

Satprem

Notebooks of an Apocalypse

Volume 5

1985



To Sujata

*with whom we went
through these terrible ordeals,
step by step,
carried by our sole
love for Mother*

*and our desperate will
to continue Their Work
until the end*

*✓
to discover
the terrible
and wonderful
Mystery of life
on the earth*

January

Early 1985

*(Letter from Satprem to Susie about the amazing
“visions” and imaginings of the vital.)*

The cellular consciousness has the simplicity of a divine Child for which the *only* Marvel is to adore the Supreme.

This is true Matter, all the rest is tortuous and noxious Illusion. Until now, the vital “Maya” of Falsehood is what has always prevented the Truth from establishing itself on Earth, and it is that that would like to take over and swallow the Supramental into its brilliant and attractive net of Falsehood—but it is NOT POSSIBLE.

We must cultivate the discernment of the soul.

PS: The Supramental is *another* world, not the same world improved.



January 1, 1985

I have had much-much training, but it is difficult not to think that you are dying... It is curious. But nothing stiffens in the body. The whole being lets itself go. It is such a compact— solid blue Power. It seems that *nothing* is left but that dense Blue (perhaps this is what makes the sensation of dying?).

This morning, it was so compact—like water changed into ice.

The body’s life becomes a solid blue.

It is especially in the brain that it remains somewhat difficult.

*

If it is a new principle of life that must establish itself, has not the

old to “die” or disappear? Or will the two systems coexist?

“*Ambulando solvitur*”(!)

It is only when we have reached the end that we shall really understand what all that means. Meanwhile, we have to live-die (!) it simultaneously (!)

The question is “discussed” with a heart, lungs and cerebral cells.

*

Afternoon

Sheer torture.

The brain was boiling.

The body was living the end.

It was long.

*

How am I not dead?

*

Something in me kept repeating: I love Sri Aurobindo, I love Mother, I love my Douce... As if I wanted it to be the last sound of my life (I did not want to be “dramatic”, besides, it was beyond that, it was felt like that).

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, or rather early this morning, before waking up, I saw something that worried and still worries me a lot: I saw my Douce who was coming from outside and was about to enter my bedroom through the glass door; she was on the threshold, she put a (bare)

foot on the carpet of my bedroom and I saw traces or stains of blood on the carpet—it was more purple than red. I looked at that, then my Douce showed me her bare foot, the *instep* (near the heel): there was a small wound through which the blood was abundantly (or rather continuously) flowing out and it was also very dark purple blood.

What does this mean?

I am very worried and I told my Douce nothing.

The “foot” means the *physical* body.

It was this morning, the 1st of January.¹

*

We are really in the “dangerous unknown”—on all sides.

*

Never have I seen such dark blood... ?? almost black.

Later

My Douce has drawn a sort of red comet which comes to touch the head of a being!—this is perhaps my “boiling”! But it is sheer torture... My head is still as if bruised, beaten to a pulp.

What is going to fall on the Earth’s head?!

When I had typhus, as I was coming out of the concentration

¹ I wondered whether Sujata, in that vision, did not symbolically represent the India of 1985? (She came from outside).

Also this morning, at one minute past midnight, at the turn of the year, I screamed—I don’t know why, I don’t know what nightmare again (it was Sujata who told me the exact time).



1985 carries what must fall on the earth

camps, I had awful headaches. Well, it is a little like that (but “denser”).

All in all, I have been well trained, in all possible ways.

*

When I think about it: “make the Divine earthquake” means that you take the first jolt (!) it is fair. Then it navigates in the Earth.



January 2, 1985

One day, we will no longer be born with that burden of error, obscurity and Ignorance.

This is what we struggle for.

I don't know why they imagine men flying in the air and endowed with magic powers... It is so sadly powerful.

But the Truth, light and without past, oh! what a liberation!

They need powers and machines because they are completely powerless without Death's collaboration. Their only power is to die. They go back to their Master.

*

When you want to leave its Reign, it scratches as much as it can.

You recover (it takes one day, two days, one month, one year), then it scratches more deeply; you recover again and it scratches still deeper—and so on. It is the feline “stratigraphy.” “Trench warfare”, Sri Aurobindo would say—I well understand what he meant. It was in 1914.

We should not be born like that any longer.

The claws oblige you to go down to the bottom.

But it is interminable.

And the deeper it is, the vaster.

It is the whole world.

*

We swing between the fully Divine and the absolutely infernal.



January 3, 1985

Last night, I lost some blood.

*

There is such a pain in the depths of my heart, this is what kills me. And I never reach the end—there is no “end”!

Miracles exist, don't they?

Grace exists—no?

*

We must **go through**.

One day, we shall come out of the channel.

*

The “evolution” consists in going through conditions that are impossible for a given species. The impossible conditions *create* the new mechanism.

There is nothing to discuss—we have to last. It is evolutionary mechanics.

You don't “discuss” an earthquake. You go through it, or not.



The terrestrial washing

Mother would say: “All depends on the capacity of going through the experiences”—this is what it means, exactly. A sailor would not say it better. There is no “morality” in a storm—the “morality” is to “resist the squall”.

*

Afternoon

In those operations, so excessively powerful for a small human mechanism, you never know whether you knock at the door of death or at the door of the new life—at the time, it is almost the same.

The self-preservation instinct is no longer there to stop the movement, so you don't know.

Only when you get out of it, you tell yourself: I am not dead.

It is like that.

*

Evening

You *know* that that shore of human life is a shore of illusions, but as long as you are on the shore, the illusion is a reality (in the sense that cancer is a reality, bleeding is a reality). And you wonder whether the illusion will not stick as long as this human *substance* and these human nervous fibres (this way of sucking life) don't change. And that implacable memory which perpetuates all the old notes of pain.

To change consciousness, we understand (but it changes nothing really, except on the heights, which remain perfectly high), so how to change *substance*, how to change life's mode of suction,

while remaining in a human body?

It is not a matter of changing psychology but of changing physiology.

*

Curiously, joy has no memory, it is pain that has it—for centuries.

My memories of a condemned man are still alive, my memories of a happy man have left on a seagull's wing.



January 4, 1985

Of course, it scratches, but I try to change my pain into a more intense call for new life. That's all. And come what may.

*

Evening

For two nights, I have seen and suffered such cruel things.

It seems that one makes me live all the horrors again.

And I *know* that it is my working tool, it is to cry more intensely towards that new life where the Horror will no longer be.

Perhaps "I" am the one who takes the first jolt of that "red comet"?

It will uproot the Horror.



January 5, 1985

Vision

Last night, I saw something that was so funny (for a change!). I saw a big grey rock, and from that rock, Mother was coming out, but

a “stone” Mother, of the same substance as the rock, being part of the rock (but not tall: perhaps twenty centimetres high—a small Mother!) and from that stone-Mother something like white exhalations, exhalations of heat, were coming out. I touched the “stone” and it was hot. Then I explained to somebody (I think that it was Frederick from Auroville): “You see, Mother is boiling Matter.”!!

