that's where a mixture of influences remains<sup>186</sup> – that's where. It's not in the body, it's in the mind. And I don't want to replace that mixture with a... (*Mother gestures to show an authority imposing itself*).... All that I can do is to give the necessary atmosphere, and that's that.

I got a letter from N.S.<sup>187</sup> in which she said she was almost desperate to have missed the appointment I had given her with A.R. But I am not sure... [that it wasn't just as well]. She says that instead of the time she had been told, she arrived an hour later because she had been somewhere (I forget where), had got completely drenched, and had to change her clothes; she sent word to A.R. requesting him to wait, but when she arrived, he had left. So she doesn't know whether L. didn't get her message, or didn't convey it. And she writes me that at the first opportunity she would like to come and see him.... I had her told that for the moment he had withdrawn, but that as soon as he resumed his activity, I would let her know. But I didn't tell A.R., because...

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<sup>186</sup>That is what Satprem had vividly felt: a gap between A.R.'s living experience and his mentalization of it, as if he were seeking to shut the ocean within a graduated thermometer.

<sup>187</sup>A friend of Indira Gandhi, and a minister in the Indian government.



*For her own sake I wish N.S. meets him, but I don't at all wish he should start expounding to her his great plans for the conversion of India!<sup>188</sup>*

That, of course! I can certainly guarantee that the time hasn't come!

*I hope he won't drive N. S. into... useless things.*

That's why he didn't meet her!... You see, all that takes place takes place PURPOSELY. We find that very hard to understand, but... one begins to understand it here (*Mother points to her body*), and when I was told they hadn't met, I thought, "It's very wise, this isn't the right time."

*Yes, I think so.*

That's why I told N.S. I would let her know. So we'll see.

*But with this man, I feel I am in front of a secret which I, for one, would need to realize and understand.*

Yes, yes.

*That's the impression he gives me: he holds something that I would need.*

Yes. And what has enabled him to "hold" it is that the mind isn't developed. The proportion of the mind in the combination of the being is sufficiently... poor not to intervene.

It's like that. For a PERFECT realization, the entire being must be illumined; but for an initial realization, it's probably easier for a body that doesn't have a highly developed mind. Since he came here, I've looked a good deal, and I am fully convinced of it. That's why he... You see, for us who have gone up to the highest degree of mental potentiality, it's through that highest degree that we went beyond – it's when the mind realized its highest degree that it abdicated – and that's very good for the integral realization, but generally the body is too accustomed to obeying the mind, not supple enough to be transformed. That's the reason why my mind was sent away.... But that's not a process which can be... recommended to others. Because nine people out of ten would die.

*The mind?*

If the mind goes away.

*Do you think I would die?*

Mind and vital.

*Ah, yes, the vital, I understand, but if you took my mind away...?*

No, mon petit! I refuse to do it! (*Mother laughs*) It must... it must abdicate.

*It hasn't abdicated, my mind?*

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<sup>188</sup>One typical example of the "mixture of influences" Mother was referring to.

Yes. Abdicate and fall silent.

*I have the impression of a missing link between "Something" I very clearly feel up above, something concrete, and then this reality I live.*

That's very material.

*But I have the impression of something missing, a link, something...*

Not a "link"...

It's more a passivity that would be missing. Everything is too active.

And for the Force to be able to go through rapidly so as to reach the body, a GREAT passivity is needed. I can see that: every time there is a pressure so as to act on some part of the body or other, it always begins with an absolute passivity, which is... the "perfection of inertia," you understand? What inertia imperfectly represents – it's the perfection of that.... Something with no activity of its own – which is VERY difficult precisely for those who have a great mental development, very difficult. Because its whole life long, the body has worked to be in that state of receptivity to the mind, and that state, which is what brought about its obedience, docility and so on, is what needs to be abolished.

How can I explain?... The development through the mind is a constant and general awakening of the whole being – even the most material being – an awakening as a result of which there is also something that's the opposite of sleep. But to receive the supreme Force, what's needed is, on the contrary, the equivalent of stillness – the stillness of sleep, but an ABSOLUTELY CONSCIOUS sleep, absolutely conscious. The body feels the difference. It feels the difference to such a point that... for example, at night I lie down and I am like that, for hours I remain like that, and if after a while I drop into ordinary sleep, my body wakes up with a dreadful anguish! Then it slowly goes back to that State. That anguish, I feel it from time to time – it goes away instantly as soon as the body recaptures the true attitude, which is a state of stillness, but absolutely conscious. "Stillness," I don't know how to explain that.... It's almost the opposite of inertia in stillness.

That's what now makes me understand why the creation began with inertia. So then, we had to recover that state (*Mother draws an immense curve*) after going through all the states of consciousness. And that's what has given us... (*laughing*) for us, it's a fine mess! But when it's done deliberately, it's not a mess any longer.

*For me, the difficulty I very often come up against, is a need of activity in the aspiration, too.*

Yes, yes.

*I feel I shouldn't stop being actively aspiring. Often I could very well let everything be like that, motionless, but...*

Yes, but then the aspiration comes.

*I feel the need of activity in the aspiration.*

Yes, it's to counteract inertia. It's because we still have a legacy of inertia.

*But then, what's to be done in that case? Let everything spread out, or else... persist in this active aspiration, which is really intense?*

It's hard to say because I am convinced that everyone has his own path, but for this body, the path is to have that active aspiration.

*To have active aspiration? Yes, but then it's not that stillness anymore.*

It has found the way, it has understood how it can be done.

*The two together, the union of the two?*

Yes, they are together. That's what it has managed to get: a complete stillness and an INTENSE aspiration. And it's when stillness is left without aspiration that it falls into a dreadful anguish which instantly wakes it up. That's it, you understand: an INTENSE aspiration. And it's absolutely still, still within, as if all the cells grew still.... That must be it: what we call intense aspiration must be the supramental vibration. It must be the divine Vibration, the true divine vibration. I have often said that to myself.

But if even for five minutes the body falls into the state of inertia – stillness without aspiration – it's woken up by an anguish as if it were about to die! To that point, you understand. For it, stillness is... Yes, it feels that the highest vibration, the vibration of the true Consciousness, is SO INTENSE that it's... it's the equivalent of the inertia of stillness – with an intensity that's not perceptible (for us). That intensity is so great that, for us, it's the equivalent of inertia.

That's what is now being established.

That's what made the body understand (because now it understands) the process of the creation.... We could almost say that it began with a state of perfection, but an unconscious perfection, and that the creation must pass from that state of unconscious perfection to a state of conscious perfection, and in between is imperfection.

Words are stupid, but you understand.

*(silence)*

You know, the impression is of being on the very edge of understanding. But it's not at all a mental understanding, not at all (we've had that one, but it's nothing; it's nothing, it's zero). It's a LIVED understanding. And that the mind can't have – it can't. The impression is that only the body – receptive, open, at any rate partially transformed – is capable of having the understanding; the understanding of the creation of what we call the creation: why and how, the two things. And it's not at all something thought, not something felt: it's something lived, and that's the only way to know... It's lived. It's a consciousness.

You know, when that understanding comes – it comes, and it does like this (*gesture like a luminous swelling*), it comes like that, then it fades away, then it comes back, and then again it fades away; but when it comes it's so evident, so simple that you wonder how you could manage not to know it!

Some more time is needed.... How much time? I don't know But the notion of time, too, is quite arbitrary.

We always try to express our experiences in the old state of consciousness, that's the misery! We think it's necessary, indispensable – and it's stultifying. It's a terrible hindrance.

*(silence)*

And all, but all that people have said, all that they've written, all that they've taught is only one way of

putting things. It's only trying to make oneself understood, but it's impossible. And to think (*laughing*) how much people have fought over such relative things!...

(*long silence*)

Looking at what happens from one day to the next, the body's experience is like this.... In a certain way, at certain times, it's in the consciousness of Immortality, and then, out of influence (also out of habit now and then), it falls back into the consciousness of mortality, and that's really... For it now, as soon as it falls back into the consciousness of mortality, there's a dreadful anguish; it's only when it emerges from that, when it enters the true consciousness, that it passes. I understand why some people, yogis, spoke of the unreality of the world, because, for the consciousness of Immortality, the consciousness of mortality is an unreal absurdity. And it's like this (*Mother slips the fingers of one hand between the fingers of the other, showing an alternation between the two consciousnesses*). So now it's like this, now it's like that. And the other state, the state of Immortality, is immutably peaceful, tranquil, with... like lightning-fast waves, so rapid that they seem still. It's like this: complete motionlessness (apparently) within a tremendous Movement. But then, as soon as the other state comes, it's all the ordinary notions that come back, that is to say... really in its present state, that gives it the anguish and suffering of a falsehood. But it's still like this (*same to-and-fro gesture*)....

The only, only way out that is effective is in fact self-abandon, *surrender*. It's not expressed in words or idea or anything, but it's a state, a state of vibration, in which ONLY the Divine Vibration has value. Then – then things get back in order.

But all that, the moment you talk about it...

But note that it's constant: it happens in the night, it happens in the morning (mornings are generally very difficult), and then there are other times when... (*immense, even gesture, with a smile*) there are no more problems – all problems are over: no more problems, no more difficulties, nothing anymore.

(*silence*)

There's a background (it's mostly that), a background of unconscious Negation which is still behind everything, but everything; it's still there everywhere: you eat or breathe – you receive that Negation.... For everything to be transformed, it's still a colossal work. But when you are on the "other side," as we might call it (it's not "sides"), in the other state, it seems so natural that you wonder why things aren't like that, why they seem so difficult. And then, as soon as you're back to this other side, it's... (*Mother takes her head in her hands*)... The mixture is still there, undeniably.

Truly, the ordinary state, the old state, is consciously (meaning it's a conscious perception), it's death and suffering. And then in the other state, death and suffering appear to be... absolutely unreal – there you are.

The body seems to be very highly conscious of... (what can I call it?) a sort of stupidity. Yes, a sort of enduring and stupid goodwill. It's very conscious of that. And it's led to understand that this state was indispensable for the work to be done, that someone who... (naturally, the least bad will is out of question), that without this sort of... (it's not unconsciousness), this sort of ignorant simplicity (something like that), without that, endurance would become very difficult.

It doesn't ask any questions, but now and then, it's conscious of its state of mediocrity, and so, quite naturally, it wonders how it happens to have been chosen to do this work? And it clearly appears to be a sort of goodwill arising from its sense of insignificance.... The least sense of capacity and worth takes away all endurance. But it doesn't have that at all, so that enables it to go on.

Did I tell you the story of that child who came here?... That child came, holding this (*Mother points to a small yellow bird on her table*); he thought it was a swan: it's a goose, of course, but he thought it was a swan, and he gave it to me very nicely, saying, "It's You." I saw in his thought that he was convinced it was a swan, that is to say, the soul. But then, I saw with my own eyes that it was a goose (*Mother laughs*), and I said, "Yes, it's true!" (*Laughter*) and that was precisely... Oh, I'm keeping it, it's precisely that – a goose (*Mother laughs*).

So there.

Here (*Mother gives a flower of Transformation*): the right one.

You too...

*(Satprem lays his forehead  
on Mother's knees)*

No impatience. That's the main thing: no impatience.

A trusting patience.

Ultimately, for everyone all is as well as it can be. It's always the old movements that get impatient.... Of course, when you see the whole, impatience was certainly created to counteract inertia – but it's over, that time is past.

\* \* \*

## ADDENDUM

*(Questions from the healer to Mother)*

*(A.R.) I had two hernias. I cured one and kept the other deliberately, for what I seek is the greatest opening of Consciousness a human being can obtain. If my Consciousness widens sufficiently, my hernia and the illness of my [paralyzed] friend will automatically heal. The day when I wake up without any trace of illness, I will have on my body the proof that my Consciousness has opened wide. What I want is to be able to actually say, "I Am."*

Theoretically it is true, but that is clearly his own affair. Let him go through his experience. One has no right to intervene in any way.

*(A.R.) I wondered if I might not be more useful to Mother, to Her work, than by being here, meditating the whole day?*

No, I don't see things like that. One must have total suppleness towards the Divine Consciousness in oneself. Insofar as one lets it express itself all alone, it is this Consciousness that has one do things.

*(A.R.) India needs water. What is necessary is to obtain harmonious waterfalls, according to the law of harmony, which will bring a sufficient amount of water for vegetation, but without causing damage. I think it is feasible. If it is not feasible, nothing is. But should one do it? Should one, for instance, divert a storm?... All one has to do is ask. So should one ask the Divine Force to act one*

*way rather than another?*<sup>189</sup>

In any case, the Divine Force will only do what it wills, and it is the Divine Force Itself which, in him, aspires to divert the storm.



**October 22, 1969**

How old are you going to be?

*Forty-six.*

Oh, you're still a baby!

*I have some white hairs.*

Really!... Me, I haven't one!... It's strange, not one.

It's because of this (*Mother points to the little goose on her table*), I told you the story.... The mind doesn't work, so I don't get tired!

*I have a lot of work to do with my head, nonetheless.*

I no longer do any.

*Yes, but as for me, I have all the books to prepare!... It's necessary.*

Of course.

*So it must be on purpose.*

Yes.

But now, you see, people have made it a habit to ask me for a message on every occasion, and lots of people write to me, asking for answers. So I remain like that, and almost instantly (except in a few rare cases), the answer comes like this (*gesture of descent*). And if I don't feel like writing, it persists and persists... and won't let go of me until I've written! Once I've written, it's over! To such a point that I don't even remember what I've written.

*I'd like to learn the knack!*

*(silence)*

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<sup>189</sup>As a matter of fact, it started raining as it had not rained for eighty years.

I don't think there's a knack.

I can't even say that I made effort to get that, not at all.



**October 25, 1969**

*(The following conversation came in connection with two letters sent by the young Indian disciple who accompanied A.R., the healer, in his solitary retreat.)*

October 21, 1969

*Mr. A.R. asked me if I had finished reading the "Notes on the Way" again. As for me, I asked him if he had found something after his studies of these last two days. Then there was a stream of words. He said:*

*"I haven't learned anything new. All that she [Mother] says I have known for twenty years. The very basis of my experience was the transformation of the cells, that was my starting point. According to what Mother writes, I think she only began this experience two years ago, and I understand she has now completed it. So for me, all that she says is true, correct, and it cannot be otherwise. Only, unlike her, I did not go through every stage of the experience in detail, right to the end. My method was direct straight, all the way up; I cut out all those stages and visions on the way, because otherwise I could not have done what I did. You understand, I couldn't attempt those details, because if I had, I would have lost my aim, I would have missed my realization. For her, it's all right, because she was educated. She knows philosophy, metaphysics, science, and what not! Moreover, she had the good fortune of meeting Sri Aurobindo. I would like to meet him. But as for me, I was all alone. So I had no option. I don't regret it. I came here because I knew there was here someone who spoke my language. I got confirmation of my experiences, and I provide confirmation to her experience. That's right. One might say that we have gone hand in hand into our experience—we are on the same plane. That's how I understand it. I don't know what she thinks of me, she didn't tell me anything. I wanted to talk with her, but I don't think she is inclined to speak much. So!...*

*"At any rate, she told me she would help me; in that case, something is surely being done. The seed you sow today doesn't grow the next day. We must wait. It may take time."*

\* \* \*

October 24, 1969

*What I am going to write will interest you, I think. It followed a long talk yesterday evening.*

*Subject: Mr. A.R.'s mission in this life.*

*He told me he was acquiring such a force that he could face any obstacle, and will thus be capable of asserting in front of people the power of the divine force. "I first want to become absolutely sure that I can manifest this force at any time and against any obstacle. Then I will show people, in a crowd of a thousand people, through a practical demonstration, by calling ten or fifteen sick people among them and curing them with this force. Then they will perforce be convinced that there is indeed a Force that can do anything. But for that, I must be ready. For eighty percent of the people will be against me, and to convince them I must be really strong, well armed and sure! Once I am ready, no one will be able to stop me. All governments and religions will collapse. I will write to the Pope, asking him what they are preaching now. What did Christ tell us in the Gospels! He told his apostles to go and heal the sick and drive demons away. What are the priests and the Catholics doing today?"*

*I asked him, "Are you sure that is your mission?"*

*"Yes, I am sure. I have known it for a long time. And I am preparing myself for that. The day is not far off To do that, one must first be as strong as Christ."*

*"But don't you think it's much better to seek the Divine for Himself than to seek Him for some power, even the power to assert his existence? My do you want to give proof every moment? And is it necessary to demonstrate it through healing?"*

*"Of course you are right, there, when you say that one should seek the Divine for his own sake. For you people, it's easy to understand since you are bathing in this atmosphere here. But for the Western man, a proof is needed, he wants to know what he will gain! The easiest and most striking thing to demonstrate is healing. There. It's really quite simple. I don't know if you understand it. Christ, too, did the same thing!"*

\* \* \*

Have you seen brother A?...<sup>190</sup> He has changed a lot – a lot. He's incomparably better than before. He went to stay with Buddhists, it seems. He was supposed to go to Vinoba Bhave's place, but I don't think he stayed there, because he is coming from a Buddhist monastery.

*But he remains as Christian as before, doesn't he?*

I don't know... He doesn't want to go back to France, because he says he would be "troubled" there! He will go to a monastery in Greece, then he says he would come back here.... But he's changed a lot. A lot.

And the other... [the healer], the other is very amusing!

*Is he?*

He's very amusing! (*Mother laughs*) If it were an ordinary consciousness, what presumptuousness! But in him, it's a sort of spontaneity. It's very amusing. But the two of them [A.R. and brother A.] have got along well enough; they said they would meet, they've arranged to meet each other... I forget where.

It's amusing.

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<sup>190</sup>A Catholic monk who had come to the Ashram a year earlier. A.R., the healer, met him, and it was after this meeting that A.R. began speaking of his "healing mission."



*But what do you think of this “miraculous mission” in the world?*

*(Mother laughs)* If he succeeds, it will be interesting. That’s what I think.

Is it an illusion, or is it a promise? I don’t know... You see, for his hernia, it was rather interesting, because when you told me about it, I concentrated, I looked, and I saw the Force come, I saw that if he brought his hernia in, it wouldn’t come out again – which is already miraculous. But he says it must go in by itself, without any intervention!... That’s... it’s much farther on the scale. If it happens, well, I’ll bow down.

I don’t know, we’ll see.

*I don’t know, but I rather feel it’s an illusion, this idea of striking a “big blow” at people’s minds by working miracles....*

Oh, yes. That’s impossible. It’s childishness.

*Yes, so it seems to me.*

Especially here, where so many people have worked so-called miracles.

*He wants to do it in Europe.*

Oh!

*In Europe, with television, radio, and by stirring the masses with spectacular cures.*

Babah! That’s childishness.

*Well, yes! So it seems to me.*

Let him just do as he likes.

*It’s not miracles that can convert humanity.*

No.

No. But it’s because he has no culture that he thinks that way.

Now, it may happen! After all, I’m not quite sure that Christ didn’t work miracles.

*Yes, he did.*

Ah, that’s what we’re told – we weren’t there! *(laughter)*

*What shocks me a bit is this idea of doing “better than Christ”.... My impression is that what needs to be done is something ELSE altogether!*

*(Mother laughs)* Oh, yes.

*(silence)*

But it seems Christ himself said he would come back “with God’s sword” – which means it’s no longer the same thing at all.

As for me, I never believed: I had a lot of difficulty, it’s Sri Aurobindo who made me believe in the physical reality of Christ; I always thought it was some story people told – they took hold of just anybody and built a story around him. But Sri Aurobindo believed in it. He said it was an Avatar – a partial Avatar.

*(silence)*

*But what I’d like to understand is basically the kind of power he has-what kind of realization does this man have? What kind of power – is it a supramental power, or what?*

All that I can say is that out of all the people he treated here, he didn’t cure one – with all of them the trouble came back. And to my vision, it’s because, here, only those who MUST be ill are ill.

So it can’t be a supramental power.

*(silence)*

He asked to see me today I will see him. Naturally, I won’t say anything, and if he speaks, I won’t listen to him. But I’ll try to SEE.

According to what he says, and according to what I’ve seen so far, he has the impression of a Harmony higher than the creation, which hasn’t yet fully manifested, and which would manifest through him.... There’s something true there, except that instead of manifesting through a person, this Harmony is trying to descend on earth. I saw that; I think that where he is childish is when he takes it as something personal – that’s all. That’s my impression. But that this Harmony is trying to descend and would certainly make it easier for the new creation seems to me correct.

Success in the world always depends on a... (how should I put it?) a diminishing and a personifying of things. For instance, for me there would be nothing surprising to his working miracles, because something which, to a consciousness-an enlightened consciousness, the Truth-Consciousness – is a logical consequence, becomes miraculous to an unenlightened consciousness. So for him to make a name for himself as a miracle-worker wouldn’t be surprising in the least. He may be destined to become...