*

The other day, I spoke of “changing substance”, but what we cannot imagine or even understand is the difference that it will make, the formidable, unthinkable difference that it would make in the terrestrial atmosphere and the terrestrial *air*, if that Horror, that Falsehood, that *stench* indeed of the perverted human consciousness were uprooted. Once that has disappeared, there is nothing to change! no need of new “air”!—the “new” air will be right there, free and light and breathable at last. The “difference” would be so formidable that we cannot understand or imagine it. As my Douce said: “gravity would be less grave”!

The world will be the same and *everything* will change!

They don’t even notice their stench!

Only *who* will withstand pure air? It will be very lethal for their lungs!

*

I don’t know why, but since last night, I feel something new in the air, something that is very near.

*

Afternoon

I cannot call that anything other than a “supramental descent.”



He descends in a flow of light, cutting the earth in half

It would be quite frightening if it were not Divine.

Yes, Mother is “boiling Matter.”

It is exactly as in the little drawing that my Douce made yesterday evening.

The earth *is* going to change.

*

You wonder how you are not disintegrated...

*

Evening

As soon as I remain quiet half a second, that very formidable Power is there.

It does not stop.

You have the impression that you are solidified in that. Yet it is supple and moving.



January 6, 1985

Day by day we are shown the “explosive” assault of the population which climbs up to our home and destroys everything in its path (seventeen concrete houses for the Harijan colony below our house).

Somewhere, invisibly, the Divine drew a line.

This too is part of the signs.

Time is running short.

*

Noon

What the body dis-covers, more and more and with a wonder

beyond words is: the Law of Matter is You.

It is like a new Matter that discovers itself.

And what India discovers, more and more and with a lethal hypnotism is: the Law of Matter is Western technology.

It is the ruin of India.

Its Base undermined. Its soul betrayed.

They had the secret of the *true* Power in Matter and they chose slavery.

Nehru's falsity is the just outcome of Shankara's falsity. ("Factories and dams are the new temples of India," Nehru said; "The world is an illusion," Shankara said.)

They chose to "descend into Matter" with microscopes and cyclotrons; and they are discovering the face of their own... efficient death.

The others tried to escape from Matter, but it is the other face of the same death... with a halo.

India has stolen the monkey of the West.

The West has stolen the monkey of India...

*

Vision

Last night, I saw this (the meaning of which I understand only now): there was a huge boiler, like the boiler of a gigantic ocean liner (perhaps the world liner?), and before the open firebox there was a small man who looked like a gnome compared to that huge boiler, and he shoved all that he could into that firebox, which was almost white as the fire was so hot (one had the impression that it could explode) and then, it was funny, he seized one "last (wooden)

armchair” to throw into the boiler, as if there were nothing left to burn.

They had thrown everything into the boiler, all the beauty of the world and all the wealth of the world to run their ocean liner towards... nowhere!



January 7, 1985

All day, it was a long assault—merciless. I walked down to the clearing, glanced up and saw Death—a big cloud. And tonight, my Douce draws *Yama*.

He is the guardian of the Law or the guardian of the Truth, because what is not purely pure (divinely pure) is taken away by Death.

There is a lot to do on the Earth...



January 8, 1985

A lethal assault.

Bare death.

You have the impression that you are left alone in front of that (*under* that)—you know that it is not true, but it is like that.

*

It is like a mass of basalt, irreducible, crushing—nothing goes through.

The blue sun doesn't pass anymore.



The son of the Sun, Yama, the guardian of the Law of Truth

*

Evening

This morning, I lived something rather horrible while awakening: all the grief of an old dead woman leapt at my face, with her whole bundle of pain. It was there, behind a door, piled up.

This human way of being is very wretched—what is the point of adding a little more misery? What *would help* is to get out of it.

*

(After a drawing of my Douce)

One must have the heart well torn in two to produce either death or the VICTORIOUS POWER.

It will be the Victorious Power.

*

It is my old struggle against Pain.

That struggle against Pain seems to be the contradictory essence of my life.

Christ's blood only produced death.

The blood of human Pain must be changed into transforming Power.

But it is more difficult.

*

I better and better understand why Sri Aurobindo made Joy the first divine Principle and goal of the creation.



January 9, 1985

Once again this morning, I performed the “wild operation”, turned everything over in the sun, grain by grain.

This afternoon: a Bath of Fire.

Something that is quite impossible, unliveable, physiologically crazy—impossible. And yet it is possible, and yet it is liveable, and yet it is. And how it is possible, I don't know.

Logically, physically, I should have died of it—exploded, pulverized (or rather boiled!)

If I did not die, it is really that death does not exist, or that there is another type of life which entirely escapes the laws of Matter.

This is all I can say.

For one hour and forty minutes non-stop.

Living Fire. Molten lava.

Never did I live that to this *degree*.

It was beyond death and beyond life—something unknown.

Another type of life.

The denial of all the so-called “laws of Matter.”

*

I cannot understand how it is possible.

But it is possible!

But a NIL, transparent body is needed—GIVEN. Without reactions, except: it is You.

*

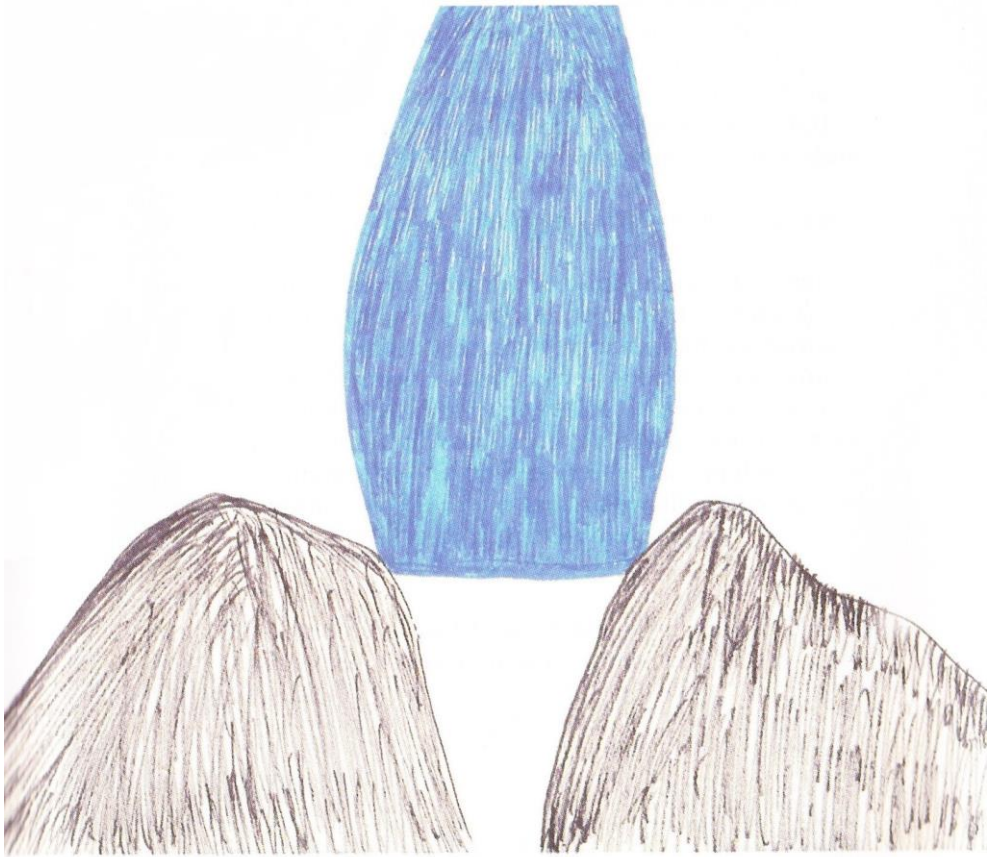
I cannot believe that the earth is not going to change, because, after all, this body is part of the earth.

That must be the transforming power.

*

I think that the “mass of basalt”, yesterday, was meant to take out

the last mortal elements—we could say the last grains of death.



Mother's pounding

Which means that Death does its work: it takes all that belongs to it.

(Obviously, that old dead woman, so painful, had no place in my body's Subconscient, she had to come out of her hiding place—all the old dead must come out! So that only the New remains.)

*

Evening

We could say: it is Death that makes the "laws of Matter." They are the laws of Death.

Science is the high priest of Death (Religion, its high priestess!).

I am always repeating myself, but it is always a surprise for me, each time as if I were attending the "premiere" of an unknown and "impossible" world. (Not "attending": I am the seafarer who discovers and rediscovers something that is very strange—never lived—in his own body and I have to repeat and repeat it to myself to be really sure, like Jean Bernesse with his *Muscadet!*).

It is perhaps as "stupid" (but divinely stupid) as the old Fish that would wonder and wonder at the little beach of white sand, its creeks and that air in the sun—a sort of lived impossibility which seems both dangerous and fabulous.

We know nothing of that geography yet, nor of that physiology.

In the past, I would have been sent to the stake for sorcery (after all, it is the great advantage of Science!).

So I am really like the idiot of the human village who looks at its Churches and its Schools with a stunned giggle. "My God! Where did they find all that?"

I see that Sri Aurobindo must have handled it with kid gloves and much politeness to say even the little he said about the “Supramental”—Mother handled it less gently. As for me, I am the stunned and shameless Breton.

*

PS: After all again (!) I no longer know which apostle of the Christian Church announced a “new Earth and new heavens”.



January 10, 1985

It is becoming more and more burning.

What is going to happen?

The body has the sensation of being like a sieve through which Mother is coming out.

You feel that you are living a slow and cautious Miracle.

It is miraculous, but of which miracle, you don't know at all.

The body no longer has an atom of fear—it is You! So?!

*

“You” means Mother, means Sri Aurobindo, means the next Divine, means the Marvel, the new Sun, the true Life—what we expect at last!

*

This human body is like a representative of the human Tomb where they shut her in—if that tomb lets itself be pierced, She will come out, no?!

That will shake all the tombs!



January 12, 1985

I have just undergone terrible torture, this morning. For an hour and a half, the whole-whole being, the whole-whole life, all the nervous fibres, from bottom to top, have been pulled out. I moaned and moaned and could not cry. Sheer TORTURE. And something in me knew or said or repeated: “It is the old life that is leaving, it is for You, it is to You—it is the end of the old life.” I don’t know. I cannot say what happened. If I could have fainted or died, it would have been a relief, but it was continuing and continuing—I don’t know if it is over. I don’t know what happened. It is like the “throes of death” without death.

*

Is it X. who brought me all the poison of Auroville?

Or is it part of the “process”?

—*All* is part of the process.

The whole being vibrates like a string.

*

In the middle of the operation, something switched in my consciousness, a fraction of a second, and I saw a big white sun through the branches of a tree.

??

It was almost at the top of the tree.

Is the tree all that old nervous system of life?

*

In fact, poison is the natural nourishing air of 90% of humans.

They don't know it—if they knew... They could not bear themselves.

Everybody dies of it.

So, how to live among that corruption? (a new being?)

And Mother who had to bear that *in vivo*...

They would shower her with filth, and afterwards they would say that she was mad.

“I feel like screaming,” she said... oh!

Truly, this New Yoga is the opposite of the “yogic powers” which put a pretty spiritual crust on their filth—here, everything is laid bare and we are *bare*.

We are defenceless, because it is the defence of Falsehood and Death.

It is Death that defends itself.

Truth...? it is yet to be explored.

*

Evening

I have the impression that what happened this morning is an *important* turning point—I don't know which one.

It is perhaps the last threads of the old life or the last links of the old diving suit that have gone?

We dare not say it.

*

It was really something like the essence of the old Poison that wrapped around all the fibres of life or that invaded everything—I felt that it climbed and climbed everywhere.

Yes, like a last assault of Death.

I suppose that when you are bitten at the heel by a cobra, it is

more or less what must happen...?

*

I actually believe that death was gaining ground everywhere in the body, but it had NOTHING to eat, so it was inoffensive, while giving you the exact sensation of death.

It *was* Death, it was the cobra, but it bit into nothing, the poison slipped into nothing. To die, there must be *something*—there was *nothing*.

*

What I don't understand, is that it was very painful (it was horrible) and yet it did not kill.*

Vision

* Now I understand what happened. Last night (from January 11 to 12), on the ground, on the floor of Sujata's bedroom, I saw a torn animal skin—it was very badly torn, it made an ugly "carpet" with grey-black hairs. I told myself: it is not good in this bedroom, Sujata could slip on that and break her leg!... But I did not understand that it was my own torn "animal skin", or rather which tore apart during this morning's terrible operation! There were two operations mixed together: what X. brought back from Auroville, that horrible poison, helped me radically clean all the old life's fibres which had been invaded by the poison of Auroville (a horror, really, and true poison). The poison made me root out all that was touched by the poison—and the whole old "animal skin" went off. I was obliged to root it out: I was literally poisoned. Either I died of poison or I pulled everything out—and everything was pulled out. What misled me or prevented me from understanding earlier is that that "animal skin" was strangely on the floor of Sujata's bedroom and I only saw that it made an ugly torn carpet on which Sujata could slip. Why in Sujata's bedroom?—probably because her bedroom represents a very material and very clean place. I was also misled by the fact that I only saw the poison that X. had brought back—I did not understand that that poison helped perform the last "wild operation". Oh, it was sheer torture.

Now I really know what it is.

It is strange (and truly marvellous) how I am always informed beforehand of what is going to happen. There is such a great, solicitous care about...



January 13, 1985

Vision

Last night, I saw a bath full of milk! and I was going to take my bath in that!!

???

Perhaps it is to cure me of yesterday's operation?

*

Afternoon

Unheard-of intensities.

Like a formidable tuning fork of vibrations.

The body does not know anymore what the “conditions of life” are. It means nothing in its cells, its fibres. All that, which makes a body live—it lives by something else. There is something else.

There is the second life.

It is LIVED.

*

But lived as a first sun can be lived for a first animal in the sun! and what a sun!