It’s amusing! *(Mother laughs)*

He has the very ingenuousness (the ingenuousness of ignorance) thanks to which he doesn’t have a mind that looks and smiles. He is wholly in his conviction – it’s a condition good for people, they haven’t gone beyond that.

We’ll see.

*All those supermiracles are NOT convincing.*

Oh, no, not at all! Not at all.

*Not convincing. It’s a sort of super-conjuring trick, and once it’s past, it’s past – it hasn’t changed anything within.*

No.

*So what is he going to do there?... I feel he's going onto a painful path, this man. He is going to fall into the lions' den.*

You understand, he didn't see the light here. He remained shut in his realization.

*Exactly! That's in fact why I would have liked to see him BEFORE he meets you.*

No, no! No, it's amusing, mon petit! We must let things unfold and see! *(Mother laughs ironically)* You can see him AFTER. As for me, I am keen to see him before – you would put something in him... No, no! I want to see him.

*Because, Mother, what he will do, what he does in front of you (or in front of anyone) is to dart up, catch hold of his "thing, and there you are, he pulls it.*

But I can go above it!

*Yes, but then he will take it as something "from above"!*

Ah, but that doesn't matter! *(Mother laughs)* It doesn't matter, mon petit! It's very amusing *(Mother laughs more and more)*.... You know, to receive the Illumination OF THE TRUTH is such a grace – I don't know... if it's really meant for him, he will get it, and that's what I want to know If he doesn't get it, it means that... *(Mother makes a vast, rhythmical gesture)* he is part of the immense Play.

*(long silence)*

He is coming today I said he should go and see you after leaving from here, that way you will be able to feel whether... whether something has been shaken.

*Yes, let him come and see me after leaving from here.*

He is coming around 3:30 – I won't keep him long. Ah!...

He hasn't learned to sit on the floor, has he?

*Yes, he can do it, Mother.*

With this hernia, maybe it's not...

*If his back is supported, he can. At home I had him sit on the floor.*

Oh, then it's all right.

*But with the back supported....*

*(silence)*

*As for me, I understand very well how it takes place: there's a certain (I don't know if it's a realization), but something that is there [gesture above], you catch hold of That, and you can catch it while prostrating yourself before a stone, while prostrating yourself at the Samadhi, while being*

*in the street and everywhere, and it's THE-SAME-THING.*

Yes, yes.

*And it's irrefutable.*

Yes, exactly.

*So if he is in front of you and catches that, it's "the same thing" again!*

*(Mother laughs)*

But I am convinced that the first time I saw him, for him it made no difference: he was completely shut in his own creation. It did go in, but he didn't feel it was something new... You understand, the subtlety of the discernment comes from a refinement of consciousness that isn't within everyone's reach. The subtlety of the discernment.

*To me, what's mysterious is that one may have the divine consciousness and yet not see. How can it be? Because he has a divine consciousness, that's certain. But how can he not see?*

*(After a silence)* As I see him, it's because he needs the thing to be manifested through a personal consciousness. A "personal consciousness," I mean someone [Mother] who is "conscious of bearing the Divine," who feels, "I bear the Divine," you understand? When that isn't there (the Divine is there, that's all, but there isn't I am the Divine"), he can't feel. And I'll go farther: I don't think there are many Europeans or Westerners who can feel it. Indians, it's because of atavism. But all those who are westernized cannot feel any longer. They need the sense of the person, the person who says, "I am," you understand. But this body... *(laughing)*, the body has gone beyond the stage where it says, "I am"! The very idea makes it laugh.

That's why.

*Yet I, for one, feel a difference. For a very long time I racked my brains trying to understand. I said to myself, "When I touch That up above, it's the same thing, always the same thing"... until the day I asked myself, "Let's see, what's the difference when I am with Mother and when I am alone with That?"*

Did you feel the difference?

*Well, then, I understood something (that wasn't long ago).<sup>191</sup> My impression was that when I am with you, it isn't something I catch up above, but rather something that comes FROM WITHIN.*

Ah!

*As if I were seized from within...*

Yes, yes.

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<sup>191</sup>That was in fact a great turning point in Satprem's life: the experiential understanding between the great "That" and the "something else" that flows through Mother. It thus took Satprem fifteen years to come close to Mother...

*...and everything were lighting up from within.*

Yes, that's it! That's right. It's exactly that, it's correct.

*It's not something that drops down onto my shoulders.*

Yes, that's right. But it's the *raison d'être* for this (*Mother touches her body*), for the presence here. It's so things may be... from within – not a miraculous descent.

*Yes, that's the difference.*

But then, in his case, he felt even more convinced, you understand? He felt [in front of Mother], yes, quite comfortable. That's why I told you that the physical ego hasn't gone.... He found it quite natural – he must have felt very comfortable!

*(silence)*

The state now is such that when the body FEELS ITSELF (feels itself, that is to say, is aware of being a body), INSTANTLY there's a discomfort, whatever the condition. Even when it feels in a state of adoration or aspiration or... it's accompanied by discomfort. And only when there's no more awareness at all of its separate existence does it feel comfortable. So then, the normal state is silence, stillness, but... (the image isn't correct – how can I explain?), you see, the Presence, it's not that it flows through, but when it radiates like this (*gesture*), radiates through an activity, then everything is fine and there's no more at all the sensation of “this [the body] through which”: this through which the Divine flows – there isn't. It's like this (*immutable gesture*), still and nonexistent, without any self-awareness, aware only of... the Divine Action, like that. Then everything is fine. And the minute there's even a slight impression of the Thing flowing “through,” discomfort comes. You understand, it has become a very acute state.

See, I might say (it sounds like literature) that in a certain state, in that state in which it no longer feels itself and only the awareness of the Divine remains, there's the sense of an Immortality, of Eternity; and if there's the least sensation of “something in which” the Divine manifests, it absolutely becomes the sense of death – you instantly become mortal again. And acute, you know, acute like that. But then, it's very subtle, because... the sensation (sensation or perception or feeling) of “I” has completely disappeared, all the time, all the time – really so, completely; it's the “something,” the something which is still a little different, and that becomes terribly painful – the body is perfectly at ease only when it no longer feels itself.

It's hard to explain, but that's how it is.

*(long silence)*

It must be that.... There are innumerable layers of consciousness. The development (the universal development) has progressively enabled us to become conscious of each layer; the more developed one is, the more one perceives the differences between layers. And it's only when one is conscious of ALL the layers of consciousness and when they form nothing but a unity (but a unity conscious of its multiplicity), it's only then that what's in the deepest depths... the Supreme Consciousness can manifest fully. And in bodies, there are still layers that aren't fully conscious; there are still layers that remain as a residue of all that preceded: the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, all that. So the whole fully

conscious part of the cells is fully illumined, but... Besides, one just has to see (*Mother shows the skin of her hands, visibly untransformed*).... It has become EXTREMELY sensitive, the slightest shock causes a... It has become extremely sensitive.... It appears not to have the same “density”... but the appearance is exactly the same. Those who have an inner vision see something [another form of Mother], but that’s only because they have the capacity of inner vision. So that’s it [i.e., the residue]. You understand, in the consciousness of the cells, there is the consciousness which is “internal” to the cells, so to speak, and which is fully, fully conscious, but there’s something that remains like this (*Mother gestures to show a crust-like covering the residue*). So then, that work a man like A.R. hasn’t done, you see: it’s a sort of hazy general consciousness. He himself is conscious of something “stronger than his body,” and which “uses” his body, it seems to me.... In the world, it’s very useful and can give birth to all sorts of things. But he isn’t ready for the transformation, you understand – himself, his body. He has a sort of inner certitude that it CAN be, but... I don’t know... unless the Lord wants it to take place that way; that would be amusing – really, I would find it very amusing!

*Because he speaks of a work of transformation of the cells.*

He speaks, yes.

*But then, what exactly does he mean?*

(*Mother laughs*) Of course, it’s true!

But I told you, I made the experiment when I saw him: when he left, at the time of leaving, I wanted to touch his hand to know – but I touched a HAND, you understand? I touched a HAND (*Mother feels a hardness*), there was HIS hand – I didn’t touch the Divine! I touched a hand.... And I think he feels the Force acting THROUGH his hand.

*Yes, for him, it’s always a “descent,” it’s not something radiating from within. It’s a Force that descends.*

Does he always have that impression?

*That’s the impression I, at least, have with him.*

That’s the impression I have too. When he sat here, I saw the Force descending, descending, descending into him, but there was still a gentleman named A.R. sitting there!

*It’s not at all something radiating from within.*

No.

But the consciousness there (*gesture above Mother*) is very conscious that these (*Mother touches her hands*) aren’t hands! (*Mother laughs*) Try as you might, they aren’t! It may be a refined body, but they aren’t hands. And when I sit here, like that, when this body is sitting and someone is there, it’s no longer conscious of itself; it’s not at all conscious of a Force flowing through it, no longer conscious of itself – there’s the Divine Presence acting. And it becomes conscious of the other’s receptivity, of the action of this Force in others, all of it – and this (*the body*) no longer exists.

But it’s only a beginning.

It’s a beginning.

What will happen?...

*(silence)*

All that is conscious in this [the body] has only one... only one movement: let there be no difference anymore. That's all. And no impression at all to "pull" from here or there, or to "rise" up above – it's not that: no difference anymore.

And the difference is becoming increasingly painful – much more painful than an illness (it's not the same sort of thing: it's a sort of inner anguish).

*(silence)*

So you'll see him this evening, after his visit (*Mother laughs ironically*).

\* \* \*

*(That evening, then, Satprem saw A.R., and after a difficult discussion during which Satprem tried to open A.R.'s eyes, he sent Mother the following letter to give her an account of what had taken place. Satprem was in front of irrefutable Monism – which does not see what is right under its nose.)*

October 25, 1969

Sweet Mother,

Near you, A.R. says that he only feels a difference in intensity of the same Thing. I tried to explain to him that it was not quite "the same thing," but he irrefutably says that there is only ONE Thing with varying intensities, and that you only let That flow through more purely than others do. And as we spoke of Avatars, he said: "There cannot be a difference between an Avatar and a realized Yogi, or if there is a difference, it means that the Yogi isn't truly realized."

In short, we both turned round an indefinable difference – which may be the Grace.

And in the end, he was not too happy with me.... I am sorry. I have the impression of having miserably failed.

Your somewhat puzzled child,  
with love,  
Satprem

*(Mother's reply)*

Satprem, my dear child,

What A.R. calls me (the mother) is this physical body, and it is a fact that he receives nothing from it. Whether he knows or feels it or not, he receives everything from above, not from within his body.

Today, I observed carefully: the Presence descended in him, in an impersonal form, continuously while he sat in front of me; nothing went directly from this body to his. He stayed here for a shorter time today than the first time, but the experience was the same. When he left, I took his hand to see if I

would feel anything particular, but like the first time, I felt nothing, gave nothing, received nothing.

What he says about the avatar and the yogi is logically true.

But there may be a secret beyond men's understanding... except and only if they wholly abdicate their humanity

Do not be "puzzled" and you will feel the wonderful smile that rules over everything.

With you always,  
Mother



**October 29, 1969**

*(The conversation begins an hour late.)*

It's awful!

*It's a pity for the Agenda, because when at 11 you've seen so many people... How many times you told me, "Oh, I think I had something to tell you, now it's gone..." It's a pity.*

Yes, but the whole of life is like that. I try and try, but everyone comes – for birthdays, for visits, for And yet I don't take everyone. It's become frightful.

I want to do one thing: twice a week, the days when you come, I'll refuse to see people.

I'll arrange something, because it's beginning to be impossible. I can't do the work in these conditions.

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother listens to the English translation of the "Notes on the Way" proposed by Satprem, the conversation of August 16 in which Mother spoke of the need to make a void and wait for the Command from above.)*

I think people will find it incomprehensible, they'll all fall asleep!

*(To Nolini, in English:.) What do you think, they can understand?*

*(Nolini, in English:.) Understand does not matter, it is all right!... I tell to my class always – when I read Mother's things, to the class I say, "Don't try to understand, try to feel what is there – don't understand. The understanding if it comes it's all right, if it does not come, don't worry. Try to feel*



*what is there.”*

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, regarding Satprem’s coming birthday, and his last meeting with the healer.)*

I’ve tried to see what I could give you.... I don’t know. Don’t you need anything? If you do, tell me.... What? Is there nothing of which you’d say, “Oh, if I had that...”? Don’t you ever say that to yourself?

*No.*

You’re wonderful!

*No, no, I just have all I need!*

How old are you going to be?

*46.*

Babah!

*(silence)*

*It seems I’ve raised torrents with A.R.?*

Poor man, he wept.... But in the end, I think it did him good.

He’s leaving in a few days.

*It’s very hard to know what one should do.*

Yes.

*(long silence)*

One can’t know. As for me, I am convinced that one can’t know, that one must be like this (*Mother opens her hands upward*). What I’ve said here [in the “Notes on the Way”] is true: one must be like that, and then... let the Consciousness act through oneself.

*That’s what I tried to do. Don’t you see any error in that?*

No! For me, that doesn’t exist.

Seen from a distance, I am convinced it did him a lot of good. At the time, it was very hard.

*But I was impelled to speak to him like that because I did like this man!*

Yes.

*If I had been indifferent to him, I would have said, "Yes, yes, very good," and that's all.*

Yes. One doesn't know The body here is beginning to understand thoroughly that one must be like this (*gesture upward*). The one most important thing is to have one's consciousness CONSTANTLY turned towards... towards the Perfection we must manifest. That's all.

With the understanding we have, it's IMPOSSIBLE to know. Our vision is too small.

*That's what I try to do, and what I pray you give me, Mother, it's to do the True Thing.*

Yes, that's it. That's what I wanted to give you tomorrow... if I can. But it's not "me," you understand: ask above and you will have it.



# November

**November 1, 1969**

*(The conversation begins with a record delay of an hour and a half)*

It's becoming a bit difficult....

What do you have to tell me?... Your last meeting with A.R.? He didn't tell you anything?

*He remains as he is. He said, "I'd rather get killed on the spot than change my policy"! And in the same breath, he says, "I want to find, I want to find, and if I don't find, it means the Divine doesn't want me to." So he wants to find, but doesn't want to change....*

I'll tell you something.... The last time he came, I had him sit down and I thought, "We'll see." I started the meditation as usual, it was very good and he received – the same thing as before. It was exactly the same. Then I invoked (because it was the day of the pujas), I invoked the four Aspects of the Mother. They came. Two of them stood on one side of A.R., two of them on the other side. Then I waited. And after a while, I saw him lower his head, and... suddenly, he started coughing<sup>192</sup> (which he had never done). Then I stopped. But I didn't ask anything, I gave him a... consolation letter, and then this message I had given the other day:

"It is in the silence of complete identification with the Divine that true understanding is obtained."

I gave him that without saying anything and let him go. I said "good-bye," he shook my hand like this (!) and left.

Then, I'd asked F to give him the booklet *The Mother*, but when she came to his place, he was already in meditation with a number of people (they were all holding hands). So we don't know at all what his reaction was. All that I know is that the day before he left, A.R. and Z made the trip together, and she asked him what the result of his stay here was, what he had learned. He replied, "Oh, it's too early to know, I'll know later."

That process of holding hands in meditation is the process you use when you want to circulate vital forces.... I did that with a group in 1910. And as soon as I came here, all those things seemed to me to be... not the true Thing. And yet he is open and receives the Force VERY WELL. But as soon as there's something else, it no longer works. So there.

*But at the same time, he says, I want to find"!*

Yes, it's like that.

*And as soon as I wanted to touch his construction a little, it caused a dreadful drama!*

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<sup>192</sup>Which means something he could not "swallow."

Yes, that's it. He wants to find, but he wants to find WITHIN his construction.

We'll see. It will keep on working! (*Mother laughs*) We'll see.

I hope it'll be better next Wednesday!<sup>193</sup>



**November 5, 1969**

*(The conversation begins an hour and a half late.)*

To tell the truth, I don't know what to do.... On Wednesdays and Saturdays, I keep things to a minimum, that is to say, I turn down more than half the people. And this is how it is. And the other days, sometimes I keep working till noon. It has become...

Yet I start early But the requests [to see Mother] come to me through at least one, two, three, four... eight people: each of them brings requests. So there would be only one way, that's to have several bodies!

I wanted to tell you something amusing. You know that I haven't played [music] there for two years – impossible. The other day it was Sunil's birthday, and he told me, "Oh, you should play something to me for January 1st." I said, "I'll try." I went there, sat down, and my hands started playing. For a few minutes, I didn't hear a single sound of what I was playing! Then, little by little, the sound came, and I played for some ten minutes. And it came all by itself, as if I had last played yesterday!... So I complimented my body! I said to it, "It's fine." I was happy because I thought, "It hasn't lost" – it was easier than the last times I played! It came like this (*dancing gesture*), it was having fun finding the notes.

And someone played, I don't know who – not someone human. It consoled me somewhat! (*Mother laughs*)

It was better than the last time,<sup>194</sup> because there was no idea that I COULD do anything, the body was certain that it couldn't do anything at all, that it must have got out of the habit, but once I found myself seated, the hands started playing....

It seems to be more and more, "What You will I do." That's the body's attitude. The body says, "What You will I do."

So from that point of view, it's not going backward: it's going forward.

As far as organizing is concerned, I've lost control – I've lost control, everyone has taken control!... I've given up saying "I want," completely.

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<sup>193</sup>Mother means not so late as today.

<sup>194</sup>Two years earlier.

And I clearly see that everyone is harassed, the requests come by the twenty, twenty-five, thirty at one go. So we cut down on that as much as we can. And I had positively said (I insisted, and I repeat it at every opportunity) that on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I don't want to see many people.... I said, "I have work to do, I can't."

But I do understand: everyone is harassed. They bring me piles of requests – I turn down as many as I can.

There's something to be found.

What if I called you early?

*Whatever is convenient to you.*

There's no "convenience" for me.

*Yes, there are conditions: these conversations, as I understand, can really be what they should be only if you have a minimum of really empty time when you aren't pressed by anything, so you can go into an experience.*

That I can do any time.

*Yes, but still there's a minimum....*

No.

*Because how many times have you told me, "Oh, I had something to tell you, now it's gone away," how many times!*

No, those were experiences that no longer seemed to me worth saying. No, that's not it – the state is immutable, mon petit, twenty-four hours a day.

*Yes, the state is unchanging, but to express your experience you need a minimum of availability. When you are harassed at 11:30, it's clearly not the right moment.*

No, if I had something to say, I would say it. See, I've told you the story of Sunil – I would say it. No, what I have to say isn't... There's a curve, and at the moment, there are some very, very contradictory things present and active: an increase of trust and a decrease of trust – both at the same time.

I get some very impertinent letters from people asking me why I did this or why I did that (I'm absolutely indifferent to it: when I read that, I laugh – it's all the same to me), but I see, I see the atmosphere: there's a progression of trust and dependence, a very rapid and great progression. And there is at the same time... all the little egos which rebel and are furious! But it's very good because it comes from the Pressure of the Consciousness that wants things to be... open.

For instance, some people had rancor for a long time, without saying anything – they are forced to say it. That's how it is. There's a very strong pressure for the transformation. And naturally, that's why I am flooded with people.... Because there's one point on which I don't yield, it's the hours of so-called sleep; from 8 at night till about 8 in the morning, it makes twelve hours during which the inner work can be done, and that I don't want to touch. Of course, twelve hours is a lot: it's half of the day. So the other twelve hours, it's an avalanche. But I am holding on to that, because those are the hours when the most important work is done. (It's a little less, it's really like that between 9 and 5 in the morning,

rather; that's really when the work is concentrated on the transformation.) It's not that the rest of the time is a denial, not at all: that state of consciousness is immutable. Basically, I don't think there are many minutes, even in a day's twenty-four hours, when the body isn't conscious of the divine Presence – that's how the body is. But the daytime hours are spent in action, they're for others; the night hours are for its own transformation.

So these hours of action are like that.... Every day, I see at least three or four people whom it was quite unnecessary to see; so that's noted, but it's not a lot; for most people, something is done, it's really something getting done. It stirs, you understand – it stirs. At times, there are even quite astonishing things.

So what should we do?

Only, I'd like... I said, "There are only two days a week when I ask to have at least one quiet hour so as to do some work...." I don't know what I should do. I cut down as much as I can, but it keeps coming and coming all the time. And many things that should be done aren't done.

I don't know what to do. I'd really like... I consider it should be at least one hour, a minimum of one hour, twice a week. I made that resolve long ago.

I could fix it an hour earlier, but then all the people would be waiting and pressing.

*It's not for myself.*

I know.

*It's more for what we do that I find it sad.<sup>195</sup>*

Yes, I know very well.

*It's noon.*



**November 8, 1969**

*(The conversation begins ten minutes early. Mother hands a "Transformation" flower to Satprem.)*

Would you like one?

*Yes, it's necessary!*

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<sup>195</sup>Satprem, and perhaps the world, will have much more opportunity to be sad in the following years - Mother had given up saying, "I want"....