You will never make a little lizard believe that the “conditions of life” are under water.

It is really another physiology, and yet it is the same!!

*

making me understand. (It is the *Agenda 2* that continues!).

Evening

Undoubtedly, what men call “life” is death—it is death that lives.

And there is another type of life, without death.

It is the body’s constant discovery.

One makes it live death at every turn just to show it: you see, you don’t die of it! One makes it live the poison to show it: you see, you are not poisoned!

Only death can die, only the poison can be poisoned!

But beware of the least “corresponding” grain (!)

*

That is, I am making all Mother’s discoveries again (not surprisingly!).

*

Of course, the only *raison d’être* of this body (as far as I know) is not to become immortal (!), it is to drive that current into the Earth—to hasten the Movement.

An electrode. (Larousse dictionary: electrode = conductive piece bringing the current to the point of utilisation.



January 14, 1985

Sujata’s vision

Last night, my Douce saw this: she was going out of her grandfather’s house and, at the bottom of the stairs, a small tortoise was waiting for her. That small tortoise jumped and jumped (like a frolicking puppy) to catch Sujata’s hand. Then Sujata began to walk,

to go here and there, from one place to another, and the small tortoise was still accompanying her—it even had a leash, which Sujata held! but the small tortoise had grown up and had a sort of long ivory tail, very thin (a special tortoise!). There was also another girl, smaller and dark-skinned, who was with Sujata and played with the “big” tortoise. Sujata was going to take a bath in a pond; she remembers that she had a dark red, purple (garnet) blouse.

And the big tortoise was also taking a bath in the pond with her...

It is all that Sujata remembers.

According to Mother, the tortoise is the symbol of immortality.

Immortality as we understand it is life without death, the second life...

That tortoise accompanied Sujata everywhere all along the way... from her “grandfather’s” house... (Sujata points out that that smaller, dark-skinned girl (an Indian girl) was also in her grandfather’s house and went out with her, then accompanied her all along the way with the tortoise—who is she?...

It is one of those visions which *mean* something, like that vision of 1956 in which she saw herself in a boat with her mother, then with Mother, then with me, going to “Mother’s island”.

I think that that tortoise is the symbol of the “realisation” of this life.

Sujata is “well born”—I have never seen someone like her on the earth, with so clear a Subconscient. Which means that one of the major obstacles (if not the major one) to the second life is non-existent or almost non-existent. “That” passes by itself. On the other hand, I don’t know if many people have a Subconscient as loaded as mine (loaded with several lives!). We balance each other out (!).

*

We could say that Sujata is “devoid of memory” (except that of Mother—what an unheard-of favour!). It is a gift from the gods.

I think of the Subconscient I am cursed with—perhaps a “convincing” sample was needed. If this one can go through the Wall, it must be relatively easy for others.

*

I have been in the incubator or the test tube of the New World for 32 months today! And 32 years in India.

*

Always that *Mass* of sapphire.

Thirty-two months, it is many hours.

*

Evening

If I had to take stock, I would say: the body feels that it lives according to another law.

*

In fact, the difference is that it is no longer the test tube BE₂₃, but *it* is the test tube NW (of the new world). Something individual has disappeared.

It is high time that that Sorrow should be changed.

*

I know the secrets of life, but who would consent to it?

I truly believe that I understand everything, never had I so much knowledge since... I tore the man in me, like an animal skin.

If that knowledge did not give the power to get out of it, we'd better be born like Jean Bernesse, the idiot of my Breton village.

*

As long as there was no other “salvation” than in a problematic heaven (or a less problematic hell) or in an evanescent “liberation”, then, yes, it was better to join the band of Unbelievers and scoundrels until you were hanged for good, but—but now that there is that hope of a true deliverance *in the body* and on the earth, you can throw all that away and skin the beast ruthlessly—it is worth it.

My only courage is that we *can* get out of it.

In seven thousand years, there was only *one* voice and *one* example among all that hotchpotch of religious and spiritualistic people, it is Sri Aurobindo’s voice and Mother’s example. Sensible and physiologically convincing people (!), at last. Or else, let’s go and be hanged!

*

In fact, until now, Religion and Spirituality had only public utility, with policemen, laws and institutions to maintain a certain public decency. Now it is something else. Popes and Old World monkeys can go into the Museum of Ancient Horrors.

*

It seems that life is very young!

It is a new life—Life-Life-Life!



January 15, 1985

I would not have believed that the “cafeteria” would open again (first session of the new Parliament of India).

Sujata pointed out to me that since Indira’s departure, big

“accidents” were multiplying throughout the world (starting with Bhopal in India).

As if there were a rage of fire in the terrestrial atmosphere.

If an earthquake could happen under their cafeteria in the middle of the session, it would clean much filth in one go... (The Divine knows better than me, fortunately!)

*

Evening

And all that, all that that seems so long to us, so painful, in a fraction of a second you die, it turns around, and it is like a dream in reverse...

It is the strangest paradox of this existence.

It was what afflicted the Buddha: impermanence.

*

I know the Power of the new life, but I know neither its consciousness nor its mode of action.

It is probably that that will change this illusory perception.

It is like a Niagara that has not yet drawn its course or its mills.



January 16, 1985

I don't know very well how to say what happened this afternoon, but it was a divine phenomenon. It had often, very often happened, but today there was a very “special” something that I would not know how to express.

First that dense, burning Mass, which rose from the tiptoes. In the

chest, it was burning to bursting, then in the head. It was, yes, a sort of impossibility. The body surrendered totally, and then that Mass went through the whole body, it was like dying and being born *at the same time*.

And then it was really Divine—the Divine that flowed, Supreme. Wave after wave, it flowed then it was like an uninterrupted flow, for one hour and forty-five minutes. It was *the Divine* which was flowing.

It was as if something from below (under the feet) continuously connected with something high up (above the head) that I could not see. I did not see anything: I was, the body was, the passage of the Divine, of Mother—of the Supreme. The body kept repeating, Yours, Yours, may this Earth be Yours.

The sensation was still of that Sapphire Blue.

But really, it was the impression of a divine birth in Matter. It was to die and to be born at the same time.

*

We could say: only the Divine could bear that. It *was* the Divine. It was the birth.

As if it died on its way to instantaneously being born in the place of what was dying.

It is so strange that I cannot describe it.

*

Evening

Last night, I saw something that is probably related to what happened this afternoon, but I don't really understand what it means.

I was again on that tiled roof (I did not see myself), when suddenly

I turned round and I saw, to my stupefaction, a hole in the roof. I told myself: but who did that? Thieves during the night (!)?

This hole was neatly and properly cut in the roof, the tiles had been carefully removed and stacked aside. The hole had a very neat rectangular shape, about 50 cm long and 40 cm wide—just enough for a man to pass through (that is why I wondered whether thieves had not done that during the night!).

That tiled roof, I had always thought that it represented “that which houses the old life”. So a hole has been made in what houses the old life?? I don’t understand very well. What is the use or the meaning of that hole in the roof, since I am outside and walk on the roof?!

(People will say that I have become completely mad—but never mind!)

*

I think again of this afternoon’s experience: perhaps it wants to physically show me that Matter is perfectly divine and that it is only a crust of Falsehood that covers it—the crust dies and it is instantly Divine (?).

The “crust” is the whole Subconscient of the body.

Once again, it is death that dies, it is only death that can die.

But “Divine Matter” is a hell of a voltage!

*

It is really marvellous, but it is quite beyond measure.

*

And if it were a hole in the old roof of the world!?

I suddenly think of Sri Aurobindo: “... *like a thief in the night...*”

*

(Now I also remember Mother who walked on a very sloped roof with a child in her arms—a child whose arms and legs were stuck—if I well remember...)*



January 17, 1985

I am a perpetual burn.

I have difficulty standing myself.

As if I were continuously burning, and continuously I must be, again and again.



January 18, 1985

I am worn out.

It is endless.

*

As long as this type of substance exists, we will be linked to all the rest of the terrestrial obscurity.

And there is that memory.

We carry everything.



January 19, 1985

Vision

* See *Mother's Agenda* 6, September 16, 1970.

Last night, for the thousandth or the ten thousandth time in 42 years, I found myself in that world of horror of the concentration camps. Usually, they are anonymous beings in uniforms, or rather forces which take a shape and emanate an atmosphere of terror, of perversion, but last night there was a man who was staring at me: a camp commandant with his iron cross at the collar, and that look in his eyes—a look that is like disaster itself. I cannot express it. When you get out of that, you have the impression of being devastated, reduced to nothing—stricken with futility.

It is like digging a tunnel in which the soil is constantly collapsing.

It is the whole human Soil that is like that!

It is the cruel Domination underneath, and everything crumbles and collapses. It has lasted for 42 years.

You can, with a lot of courage and patience, free yourself from a Karma, overcome weaknesses, straighten out old atavistic habits, but when you have finished with your own business, there is the business of everybody and it is subterranean universal forces that undermine everything and attack again and again. It is like a war of attrition.

But the Passage *exists*, I know! Sri Aurobindo said it, and I am going there—dead or alive I will go till the end.

*

If you grieve, you are lost.

Grief is their great weapon. For ten years, after the concentration camps, I nearly died of grief.

So, to die does not help—what is needed is victory.

*

And meanwhile, Mother Teresa dispenses divine benedictions

throughout the world, from Ethiopia to China—it is puffed up with good conscience and eaten away by the termites. But that is what the world adores.

She will be beatified (along with the termites).

*

If there were no Sri Aurobindo, I would think (as at the beginning of my life) that God is a sadist and deserves a contemptuous silence.

Now, I know that we must go to the root, *whatever the cost*—God is beyond God!

(Their God only convinced me of the Devil—and what would all their religions do if there were no more devil or death!?)

I would like to see the age of great spiritual unemployment.

*

Afternoon

An Immobility so formidable that it can bear the most unimaginable intensities.

*

There has been that wound, last night. A deep layer has been reached. I've had much difficulty recovering. And I saw, I felt this: the deeper the layer is, the greater the intensity or the released power. That intensity had become so charged, so strong, so thick, one could say, it seemed unbearable, when an Immobility came—nothing is immobile like that in life, except mountains. And then, over that or in that, the Intensity of Power grew and grew—there was no body anymore, there was a kind of immutable mountain, with, from time to time, a great powerful blue spasm which pulled everything. It is indescribable. It seems that a new layer of power has been reached—

the impression or the sensation that it is vaster, deeper, more universal, more solid.

And that unknown Immobility.

*

Evening

It seems that the deepest layers are made of cruelty.

It is like the underpinnings of life.

We could say its last hidden depths.

(Though now I hesitate to say “last”...)

*

When I am *truly* capable of saying “You alone exist”, behind all masks, I will be on the right side.



January 20, 1985

We know absolutely nothing of what we must do, become, want, or even of what we must aspire to become—nothing. So the only thing we can do is to offer ourselves totally to... what They want. We are in the womb of the Mother of the future and... we can want to be born, that’s all, but to what? it is a mystery. If we knew it, we would be born!

My eternal refrain and the eternal refrain of my body is: You know better than me—and that’s it.

*

Afternoon

As if there were no longer any limit to the expansion of the

material, *cellular* consciousness!

At last! a body standing and in its skin, held together by a certain coagulation of the cellular consciousness, it is like a bag to which it is very much attached, and all that changes the balance of that bag or envelope causes a mortal panic. But (mostly since yesterday), under the tremendous Pressure of that blue Power, the body began to let itself go—and it went on and on, as if it were spreading. And what was quite extraordinary is that instead of feeling the possible bursting, instead of feeling the crushing of the blue pressure, instead of feeling that it could be pulverized at the end of that tremendous swelling, like a ball that bursts when too much inflated, it let itself go and go and go, with a *definitive knowledge*: it is the new Law. And there was no longer any limit to the spreading of that *cellular*, material consciousness—in brief, that immutable thing, well shut in its skin—it was spreading and spreading, *without the least fear*. At last, this quite anti-natural and anti-physiological process was lived lucidly, quietly, and with a TOTAL SELF-GIVING to the new Law—the body KNEW!

All the same, I would have thought that beyond a certain limit, this body could very well be pulverized or disintegrate as in interstellar space under the effect of another gravitation or non-gravitation, but no! It was spreading and spreading *materially*, and it was solid and at the same time supple like an ocean, and at the same time a BODY! A spreading out body! has anyone ever seen that!

I cannot understand. But it is lived. And above all, I am completely amazed by this body which lets itself be untied from all its moorings, its millions and billions of micro-moorings, and which spreads, goes sailing everywhere, *while remaining a body*. It is incomprehensible.

But it is a fact.

And it was all blue—sapphire blue—like an ocean, but a solid ocean! a moving solidity and without any particular centre, like so many drops in the ocean. And yet while remaining a body! It is really contrary to all the possible and imaginable laws.

And no fear at all! well, there should have been panic on board that hull; but no! it knew that it was the OTHER LAW.

It will take time to understand.

*

Evening

One well understands that all that is the *basis* of another unknown material way of being, on the earth.

We don't know where it will lead us.

But it is like a first landing on a new planet—or on the same planet, but lived differently.

*

It must be the basis of the material unity, with a whole field of perceptions (and actions) to come.

*

If Sri Aurobindo and Mother could cause a strong electric charge in that cellular human plasma... It is only *one* bath, as in chemistry.

*

My Douce: "I hold you to my cheek."



January 21, 1985

Then you encounter such fierce pockets of resistance that you feel like fainting—a Wall.

What can you do?

You are worn-out, worn-out, worn-out. It is endless!

*

Sometimes, you wonder: but, well, who can have invented such a universe!

*

Evening

All I can do is to go as far as I can—others, perhaps, will be stronger than I am, or less hindered?

You are torn apart—mercilessly.

Can one survive that?

It is old, old, so old!

You can tell yourself: with that tearing apart, let's make a transforming fire. Yes. But where is the liveable limit of pain?