They're pretty... Only one is necessary: all the way down, this one (*Mother gives the flower, laughing*).  
To you (*to Sujata*) I give four.  
There.

*But does it get done independently of our effort?*

Something is done, that I know. Something is done.

The Pressure is very strong, and some people even take it to be discomfort. I made the experiment on my body: the moment of the change of authority – you know, it goes from one authority to another – is always difficult, and if one isn't aware one can take it to be the sign of an illness, you understand, the beginning of an illness. I have noticed that with many people here, in the Ashram, it's like that. They think they're ill – it's not that, it's the uncertainty... it's the cells which no longer know whom they must obey. So if there is the conscious Pressure, it's over very soon. But I've seen things... If all those things were told in detail, they would truly look like a multitude of small miracles; it's not that, it's quite simply that the Consciousness is working, but instead of stretching over a very long time, it gets done very fast. It starts as a great pain here or there, something completely disorganized, but if one remains very still and calls the Consciousness, then... it melts, it disappears – but “just like that,” in a few minutes. I have that all the time, the experience takes place four or five times a day Yet, there's still a lot of work to be done. And the appearance (it's perfectly obvious) will be the LAST thing to change, it will take perhaps much more time than the inner change.<sup>196</sup>

At the last attack, I stooped, and it hasn't gone (at one point, I even thought that when A.R. came, he might be able to do something – it didn't do anything at all... the time hadn't come). Then, quite recently, two or three times, there came the consciousness of straightening up – I was able to straighten up quite well, but... it came as if to tell me, “See, this is how it will take place.” Then it left, because the time hadn't come yet. It left.

The visible change seems to be meant to be the last, and... God knows when it will come.

The inner change is being made. But for those who aren't aware, it's deceptive, because it may even begin with a rather strong pain.

The physical consciousness (if we can call it “consciousness”: the consciousness contained in the cells – not deep down, but the consciousness that makes the cells function) is accustomed to effort, struggle, misery, defeat... so accustomed – that's quite universal. In people, it's only their mental consciousness (and often, when they are more advanced, their vital consciousness) that holds out; but their physical consciousness tends to foresee catastrophe, so accustomed it is: the end, you know, that end which for centuries and centuries was inescapable... It weighs down. It's very difficult. It takes a very slow and constant work to replace that sort of habit... of defeat, basically, with a... It mustn't be a will, it must be a faith; there must be faith. So then, for that faith to settle, first the cells must be wholly, completely surrendered, that is, constantly turned towards the Supreme with... “Let Your Will be done,” whatever it is. “It doesn't concern me, it's not my business: let Your Will be done.” So when that is well settled, little by little the true consciousness can come; the true consciousness that truth is Harmony, truth is Progress, truth is Light, truth is... Then, little by little, it comes. But it's a long work.

Only, as I said in the last “Notes,”<sup>197</sup> what is learned is learned, there are no more fluctuations. But,

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<sup>196</sup>It seems almost certain that Mother meant to say the opposite: much less time. Let us recall that she once said to Satprem, “In the end, it's nothing – a mere breath and it will be done.”

<sup>197</sup>Conversation of October 1: “When the physical has learned something, it never forgets, that doesn't budge anymore.”

of course, there are lots of cells. Scientifically, do you know how many?

*No, it must be billions.*

Yes, something like that. And one feels them: some vibrate and are luminous, but they're swamped in the mass....

I told you last time that when I was at the piano, I noticed that my hands were very conscious, that is to say, extremely receptive, they found it perfectly natural – there was no connection with the body consciousness, they were moved by the higher Consciousness.... The hands have had a special education. But you understand...

And there is a part, the part of the body most in contact with outside (*Mother touches the region of the mouth and throat*), this part, this center which is in contact with outside, all this... oh, it's difficult, very difficult. Now and then with an aspiration, there is a beginning of change, and then it causes a sort of catastrophe! Choking and coughing and... horrible. Then I am obliged to calm things down – and wait. It has to take time. The organism wouldn't have the power to withstand the disorder that creates.

Moreover, Sri Aurobindo told me straight out, he said to me, "We can't hope it will take less than two years."

*Two years?*

Two hundred years! We can't hope it will take less than two hundred years. He said, "Normally, it should take three hundred years." He himself had begun it, of course, and he knew – he knew very well, I saw it when he left: the consciousness which came out of his body and straight into mine... quite a lot of it! Yet that didn't prevent him from being ill.

It's a big task.

But this Consciousness is very active. And it's active to make one conscious; so one with a bad character gets a still worse character, and one who is wicked gets still more wicked! That's how it is. And one who is sensitive gets still more sensitive. That makes life extremely difficult, extremely...

It's obvious that time – time, that sort of work of Nature which seemed to be a ceaseless waste of time and of everything – may have been a charity. It was so as not to upset things! I SEE that. I see it: you understand, confusion is growing increasingly acute, difficulties increasingly difficult – naturally, the consciousness is clearer and clearer, it's very clear, oh, very clear... That's really interesting. I'll look at someone, I'll hear a work, I'll be told some affair, and instantly the complete picture is there (*gesture as a film just before Mother's eyes*), along with everyone's impressions; and if I am very quiet and attentive, the consequences, what's going to happen.

*(silence)*

I told you that I did what Sri Aurobindo had done, that is, being absolutely passive, with the aspiration – living ONLY in the aspiration to unite with and manifest the Divine: the ONLY occupation. But then, I saw that life was getting more and more disorganized!<sup>198</sup> So I decided that on certain points, what I saw as being the true thing, I would impose. And I must say that the Power is really powerful!

*(Mother laughs)* See the result!<sup>199</sup> I decided. I was expecting more resistance, but there was none. We'll see if now it continues...<sup>200</sup>

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<sup>198</sup>Like these conversations which began an hour and a half late.



\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, regarding the English translation of “the Great Sense,” a text written by Satprem.)*

*I wrote it for Italian television, but then, they’re under the control of the Vatican, so they didn’t want it.*

It’s very, very, very good. We must print that.

For the English, I’m not absolutely sure of myself, which is why I want someone else to see it again, but in the last analysis... Because the connection with Sri Aurobindo is constant, so I can ask him. And more and more, he lets me know English accurately. But languages are evolving a lot: French is evolving, English too, a lot. And the strange thing is that languages are moving closer; instead of moving away from each other, they’re moving closer. There’s a world language being prepared somewhere – not here, somewhere.

Sri Aurobindo used to say that frenchifying the English form improved it, while on the contrary, anglicizing the French language diminished it. The French language is clearer. But it’s a bit rigid, it needs suppleness.

*(silence)*

I am not surprised they didn’t take it [*The Great Sense*], it’s a fighting work.

It’s for the youth, that’s where it must go; it’s for those who aren’t satisfied and who seek something.



**November 12, 1969**

*(Mother looks for some filler for the next Bulletin.)*

I have something here:

“In life the most precious things are among those you do not see with your physical eyes.”

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199This conversation began at 9:50.

200The previous state of things was to return on the sly.

*(Satprem translates into French, omitting "among")*

No, I didn't say "are those," I said "are among those," because there are also the worst things!

*Could we also put something brief from Sri Aurobindo?*

*(Satprem reads)*

"Every truth, however true in itself, yet taken apart from others which at once limit and complete it, becomes a snare to bind the intellect and a misleading dogma..."

Oh, this is very good.

"...For in reality, each is one thread of a complex weft and no thread must be taken apart from the weft."

We must put it!

\* \* \*

So...

You have nothing to ask? Nothing to say?...

*What about you?*

Work at an accelerated pace.

*I feel very harassed.*

Harassed?

*Especially in the subconscious.*

Oh, me too! Oh, there's a general revolt.

But the consciousness of the "how," that is to say, of what must be done inwardly, is growing more and more clear and precise. But everything, absolutely everything seems to be going awry – people, things, everything. Not a day passes when I am not told four or five hair-raising stories... and some take place here. At the same time, the consciousness is clear, clear, increasingly clear.

*But I can't see what has the power to dissolve that, because in the waking consciousness one is more or less... I won't say luminous, but anyway, striving towards the Light; then you close your eyes and fall asleep-three minutes later you're being chased and fighting against things.... Why is it like that? What can dissolve that?*

Oh, is it like that?

*Yes. What can dissolve that?*

The Supreme's consciousness, the true consciousness.

*Yes, but then you feel as if you close your eyes and are someone else, and that's that.*

*(Mother gasps for breath)*

It's true, I spent years and years and years changing that – that is, having the consciousness remain conscious the whole night.

But it takes a very long time.

Do you do a concentration before going to sleep?

*Oh, always. That's the surprising thing, in fact.*

What's the nature of it? Vital or mental?

*I feel it's vital.... Last night, for instance, there was a huge ship on which I was a stowaway, or ticketless, and I spent I don't know how many hours running from one place to another to hide, chased because I had no ticket, or because I had no right to be there, chased and pursued. What world is that?*

The vital.

*And what ship is that?... Society?*

But it's very interesting, tell me!

*(after a silence)*

You see, all movements of evolution – all of them, on whatever plane they may be – all movements of evolution are expressed as a means of transport: ship, train, car, anything. So then... were there lots of people on the ship?

*Yes, a lot.*

Was it a big ship?

*Yes, it was a big liner.*

Then *(laughing)* it's surely that! It's collective evolution, as it is according to the laws of ordinary nature, and what you represented there was the higher knowledge wanting to change the pace, change the course of the ship. It's very clear. And of course *(laughing)*, you know the ways of the world: it doesn't want to be troubled! So you had to hide.

*Oh, yes, I was chased, I ran from one cabin to another, looking for some corner or the other to*

*take refuge.*

Yes, that's it.

*It's very tiring.*

Only, if in your sleep you remained in touch with the supreme Consciousness, instead of feeling chased, you would probably have felt that you WANTED to be there, that you were not wanted and were hiding so as to do your work. It's simply a nuance in the sensation, you understand? But this image... oh, how many times it's happened to me!

*Me too, several times.*

Yes, and places with a huge crowd that wants to attack you. But then, when you remain like that, in contact, you have the sensation of this Consciousness guiding you away from all ill wills.

It's very interesting! It's a very correct image. That's how they are, those who show the way.

*They're assailed.*

Assailed, yes, literally.

It's in the vital, but if the vital keeps contact, then you can see that you are assailed, but you know you are fully protected. So then, you do what's necessary so as not to be found, but you don't have a sensation of threat.

Yes, those things will change only when... when the world changes. But right now, it's fully in revolt, oh, as if something had been thrown into it which caused a seething furor everywhere.

*Because even during the day, without any reason, at times I have the feeling that everything grates, that I am ill at ease or unwell. And yet, in my clear consciousness, there's no ground for it.*

Yes, that's right. But recently (quite recently, once yesterday, and once last Friday), I had that sort of... (what's the word? I don't know what they call it, but he thinks<sup>201</sup> it's a "disease" – I said, "I have no diseases!")... it's the nerves, the nerves which are nervously attacked by others' nervous atmosphere – it results in almost intolerable sufferings. Since I settled here, I had never had that, it was Sri Aurobindo who took it away from me (I had explained it to him: it had happened to me when I went back from India to France, and it was rather serious). But since I came here, never. And it came back the other day through someone who was here and who caused it. Yet that someone doesn't know at all and has no CONSCIOUS ill will. And yesterday again, with someone else, it was the same thing. So I had to... put the Lord on the nerves forcefully – it took me more than half or three quarters of an hour to succeed in restoring order. Then I said to myself, "Goodness! The battle is getting serious."

It's a "disease." They call it a disease of the nerves: all the nerves are sensitized and suffer terribly. When I first had it, I could no longer eat, no longer sleep, no longer move, no longer...

And that was because...<sup>202</sup> I had done something mad: I went back to France after leaving my psychic being here; so it seized me as soon as I was far enough from the atmosphere; as soon as I

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<sup>201</sup>"He thinks," that is to say, the doctor looking after Mother thinks.

<sup>202</sup>That was the time when, in France, Mother spent nights walking through gardens full of snakes (Richard's atmosphere).

entered the Mediterranean, it began. And it was very serious.

Now and then, there were attacks like that, but when I came back here, Sri Aurobindo drove it away completely (that was long ago). It's only last Friday that it came, and yesterday... I hope it won't recur.

But that's the battle.... It's like what's happening there for P.L.: everywhere it's a battle. Especially in the vital, especially, still more than in the mind; in the mind, there's a movement of understanding, but in the vital... a rage, you know, a rage.

We must hold out. That's what I said to myself: we just have to hold out, there's nothing else to be done.

And the only way is... you understand, it's to cling to the Supreme Consciousness (*Mother clenches her two fists*), and to cling to such a point that It alone exists – not to be directly conscious of the surrounding ill will. That's very important. You see, there is NOTHING but the Supreme, all the rest doesn't exist, isn't true. Like this (*same gesture with clenched fists*). So then, one must do like that, hold on like that, as if you stood on a peak surrounded by attacking waves.

You understand, the consciousness can no longer feel – it sees, it is aware, but it can no longer feel, that's over. But the physical is still... I thought that was over, but it can still feel.

It's vital ill will, everywhere. It makes people unpleasant, angry, with reactions...

We only have to hold out, that's all – nothing to be done, there's nothing else to be done.

(silence)

If we aren't capable, then everything has to be done all over again!

(silence)

It's the possibility for the physical cells to bear out the physical transformation. That's why... that's why there is death! (*laughing*) When one can't bear up, one dies.

It's not a joke, you know. But it's interesting.

It's interesting because, I remember, I had already been doing the yoga; I already had an experience greater than most people have when I had that difficulty with the nerves (it was in 1915), I remember how it was and how I held out. And it has come back after... 1915 and now it's 1969, that is to say more than fifty years later. And I really felt the difference in my body, really. The first day it came (I should tell you that it's one of the pains regarded as hardest to bear), when it came, the only... there was nothing but, "Ah, You." That's all. Like that. And clinging like this (*same gesture with clenched fists*), not moving anymore. Those are pains that prevent you from breathing, prevent you from moving; they're extreme, all the nerves go awry; well, before, I knew, I would call, but I was somehow (at least partly) identified with the pain, whereas this time, the reaction wasn't one of suffering – the suffering was there, but no reaction of... oh, what might be expressed as that wonderful "self-pity" people always have. Well, that was completely gone, there was only, "Ah!... You, You, You, You, You..." And there was a pressure on the person who was there – who by the way wasn't aware of anything, neither the other day nor yesterday (the first time, it was a woman; yesterday it was a man): they didn't notice anything.

But I said to myself, "Well, well, things are getting serious!" The vital world has started rebelling.

That's it: before going to sleep, you should concentrate with the will – an obstinate will – of being completely identified with the Supreme Consciousness, like this (*same gesture with clenched fists*), whatever happens. So the circumstances will be the same, but instead of that discomfort at being

chased, you see everything with... you see how the Consciousness is with you to help you in all circumstances. Then it becomes very interesting. Very interesting.

Are you tired when you wake up?

*Generally, yes.*

But I take it as a good sign! *(Mother laughs)* It means you're doing well, things are doing well!

*Good!*



## **November 15, 1969**

The other day we were looking for something to “fill a gap” in the Bulletin, and they brought me this *(Mother hands a text)*, it's from Sri Aurobindo.

“Sri Aurobindo is in no way bound by the present world's institutions or current ideas whether in political, social or economic field; it is not necessary for him either to approve or disapprove of them. He does not regard either capitalism or orthodox socialism as the right solution for the world's future; nor can he admit that the admission of private enterprise by itself makes the society capitalistic, a socialistic economy can very well admit some amount of controlled or subordinated private enterprise as an aid to its own working or a partial convenience without ceasing to be socialistic. Sri Aurobindo has his own views as to how far Congress economy is intended to be truly socialistic or whether that is only a cover, but he does not care to express his views on that point at present.”

April 15, 1949

It's interesting.

*It would seem it's all coming out now, it's now that it's beginning to show itself.*<sup>203</sup>

Yes, it's an answer to now.

It seems there are many things written in his own hand, in which he says, “Sri Aurobindo says”; that's how he refers to himself: Sri Aurobindo says.

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<sup>203</sup>Indira Gandhi has just been “expelled” from the Congress by a group of politicians opposed to her nationalization of banks.

*Yes, I've seen that several times too, it struck me. I wonder why?*

It's so as not to put "I" – I think that's why It's so there's no sense of "I" in there. Or else, it's the Consciousness which, through him, says, "Sri Aurobindo says," because they asked Sri Aurobindo, and the Consciousness answers. That's how it is. It means they are things that directly come from above.

*(silence)*

Have you brought anything special?... Me, I have nothing, except a very small thing, which is that last night, for the first time, for about two hours continuously (I was simply as I always am, like that, quiet), the Force... I seemed to be like a sponge. I don't know how to explain: it's not that it was coming "from above," or like this (*horizontal gesture*), but it was coming in – I was like a pipe – and then going out ceaselessly, ceaselessly... For one hour, the Force, with an intense golden color, went out like that, and then spread over the world. It's the first time I have felt it physically – I felt physically. And it had such extraordinary power! And this [the body], it was as if I were... a water tap or a pipe, you understand, but it didn't come from a precise spot: it was as though I were immersed in it, and, through me, it flowed and flowed (*gesture through Mother and spreading out everywhere*). It went on for more than two hours early this morning, that is, between one and four (I don't know exactly); my impression is that it lasted for more than two and a half hours like that. And I saw the Force. The body only acted as a way to touch the earth – the Force came, then it went out and spread. And it went... I saw that, I saw it go towards all those who call. It was directed by a wholly conscious consciousness, while I was... quiet, (*laughing*) I just was the pipe!

It's the only thing I had to say.

It's the first time it has happened physically, it was physical.

*(silence)*

Are the nights better? Have you had any dreams?

*Nothing particular.*

Nothing after what you said [last time]?

*No... I only had a dream with A.R.*

Oh!... Me, I've NEVER seen him at night, not once.

And your nights, are they good?

*Yes, Mother, not very conscious, but it's all right.*

Good.

I have an impression that there's a pressure for things to move fast. And the physical nature has been accustomed to regard discomforts as something to beware of, otherwise... Through observation, I've noticed that many discomforts have a precise purpose, in order to act on a particular thing and make it change. I told you about it last time. Since those two occurrences [of nerve pains], it hasn't come back at all, and I've had proof that it brought about a considerable change in one of the persons; the other, I don't know yet, I haven't seen him again....

In other words, the physical is a little timorous by nature. But now it's learning – it's learning.

It also has a sort of distrust for anything new in its functioning, which means that if the functioning we regard as “normal” is changed, it has a distrust, it wonders whether... I don’t know if all physical bodies are like that, but I notice that with others, the least of those things I now have all the time, brr! they make such a fuss! As though they were going to fall very sick. So I think it’s rather widespread. At first I started scolding this body a lot, telling it, “You’re a coward!” (*Mother laughs*) But, poor thing, I think that’s quite widespread.

Now its spontaneous attitude, whatever may happen (whether good, bad, difficult, anything), instantly: an aspiration, a call, an expression of trust, which isn’t put into words but is really... “May Your Will be done” – and luminously. And I have the impression things are moving fast – they MUST move fast.

*(silence)*

From the point of view of the attitude towards circumstances and others’ character, there’s that wonderful atavism of ours, which is so “natural” that we don’t even notice it, and now... For years I’ve looked and looked, and well, you know, when you were born into the bourgeois middle class, you’re awfully bourgeois! And you don’t even notice it! (*Mother laughs*) It’s so ridiculous!... Here, with the Indians, I’ve noticed that they have the atavism of their caste; even when they have deliberately left their caste, they still have that atavism. That’s how I began to see. And then, I realized it was exactly the same thing with me! You were born into the middle class and you’re awfully bourgeois, awfully – ridiculously!

It goes away in a smile.

It’s in the relationship with others. I don’t know if it’s the same thing in your “bourgeoisism”: a sort of distrust of the adventurer.

*Oh, yes!*

That’s it – what isn’t “solidly accepted.” I saw that. But now, it’s over. Now one can see all that and smile – it’s all gone. In ACTION, I mean (in thought it’s a very long time since it’s been out of question), it’s in action, in one’s way of acting with others – there, one can catch oneself in the act!... That’s the amusing thing.

*(silence)*

And Auroville is a great Adventure.

I see how it’s being organized, it’s really interesting, really interesting.<sup>204</sup>

Have you met the Persian?

*No, I haven’t seen him.*

He isn’t an intellectual.

*What does he want to do?*

He’s an inventor, a man of action – I might say, an “inventor-adventurer,” but I won’t: he’s still here!

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<sup>204</sup>See in addendum Mother’s latest notes about Auroville.



*(Mother laughs)* But it's really interesting.