*

The Lord loves Satprem.

*

Among the beings that dwell in me, there is a being who is completely impervious through an *excess* of suffering—he has been beaten too much.

It is that one.

Everywhere he recognizes those of his race or of his pain and he loves only those—nothing else. Except Sri Aurobindo. He is immensely brotherly and painful. I know all his past.

In Sri Aurobindo, he felt compassion and Hope. Only that holds

him.

In Guyana, in the forest, the West Indian gold washers who were there used to call me “Mr Angel”—it is curious. He is my unhappy brother. He has a blind compassion for all that suffers—idiots, madmen, rebels, condemned men, poor wretches of all sorts. He is my blind and wounded angel. Mother had seen that lotus of my heart turned towards the earth.

There is the Hope of getting out of it, this is what gives him courage. It is his only courage. For centuries there has not been that Hope. But now...

One day, this suffering will no longer be.



January 23, 1985

Without any reason, the whole body is in a state of restlessness, as if it were *directly* absorbing poison *in the air*.

I don't understand, there is no individual or personal “reason.”

Which means that the body is “directly connected”—through the skin, if I may say so—to all that is undesirable in the atmosphere, and God knows that the terrestrial, human atmosphere is full of undesirable, if not noxious things!

That direct atmosphere of collective Poison is an enigma—you don't see any solution.

So it is a constant, insidious, poisonous assault of a whole world... As if all the work had constantly to be redone.

Where is the solution, the way out?

This human substance is incorrigibly in league with all the death

in the world. “Life” is possible only if you are yourself well wrapped in a cocoon of death and falsehood—then you are left alone, until death catches up with you.

Physically, it results in a state in which all your nerves are exacerbated, as when you have swallowed poison or crushed your finger in a door. It vibrates and vibrates like a string. (The doctors will say that I am ill and should take a sedative—where is the sedative for the poisoning of the world?)

Then (it is really strange) when you concentrate to call the Light, it literally hurts! That is, you feel the pain of all the poison that you try to drive out—the light hurts it! and you hurt!

It is tedious (and saying it, makes the nasty forces snigger even more).

*

Yes, I remember Mother: “It is as if you were constantly catching a new illness and had to get over it.”²

*

Sujata suddenly remembers those words from a song of Tagore’s: “When my body was wrapped in obscurity, I had no pain.”

*

Vision

The other night again I saw one of those images of the new consciousness, which would be quite comical if it were not sad: I wanted to buy a coffin (which I did not find very pretty by the way, it was a dark wood with whitish veins—it looked like a wardrobe rather

² See *Mother’s Agenda 2*, July 18, 1961.

than a coffin: it was leaning against a wall) and I was enquiring about the price!

That's it, there is something in me that would like it all to end. That is where we are vulnerable. It is the old collusion. Or the war of attrition.

I don't know why a coffin would need to be "pretty"!

*

Afternoon

Such an intense supplication so that all that would be changed, that there would be another way of being on the earth.

*

The White operation.

*

Evening

It is so difficult to bear.

You wish it could happen in a single operation, but it lasts and lasts.

It is constantly as if to die while being alive.



January 24, 1985

I don't know if *that* kills me or if *that* gives me the force of the transformation.

*

I am totally convinced—daily convinced, (alas)—that the whole difficulty lies in the first roots of life in Matter.

The “problem” is *there*.

You uproot and uproot, and it grows back again and again, like cancer.

Something radical is to be found—I *have* found that “radical”, but it doesn’t last. So it is not the absolutely radical, there must be something more surgical to do in the substance. What? I don’t know.

You just have to continue.

*

Afternoon

May Mother emerge.



January 25, 1985

I have every reason to think that what gives that sensation of bursting—that you are boiling and about to explode—is the decentralisation and the expansion of the cellular consciousness.

What is needed is more than faith: a very trustful and total surrender to the divine Presence, so that you could bear that without panicking.

But very quickly, the fear dissolves and the movement goes on (although it is always very difficult at the level of the brain). Then a kind of immobility happens, but very *vast*, physical, as if you were a sort of mountain. There is no point of “I” in that: it is solid, it is vast, it is immobile like a mountain, and yet, within that massive and vast immobility, you feel an innumerable, very quick, ultra-quick vibration, but *without movement*, unlike a wave: on the spot.

Somewhat like an innumerable cloud of atoms, so quick that they are immobile. And it is massive. It is limitless. Never did I feel such a thing. Really a mountain, but without any particular configuration: you *are* the mountain. It is that *immobile mass* within which there is that innumerable vibration, very quick and as if immobile (it does not move like a wave, it remains in place, and yet it is very intense, as the vibration of a tuning fork could be—but an innumerable micro tuning fork, or perhaps like atoms the movement of which is so quick that it cannot be measured and gives a sensation of massive immobility while moving...).

I don't express myself clearly. But it is very particular. It is incredibly new for the corporeal sensation, as if there were no centre, no limit, and that immobility of a mountain. It is difficult, very difficult at the beginning until that immobility comes, then it can be borne without difficulty (or at least it is bearable).

*

The experience will have to be repeated so that I understand it better and can give a more exact description of it.

*

Evening

In that, it is no longer a question of “fibres of life” or “first roots of life in Matter”—it is like another world! but *material!*

I wonder whether those “fibres of life”, those suckers or ties of the savage life in Matter, are not what *make* our corporeal, individual, usual coagulation? (I mean our particular bag of skin which makes an “I” on its two own legs.)

*

Nothing is more “cosmic” than the material consciousness!

*

The material consciousness of a squirrel or of a crab is perfectly cosmic, only it knows nothing of it. Mr Smith’s material consciousness is perfectly cosmic and he could know it, only he is closed in a Smith-cocoon.

Migratory birds know where they go, without knowing it. Mr Smith doesn’t know where he goes without a compass and a travel guide—and still it is not certain.

NB: To come out of the cocoon hurts very much.



January 26, 1985

O Lord, you are great
and I am very small
but the pain is great
for my smallness
O Lord, keep me against
your heart
so that I would not sink
for the sea of pains is very great.

*

To sink is useless. One has to start all over again.
What is cruel is this way of being and living.
We must get out of it at any cost.
... Why does it hurt me so much?

*

Evening

I have been using Pain to make a hole in Matter.

All my life.