*But what does he want to do here?*

Oh!... He wants to "help" in the creation of Auroville. He already has a society, "Auroville International," and he is going to start his action – he's traveling here and there. He's a man who knows four or five languages, and he has the mind of an inventor. It seems his invention... some engineers here saw it and said it was remarkable, so... As for me, I can't judge. It's for these machines (*Mother points to the tape recorder*), it's a transformation of receiving and recording machines. I don't know, but others told me it was remarkable. He likes to organize, but he is... as I said, he loves adventure, it's in his temperament (after all, inventions are adventures, and that's how he is). So he's already founded a society called "Auroville International" with members in Europe and its head office in the United States... the whole outfit. As for me, I watch and have great fun! In appearance he's very surrendered and devoted, but... For the moment, I don't have proof it's anything other than a "necessary appearance." But he's nice and a man of real goodwill... but I see him with a plume in his hat!

So we'll see.

*Did he react to the reading of the "Great Sense"?*<sup>205</sup>

Oh, he did, he has "savoir-faire," mon petit (!) He said, "It's very beautiful" – in a tone a great conviction! But... I don't know, I didn't see him enough later on to see whether it had changed his point of view I think it made him shrink back a little, I noticed he inwardly reacted. And what I saw was that it has made him a bit cautious towards me!... Maybe it made him feel I could see through him! (*Mother laughs*)

But he is among those people who really aren't bourgeois from the standpoint of money, that is, who don't have much notion of personal property. So then I caught myself (that's how I caught myself!)... I myself made an effort to reach the viewpoint that money is a force that must circulate and must not be a personal property. In the consciousness, everything is fine, but the body has its old habit, and it observed the state in which this man is: for him money is a force that must circulate, go where it has to go, it doesn't belong to this or that person – so it [the body] first had this reaction: "Oh, watch out, he's an adventurer." (*Mother laughs*) I caught myself, I said, "See, you preach, and when someone does as you say...!" I found it very amusing. But I saw how he is enthusiastic about the idea of Auroville, and it seems to be quite sincere, he even said it's what he has been looking for for a long time. So he goes about it "fair and square".... He was a minister in Persia, but there were revolutions in Persia and he left, he is in America. But he's a man who's used to earning money.

I really caught myself there, I had some real fun. I said to myself, "See, you've come across the man who understands you!" (*Mother laughs*) It's funny, you know!

This Auroville is going to be a very interesting experience.

*At first glance, Auroville isn't made up of people burdened with morality!*

Oh, no!... Ah, we have many little Aurovilians, lots of them, but you know, among them some are absolutely remarkable from the point of view of consciousness; they're tall as a boot, mon petit, and they're conscious! It's splendid.

A few days ago, I held a Tamil baby in my hands, he was as big as this, like a doll (delightfully

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<sup>205</sup>Mother had given him that text.

shaped, with exquisite tiny feet), and with this child I wanted to make the experiment: I took him on my lap, and I put the Force – you should have seen the transformation of his expression! His eyes aren't open yet, but a blissful peace seemed to come over him. I thought, "Let's see whether he's asleep or conscious." Then I touched his foot – he started, which means he wasn't asleep at all. Wonderful! A wonderful expression.... I know another one who isn't yet two years old, but, *mon petit*, his way of seeing and acting is that of a five-year-old child! So something is happening nevertheless. And the last experience is a woman (she came with the "caravan"), who had a first child in France: she suffered for thirty-five hours to give birth. She gave birth to another one here (the day before yesterday, I think): one hour and without suffering. An hour later, when it was over, she was up and about! So she said, "That's Mother, because *I don't know how it's done!*"

Something is happening.

*(Mother goes into a long contemplation during which Satprem feels a very powerful creative force.)*

*I often think of another creation which would serve this new world a little.*

What creation?

*Well, I don't know... The aspiration to bring down something in writing since I have nothing else – which would help this new world.*

Yes, that would be good.

*But what? I don't know.*

Oh, if you could crystallize... (how should I put it?) the intermediary; crystallize the next step, to give those people something they can see, they can... They're in a... a great confusion.

This thing you've written [*The Great Sense*] is already very good, but there should be something else again.

It will come if you...<sup>206</sup>

*But I don't know under what form!*

Ah?

*Things can be said in a psychological way, as in "The Adventure of Consciousness, "psychological and reasoned, or else they can be said in a more poetic form, that is, in the form of a novel or a play or a poem – I don't know.*

Poem? Have you ever written poems?

*No, never!... I don't know what form.*

*(After a silence)* It will come, it's going to come.

There was a very strong presence just now.

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<sup>206</sup>The following year (nine months later to be precise), *On the Way to Supermanhood* will drop down on Satprem.

It will surely come.

\* \* \*

## ADDENDUM

*(Mother's latest notes about Auroville)*

*Who took the initiative of Auroville?*

The supreme Lord.

*Who is participating in the financing of Auroville?*

The supreme Lord.

*If one wants to live in Auroville, what does it mean for oneself?*

Striving towards the supreme perfection.

*In order to live in Auroville, must one be a student of yoga?*

All life is a yoga. Thus one cannot live without practicing the supreme yoga.

*Will family life continue in Auroville?*

If one has not gone beyond that.

*Can one keep religion in Auroville?*

If one has not gone beyond that.

*Can one be atheistic in Auroville?*

If one has not gone beyond that.

*Will there be a social life in Auroville?*

If one has not gone beyond that.

*Will there be compulsory community activities in Auroville?*

Nothing is compulsory.

*Will money circulate in Auroville?*

No, it is only with outside that Auroville will have money dealings.

*Who will be the owner of lands and buildings?*

The supreme Lord.

*In which languages will teaching be given?*

In all languages spoken on earth.

October 8, 1969

\* \* \*

*Will a day come when there will be no more poor people and no more suffering in the world?*

That is absolutely certain for all those who understand Sri Aurobindo's teaching and have faith in him.

It is with the intention of creating such a place that we want to found Auroville.

But for this realization to be possible, everyone must make effort to transform himself, for most of the sufferings of human beings are the result of their own physical and moral errors.

November 8, 1969

*How do you think there will be no more suffering in Auroville – as long as people who come to live in Auroville are men from this same world, born with the same weaknesses and the same faults?*

I never thought there would be no more suffering in Auroville, because men, as they are, love suffering and call it, while at the same time cursing it.

But we will endeavor to teach them to truly love peace and to try and practice equanimity.

It is involuntary poverty and begging that I was referring to.

Life in Auroville will be organized in such a way that that will not exist – if beggars come from outside, either they will have to go or they will be hospitalized and taught the joy of work.

November 9, 1969

*What is the fundamental difference between the Ashram's ideal and Auroville's?*

There is no fundamental difference in the attitude with regard to the future and the service of the Divine.

But people in the Ashram are regarded as having dedicated their lives to the yoga (except naturally for the students, who are here only for their studies and who have not been asked to choose in life).

While in Auroville, the goodwill to carry out a collective experience for the progress of mankind is alone sufficient to get admitted.

November 10, 1969



**November 19, 1969**

This morning about 8, I could have told you many things....

There was a day when many problems came up, following something that took place... then this morning (at the end of the night)

I had the experience which was the explanation. And for two hours, I lived in an absolutely clear perception (not a thought, a clear perception) of... the why and the how of the creation. It was so luminous, so clear! It was irrefutable. it lasted for at least four or five hours, then it settled; little by little the intensity and clarity of the experience diminished.... And also, I have just seen lots of people, so... now it's hard to explain.

But everything had become so limpid! All opposite theories, all that was down below (*Mother looks down from above*), and all explanations, all that Sri Aurobindo said, certain things too that Théon had said, all that, as a result of the experience, found its own place and was absolutely clear. At the time I could have told you, now it's going to be a bit hard.

You understand, many things Sri Aurobindo had said remained... in spite of all that one has read, all the theories and explanations, something remained (how can I put it?) hard to explain (it's not "explain," that's very small). For instance, suffering and the will to cause suffering, all that side of the Manifestation. There was indeed a sort of foreknowledge of the original identity of hate and love, because they went to the two extremes, but for all the rest, it was difficult. Today it was so luminously simple, that's it, so obvious!... (*Mother looks at a note she wrote*) The words are nothing. And I wrote with a pencil that writes badly...

I don't know if you can make out these words. They represented something very precise for me; now they're nothing but words.

(*Satprem reads*)

Stability	and	change
Inertia and transformation		

Yes, those things were obviously identical in the Lord. And especially this: the simplicity of that identity. But now, it's nothing but words.

Stability	and	change
Inertia	and	transformation
Eternity	and	progress

Unity =...

*(Satprem cannot decipher)*

It's not I who write, I mean it's not the ordinary consciousness, and the pencil... I don't remember what I put.

*(Mother vainly tries to read)*

It was the vision of the creation: the vision, the understanding, the why, the how, the whither, everything was there, everything together, and clear, clear, clear.... I tell you, I was in a golden glory – luminous, dazzling.

You see, there was the earth as representative center of the creation, and there was the identity of the inertia of the stone (of what's most inert) and... *(Mother again tries to read)*

I don't know whether it will come.

I remember that around 7:30 this morning (that's when I wrote) I called you in thought, I said, "If you were here, I could tell you." It was a VISION.

*(Mother remains concentrated  
for a long time)*

I might put it this way (for the convenience of expression, I'll say "the Supreme" and "the creation"): In the Supreme it's a unity that contains all possibilities perfectly united, without differentiation. The creation is, so to speak, the projection of all that makes up that unity, by dividing all opposites, that is to say, by separating (that's what was caught by those who said that creation is separation), by separating: for instance day and night, white and black, evil and good, and so on (all that is our explanation). All together, all of it together is a perfect unity, immutable and... indissoluble. The creation is the separation of all that "makes up" this unity – we might call it the division of the consciousness – the division of the consciousness, which starts from unity conscious of its unity to arrive at unity conscious of its multiplicity IN UNITY.

So then, this route is what, for us – for the fragments – is expressed as space and time.

And for us as we are, each point of this Consciousness has the possibility of being conscious of itself AND conscious of the original Unity And that's the work now being accomplished, that is to say, each infinitesimal element of this Consciousness, while retaining this state of consciousness, is now recapturing the total original state of consciousness – the result is the original Consciousness conscious of its Unity AND conscious of the whole play: all the innumerable elements of this Unity So for us, it gets expressed as the sense of time: going from the Inconscient to this state of consciousness. And the Inconscient is the projection of the primeval Unity (if we may say so – all those words are completely stupid), of the essential unity unconscious of its own Unity – that's the Inconscient. And this Inconscient is growing increasingly conscious in beings who are conscious of their infinitesimal existence and AT THE SAME TIME – through what we call progress or evolution or transformation – who manage to be conscious of the original Unity.

And that, as it was seen, explained everything.

Words are nothing.

Everything, everything, from the most material thing to the most ethereal, EVERYTHING was

included in it, clear, clear, clear – a vision.

And evil, what we call “evil,” has its INDISPENSABLE place in the whole. But it would no longer be felt as evil the minute one became conscious of That – necessarily Evil is that infinitesimal element looking on its infinitesimal consciousness; but because consciousness is essentially ONE, it recaptures, regains the Consciousness of Unity – both together. And that’s what, THAT IS WHAT has to be realized. It’s a marvelous thing. I had the vision: at the time, there was the vision of THAT.... And the beginnings (is it “beginnings?”), what they call in English the *outskirts*, what’s farthest from the central realization, becomes the multiplicity of things, also the multiplicity of sensations, feelings, everything – the multiplicity of consciousness. And that action of separation is what created, what constantly creates the world, and what at the same time creates everything: suffering, happiness, all, all, all that was created, through its... what we might call “diffusion” – but it’s absurd, it’s not a diffusion: we live in the sense of space, so we say “diffusion” and concentration,” but it’s nothing like that.

I understood why Théon used to say that we are at the time of “Equilibrium.” That is to say, it’s through the equilibrium of all those innumerable points of consciousness and all those opposites that one recaptures the central Consciousness.... All that one can say is stupid – just while I am saying it, I see how stupid it is; but there’s no other way It’s something... something SO CONCRETE, so true, you understand, so ab-so-lute-ly... THAT.

While I was living it, it was... But I might not have been able to say it at the time. This (*Mother points to her note*), I was obliged to take a paper and write it, but I don’t even remember what I put.... The first thing written was this:

### Stability and change

It was the idea of the original Stability (if we may say so) which, in Manifestation, is expressed as inertia. And the unfolding is expressed as change. All right. Then came:

### Inertia and transformation

But it’s gone, the meaning is gone-the words had a meaning!

### Eternity and progress

Those were the opposites (those three things).

Then there was a pause (*Mother draws a line below the triple opposition*), then a Pressure again, and I wrote this:

Unity =...

*(three illegible words follow)*

That was the much truer expression of the experience, but it’s illegible – I think it’s deliberately illegible. To be able to read, one would need to have the experience.

*(Satprem tries to read)*

*It seems to me there's the word "repose"?*

Ah, that must be it. Repose and...

*(Mother goes into a concentration)*

Isn't there "power"?

*Ah, yes! "Power and repose combined."*

Yes, that's it.

I am not the one who chose the words, so they must have a special force (when I say "I," I mean the consciousness which is there [*gesture above*]). It's not this consciousness, it was something exerting a pressure and forcing me to write.

*(Mother copies her note)*

Stability	and	change
Inertia	and	transformation
Eternity	and	progress
-----		
Unity = power and repose combined.		

It's the idea that these two, combined, restored that state of consciousness which was trying to express itself.

It was on the scale of the universe – not on the scale of the individual.

I draw a line between the two to express that they didn't come together.

I remember, I had written the two ("power" and "repose") and this [the equals sign] to express that they were together, then the word "combined" came.

This should be put in the *Agenda*.

*But often when you speak of this supramental experience, you say it's a lightning-fast movement, and at the same time as if completely still. You've often said that.*

But you know, most of the time, after having said it, I forget.

*You said, a vibration so rapid that it's imperceptible, that it's as if coagulated and still.*

Yes. But it was really a Glory in which I lived for hours this morning.

And then, everything, all, all our notions, all of them, even the most intellectual, it had all become like... like childish pursuits. And it was so obvious that the impression was, "There's no need to say that!"

All human reactions, even the highest, the purest, the noblest, it all seemed so childish!... There's a sentence Sri Aurobindo wrote somewhere, which kept coming back to me (one day, I forget where, he wrote something, a rather long sentence), and in it, there was, "*And when I feel jealous, I know that the*



*old man is still there.*”<sup>207</sup>

I read it more than thirty years ago maybe – yes, about thirty years ago – and I remember that when I read *jealous*, I thought, “How can Sri Aurobindo be *jealous*!” Then, thirty years later, I understood what he meant by being jealous-it’s not at all what people call jealous, it’s quite another state of consciousness, which I saw clearly. And this morning, it came back: *And when I feel jealous, I know that the old man is still there.* This morning, I understood. Being “jealous,” for him, isn’t what we call being jealous.... It’s this infinitesimal fragment which we call the individual, this infinitesimal parcel of consciousness, which puts itself at the center, which becomes the center of the perception. And then it perceives things coming like this (*gesture to oneself*) or going like this (*gesture away from oneself*), and all that doesn’t come to it gives it a sort of perception that Sri Aurobindo called “jealousy”: the perception that things go towards diffusion instead of coming towards centralization. That’s what he called being jealous. So then, he said, “*When I feel jealous*” (that’s what he meant), “*I know that the old man is still there,*” which means that that infinitesimal fragment of consciousness can STILL be at the center of itself: it’s the center of action, the center of perception, the center of sensation....

(silence)

But I could note (that’s the time when I wash up, when I take my breakfast, write the “birthday cards” and all that), I could note that all the work could be done without the consciousness being altered. That’s not what altered my consciousness: what veiled my consciousness was seeing people; that was when I began being here and doing what I do every day: projecting the divine Consciousness on people.

But it has come back... (what could I call it?) on the fringe, I mean that instead of BEING in it, when you asked me I began perceiving it. But the sensation is no longer there – there was nothing left BUT THAT, you understand! There was nothing left but that, and everything, everything had changed – in appearance, in meaning, in...

That must be the supramental consciousness, I think that’s what the supramental consciousness is.

*But one can very well conceive that for a consciousness vast enough and rapid enough, if I may say so, capable of seeing not just a bit of the trajectory but the whole trajectory at the same time...*

Yes, yes.

*...everything would be a perfection in movement.*

Yes.

*“Evil” is simply fixing one’s vision on a small angle, so one says, “This is evil,” but if one sees the whole trajectory... In a total consciousness, there is obviously no evil.*

There are no OPPOSITES. No opposites – not even contradictions, I say, no opposites. It’s that Unity, it’s LIVING in that Unity And it’s not expressed in thoughts and words. I tell you, it was... a limitless immensity and a light... a motionless light, and at the same time a well-being... without even the appreciation of a well-being.

Now I am convinced that’s what the supramental consciousness is.

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<sup>207</sup>Mother is probably referring to this aphorism of Sri Aurobindo: 25 – “When I pine at misfortune and call it evil, or am jealous and disappointed, then I know that there is awake in me again the eternal fool.”

And necessarily, necessarily, it must little by little change appearances.

*(long silence)*

There are no words that can express the magnificence of the Grace: how everything is arranged for things to move as fast as possible. Individuals are miserable insofar as they aren't conscious of "that," as they take a false position with regard to what happens to them.

*But what's difficult is the thought that every instant, it must be... it IS perfection.*

Yes, that's right.

*Every instant, it is perfection.*

Every instant there's nothing else! When it was there, there was nothing else.

And yet, I tell you, that's the time when I am materially very busy – I wash up, I take my breakfast, write cards – all that was being done, and it didn't disturb in the LEAST; on the contrary, I think I did things better than usual... I don't know how to explain. And it wasn't like something "added on": it was perfectly natural. Only, with differences like this one: I write cards, and at the time of writing them (they prepare for me notes with the names, dates and so on), I am generally obliged to ask who the person is (there are very few whom I know in the multitude of cards I write); this morning, I didn't ask anything: I knew. That's the difference: I didn't need to ask, I knew what I had to write, and that was it, without any question.

Life as it is can be lived in that consciousness – but then one lives it well!... One doesn't need to change anything: what needs to be changed changes by itself quite naturally.

I'll give you an example. For a few days I had difficulties with Z and there was a sort of need to exert a pressure on him so he would rectify a few of his movements. Today he made at least four or five mistakes (they weren't perceptible, in the sense that I didn't have a sensation of them: it was taking place there, like that, some distance away), but he was conscious of them in a COMPLETELY different way from usually, and he admitted it (which he never did before), and in the end he said he was changing (which is true). And all of it not only without one word, but without one movement of consciousness: simply the Pressure. So there. That's a proof... Everything would be done automatically, like an imposition of the Truth, without any need to intervene: simply remaining in the true consciousness, that's all, it's enough.

There.

But then, despite everything, the body retained some slight consciousness of its needs all these days (though it's not concerned with itself – I always said it isn't concerned with itself, not interested), but that's what Sri Aurobindo said: "I feel I am still the old man." This morning I understood that, because it was no longer there! You see, that sort of very calm perception, but still of what "goes wrong" (a pain here, a difficulty there), very calm, very indifferent, but the thing is still PERCEIVED (without becoming more important) – even that, prrt! gone, completely swept away!...

I do hope it won't come back. That's really... that's what I understand to be a transformation! You are conscious in a golden immensity (it's wonderful, mon petit!), luminous, golden, peaceful, eternal, all-powerful.

How did it come?... There are really no words to express it, that sense of wonder towards the Grace.... The Grace, the Grace is a thing that exceeds all understanding in its clear-sighted goodness....

Naturally, the body had the experience. Something took place which I won't tell, and it had the true reaction; it didn't have the old reaction, it had the true one: it smiled, you know, with this Smile of the supreme Lord – it smiled. That remained there for a day and a half. And that difficulty was what let the body make the last progress, let it live in that Consciousness; if everything had been harmonious, things might have dragged on for years – it's wonderful, you know, wonderful!

How stupid people are! When the Grace comes to them, they drive it away, saying, "Oh, how horrible!..." I'd known that for a long time, but my experience is... a bedazzlement.

*Yes, each thing is perfectly and marvelously what it must be every instant.*

Exactly.

*But it's our vision that isn't in tune.*

Yes, it's our separate consciousness.

The whole is brought with lightning speed towards the consciousness that will be this Consciousness of the point and of the whole at the same time.

*(long silence  
Mother completes  
the copy of her note)*

There, I'll write today's date.

*Today is the 19th.*

19 November 1969: supramental consciousness.

The first descent of the supramental Force<sup>208</sup> was on a 29th. And this is on a 19th. The figure 9 has something to do with all this.... There are so many things we don't know!

*(silence)*

I had already had, partially, the experience that when you are in that state of inner harmony and nothing, no part of your attention is turned to the body, the body functions perfectly well. It's this... *self-concentration* that upsets everything. That I've observed many, many times.... You really MAKE YOURSELF sick. It's narrowness of consciousness, it's division. When you let things work on their own, there's... there's EVERYWHERE a Consciousness and a Grace that do EVERYTHING so that EVERYTHING may go smoothly, and that imbecility is what constantly upsets everything – oddly enough! Self-centered imbecility, that's right: what Sri Aurobindo called the old man."

It's really interesting.



**November 22, 1969**

*(Satprem gives his pension to Mother)*

You give money just like that! But don't you need any?

*No, no, Mother!*

Here it's an abyss, money goes away like...

I have something for next February: I "received" certain things regarding money and what's going on there, in Delhi.<sup>209</sup> The government is shaky; so far, things are all right. Everything tends towards the dissolution of the Congress, but that was foreseen and willed. But then, the Congress president<sup>210</sup> is on one side and the prime minister is on the other, each looking at the other... Anyway, I think things will work out. But all that is mostly because of money: the most powerful party against the present government, against Indira, is that of financiers. They're furious. So then, in this connection, I took up again what I had said long ago:

*Money is not meant to make money, money is meant to prepare the earth for the new creation.*

And I added this (it's already gone to Delhi):

*The men of finance and the businessmen have been offered the possibility to collaborate with the future, but most of them refuse, convinced that money is stronger than the future. Thus, the future will crush them with its irresistible power.*

I wrote it in French before putting it into English, but in French, I spoke directly to the financiers:

*(translation)*

To financiers and businessmen

You have been offered the possibility of collaborating with the future, but you have thought that the power of money is stronger than that of the future. And the future will crush you with its irresistible power.

But that's a first version, I intend to rewrite it. In English, I put "most of them refuse..."

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<sup>209</sup>Indira Gandhi has just been expelled from the Congress by the syndicate of financiers.

<sup>210</sup>Nijalingappa.

*The French is more combative.*

A little too combative. Some have accepted to collaborate, so I wouldn't like them to say I'm going on announcing catastrophes for them!

*Yes, obviously, it's a bit threatening.*

Yes, too threatening. We'll translate the English.

*(Mother translates into French)*

Now, something else. These days, I am writing a lot of notes about children's education. I have been asked, "What should we do?..." Some children are wicked, with a wickedness... really unbelievable inventions, they [the teachers] don't know what to do. So I wrote a lot of things, but among them, one, I think, is important:

"A child must cease to be wicked because he learns to be ashamed of being wicked, not because he fears a punishment...."

That's the first step. Once he reaches it, then he can progress one more step and learn the happiness of being good, the joy of being good. But that I didn't write.

"In the first case, he progresses; in the second he goes down one rung in human consciousness.

"Fear is a degradation of human consciousness."

I think that's very important. Because EVERYWHERE, people are convinced that punishment is what... Horrible!

I get multitudes of questions of that sort – it's I who gives them to me, and I write in her notebook. I don't know what she'll do with it.... There are some things I'd like to revise; for instance, sometimes I use slightly easier words for her to understand – we could put the true word instead. But for that, I'd have to revise it.

*I could see it, if you like?*

But I dare not ask her! I don't know if she would give it to me.<sup>211</sup>

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

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<sup>211</sup>As unbelievable as it may appear, Mother did not dare to ask her own disciples, knowing the storms that would give rise to. Thus Satprem could never recover the notes written by Mother. Even the words changed by Mother herself were later reintroduced.

*What you said last time [on the supramental Consciousness] might be used for “Notes on the Way”?*

*(Mother opens her eyes wide)* I don’t know... I don’t know.

I’ve just learned that others are beginning to feel. Do you know Dr. V? He was the head of the hospital here for a long time. He got very interested in A.R. [the healer], very interested, and I think that hastened something in him, so that for a few nights he’s had “phenomena” which I’ve, myself had lots of times, but I knew what it was and wasn’t alarmed. But he’s a doctor (!) and was a little alarmed. It’s a sort of discomfort with the heart – it can’t be called a pain: it’s a discomfort, followed by intense perspiration. I had one this morning again – maybe because I was trying to see what’s going on in him (I was told about it yesterday, and I tried to see if it was that). That may be why I got that, I don’t know. It may be because there was still something...

I told you several times, the organs are “supported” in their functioning by the forces of Nature, and in this process of transformation, the forces of Nature are withdrawn and replaced with the divine Presence. But you understand, there comes a moment when there is a gap [between the old functioning and the new] – it may be imperceptible, but still it has an effect; a moment comes when there is an anguish. And then, some things are only partially transformed; so one part, then another part, then yet another part are taken up in succession, and since the heart is a very important thing, I am convinced it takes place very slowly. As a result, one often experiences the same thing, more or less strongly. The calmer one is, the more trusting one is, the more one is in the true attitude, and the less strong it is – the consequences are less strong. But still, there is a consequence, and he was taken by surprise, he didn’t know what it was.

But it interested me. What A.R. said, “To be entirely governed by the divine Consciousness,” appealed to him a lot, it’s an approach he understood. He must have tried, and that’s the result. I saw other people who had pains, but that one is more “alarming.” Others have pains here or there or... but when it touches the heart, people start being more alarmed. But in several cases, I saw that this Force doesn’t act only here [in Mother]: it acts in others. And always, always, the moment of transition (it may be very brief, or it may take some time) is a bit... difficult. One needs to be forewarned.

I’ve seen that everywhere: the moment of transition in other functionings is sometimes unpleasant, but not so alarming; there [with the heart], people are generally... they’re a bit scared! He is a very strong man, he wasn’t afraid; he sent me a line asking me, if this was the sign that he must go, to prepare him to go as he should.

But that has happened to me any number of times. If one isn’t afraid, it’s nothing.

*(Sujata:) Mother, why does it happen at night, most of the time?*

Because one is lying down!

*(Satprem to Sujata:) Have you felt something at night?*

*(Sujata:) Last night I had the same thing, and I perspired.*

Because at night, you’re resting and passive, that is to say, more receptive. During the day, one is more active, less receptive.

Trust, you know: being aware that it’s a higher intervention – trust first of all. Then, perfect surrender: “What You will” – let the body, in full sincerity, be ready for anything. And then, that sort

of perfect peace that comes from surrender: one is like this (*Mother opens her arms*). Those are the best conditions.

One should avoid emotions and all those things.

But the more sincere one is – the more sincere the body is – the more it's truly ready for anything: it has given itself entirely and... what will happen will happen, that's all. And it's really like this: "What You WILL, what You will I shall do, whatever it may be – I am not even asking to know." Then it's in peace and things go fast enough.

Anxiety brings about a vibration which isn't good.

(silence)

That's how it is, one thing and another, one thing and another... But then, there's the old way which is less and less strong, and the new which is stronger and stronger. In other words, the one is the whole sense and consciousness of instability, uncertainty, fragility – impermanence (it's really something devoid of any true solidity); while the other is the sense of Permanence (*Mother stretches out her arms*) and... progression without fall, like that, in something that's vast and... such a powerful movement that it's immobile, giving a sense of immobility So one is like this (*gesture of swinging from one state to the other*).

This morning, I remembered what I told you last Wednesday (not remembered what I said: remembered the STATE I told you about). And then, the body was like this (*gesture of intense aspiration*), oh, saying, "This Consciousness, this Consciousness, this Consciousness..." It wanted it, you know, intensely, and there was such a clear perception of what prevents it from being there.... What prevents is a "concentric" vibration, a sort of concentric vibration, meaning that instead of being like this (*Mother opens her arms*), in an infinite Eternity, things are seen in relation to oneself. That's what prevents.

(silence)

One must really reach the state in which... one doesn't care about living and one doesn't care about not living: absolutely indifferent – it's not indifference, it's a... what should I call it? A peaceful and... unquestioning acceptance. And above all, above all, no alarm.

You see, the movement of surrender is a preliminary movement (the movement of surrender is total and constant), well, it's a preliminary movement; there's another movement in which one no longer has anything to surrender! It's like that, it's quite natural.

(silence)

I see lots and lots of people, and the body notices that even those with the best goodwill don't understand – a total and general incomprehension of the condition it is in.

And then, some really amusing things all the time, all the time, every minute.... For an extremely long time it hasn't felt offended anymore, an extremely long time, but there was still a time when it would see, perceive incomprehension as a ridiculous thing or... an ignorance. Now that's over. Now... For a long time, every time it used to ask, "Ah! What do You want me to learn?" Now that too is past. Because as soon as something comes (what Sri Aurobindo called the *old man*), something left from the old personality, which shows up like that, the body doesn't need anything to see the truth instantly: it appears profoundly ridiculous.

\* \* \*

Soon afterwards:

Did you have something to ask?... Nothing to say?... No?... What? (*Mother laughs*)

*I was wondering about what you told me some two weeks ago. You spoke about writing a new book. And you said it should “crystallize the next step, the intermediary...”*

Yes.

*I was wondering in what direction that book should be: would it be a book about you, as I wrote the Adventure about Sri Aurobindo?*

Oh, no, not about me! Please, it makes my work so much more complicated when people think of me.

*So would it be simply a sequel to the “Adventure of Consciousness,” but more developed? What should it be?*

If it could be a vision of what will be – I would like you to have that. A vision of the next step.

Very far ahead, one does see the possibility (as you yourself said) of a “materialization,” but between now and then, there is something.... Lately I’ve discovered a great deal of things while looking in that direction. I saw (I don’t know if I noted that, I think I forgot to write it), I saw that with most people who have children almost without wanting it, “just like that,” for them it’s a sort of... (naturally, many women desire to have children, but without even knowing what it means), for the VAST majority of educated people, that is to say, whose heads have been stuffed full of ideas about the faults one mustn’t have, the qualities one must have and so on, all that they repressed in their beings, all the bad, pernicious instincts, it all comes out [in the child]. I remembered (I observed and saw), I remembered something I read very, very long ago; I think it was by Renan, he wrote somewhere that one should beware of parents who are good and very respectable, because... (*laughing*) birth is a “purge”! And he also said: observe carefully the children of bad people, because those often are a reaction! So then, after that, after my experience, when I saw, I said to myself, “But that man was right!” For people, it’s a way of purging themselves. They throw out of themselves all that they don’t want. There are some children here... horrid! And that’s it, you wonder, “How come? Their parents are very good people....” It’s very interesting, because it gives the KEY of what should be done – by showing you what shouldn’t be done, it gives you the key of what should be done.

In that case, this “prenatal education” Y speaks of isn’t a falsehood after all. It’s something that may be true.

The children, those who are a few months old (as I said, those who were born in Auroville) are remarkable – they’re remarkable. I thought it was just one case, but in all those I’ve seen till now, all of them, a concentration of consciousness.

That little Tamil was a marvel.

*So in sum, what should be written is the making or the preparation of the Superman?*

Yes, yes, exactly Exactly Have you seen this (*Mother points to the just released booklet, “The Great Sense”*)? This is going to be very useful – so a sequel to it, you understand?



*Yes, but still in the form of a book?*

Yes, yes.

*The development of consciousness that leads to...*

A book... it could be a story, that I don't know. But then people wouldn't take it so seriously!

*It would be the same genre as the "Adventure of Consciousness"?*

Ah, you know, it's a growing success.

*Yes, my publisher wrote to me; he says it's picking up and wants to reprint it.*

Ah!

*He writes, "The press hasn't said a word about your book, yet it's selling well!"*

It's not the press! *(Laughing)* It's the consciousness!

Ah, no, your publishing fellow must understand that it doesn't belong to the past, that all the methods of the past have become worthless.

In America, the book has a tremendous success.

*Yes, one feels quite evidently the consciousness that's behind this book and touches people, because all of them have the same reaction: all of them, everywhere, at all levels, the more intellectual as much as the less intellectual.*

Yes, as in A.R.'s case, for instance.

*On the other hand, the "Sannyasin" appears to be lost....<sup>212</sup>*

Lost?

*I don't know.*

You know, I'll tell you very frankly: it's very interesting, but it made me sad.

*Why?*

Why I don't know.

*The "Sannyasin"? What made you sad?*

The book, what you read me.... It's very interesting, I was very interested, I felt very comfortable, but then there was a sort of... it's something that puts you (I don't know why) in contact with the whole part of the atmosphere that pulls you out of life – Buddhism and all those things, the whole nihilism. It puts you in contact with that: the flight out of life. And it's not intellectual, it's not the ideas, not the

<sup>212</sup>The manuscript has been in Paris for a year.

words, not the facts, it's... What is it? I wondered a few times what made the book catch on to the nihilist atmosphere of Buddhism? That's what would explain... It's not that people don't like it, but... it's a non-creative force that acts. Why? I don't know.

*But what this book tried to say, to show, is in fact the transition beyond that.*

Yes, but... Perhaps people aren't ready? Now, I didn't read it in full, so I can't know. You only read me a few passages. But it's not so much the words, you understand, it was the vision.

*But since I read you those passages, I rewrote it. I wrote the book again after I read it to you.*

You didn't show it to me, that's it. But when F took it up, I for one felt it was going to succeed.<sup>213</sup>

*Ah, then we just have to wait.*

*(long silence)*

Don't you feel in you the soul of a prophet?

*I feel in me the soul I'm given!*

*(Mother laughs)* I'd like a beautiful prophetic book.

It's there somewhere: what's going to take place here is ALREADY there somewhere. It's not in a region where one "sees," it's... *(gesture showing the world of consciousness)*.

My impression is that you can write it.

*(Satprem opens his hands)*

We'll see.

*I'll try to put myself in the atmosphere.*

Yes – no! I've just seen: it's all right! *(Mother laughs)*



**November 26, 1969**

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<sup>213</sup>It will take another four years, then for some fifteen years this unfortunate *Sannyasin* will fall victim to an unscrupulous Indian "publisher" who will use Auroville's name as a cover for his own affairs.

*(The whole time is spent in meditation.)*

Nothing to say...

Every time I try to look at something, it goes away like this *(gesture into the infinite)*.

*(Mother goes off into meditation again)*

Did you feel anything particular yesterday [at the darshan]?

*I felt it wasn't quite as usual, but I don't know what.*

In the morning, I had the experience of an awesome Force which came, weighing on all things. That's also what others felt the whole day long. A force... most people told me, "A joyous force." But as for me, when I went there [to the balcony], the difference was that the body was more conscious of... its state of transitory uncertainty.

*(Mother goes off again)*

I am almost as if forbidden to speak.



## **November 29, 1969**

I have news of the healer – not from him, indirectly First, N.S.'s husband said that A.R. went to see her several times, and he writes, "She is completely cured, free from pain anywhere." He said she would write (she was very busy – they're terribly busy there at this time). We'll wait for her letter to see whether it's continuing.

The second thing is T. from Calcutta: he said A.R. was coming to Calcutta and had asked him to put him up along with HIS GURU!... It seems he's found a guru....

*Good!*

So T. didn't like it much, he told me, "The guru, I don't feel like receiving him." I said, "Receive him and tell us who he is" – so as to know who this famous guru is, what he is like.

*It's strange, he has a complete absence of discernment.*

Yes, that's my impression, he has no discernment.

*Between his body and above, there's nothing – nothing between the two.*

Yes, it's the intermediary levels that are missing. He has no discernment. So it may simply be someone

with a considerable vital force which he felt.... That's just why I'd like to know who it is. I told T. to see and write what this famous guru is like.

*But you know, I had a very strange dream with A.R. some two or three weeks ago. One night I met him, and I went to him very affectionately; it seemed to me he was affectionate towards me too, and I was as if pressed against him, or he had pressed himself against me. Then at one point I felt he was uttering a sort of mantra, which had an increasingly powerful rhythm.... It was very odd, the vibration of that mantra, it was like something being hammered with an increasingly powerful pace. And as I felt that, I was at the same time conscious that it was a mantra to "exorcize demons...." The second I felt that, I called the Force. I called the Force and said OM.... And then I became much taller than him and made this gesture [Abhay<sup>214</sup>]: let him be in peace. And everything stopped.*

*(Mother remains silent)*

*Exorcize demons...*

That's what he's taken into his head. He wrote (I don't exactly remember through whom or how or what), anyway there was a letter from him (I think it was addressed to me, but I don't remember) which was read out to me, in which he expressed regret at what took place between him and you, and in that letter he said (those are the few words he used), "Now I know who he is..." That's all.

*Who Satprem is?*

Who you are. I didn't ask, that didn't interest me in the least! But with your dream, it becomes amusing!

*Exorcize a demon.... It's on me he was doing it!*

Yes, that's right.

*On me!*

*(Mother laughs)*

*[Slightly worried:] Is there a demon?*

*(Mother laughs more and more)*

A demon, that's what got into his head. It didn't interest me to find out who he thought you were – I felt it was some nonsense from someone who only sees the surface of things. That's all. It didn't bother me, I didn't insist. But with your dream, it becomes interesting!

*But as soon as I became aware of it (I became aware of it as of something serious), I immediately*

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<sup>214</sup>Abhay: ritual gesture meaning, "Be without fear."

*called the Force and instantly became taller than he.*

Yes, of course – of course! But it was a piece of nonsense, naturally, a stupidity... Someone tells you something unpleasant, so that someone is a “Hostile.” I remember the time when everyone used to become “Hostiles”!

So that’s why, with what I saw, his complete incapacity of discernment towards people (an absolutely complete incapacity), that’s why, when I was told he had a “guru,” I said to myself, “What trap has he fallen into, poor man!” Because there’s no lack of tricksters with those little powers of the vital that greatly impress people.

So he’s going to Calcutta and I’ve asked I to write and tell me right away who that gentleman is and give me his name.

*But you know, in the end, the impression I get from A.R. is that the man has a Christian atmosphere.*

Quite possible.

*He’s outside religion, but he’s more Christian than Christians. He’s haunted by Christ, the idea of doing good to others, of working miracles, healing people – the man has a Christian atmosphere. And of all atmospheres, for me that’s the most unyielding. They’re untouchable, these people.*

At any rate, my impression is that he is absolutely ignorant – IGNORANT – and with the simplistic mind of someone undeveloped. So that prevents him from making a distinction between quite an ordinary vital power and the true Power.

We’ll see.... But in a case like N.S.’s, I know it’s because I told N.S. to see him, that’s what did the whole thing [N.S.’s cure].

I know that every time I saw him... It was a strange thing: I saw him three times, and every time the parts of the body that weren’t yet sufficiently... (how should I put it?) permeated with Force, and which therefore were capable of going awry, with him those parts always did go awry. I would see him, and they would start going like this (*grating gesture*). So it would take me a few hours of concentration to have them keep quiet; I had managed to have everything keep quiet until the gradual transformation, but there, it was beginning to do silly things, to want to express itself. So I said no.

All three times.

The first time, it was much stronger because I wasn’t on my guard; the other two times, it was very little because I was on my guard and I observed – but I saw that the tendency [to disorder] was there.

It isn’t a very good sign.

We’ll see (*Mother laughs*) if the poor fellow has fallen into the clutches of... Anyway, it’ll be a lesson to him.

*Ah, he does make us understand the need for an integral yoga.*

Oh, yes.

\* \* \*

*(Mother searches among her papers.)*

I have something here:

To listen is good but not sufficient,  
You must understand.  
To understand is good but not yet sufficient,  
You must act!

*(Laughing)* I sent that to America.

Then they brought me extracts from Sri Aurobindo for the next Bulletin.

*(Satprem reads aloud)*

“Knowledge, when it goes to the root of our troubles, has in itself a marvellous healing-power as it were. As soon as you touch the quick of the trouble, as soon as you, diving down and down, get at what really ails you, the pain disappears as though by a miracle. Unflinching courage to reach true knowledge is therefore the very essence of yoga. No lasting superstructure can be erected except on a solid basis of true Knowledge....”

That’s just for A.R.! *(Laughing)* You’d think it was written for him!

...The feet must be sure of their ground before the head can hope to kiss the skies.”

*(Letters on Yoga, 24.1394)*

*(Satprem reads another extract)*

“The supramental eye can see a hundred meeting and diverging motions in one glance and envelop in the largeness of its harmonious vision of Truth all that to our minds is clash and opposition and collision and interlocked strife of numberless contending truths and powers. Truth to the supramental sight is at once single and infinite and the complexities of its play serve to bring out with an abundant ease the rich significance of the Eternal’s many-sided oneness.”

*(The Hour of God, 17.35)*

That’s my experience now.

*(Mother goes into a contemplation)*

A.R.’s example is a very clear demonstration of... why there was a mental development in the world – indispensable.

Once you have had the full mental development, you can say, “Yes, I no longer need it” – but not before.

*There's a small humorous detail: in "The Adventure of Consciousness" (which he read), regarding mental silence, I wrote somewhere (I even put it in a footnote): "Obviously, we wouldn't recommend mental silence to a peasant of Brittany, for instance"! Because mental silence is quite fine once one has come to the end of the curve.*

Yes, that's right!