January 27, 1985

Always that expansion of the material, cellular consciousness. Perhaps I can describe it better this time. First a continuous dense flow, more and more dense, which goes up from below the feet, goes through the body, the brain (there, it is always somewhat difficult), then “goes away” or “climbs” or “spreads” (I don’t know exactly, but it goes out of the body above or spreads above). This continuous flow becomes very dense and you have exactly the sensation that you are boiling and are going to explode, but it spreads and spreads and spreads... Then the flow seems to become slower and more massive—it becomes immobile. A vast and massive immobility (yes, it is like a mountain, but without end or delimitation). That immobility lasts a certain time, then comes a new wave or a great spasm which goes through the body, and then comes a new “dilation” or a new “expansion”, “further” or “higher” (one doesn’t know, but it seems to widen even more or spread even more or “climb” even more). After that new dilation comes a new period of massive immobility—one could say a new “level” of immobility, as when you have reached a certain summit. That massive immobility, I observed, is *made*, constituted of an intense vibratory state, as if the very immobility and solidity were the product of an extremely intense and extremely

quick, ultra-quick vibration, so quick that it seems immobile, but *without movement*: on the spot. That indefinable vibratory intensity makes or constitutes the solid immobility or makes and constitutes the immense solidity—it is very vast, limitless, we could say. Then, after a time of that massive immobility, comes a new wave “from below”, or a new great spasm even denser which goes through the body and spreads “further” or “higher” in a sort of infinite or undefined expansion, a powerful dilation that ends up in a new vast and massive immobility, like a new “level”... and so forth and so on. One could not say if it is an expansion in space or an ascension in height—but these are not “heights” like on a mountain top or the tip of a peak (!): it is a vast, immense height, like a great plateau without limits, and immobile, but a massive immobility. Is it a new “height” or a “further” dilation, I don’t know. And each new spasm or each new expansion or ascension seems even denser.

The movement seems to continue indefinitely with those great Himalayan “pauses.” After one hour and forty-five minutes, I stopped. In three minutes, you find yourself on your feet again, as usual, but with the sensation of being hyper-inflated like a sort of balloon (!). No “trance” in the whole operation: it unfolds in the most material.

But the body, despite the almost mechanical appearance of the phenomenon, *knows* perfectly (or rather *feels*) that it is Mother, that it is Sri Aurobindo, that it is a divine phenomenon in the material, cellular consciousness—it looks like a kind of global or terrestrial “cellular” (there is no “my” cells or “my” consciousness in all that!). It is without individual—it is a material WHOLE that develops.

Evening

To be more precise: it is not the cellular consciousness that “climbs” like a small man scaling the Himalayas, or which “dilates” like a little balloon that inflates—there is neither small man nor little balloon: the material consciousness itself *is* or *constitutes* the ascension, *is* or constitutes the expansion, *is* or constitutes the Himalayas, is the limitless immobility.

It is an entirely de-centred material state (without any particular centre, or everything is the centre!). We could say: each “point” of the Himalayas is the whole Himalayas.

*

But then you stare with eyes wide-open, when you think of what that “point”, able to be consciously the whole (or any point of the whole), could be or do or allow, under the Supreme authority...

(Better not to “think of it” and see...)

This is where the divine “electrode” takes on its full meaning... (?)

(There would be nothing to “do”; in fact, it would be enough to *be*.)

*

In any case, it would certainly be another material way of being and living on the Earth.

*

But always (especially tonight) this strange contrast between such a formidable Energy and an almost total exhaustion.

*

PS: I remember that dozens of times, in the Vedas, in their invocation to such and such a god, they speak of “You, who are the supreme expansion of our being”.

Decidedly, those Rishis knew something (!)



January 28, 1985

(Report of a news bulletin from Voice of America)

They seem to say that amongst the papers of the “spies” found by the police there was the copy of a plan of the Indian Government to attack a nuclear power station in Pakistan (by plane).

Zia³ hopes that such “insane things” will no longer prevail under the new Indian Government.”

This is perhaps “Indira’s plan”, her “new boat” (Gul Mohar operation). And it is why the “stranger” wanted to have her assassinated before she executed her plan⁴...

*

I cannot understand what happened the whole day.

*

I cannot take it anymore. I cannot take it anymore. I cannot take it anymore.

One is torn to pieces.

And one must live. How?

Shall we come out of that world of horror?

*

I remember, I saw a being, like that, in a cloud of nightmare. It

3 Zia-ul-Hak, President of Pakistan from 1978 to 1988.

4 See *Notebooks 4*, December 4 and 12, 1984.

was rue des Saussaies, at the Gestapo in Paris. During an “alert”, they shoved us all into an attic, those who were under interrogation. I was there, in a dizzy spell. Near me, there was that man in another dizzy spell. I looked at him. He showed me his hand. They had just torn out all his nails. His hand was shaking. His gaze looked at me from beyond. There was no man left there, there was I don’t know what in Horror.

It is not those torn-out nails: it is that *cloud of horror*.

*

And people imagine that it is only an “anomaly” of human History. The Hitlerian anomaly... (they forget the “anomaly” of the Church of the Inquisition’s dungeons)—and the continuous anomaly. The Anomaly is *here*.

*

Will *one* man manage to get out of it?

I better understand, now, why I was made to go through that at twenty.

*

Evening

The day I wanted to banish sorrow and suffering in me, I saw all the claws and all the poisonous teeth rise up.

O tender Christ of the Crucifixion, where are you hiding?

O compassionate Buddha, where do you escape?

How many pretty snakes squirm under honourable robes.

*

I understand well, I physically understand what Sri Aurobindo came to do.



January 29, 1985

I don't know if it is the end or the last steps or what else, but it is sheer torture and agony.

It is You who must do, You who must want and You who must aspire, because *I* cannot any more.

*

I thought or felt that I was going to die this afternoon. I tried to give everything.

If it can serve You?

*

You don't know if it is the uprooting of the old life or if it is something so new that it is unbearable.

It is to live-die at the same time.

*

Evening

I also tell myself that there must be a certain concordance, that *the Whole* must arrive at a certain point.

That is what is terrible.

Time.

*

The Delight is far away...



January 30, 1985

I have no longer any doubt (I mean that I know it in an

experimental and observed way) that this world is a *creation* of Death.

The paradox of this existence is to change Death into Life while staying in Matter.

*

A simple experimental statement: there has not yet been any life on the earth, there has *only* been Death. We still don't know what Life is (I had some... difficult glimpses of it).

We know only the physiology of death, the biology of death, the physics of death, the religion of death. That's all.

We could add: the "illuminations" of Death!

We still only know the conditions in which Death functions. That's all. What we call the physical fact of death (flat encephalogram, cardiac arrest, etc.) is simply the ageing of the corpse. As long as it is young, it functions.

*

You grasp the phenomenon very directly when you reach the point where you no longer know very well whether it is the old life that is uprooted or something New that comes in.

That is what I tried to describe when I spoke of "dying while living" and it is difficult to bear (one knows very well how one dies, but one doesn't know how one lives).

What is difficult is the *passage* from one state to the other, the coexistence of the two systems. A moment should come when there is no more death to uproot and only life that remains?

The difficulty is to *establish* the new system. Once established, it will multiply and be "contagious" or will become as natural on the earth as our old corpo-chemical system. What is difficult is the first

step.

The first step has been taken by Sri Aurobindo and Mother, but all the same, one human animal has to want to follow. It is logical.

If nobody wants to follow Christopher Columbus, there is no America—it does not exist.

One goes there in one's body, there is no other means of transport.

*

Had the greatest misfortunes and the saddest mistakes of my life been taken from me, I would have been deprived of my most powerful working tools.

Man's greatest tool is not his intelligence, it is his pain. His greatest benefits are not his rectitude but his mistakes.

Or else, we would never get out of it.