*(long silence)*

A rather interesting phenomenon has taken place.... The vital and the mind had gone away, and when the Consciousness worked in the body, it reconstituted a vital and a mind WITHIN the body itself. And that's very interesting, because the body has taken extreme interest in learning lots of things: it has asked questions about external things, mathematical things, all those things that specifically belong to the mind. And it has learned them very easily – the PRINCIPLE of those things has been learned very easily. It immediately felt it needed to learn them.

It's interesting.

Only, its approach isn't the same. It's as if – curiously, as if the Force were from above downward and not from below upward, in the sense that the direction in the body is the same as when the Energy or Force descends into the body to use the organs; it's the same thing: it's the Force, the Consciousness that uses a certain power of understanding. It's like this (*gesture from above downward*), the origin isn't in the brain. Always, the Consciousness is always there (*gesture above the head*), even the consciousness that makes the body function. Only, the body felt it needed that, the power of mental analysis.

But it came as an IMPERSONAL activity, quite impersonal, there is no sense whatsoever of even an individualization of thought, you understand? That's not there. It's... like an instrument being used. An instrument of organization, that's really it.

Yes, that's it, it's exactly that: it's not at all an instrument of knowledge, not at all (Knowledge is up above, constantly), it's an instrument of organization and work-organization, the body has grown very conscious of the lack of organization in things and people. And that's very interesting: how an activity ought to be organized, how thoughts ought to be organized in the brain, how... everything, everything. Especially in that line, and that's very interesting.

Ultimately, mental power is really a power of organization: each thing in its own place, and the TRUE relationship between things.

*(silence)*

Life is really something very interesting.

*(silence)*

But I think the world is moving fast, because at the start of the century, the union of religions (that is to say, the perception and understanding that all religions are an aspect and expression of a higher truth), that was an almost new thing to get accepted; now

...it's old, it's past. Now it's an extra- and supra-religious perception that imposes itself as being indispensable. The religious spirit is below; at that time, it was still above. Which means things are moving fast.

For instance, I am quite certain that if Sri Aurobindo wrote those Aphorisms now, he wouldn't put

the word God where he used it (he used the word God almost everywhere). He wouldn't use THAT word. God, for man, really means religion.... I don't know how to explain, it's a sort of sensitivity somewhere that rebels-the word is false, as it were. It has almost become the symbol of an incomprehension.

Still now, I am giving explanations for these Aphorisms, and in almost all of them, he uses the word God – he wouldn't put it now.

*(long silence)*

Do you have anything?

*I do feel a bit burdened by all mental activities.... In a way I don't complain because it's my work, it's what I have to do. But on the other hand, I clearly feel it's something that comes in the way.*

But you can be silent, can't you?

*Oh, yes, quite so.*

So then, that's all you need.

*Yes, but in practice, the whole day long I'm taken up with mental things.*

Well, what about me with people? It's far worse! *(Mother laughs)* I CONSTANTLY feel as if I were almost... buried under prayers, entreaties, requests – ALL of them for personal things.

It's like that, it's like a mass around me.

And everyone is there, comes... I no longer feel this *(Mother points to her body)*, I no longer feel it, but I SEE, I see it like this *(enveloping gesture)*, and I see the difficulty for everyone to pierce through that in order to... get to something true. That's what they expect of me, of course. So then, when they're here (it's uniform and general), it's as if I were clinging to the Supreme Consciousness and... pulling it like that, onto the person who's there, without uttering a word. And then, the interesting thing is that this Consciousness is there and it sees, it sees the reactions, and from the reactions of the people, I know the way they are: in which state, at which level.

But in your case... it's your mission, you understand. I don't know how to explain. I always, always see you in direct and constant contact with... with this Consciousness expressing itself; so when it reaches the mental level, you're as if... arranging pawns on a chessboard. I've looked very, very often: it's indispensable, it's an indispensable work, and extremely useful. Naturally, my body, too, might say, "If instead of seeing all these people I were all the time like this *(gesture huddled in the Lord)*, working to hasten the transformation, it would be very pleasant!" For you too, it's like that, but we're here to do something. That's it. And it's a certainty, a certainty because several times when things became critical, I have told the Lord, "There, it's for You to decide – whether to stay on or to go... and rest blissfully." And the answer has ALWAYS, always been the same: There's work to be done.

We are here because we were sent to do the work, and as long as work is necessary, we must do it. When it's time for the work to stop, we will be free to go... and rest blissfully

It's IN THE WORK ITSELF – I see that – it's in the work itself that the other work, the individual work of the body's transformation, is done; if we were concentrated on this [the body], we would probably upset many things. It's better to... It's by doing the work as we should that the body is put in the condition necessary for it to benefit from the...



*As for me, my impression was that mental activity acted as a “buffer,” if you like, and prevented...*

No, no! No. This mental activity is what the Supreme Lord is expecting of you. That's it. That's it. So then, instead of being an obstacle, it's THROUGH this activity that the work on the body is getting done. You understand, the only truly individual work is the work of the body; well, for you, it is done through your work, just as for me it's done through my work. The whole thing is simply to be like that, aware that it's not a hindrance – this work is what is expected of this body, that's all.

I am sure of it because for you I've looked several times: it has always been the same identical answer. I am sure of it.

In the eternity... it's just one moment! *(Mother laughs)*

*(Satprem lays his forehead  
on Mother's knees)*

It's always that, the same answer: a YES, you understand; ALL is well, all is well, all is well... as it must be, as soon as one is in that. All is well as it must be. There. All the time. That's all.



# December

## December 3, 1969

Every day there are two girls (almost every day) who ask me questions, and I answer them. Some answers would be really interesting to have.... I don't know what I should do to get them. Naturally, they're personal questions, but I answer in a general way.

It's beginning to rise. The effect of this new Consciousness (it's taken a year) is that things are beginning to rise.

\* \* \*

*(Then, regarding the forthcoming "Notes on the Way" in which Mother speaks of her experience of the supramental Consciousness-the conversation of November 19.)*

What I said about the supramental consciousness, is it clear?

*I think it's very clear!*

Because when I spoke to you, I wasn't in it, it was only a memory.

*But it's clear, I could read it to you.*

We'll see.

How to express that?... What I lived was that there was NOTHING but this Consciousness; now... it's not a memory, it has stayed on – it has stayed on, but it's veiled, so it expresses itself THROUGH the usual consciousness which is there (*gesture above the head*). The usual consciousness is there. And this Consciousness really has an interesting effect on the body, because in this body, with the elements that were there, it has built a vital and a mind. Now I've found that the body feels as it used to feel before, that is to say in full possession of its faculty But the mind and vital are no longer independent in the sense that they do as they like – they are under the complete control of the Consciousness. Then the body still has spots of timidity, but it's beginning to recapture the state it was in before.... It's a very slow and long work, but... I don't know how long it will take, but once it reaches a certain perfection, the body will once again be capable of many things it had lost because of that [the departure of the mind and vital]. It wasn't a physical deterioration, that's what deprived it, and it's beginning to slowly, slowly come back.

We'll see.

But it's a long and slow work.

*(silence)*

Formerly, they were the body's masters, so that's what was needed: they had to go away It was through them that the psychic and all the rest used to work – now, that's over: it's direct. But then, the body's

possibilities are multiplying again – intensifying, multiplying.

Now, I am all the time (I don't know, at least ten times a day) asked questions, and the answer comes instantly, like this (*gesture of descent*), with an ease I never had before. All it takes is a few seconds of attention, and it comes. And the answers are much bolder – something that touches an inner truth and isn't bothered by external reactions. The words are much bolder than before, much clearer... Sometimes, when I write them, I say to myself that it would be amusing if you could see them – most of the time it's quite personal things, but the form is interesting.

*Couldn't we ask those two girls for your answers – not their questions but your answers?*

I'll see.... It's not just them: there are lots of them every day It's scribbled on letters.



**December 6, 1969**

*(Satprem reads out to Mother the conversation on the supramental Consciousness, which he proposes to publish in the next Bulletin.)*

I know many people who will read it with... but it's not enough.

*Not enough, how do you mean?*

I mean there are lots of people who won't understand a word of it.

*No, no, I don't think so.*

I don't know... Nolini will have to be consulted.

*As for me, I think it will impel people to make an effort.*

*(Mother laughs)* Unless they say, "It's lost all meaning!"

*No, it can't be, because anyway there are things that are too full of evident meaning!*

Really – really, it's the same to me: either yes or no. I'd like the two of you to decide, you and Nolini.

*I think we should publish it. Even if a few things elude them, some points are very clear and will open up horizons for them.*

*(long meditation)*

Did you feel anything particular yesterday [during the December 5 meditation]?... The pressure was so strong! Stronger still than on the 24th.



**December 10, 1969**

*(Mother first writes at one go a message for the start of the new school year.)*

One must have lived  
what one wants to teach.

To speak of the new consciousness,  
let it penetrate you and reveal  
its secrets to you. For only then  
will you be able to speak of it with competence.

\*

To leap into the new consciousness,  
the first condition  
is a mental modesty  
sufficient to be convinced that  
all one thinks one knows is nothing  
in comparison with what remains to be learned.

All that one has learned externally  
must be only a foothold  
enabling one to rise towards higher knowledge.

\* \* \*

*(silence)*

The training of the physical consciousness is continuing at an accelerated pace, very accelerated. The body has some slight difficulty in keeping its equilibrium. It's as if it were getting blows from every side! *(Mother laughs)*

Inwardly, it's quite fine. Outwardly, for these last three days things have been very difficult, so it's been a bit tired – formerly, it no longer knew fatigue, it no longer knew what it was. But that didn't last: as soon as it had a moment when it could concentrate and get back into the true attitude, that went away. And the progress (*gesture like a leap*), oh, it's quite out of proportion with the effort. The effort is quite small and the progress is big. One can see that clearly.

And then, with other people (close ones, people in a close relationship), it's the same thing too, the progress is by leaps and bounds – it shakes up the house a little, but it's by leaps and bounds. With some, like Z for instance, it's very conscious, she's very conscious. Long ago, she had an accident to her leg, and that leg is slightly weaker than the other, there's a possibility of trouble. She's noticed that as long as she is in the right attitude, she no longer feels ANYTHING; there's nothing anymore, it seems completely gone. As soon as she falls back into the ordinary consciousness, the pain comes back.... She's had innumerable experiences. I found that very interesting. Others too.

It's really interesting. Really interesting because it's clear in a perfectly limpid and obvious way that it's NOTHING BUT A STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS. When you are in the consciousness (that is, the consciousness which grows truer and truer: not something at a stop but a consciousness in ascent), when you are in that, all goes well; as soon as you go out of it and fall back into the old unprogressive consciousness, or progressive in a very slow and invisible manner, then the disorder comes back. And that's like a lesson given in a perfectly clear and evident way.

It's really interesting.

The body is learning – it learns very fast.

*(silence)*

*(Laughing)* It always says to itself, “We're really poor devils!” That's its actual impression I We who are so proud of being human and conscious and capable of being something else than a thinking animal... we're still all the way down in comparison with... with what has to be conquered – not even the first step of the ascent.

We think we're doing well, we give ourselves a little pat of encouragement!... That's really the impression: we're poor devils! *(Mother laughs)*

*(silence)*

Certainly, a great step will be taken when it becomes natural for man to seek to perfect himself instead of expecting perfection in others.... That reversal is at the basis of all true progress. The first human instinct is, “It's the fault of circumstances, it's people's fault, it's... See how this fellow is, how that fellow is, how...” And it goes on indefinitely. The FIRST STEP, the very first step is to say, “If I were as I should be, or if the body were as it should be, all would be perfectly all right for it.” If, to make progress, you wait for others to do so, you can wait indefinitely.

That's the first thing that should be spread everywhere.

Never lay the blame on others or on circumstances because whatever the circumstances may be, even apparently the worst, if you are in the true attitude and have the true consciousness, it doesn't matter in the least for your inner progress, not in the least – and I'll say, including death.

That really seems to be the first lesson to be learned.

*(silence)*

Do you remember where Sri Aurobindo wrote (I am translating freely) that to facilitate progress, the notion of sin was introduced, but man immediately *(laughing)* saw sin in all others – he never saw it for

himself!... Sri Aurobindo's sentence is charming, but I don't remember.<sup>215</sup>

*(long silence)*

Have you seen the message for the New Year? *(Mother looks for a paper)*

*"The world is preparing for a big change.  
Will you help?"*

It's amusing, N.S. [a minister in the Indian government] wants to make greetings cards (she has to send out a number of cards for the New Year), so she wants to make a card with, on this side, my message, and on that side, her New Year greetings! She wants to send that. Amusing!

*I feel 1970 is going to be better than '69, no?*

I think so.

I feel there will be a real change in '72. A considerable change.

Everywhere, all over the world, from the most unexpected places, we get letters from people who follow and understand, who expect... Canada is quite shaken. Even in Norway, in Sweden, lots of people in Italy, many in Germany; in France... it's beginning – a little bit! *(Mother laughs)* In the U.S.A., it's good, it's working well, and in Canada it's doing well. Even in Japan there are people...



## **December 13, 1969**

I keep receiving almost daily some Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo, which I had completely forgotten. There are really quite interesting things.... Some of them give me the exact impression of a clothing (we might say an intellectual clothing, but it's not that, it's from a higher mind, but it's mentalized, that is to say, accessible to thought), a clothing of the experience I had of the supramental Consciousness, in which the difference between good and evil and all that looked like childishness, and Sri Aurobindo expresses it in those Aphorisms in a manner accessible to intelligence. Only... those who understand don't understand right! Because they understand below.

Do you remember those Aphorisms?... In one he says, "If I can't be Rama, then I want to be Ravana..." and he explains why It's that series.<sup>216</sup>

*(silence)*

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<sup>215</sup>Aphorism 68 – "The sense of sin was necessary in order that man might become disgusted with his own imperfections. It was God's corrective for egoism. But man's egoism meets God's device by being very dully alive to its own sins and very keenly alive to the sins of others."

I have the name of A.R.'s "master." I told you he has a guru....

*(Mother looks for a scrap of paper)*

*"Sitaram Omkarnath."*

I don't know him at all.... He isn't well known, at any rate.

Ah, L. went to Delhi (he even met A.R.), so I asked him about N.S.; he said she was relieved a lot, but not cured. That's what everyone here had, the same thing: a relief, but no cure.

*Yes, for all those in contact with you, it's a different case.*

Yes. But I can see, that's what Sri Aurobindo also had: there is a certain power that comes from the contact with the supramental forces, which Sri Aurobindo had, and which I have experienced (when I said, "He takes things away as one would do with one's hand," and nothing remains), but it's not cured, in the sense that out of weakness one lets the ailment come back. I clearly see that, I have the same experience now, but... that's not what I call "cure"; and I clearly see that to cure, something else would be needed. Something else would be needed. Ultimately to put it quite tritely, one can cure only if the disease isn't necessary to the individual's development.

One can give the body an indication of the direction it should follow in order to be cured, but... ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it won't do it.

Yes, people call them miracles, but to me, they are incomplete miracles!... In all the transfers (what I call "transfer of power"), at the time of the transfer, there is in the body a sort of disequilibrium, and if you aren't VERY attentive, or if the disequilibrium is a bit stronger than usual, it results in a pain. If you make the mistake of taking the wrong attitude, the pain turns into an illness. But with the true attitude, the pain can be taken away in a few seconds – that experience occurs almost every day, which is to say that I've had it hundreds of times. And for others, it's the same thing – you can do it for someone else. But all that you can do is... to teach the body the way to cure itself – but it doesn't learn!  
*(Mother laughs)*

*(silence)*

*There's a practical problem there: one can see that one would like to do away with certain movements because one realizes there's a flaw, but one doesn't know how to do it. Should it be done from above?... One puts the light on it every time such a movement comes, and then...*

It depends on the kind of movement, mon petit, in which part of the being and the kind of movement.

I am convinced that every difficulty is a special problem. We can't make a general rule.

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216220 - "Men talk of enemies, but where are they? I only see wrestlers of one party or the other in the great arena of the universe." 221 - "The saint and the angel are not the only divinities; admire also the Titan and the Giant." 222 - "The old writings call the Titans the elder gods. So they still are; nor is any god entirely divine unless there is hidden in him also a Titan." 223 - "If I cannot be Rama, then I would be Ravana; for he is the dark side of Vishnu." (Rama is a divine incarnation, whereas Ravana is the incarnation of a demon.) Mother gave this comment on the last of these Aphorisms: "It means that gentleness without strength and goodness without power are incomplete and cannot entirely express the Divine. I might say that the charity and generosity of a converted Asura are infinitely more effective than those of an innocent angel."

*The other day, for instance, you said that birth is a purge...*

*(Mother laughs)*

*You remember, you said that with people who have repressed everything, it comes out again in the children.*

Yes, Yes!

*And you said it gives the key of what shouldn't be done.*

Yes.

*So I'd like to know what's the key to the cure WITHOUT REPRESSION. Because usually, as a matter of fact, one puts the Light, and the wrong movement sinks below.*

Ah, yes, that's the general rule. What's needed is the opposite! Instead of repelling it, to offer it. It's to put the thing, the movement itself, to CAST it into the Light.... Generally, it squirms and refuses! But... *(laughing)* it's the only way. That's why this Consciousness is so precious.... You understand, what caused the repression is the idea of good and evil – a sort of contempt or shame at what's regarded as evil – and so one goes like this *(gesture of repelling)*, one doesn't want to see it, doesn't want to let it be. What's needed... The first thing – the first thing to be realized is that the infirmity of our consciousness is what creates this division, and that there is a Consciousness (I am sure of it now), there is a Consciousness in which that doesn't exist, in which what we call "evil" is as necessary as what we call "good," and if we could cast our sensation – or our activity or perception – cast it into this Light, that's what cures.<sup>217</sup> Instead of repressing or repelling it as something one wants to destroy (it can't be destroyed!), one must cast it into the Light. I had in fact several days of an experience which for that reason was very interesting; instead of trying to drive far away from yourself certain things (which you don't accept or which cause a disequilibrium in the being), instead of that, accept them, take them as a part of yourself, and... *(Mother opens her hands)* offer them – they don't want to be offered, but there's a way to compel them. A way to compel them: the resistance is lessened to the extent that we can lessen in us the sense of disapproval. If we can replace that sense of disapproval with a higher understanding, then we can do it. It's much easier.

I had a whole baggage which remained like that, of things I did when I was young; it remained like that *(gesture on the side)*, and in fact, after that supramental experience, I was able to gather all of it, and all of a sudden, it got entirely clarified, I understood everything, and... it evaporated. Things I had been dragging along for a very long time – I didn't want to know, you understand, didn't want to have anything to do with them anymore – and then it was all over. It melted, it was clarified like... Well, it was in its place.

I think that's it. All, all the movements that pull downward, we must put them in contact with the higher understanding.

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<sup>217</sup>When Satprem later published this part of the conversation in the "Notes on the Way," Mother added the following comment: "In this Consciousness where the two contraries, the two opposites are joined, the nature of both changes. They don't remain as they are. it's not that they are joined and remain the same: the nature of both changes. And that's most important. Their nature, their action, their vibration are wholly different the minute they are joined. it's separation that makes them what they are. Separation must be done away with, and then their very nature changes: it's no longer 'good' and 'evil,' but something else, which is complete. It's complete."



Only, it's obviously beyond the mind. Because I said just before that those Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo were an expression intelligible to the intellect, but it still diminishes; it diminishes, it's no longer that dazzling light of a wordless understanding – THAT is where, that is where things can be arranged.

Even when you explain them to yourself, they get diminished. We should say nothing: it's as if... (*laughing*) applying a coat of distorting paint!

*(Mother suddenly picks up a desk pad near her and writes an answer to a letter she had read at the beginning.<sup>218</sup>)*

Is it readable? Because I'm not sure, I don't see clearly.

*(Satprem reads)*

“It is an excellent time to read, meditate, and, little by little, go into a receptive silence that will enable the higher Consciousness to enter the body in order to transform it.”

It came like that; that's how it takes place: all of a sudden, brff! and it stays on, it won't go away until I've written. It's amusing!

It's amusing because it doesn't correspond... (I can't say “to what I think,” because, to tell the truth, I no longer think) to my experience, but to the OTHER person's need. The answer is dictated FOR the other person. Words, expressions, the turn of phrase, the presentation vary completely according to the person it's written to. And this consciousness [of Mother] which is there (*gesture above*) has nothing to do with it at all. It just receives. It receives, and then it comes down and goes like this (*hammering gesture*) until I've written! It won't go away until it's written down. That's very amusing.... That way, one can do a lot of work without getting tired!

*I'd like to take a leaf out of your book!*

Here! (*Mother gives her hands, laughing*)

*Because, even in a mental silence (I am used to always writing in mental silence), but still, even in that silence, I am wary of old formations or reactions coming and expressing themselves in the silence.*

Ah, yes.

*I am afraid of that.*

Yes, of old things rising up again. But don't you feel it comes from above?

*I feel the Force is there and it comes down.*

Well, so then?

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218A letter in which a disciple said he had some spare time between 1:00 and 3:00 p.m. and asked the best way to use it.

*Well, yes, but later on, after I've written certain things, I wonder if...*

Ah, it gets mixed.

*I wonder if I should have said that.*

But then, that's the mind's intervention.

*I don't know.*

It happens to me too. Sometimes I write something, send it, and afterwards I remember what I wrote and say to myself, "Gee! I shouldn't have said that!..." And later on, I realize it's quite fine – it's the reaction that's a mental reaction.

*That's happened to me several times. The other day, for example, I had to write to C.S. [a German translator] – he'd written me some... very often he writes unacceptable things, but I don't say anything; and the other day, I wrote a rather strong letter to tell him, "What does that mean?" But afterwards, I said to myself, "No, you shouldn't budge," and I didn't send my letter... What's to be done? I don't know.*

That, mon petit... *(silence)*

*It's difficult.*

Yes... But when you turn above or aspire, or when you're like that, open to the Supreme Consciousness, is it concrete?

*Oh, yes, it's solid.*

It's concrete? What's needed... You understand, there's only ONE way, it's for the ego to go away, that's all. That's the thing. It's when, instead of an "I," nothing remains there – completely flat, you know, like this *(immense, even gesture, without a ripple)*, with a sort of... not even expressed with words, but a very STABLE expression of, "What You will, what You will." (Words become very small.) Really with a concrete sensation that this [the body] doesn't exist, it's only "made use of," as it were, and there's NOTHING but That. That which goes like this *(gesture of exerting a pressure)*. The impression of That, this conscious immensity which *(Mother stretches out her arms)*... You eventually see it, you know ("see" it, it's not a vision with pictures, but a vision... I don't know with what! But it's very concrete, much more concrete than pictures), a vision of this IMMENSE Force, this IMMENSE Vibration pressing and pressing and pressing... and then, the world wriggling about underneath (!) and the thing opening – and when it opens, that enters and spreads.

It's really interesting.

It's the only solution, there's no other. All the rest is... aspirations, conceptions, hopes... it's still the superman, but not the supramental. It's a higher humanity that tries to lift its whole humanity upward, but... it's useless. It's useless.

The image is very clear of all this humanity clinging and climbing, striving to catch like that, but actually not giving itself – it wants to take! And that won't do. It has to nullify itself. Then something else can come, can take its place.

The whole secret is there.

For instance, the whole side (all that here, in the Ashram, Y represents) of this humanity that wants to FORCIBLY seize things and lift them here (*gesture to the level of the forehead*).... It's interesting (there's no denying it, it's interesting!), but it's NOT THAT! It's not that! All those possibilities must be exhausted for something in humanity to understand... that there's nothing but this (*Mother opens her hands in a gesture of surrender*). There. And then, to let oneself be flattened until one disappears.

Ultimately, that's the most difficult: to learn to disappear.

(*silence*)

Very well, mon petit (*laughing*), we'll get there!



**December 17, 1969**

I've had a revelation.

*Ah!*

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

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

It came like this, imperative (*Mother laughs*):

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

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

Naturally, this decentralization stems from innumerable causes, but they are causes we might call psychological. And the cells contained in the body, or composing the body, are held in form by a centralization of the consciousness in them, and as long as that power of concentration is there, the body cannot die. It's only when the power of concentration disappears that the cells scatter. And then one dies. Then the body dies.

The sequel was like this....

(*Mother takes another note*)

The habitual concentration of Nature (produced by Nature) is a MECHANICAL concentration which is

subject to all sorts of mechanical laws too, but... (*Mother reads out her note*) Here is what came:

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

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

There.

In English, I put it like this:

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

And then:

*This centralisation produced by Nature is mechanical and it must be replaced by a willed centralisation.*

\* \* \*

Then... (*Mother takes other notes*) I am continuing the answers to the *Aphorisms*, and yesterday... (those Aphorisms of Sri Aurobindo are extremely interesting, I had forgotten), yesterday T. asked me a question (because in those Aphorisms, Sri Aurobindo speaks of courage and love, meanness and selfishness, nobleness and generosity<sup>219</sup>), so she asked me, "Could you give me the definition of these words?" At first, I thought it wouldn't come, but all of a sudden it came. So I noted it down, it's interesting.

*(Mother reads)*

COURAGE is the total absence of fear in all its forms.

It shouldn't be understood mentally, it should be understood like this (*gesture above the head*), because the words have a very vast meaning, as vast as possible, very universal.

LOVE is self-giving without asking for anything in exchange.

I repeat, it's not at all on this plane (*gesture below*), because it was... the exact definition of divine Love as it acts.

Then the two dark things:

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219230 – "Courage and love are the only indispensable virtues; even if all the others are eclipsed or fall asleep, these two will save the soul alive." 231 – "Meanness and selfishness are the only sins that I find it difficult to pardon; yet they alone are almost universal. Therefore these also must not be hated in others, but in ourselves annihilated." 232 – "Nobleness and generosity are the soul's ethereal firmament; without them, one looks at an insect in a dungeon."

MEANNESS is a weakness that calculates and... *(laughing)* demands from others the virtues one does not have.

SELFISHNESS is to put oneself at the center of the universe and to want everything to exist for one's own satisfaction.

NOBLENES is to refuse to make any personal calculation.

GENEROSITY is to find one's own satisfaction in the satisfaction of others.

Those things come in an imperative way – I don't try, I don't call. Even, after I read the questions, I said to myself, "Oh, I'm not going to answer this" – and poof!

\* \* \*

*(Then Mother listens to a few texts from Sri Aurobindo, in particular this one:)*

"Certainly, when the Supramental does touch earth with a sufficient force to dig itself in into the earth consciousness, there will be no more chance of any success or survival for the Asuric Maya."

*(On Himself, 26.472)*  
October 18, 1934

It's interesting because the Asura is now thrashing about just like someone who expects to disappear. That's interesting....



**December 20, 1969**

*(Mother gives Satprem a Champak flower.)*

Do you know what it is?... It's the "divine psychological perfection." So someone asked me, "What's divine psychological perfection?" – A smile in any circumstance...

*Good.... You know that I went to the Madras airport yesterday to bring my mother here. Every time, I really feel as if I had entered a world... I don't know... another world. Another world. Really, I've never had in my life that impression to such a point, as if entering a nonhuman world, I don't know what world that is – like a dream world, a world devoid of existence, false, empty.*

Mechanical.

*Yes, with dressed little puppets moving about. It's... nonexistent.*

Yes, that's right, there's no inner consciousness.

*It's painful, almost.*

Yes.

\* \* \*

*(Soon afterwards, Mother looks at some old letters.)*

It's from Y. She'd like to see me, wouldn't she?

*Yes: "I would really like to see you and look at certain things through you."*

*(Mother laughs a lot)*... She always wants to convince me that what she does is perfect, but...

It goes to the "corner."

*(Mother points to the place where letters to be filed are piled up)*

I've asked them to start a school at "Auromodèle."

*Who will look after the school?*

There's a French woman who was a primary school teacher (I was told she's nice, I haven't seen her), and then an Indian woman (whom I saw) who wants to teach in Auroville, and she's fine, I mean her mental attitude is good. So the two of them will start (*laughing*): there are five children!

Some interesting people have come to Auroville, people who are really seeking something.... So I leave them to stew there and we'll see what comes out of it!

*(silence)*

Do you know K.S., the former prince of Kashmir? He has founded a sort of "committee for Sri Aurobindo's centenary." He's very active and they want to found... an "institute" or something to "study Sri Aurobindo's works" and to "put them into practice" from a governmental and international point of view. He first thought of founding it in Delhi – I said, "Fine." But there was a big movement for it to take place here, in Auroville.... There are two things they want to do in Auroville: that institute, and in 1972, they want to launch an Indian satellite for "communications," and they've nearly decided that it will be launched from Auroville and will be called Sri Aurobindo.... And then, I already told you about a boat that will leave from America also in '72 – Sri Aurobindo's Boat. They're trying to do something....

But as for me, I try not to be mixed in too much because... as soon as it touches the Manifestation, it becomes as you felt there [in Madras], and then it's so ridiculous that as soon as it enters my

consciousness, it starts a trepidation. So I prefer to stand back.

\* \* \*

I'd like you to take the responsibility of the Bulletin.

*(various details follow)*

In those *Aphorisms*, T. always asks me, "What does Sri Aurobindo mean?" or "What does Sri Aurobindo want?" So I am like this (*passive gesture*), and he answers me. And it's really amusing: he answers JUST the sort of things she can understand.<sup>220</sup> That's what I always find marvelous! All the time I lived with him, I was in a state almost of wonder at that suppleness – extraordinary suppleness – as a result of which, with everyone, he seemed to use the person's own mind to answer him! That was really marvelous. The standpoint, the attitude, the words, the turn of phrase, everything was what the other was able to understand.

That's why apparently there seem to be contradictions, but it's only an appearance.

*(silence)*

With the passing by – very brief passing by – of the true consciousness, the supramental consciousness, there has been in its wake a certain... it's between an attitude and a vision in the body (the physical being), and it no longer sees things in the same way at all, the reaction is completely different. That has made a difference.... For those few hours, there was nothing but that consciousness, it was wonderful; now there is... what has been formed. But the inner attitude, even in the physical consciousness, is changed; there is a sort of vision of things, a POSITION: the position with regard to the world, the creation, is changed. It's no longer the same – no longer the same. And then, a sort of clear-sighted sensitivity for all that comes to... to be done or said or decided (it comes from people and circumstances)....

How can I put it?... I have refused to be a prophet. This Consciousness which is there (*gesture above*) feels that in order to be a prophet, one must... coagulate things. That's giving them a sort of fixity or hardness (how can I explain that?), yes, a fixity they don't have. Things are seen (they're seen all the time, constantly), but it takes some time (what, for us, is expressed as "time") between the vision and the execution (*Mother draws a downward curve*), and if one is in the true consciousness and the true vision, what was there like that (*fluid gesture above*) can be changed. You understand, the whole creation is in a movement of such tremendous rapidity that it's imperceptible for the physical consciousness, but between the moment when things are seen (*gesture above*) and the moment when they get expressed materially, a change takes place. And if one is very careful – very careful and (what should I call it?) very objective – there is time for a transformation. And it's that habit of fixing things that prevents the rapidity of the world's transformation. So then, to prophesy is a way of fixing things, and... the consciousness refuses to do it, it wants to allow things their full suppleness so they may change every moment.

Unfortunately, here on earth, everything becomes like this (*Mother clenches her two fists*), coagulated, and that's the falsehood of the creation. But we shouldn't help it!

Otherwise, when there are problems to be resolved, I see them: they come and stay and keep at it

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<sup>220</sup>Which is why the whole last part of Mother's "Comments" on the *Aphorisms* is very succinct.

until the solution is found. And that's really interesting. For each and every thing. That is to say, to put it in a very ordinary language, all the people who think of me or count on me ("me," you understand what I mean, "me" isn't this [*Mother points to her body*]) and who expect the solution to their problem, it all comes to me con-stant-ly, night and day, night and say, along with the solution. But it's not mental, and therefore not fixed; it's a supple thing, ever changing; so if you prophesy, you fix one moment – and you spoil everything. Whereas if you let things... All the time, people want you to prophesy, to tell them: "This is how it will be." I obstinately refuse to do that! We must keep the true attitude and let things-allow them their ascending fluidity.

There's no more "big" or "small," "important" or "unimportant," all that is...

Sometimes, very small things that the mind regards as complete-ly insignificant have a more intense light than "big" problems, things the mind regards as problems of importance: problems of government, for example, of relations with other countries; sometimes it's more... insubstantial than very small things that appear to be nothing. All that is linked to the total movement of the creation towards... towards the true awareness.

That has become the constant, constant way of being.

*(silence)*

It's very interesting. The first effect of every new progress is a more total and complete perception of the incapacity we live in in ordinary life. That's the first result, because one begins to feel, see, sense, perceive how things should be, and so... (*gesture of a gap opening abruptly*). It's really the effect of the Grace if it's graded and apparently slow, because any rapid movement would produce such a... despair at the opposition between the two that one couldn't bear it. The body is growing increasingly conscious of its infirmity, its incapacity; the clearer the consciousness becomes, the more conscious the body grows, so one must be very careful because it shouldn't topple over.

*(Mother suddenly turns to Sujata)*

Have you received the box of *marrons glacés*? No?... (*Mother has the box brought*) It's pretty! At least the box is.

*You'll take some, won't you?*

Not for me.

*Oh, listen, you aren't reasonable!*

Eating is tedious!

No, all those difficulties are given me precisely to... it's not to encourage me to eat!

No, there's an experiment taking place, to find out the way from the old method to the new, and then... The body knows nothing. It knows nothing, it's absolutely ignorant – no experience, it knows nothing, it only has goodwill (*Mother opens her hands*). It doesn't even know... It has (*laughing*) a certain number of sensations of what takes place, which aren't always very pleasant, and that's all, it doesn't know. It doesn't know the effect: how, why, all that... So then, it goes without saying that it's part of the things demanded: the body has to eat. But to what extent and how?... The transition: how to effect the transition? The pace of the transition, the mode of transition?... It knows nothing. This poor body cannot say anything because it knows nothing; all that it thought it had learned for ninety years



has been demonstrated most clearly to be worthless! (*Mother laughs*) It's been shown that it has everything to learn. So it's like that, goodwilled, but absolutely ignorant. So what it tries to do is to be attentive to the least indication – but the indications are... not very clear.

It has become like this: when it puts something into its mouth, it expects a yes or a no; and it's observing that it absolutely depends on its attitude, that if it doesn't attach any importance to what it's doing, things generally go smoothly enough (that is, if it's busy with something else), but then it doesn't learn anything! So it doesn't know.

It has reached the point where all the things that are accepted and obvious (from a very young age one is accustomed to things taking place “just like that”) have become absolutely unreal and fantastic! All the things that are beyond arguing, that are self-evident – unreal and fantastic. At times, it wonders how, how a gesture can be made?... You understand, the whole functioning, all, all of it is called into question.

So one must take care that things don't go too far (*Mother, laughing, makes a gesture of tipping over*).

(silence)

Your mother is thinking of you!



## December 24, 1969

*Sujata has discovered the photo of A.R.'s guru. Here it is.*

(*Mother looks at the photo*) What does he wear on his head?

*He has his “jata,”<sup>221</sup> and a sort of plume or peacock feather in his hair.*

(*Laughing*) He looks like a good man. He must be a simple man.

*He's seventy-eight, and his mission is to keep wandering about India, giving initiation to whoever wants it. His method is very simple, he says one just has to repeat the divine Name: “Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna...” It's enough to purify.*

Hare Krishna?... He does look like a good man!

*Yes, he looks nice.*

Yoga for simple souls! It's good, I am happy with A.R.'s choice. Yes, he's a good man.... A.R. must be

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<sup>221</sup>Jata: twisted hair coiled in a heap at the top of the head.

feeling a sort of warmth (*gesture to the heart*), and he's happy. (*Laughing*) We're too high up for him!

\* \* \*

(*Mother gives her message for Christmas*)

Greetings to the new Light.  
Let it grow in all hearts.

\* \* \*

*Soon afterwards:*

In his *Aphorisms*, Sri Aurobindo used the word God everywhere, which we translated as *Dieu* ["God" in French]....

And the word *Dieu* now evokes unacceptable things in people's minds. So I am embarrassed. Even *Divin*, you see... In English, *Divine* is fine because it's not *God* (!) But in French, *Divin* sounds like *Dieu*! Yet it's the only word, because otherwise, "truth" is partial, "consciousness" is partial, and anything we may use is partial.

Yesterday I got a line from M.H. (quite polite, besides) asking me why marriage, which was forbidden in the Ashram, is now permitted since people are marrying and having children.... That must be some gossip, or else he saw some of the pregnant women in Auroville. But I sent him my explanation; I told him that if it were true that marriage is now permitted and children are born here, I would simply say, "It's because the Divine so willed it." (Which is a way of telling him that it's a very ordinary consciousness that asks that question.) But then, when I wrote, I put the word "Divine" because I didn't know what else to put.... Afterwards, I told him how things are, that they're not at all that way, but that in Auroville people have children; in my reply I even wrote that Auroville's maternity home had been created for all those who want their child to be a world citizen! (*Laughing*) And there are lots of them!

But at the time of writing "the Divine"... What's to be done? What should we say?... It's a convention, but words... In one of his *Aphorisms*, Sri Aurobindo said that atheism is necessary to counterbalance religions which had caused so much damage!...<sup>222</sup> And that's why using the word "God" is unfortunate.

Often I say "Truth," often "supreme Consciousness," but I am perfectly aware that it's not the thing. "Divinity" too... The Ancients said *That* – but *Ça* in French?...

*It can be used, but not everywhere.... The rishis said, "The Vast" [Brihat].*

(*after a silence*)

What might possibly best render the impression is "the supreme Divinity," because that's not too... I don't know how to put it. Everything has a mental stamp, you can't help it.

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<sup>222240</sup> – "Atheism is a necessary protest against the wickedness of the Churches and the narrowness of creeds. God used it as a stone to smash these soiled cardhouses."

*But the broadest word is still “consciousness,” “the Supreme Consciousness.”*

Yes, but “the Supreme Consciousness” is perfect when we’re talking about the creation; the Supreme Consciousness is precisely what created, but *(laughing)* there is what’s beyond!

*Beyond, it’s “That.”*

Yes.

*We can often use the word “That,” with a capital T.*

*(Mother nods her head)*

In India’s languages, they have this OM... which is a marvel. You know what they say? That OM is the totality of the sounds of the creation perceived by the Supreme; He hears OM as a call to Him – as an idea, it’s magnificent! As a symbol, as a... Only...

*And as a power! Not only as a symbol, but as a power.*

Oh, a tremendous power – tremendous. The first time I heard it... The first time I heard it... There was a certain Bernard who had spent a year in India, in the Himalayas, and he was visited by yogis whom he didn’t know (he lived in a hut in the Himalayas, all alone). One yogi came to see him; he didn’t say anything, he just sat by his side and then left. And that yogi simply told him, “OM...” Then he came back to France, recounted his experiences in India, and he said that. Me, I knew absolutely nothing of India at the time, and when he uttered the word OM... *(Mother brings her arms down)*, it came: a Force like this, my whole, entire body, everything vibrated in an extraordinary way! It was like a revelation – everything, but everything started vibrating. Then I said, “At last, here’s the true sound!” Yet I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, neither what it meant nor anything.

*(long silence)*

I forget who it was, I forget if it was a Russian or an Englishman, but he was well known: the creator of materialism in the world (I don’t remember who it was). And you know what he said?... He said (I forget in what language), “I thank God for having made me an atheist – for having created me an atheist!...”

I found that charming. I read it in English: “*Thank God, he made me an atheist!*”

\* \* \*

*Towards the end:*

One small thing. This body has become very, very sensitive. If someone comes displeased with something I did or said (I don’t know what kind of thing, but it has happened with three people with whom the contact is ordinarily quite good)... It’s something quite recent. This *(Mother points to her forehead)* is silent, there’s nothing, no perception, and then, all of a sudden, all the nerves (the body’s nerves) are as if tortured. And it comes from the person who’s there – and who shows all the signs of devotion and so on, absolutely no external sign, no spoken or direct manifestation: all the nerves are

tortured. That illness I had in France when I left India and went back – it’s the same thing [now], only, extremely acute. Then, when the person is gone and I go within (either alone or with other people who are here), it slowly dies down and goes away.

It’s the exact indication of people when they are displeased (displeased with what I said or with what I did, or with the way the Divine treats them through someone else, or...), and it’s their displeasure which causes that. People with quite different characters, all three of them, quite a different position, quite different thoughts.... So I wondered: is this really the action of what’s conventionally called the “adverse forces” through people?

I am studying that.

It’s unexpected; I know they are coming, but I don’t expect it at all to be that way, it doesn’t correspond to anything at all-suddenly, bah! babah!... (*gesture of pain*) And when they go away, it calms down; when I concentrate in the true consciousness, then it dies down and the nerves recover. That’s what is called “neuritis,” it’s the nerves that are sick.

I had it in France, because when I went away from here, I left my psychic being here, so that was the result.... It’s something... it’s an influence that cuts off, that must cut off the body from its contact with the Divine, probably. It’s under study, you understand. I wasn’t saying anything about it because it’s still under study But the first time it happened was rather long ago, more than a month ago;<sup>223</sup> the last time was yesterday – three times it has happened. Three absolutely, absolutely different people: different in character, in occupation, in everything, in relationship too.

It will yield the secret of something. (*Laughing*) I am studying it.



**December 27, 1969**

Do you have anything to say?...

*I am so immersed in so many practical or material things....*

*(Mother laughs)*

*One feels a bit swallowed up in Matter... no?*

These last few days, I’ve rather had the impression of being surrounded by a TOTAL incomprehension – but I’m used to that! But it had become so acute; I’ve received questions, reproaches, anyway, all kinds of things.... It was like a spirit of incomprehension rising up everywhere, and I felt it was rising deliberately because the time had come to do something.... “Why is this done? Why is that done? Why are things like this?...” And most of the time, based on tendentious information or incorrect

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<sup>223</sup>On November 12, see the conversation of that date.

observations.

(silence)

*In spite of this sort of apparent engulfment by problems and practical work, is some yoga or something done, even if outwardly we are so absorbed that we don't feel we are doing something?*

Oh, but now, the whole being (the body has understood this very clearly), the whole being knows that EVERYTHING comes to make you move forward as fast as possible, everything: obstacles, contradictions, incomprehensions, trivial occupations, everything but everything is to make you move forward. It's to touch one point, another point, yet another... and make you progress as fast as possible. If we don't look after this Matter, how is it going to change?

It's very clear, it's perfectly obvious that all objections, all contradictions only come from a superficial mind that sees nothing but the appearance of things. It's precisely to warn the consciousness against that, so it isn't deceived by those things and may see clearly that they are wholly external, superficial, and that, behind it all, all that is done is like an advance as rapid as possible towards... the transformation.

(long silence)

Intelligence at its higher level very easily understands that it knows nothing and is very easily in the attitude required to progress, but even those who have that intelligence, when they deal with material things, they instinctively feel all that is quite well known and based on established experiences. So there, one is vulnerable. That's just what is being taught to the body: the inanity of this present way of seeing and understanding things based on the good and the bad, good and evil, the luminous and the dark... all those contradictions; and the whole judgment, the whole conception of life (material life) is based on that – it's to teach you the inanity of this base. I see that. The work has become very acute, very persistent, as if with a will to go fast.

Even the practical part which thought it knew how to live and knew what needs to be done and how it should be done, even it must understand that this isn't true knowledge, it isn't the true way of using external things.

(silence)

There are some amusing things.... This Consciousness which is at work, it seems to be constantly "teasing" the body; it constantly tells the body, "See, you have this sensation; well, what is it based on? You think you know, but do you really know what's behind?" With all the small things of life, every minute. So then, the body is like this (*Mother opens her eyes wide with astonishment*), saying to itself, "It's true, I don't know anything!" But its reply is always the same, it says, I don't pretend to know – let the Lord do as He pleases." That's the way it is. And then, there is this (if we could get hold of it permanently, it would be fine): the nonintervention in the Lord's work (to put it quite simply).

(silence)

There is a FACTUAL demonstration – through the experience of every minute – that when you do things with this sensation of accepted wisdom, or accepted knowledge, of an experience that has been lived and so on, how... "false" it is, if we may say so (or deceptive, at any rate), and that there is something ELSE behind, which uses this (as it uses everything) but isn't at all tied down to or

dependent on this knowledge or what we call the “experience of life” or anything of that sort. It has a much more direct vision, much deeper and farsighted, much wider and much more forward – which no external experience gives.... But that’s a modest development, not flashy, which can’t “show off” anything: it’s a very small thing of each minute – each minute, each second, each thing. As if there were constantly something showing you the ordinary way of living, of seeing and doing things, and then... the true way Both like that. For each and every thing.

To such a point that the attitude towards certain vibrations gives you total well-being, or can make you quite sick! And it’s the same vibration. Things like that, bewildering. And every minute it’s like that – every minute, for everything.

Yesterday, I heard Sunil’s music (and it was so interesting because of that). It’s very fine, his music, and then this Consciousness showed me how... You see, the consciousness here takes a certain attitude, and it has the whole joy and harmony; the thing remains the same, but then... (*Mother makes a gesture of a slight tipping to the left*) a very slight change in the attitude of the consciousness, and it becomes almost unbearable! Experiences of that sort, all the time, all the time... to show you that in reality, only ONE THING matters, it’s the attitude of the consciousness: the old attitude of the individual being (*Mother makes a gesture of contraction into oneself*), or this (*gesture of expansion*). Probably it must be (to put it into words we can understand) the presence of the ego and the abolition of the ego. That’s it.

And then, as I said, for all the most ordinary activities of life, there is the demonstration that if the presence is tolerated (certainly in order to make you understand what it is), it can actually throw you off balance from the standpoint of health, and that the only remedy is the disappearance of the ego – and along with it, the disappearance of the whole discomfort. For the things we regard as the most indifferent, the most... It’s for everything, just everything, all the time, all the time, night and day.

But then, added to that is the complication of all the spots of incomprehension and discontent, which express themselves (*gesture as of a truckload being dumped on Mother*), as though they were unbridled and were coming out into the open. So all that pours down at the same time so that... the experience may be total in every field.

It’s like a practical demonstration, every minute, of the presence of death and the presence of immortality, like this (*Mother tips her hand slightly to the right and to the left*), in the SMALLEST things, in all things, the smallest as well as the greatest, constantly; and constantly you see... whether you are here or there (*same gesture tipping to one side or the other*). As if every second you were led to choose between death and immortality.

And I clearly see that the body needs to have a serious and very thorough preparation to bear out the experience without... without any vibration of alarm or recoil or... so it may keep its constant peace and smile.

(long silence)

There are things... most unbelievable.

As if, in each thing, you were made to live the presence of opposites, so as to find... to find what is when opposites are joined instead of running away from one another, they join. It produces a result. And that’s in practical life.



**December 31, 1969**

*(Mother gives presents for the New Year and a few copies of "The Adventure of Consciousness" in Italian.)*

This is Italian.... I have several of them, do you want any?

*Oh, you know, Mother, I don't know many Italians.... You used to know Italian a little in the past, didn't you?*

Oh, I knew Italian very well in the past. I learned so much of it....

*(Mother gives other presents... a musical pen, which she plays!)*

Of course, it has a strange sound.... Do you want to play?

In Italy, the book [*The Adventure*] is having a lot of success, a lot: Italians are coming in large numbers....

You know Paolo, have you seen him? He's nice.

*He is nice. As a matter of fact, I have something in this connection. Yesterday I had the visit of Paolo and N., both of them, and Paolo explained to me a sort of inspiration he had about Auroville. I found it very beautiful, very good, and important. So I told him, "You must absolutely tell Mother about it directly." So when could you see Paolo?*

Will I hear him? Because the difficulty is that people don't know how to speak; they speak too fast, and I can't follow.

Tell me what he wants to tell me!

*I'll take the bloom off the subject.*

Doesn't matter!

*He says that for a few years, energies in Auroville have been scattered: they are egoistic, everyone wants to build his own little hut, his own little story, or, at best, hopes to build a supercity, which will only be an improvement on all the existing cities of the world. In this Auroville, an axis, a center is missing. What's missing is... a unification of the consciousnesses around a center, an axis. So he said that in the past, they built pyramids, they built cathedrals, and around those symbolic constructions, consciousnesses could unify...*

*(Mother nods approvingly)*

*...and rise and purify themselves. Well, what should be built in Auroville is an axis, a center, a*

*symbolic temple of the new world we want to create, and all the consciousnesses should unite in the construction of this pyramid of the new world, or this temple of the new world-which will at the same time help to bring down what must express itself there.*

It's very good, that was the first idea: there was the center, and the city was organized around it. Now they're doing the opposite! They want to build the city and put the center afterwards....

*And that's why it doesn't work, he says: we should begin with the center; if we don't we'll achieve nothing.*

That was my first impression. But how to have R. [Auroville's architect] understand that? I don't know. Because it was R. who changed it; it's he who wanted to begin with "Auromodèle," that is to say, with trials and attempts.

*So the result is that everyone is concerned with his own little story and his own little hut, and there's no "cement," there isn't the Thing that would bind them together and would lift them above themselves and their little stories.*

Theoretically, he's perfectly right.

*Oh, yes. And curiously, when he spoke to me about that, I almost saw it, I saw. He's a boy who could "pull" it down.*

Yes, he has the power.

But why doesn't he meet R.?

*He asked me, 'Should I speak to R. about it?' Because he says it's a problem: "If I'm the one who speaks, R. will withdraw or will..." So I told him, "No, don't speak to R., speak to Mother, and she will say what has to be done."*

I'll see R. tomorrow, I can tell him. Paolo is an architect, isn't he?

*You alone have authority over R.*

Yes... no, if I tell him, "Do it," he won't say no, but he won't do it!... He has to be convinced.... All that I can do is to tell him that I am aware of the idea, that I fully approve of it and ask him to see Paolo and work it out with him.

But I think Paolo has a power of conviction in him.

*Yes, when he spoke to me, at any rate, I felt the inspiration and the "thing" which was really to come.*

It is ready to come! As for me, I've known it for a long time. It's there (*gesture above*), waiting.

*Well, he has a contact with that.*

Yes, yes.



*When he spoke, you felt he had touched the true thing. While the others' only thought is to attract millions and do propaganda they do things completely upside down.*

I think Paolo and R. have never met so far, have they?

*Yes, they have. But you understand, R.'s viewpoint is a very materialistic viewpoint.*

Oh, yes.

*I'm afraid he may say straight away, "Oh, why is he meddling?"*

Ah, no! If I tell him, he won't say that....

*You're the only one who can...*

No, I must be the one who speaks to him.

*Yes, Mother, because they're putting the cart before the horses, they're doing things upside down.*

*(after a silence)*

I am afraid they may not even have the land. That's the difficulty Because the center of the city has been fixed, but there's still a large part of the center which, I think, belongs to the government, so they're trying to negotiate so as to have it.

*(silence)*

R.'s idea is an island at the center, with water around, running water which will be used for the whole water supply of the city; and when it has flowed through the city, it will be sent to a plant, and from there to irrigate all the cultivated lands around. So this center is like an islet, and at this center, there is what we first called the "Matrimandir" – which I always see as a very large hall, absolutely bare, you understand, and getting a light from above: it should be so arranged that the light from above gets concentrated on a spot where there would be... what we want to put as the center of the city We first thought of Sri Aurobindo's symbol, but we can put anything we like. Like that, with a ray of light constantly striking from above – revolving and revolving... to follow the sun, you understand. If it's done well, it would be very good. And then, below, people would be able to sit and meditate, or just rest, but there would be NOTHING – nothing except something comfortable below so they can sit without getting tired, probably with pillars acting at the same time as backrests. Something like that. That's what I always SEE. A hall with a ceiling high enough to allow sunlight to come in as a RAY, depending on the time of the day, and fall on that center which will be there.

If that is done, it will be very good.

So then, for the rest, it's the same to me, they will do as they like. They first thought of building a dwelling for me, but I'll never go, so it's no use, it's quite unnecessary. And to watch over the islet, it was agreed there would be a small house for H. who wanted to be there simply as a guard.... Then R. had arranged a whole system of bridges to link that to the other bank. The other bank would be entirely made of gardens all around. Those gardens... we thought of twelve gardens (dividing the distance into twelve), twelve gardens with each of them concentrated on one thing: a state of consciousness with the flowers representing it. And the twelfth garden would be in the islet, around (not around but beside) the

“Mandir” with the tree, the banyan which is there. That’s what is at the center of the city. And there, there would be a repetition of the twelve gardens around, with the flowers arranged in the same way... There are now two Americans here, husband and wife, and the husband studied there for more than a year the art of gardening, and he came here with that knowledge. So I asked him to start straight away preparing the plan for the inner garden: they’re working on it.

But then, the answer is always the same: “We have no money!”

*But Mother, what I think, and what Paolo too has put his finger on, is that if these... say, twenty or fifty Aurovilians sincerely unite their hearts in the construction of this pyramid or temple of the new world, it will ATTRACT money, the millions.*

It should.

*It will come. What’s needed isn’t to “look for millions,” it’s first to unite the consciousnesses around something.*

Yes.

*That’s the key to the millions.*

You’ll explain to Paolo all that I have said.... That way we would have something really very fine.

But of course, what’s needed... There are material difficulties: for this islet, we need water – naturally, otherwise it’s not an islet! To have the water, we must transform it – there isn’t enough underground water.

*Not enough water?*

There is water, but it’s enough for one or two houses, anyway not enough to create a permanent flow. We would need transformed sea water. In Israel they have found a way to do it economically (we even have brochures on this), but you understand, economical for a city, not economical for an individual! So then, we’d need to have water to make this islet, that’s the difficulty.

*But before building the islet, we can begin building the “temple” itself... Begin by lifting a pebble.*

Yes, we could do that.

*That’s the important point, it’s for people to take a first pebble in their hands, put it there, and unite in that – because they’ll never unite through their huts and little stories.*

Yes, that would be much better.

*Oh, yes, certainly!*

Naturally, logically, or psychologically rather, it’s an error to build around first, and the center afterwards.

*Of course!*

How to make him understand that?...

*Since we want to create “something else,” the least we can do is to trust something else.*

Yes. I'll speak to R. about it tomorrow and I'll ask him to see Paolo. I think that to a certain extent, Paolo can help bring in money, if he is interested.

Good.

So then, build even before it's an islet.

*(silence)*

For the outside of this sort of temple, R. had thought of a big lotus. But then, the inside, this play of light, I don't know whether it will be possible with a lotus shape?

If the two of them could collaborate... If they came together and one of them were always here – one of them, now one, now another, so there would always be one of the two here – with a single plan made by them, things would go much faster, a hundred times faster.

*And it would seize people's hearts.*

Yes.

This idea of a ray of sunlight... whenever I look, that's what I immediately see. A ray of sunlight that could come at any time of the day – it would be so arranged that it would come all the time (*gesture following the sun's movement*). And there would be something there, a symbol, which would be at the same time upright, so as to be seen all around, and lying flat, so as to receive the full light – what would it be?... And let it not become a religion, for heaven's sake!

*Yes.*

*(silence)*

You know that I am in contact with a few Ethiopians (I think it's the country that has remained the most Christian all over the earth). There's a boy who's a secretary in the embassy in Delhi (Ethiopia's embassy), and he's quite taken, quite, and then... (*laughing*) it was his birthday two days ago, and he came with a gift.... Something in wood (in ebony), big like this, with my photo on one side, Sri Aurobindo's photo on the other side, and in between... a silver cross. And on the cross, at the junction of the two branches, there was on one side my symbol, and on the other side, Sri Aurobindo's symbol.... What's in his head?!...

*Horrible!*

And naturally, as soon as I saw him, he put that on my knees.... It was big like this.

As soon as I saw him, it instantly came (*gesture of massive descent*), like that, like an answer to the will to transform Christianity. And it was so powerful, there was such a powerful vibration that I felt it was BEING done....

The cross is the symbol of transformation, you know: Matter (*transversal gesture*) penetrated by the Spirit; and the junction is the transformation. A tremendous Force came, like that, for this cross to become truly... the flower of transformation.

But I didn't tell him anything! And he himself doesn't know, I mean, he never thought about it, it's instinctively that he did that.

He wrote to the Emperor about Auroville, and there was a reply Did I show it to you? (*Mother looks for a piece of paper*) It's all the way at the bottom....

*"I have written to my Emperor Haile Selassie I, about Auroville International Township aim, and Ethiopia to be the second country to support this idea. He has written me a good letter. In his letter he has appreciated and admired your work very much. I wish you to bless him for peace of mind, good health to live long – peace for his people."*

They don't commit themselves too much! Anyway, there's a goodwill.

*(Mother puts the letter near her,  
under a pile of files)*

I keep all that near me because it keeps the contact.

*(silence)*

That the Force is now at work is without a shadow of doubt. And there is such a great... (how can I put it?) a very active will: NO RELIGION, no religion, no religious forms. Quite naturally, people immediately... So that's why I have left them very free. That was why I didn't insist on building the center first, because that's in fact the cathedral of old, the temple of old, the whole thing of old (*Mother makes a gesture of taking firm root*), and then everything gets organized around that: a religion – we want NO religion.<sup>224</sup>

*Yes, but we can "pull down" something other than religion.*

But we don't pull it! It's the people who have it. They're very small, they need a religion, or at least they think they do.

They need... – I see that, I've received letters again, to which I reply... (*Mother vainly looks for other papers near her*) It comes every day... And Sri Aurobindo wrote wonderful things on the question.... Very recently (yesterday or the day before), I answered a question about an aphorism of Sri Aurobindo's in which he said that atheism was NECESSARY because of religions and all their misdeeds.<sup>225</sup> I was asked a question and I answered that also.

People are still very small.

But an interesting sign: from Northern Europe, from Sweden and Norway and Denmark, some

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<sup>224</sup>Thus after Mother's departure, Auroville's "proprietors" soon declared they were a "religious" institution, adding spiritual imposture to financial fraud. Not a single voice rose from the Sri Aurobindo Ashram when those people dared to declare in India's courts that Sri Aurobindo's teaching was "religious." (In 1982, a bench of judges of India's Supreme Court finally rejected this, basing themselves on Sri Aurobindo's own writings and several conversations from *Mother's Agenda*, such as this one.)

<sup>225</sup>240 – "Atheism is a necessary protest against the wickedness of the Churches and the narrowness of creeds. God uses it as a stone to smash these soiled card-houses." 241 – "How much hatred and stupidity men succeed in packing up decorously and labelling 'Religion'!" Mother recently commented on these two aphorisms thus: "As long as there are religions, atheism will be necessary to counterbalance them. Both must disappear to give way to a sincere and disinterested search for Truth and a total consecration to the object of this search."

priests have written to me; one of them is the head of a church, another is the head of a convent. They write to ask and say that they want to collaborate so as to get out of... It's very strong up there. One or two of them have sent me their photos, asking me to help them. And they do some work, they do work for Auroville there. It means that...

But even our children have such stupid reactions! One girl here wrote to me because I had mentioned to her that the Consciousness had descended on the earth, concentrated on the earth in order to help men prepare for the transformation. She asked me, "How come men have been left unhelped for so long?..." It's enough to make you howl in despair! They've had their education here and they still ask questions of that sort!... I had to control myself so as not to tell her, "My poor girl, (*laughing*) what a half-wit you are!"

(*silence*)

Who would be able to find the way of realizing that?... Because there's no lack of sunshine there (of course, on some days the sun is hidden, but still, there are many days when it shines)... It should be so arranged that from any side, any angle, the ray should fall [on the symbol]. It's a question of geometry.

You can speak with Paolo, because if he had an idea...

*When he spoke, I felt he could pull that down.*

Yes. And that's what is needed: something, a symbol – we'll find what's needed, we'll see – like an altar, obviously, but... what? A symbol which would directly receive the light from above, and laterally at the same time.

And no other windows, you understand. All the rest in a sort of half-light, and then this light like... That would be fine, it can be very fine. I'd like someone who could feel that. I don't know at all whether R. is capable of feeling that, but Paolo is.

If it were well realized, it would be very interesting for people. It would be a concretization of something.... They'll start saying it's a religion of the sun! (*laughing*) Oh, you know, I'm used to hearing all, ALL possible nonsense!

(*silence*)

R.'s idea and the idea of the people around him is to have industries capable of collecting money for Auroville, so...

*They're wrong, they're wrong!*

It means that instead of allowing the thing to be done fast, it will take centuries.

*And it means the starting point is the old idea and the old principle.*

Yes.

*The starting point should be something else.*

It's out of a fear of religions.

*It could very well be done not as a religion but as the symbol of the new world.*

Yes... We need someone who understands that – maybe Paolo will understand.

*Yes, certainly! And he would have the capacity to convince people, I think.*

*(silence)*

Yes, I'll see Paolo. It would be better if he comes on a day when you're here, because I am afraid of not hearing him.... It disconcerts them a lot when they have to speak loudly. So next Saturday, for instance? And tomorrow I'll speak to R. about it, that is to say, I'll tell him to see Paolo who has excellent ideas, and anyway to work it out with him.

It's very simple, after all: we'll try to have R. understand and create a collaboration. R. won't say no to me – but he won't do anything (!) That's how it is, you understand. But anyway, if he can do it, if they can work it out and agree, then it will be very good, there won't be any difficulties. But if he can't, then Paolo will have to be here while R. is away, and we'll just have to do it!... You understand, that's how it is for me! *(Mother laughs)* Because R. has enough work (he has a tremendous amount of work). It's not that we are taking work away from him, it's that if he refuses to do it, we'll do it, that's all.

I'll see if they can agree.

Now for me, things are no longer exclusive, not at all. I very clearly see the possibility of using the most opposite tendencies AT THE SAME TIME... with some slight deftness, that's all. It's not exclusive, I don't say, "Ah, no, not this!" No, no, no: everything, all of it together. That's what I want, to succeed in creating a place where all contraries can be united.

That...

Unless we can do that... *(gesture in a circle)*, it just goes on and on, we go on and on.

It's good. Yes, I understand: the thing is to build the center, even if we can't make it into an islet.

Maybe Paolo will be able to convince R. I'll speak to him tomorrow, to start the New Year.

There.

So I wish you a happy New Year.

*(Satprem lays his forehead  
on Mother's knees)*

This time, we're moving to a new decade. We must shake off all that *(Mother makes a gesture over her shoulder)*

Wholly new and very small... so as to be able to grow.