*

Afternoon

Always that phenomenon that I don't understand the meaning of very well.

It is a dark blue flow, as dense as lava, which rises from below the feet, goes through the body and makes it roll as under the effect of a wave or of a powerful spasm, then passes through the head (very difficult, always that burning and bursting sensation) and eventually goes out, rises or spreads (?). Then another wave or another spasm and so forth and so on, indefinitely, more and more dense (if it is possible). And without any pause today, not a single moment of immobilisation, it went on indefinitely.

The body had the sensation of being in the grip of a continuous cataclysm (but without any fear).

Towards the end (I say “end” because I wanted to stop, but the movement would have continued) the waves seemed to become “heavier”.

I know nothing of the meaning of all that.

Is it an ascension or an expansion? you don’t know: it rolls or unfurls, wave after wave or spasm after spasm, through the body. It is thick and burning.

And the sensation is always dark blue.

*

You really don’t know how you live in that, but apparently it lives (!) (I say “it” because you don’t know at all what this life or this strange turbulent body is!)

It is more like a “channel” than a body.

*

Evening

Sometimes, I tell myself that it is perhaps that “blue lava” that will change the earth.

Or else...

*

The Hindu, January 30
Cape Canaveral (Florida)

Specialists declared on Monday that the new American spy satellite is now monitoring communications from its geostationary orbit, far above the Soviet Union, after the first entirely military space shuttle mission ended on Sunday.

*

A satanic and perverse world.



January 31, 1985

I think that a great victory has been won. I should rather say: a great discovery has been made—made in the body, in all these fibres of life.

I understand better what has happened all these days—that dreadful struggle.

The more I pulled that “last thread” of pain, the more pain came; the more I pulled that “root”, the more horrors and cruelties came—a hellish world. You thought that you had pulled the last thread, and it grew again and again. Then I observed that human Sorrow, that human Pain, that human Misery and something seemed to feel-perceive in that wounded, never-healed flesh, a kind of central knot, very difficult to define, but it is somewhat as if the body discovered *the horror that Horror wants to inflict on you*, the suffering *that Suffering wants to inflict on you*, the sorrow *that Sorrow wants to inflict on you*—as if there were a lethal spider somewhere: it is not really the horror or the sorrow or the suffering but something that *wants to inflict on you* the horror and the sorrow and the suffering. So (let’s take an example) you suffer, you are horrified when you see those bleeding fingers and those torn-out nails—but it is that CLOUD OF HORROR around that *uses* that bleeding hand to inflict its *true Horror* on you. I don’t know how to explain, but it is very deeply perceived. It is not the physical fact that is the Horror, that is the Sorrow, that is the Pain, that is the Suffering, it is something else

behind or around that *uses* the physical fact to inflict its horrible poison on you. And you swallow the poison because you have all the right reasons to be horrified, because you have all the right feelings to be grieved, pained, cruelly wounded—but it is the *other thing* behind or around that holds you in its clutches and administers its Venom to you, so “naturally” it hurts!

Then you cannot stand to suffer anymore. It is crucifying.

I pulled and pulled that last thread of Pain until the moment something in me, in my body, *did not want anymore*—did not want suffering anymore, did not want horror anymore, did not want sorrow anymore, did not want cruelty anymore... And then, it is as if the “thing” unmasked itself. One last time (well, let’s hope so!) I pulled that thread of suffering... and it was a huge cobweb that came, as if all-all the fibres of life, those millions and billions of fibres were wrapped in that gluey black Cloud *woven* by a central Spider. The Spider of Sorrow, of Pain, of Suffering, of millions and billions of right reasons to have suffering and sorrow and horror, but it is THAT SPIDER that spits its venom at you, that holds you in its cobweb, and finally that wants to eat you. It is the Spider of Death. You are caught in its Cloud, and off you go! it takes one year, ten years, twenty years, but it swallows you up—it is the true Cancer. It is the central knot.

And suddenly, I felt in my body: the Passage is free.

*

It is as if suddenly I understood (the body understood) really what death is—its mechanism.

One could say that the true heroism is the anti-martyr—the anti-sorrow, the anti-pain, the anti-suffering. The refusal of the Venom of

Death.

*

Now I better understand, I physically understand that *cloud of terror* in the concentration camps.

If you were caught in that Cloud, you were done. One day, I laughed in the middle of the *Appel-Platz*. One day, I almost died of pain in front of those three friends being dragged away on a cart to be hung—I almost entered the Cloud. And who will say whether the Cloud has all the right reasons? But it kills you.

I went down to the bottom of the human hole to see that it was a Cloud.

To cry and die is easier.

But who will believe me?

For 42 years now I have been struggling with human suffering.

*

It is really curious (is it by chance?) that in the registers of the concentration camps, we were registered as N.N. (*Nacht und Nebel*)—Night and Cloud. We were condemned to the Cloud.

A Cloud.

*

It is not heartlessness or insensitivity that we need, it is the *true comprehension*, that which frees men from their accepted—or beloved—slavery.

A world free of all that.

*

Afternoon

Yes, I really think that the Passage is free.

All the afternoon, without any pause, a dense, massive, continuous, waveless flow went through the body from below the feet, as through a *hollow* pipe.

The flow seemed to become more and more massive, thick (how it is possible, I don't know).

The body told itself, or I told myself: if only Mother could use this channel to emerge into Matter and become manifest in the world...

The body had the sensation of being a sort of solid vibration—a hole through which that passed.

*

Mother would say that she was the “pipe” (!). But for her, it descended from above and spread downwards. For me, it is the other way round, it seems.

I still don't understand the organisation of all that very well.

Perhaps I am one of those “shoots” that she sowed in the earth...?

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, in the middle of the night, something happened that I thought was a nightmare, but that perhaps is not a “nightmare” after all—it may be linked to what happened throughout the day.

In the middle of the night, there was an earthquake under my room or below my feet. Everything was collapsing with a crash. I felt and saw at the same time large brownish rubble stones or blocks like laterite which passed between my feet or collapsed under me. It all shook with a crashing noise. It was somewhat frightening (though

the walls of the house or of my room were not touched: it was happening only *under* my room or under my feet), then I wanted to take refuge in Sujata's room, and I woke up just then.

I thought it was only a nightmare (though it had a terribly physical look!). But now I wonder whether it was not the collapsing of that "bedrock" Sri Aurobindo and the Vedas speak of.

And it is that that would have made me feel: "the Passage is free"?

*

Later

My Douce looks at the growing population and the devastating assault that climbs up towards us: "We'll have to leave this place."



February

February 1st, 1985

Yes, the Passage is free.

*

Afternoon

The body lives a fabulous Miracle—a Miracle of the Supreme.

That flow of sapphire, more and more dense and formidable and the body slowly became, no longer a pipe or a passage, but an *indefinite Mass made of a vibration of the Supreme's Omnipotence*.

A fabulous Miracle.

There was no body: there was the Earth, there was “it is You who rule,” there was Mother and Sri Aurobindo who enveloped the whole Earth in that Massive, All-powerful Light.

And You can do what You want.

An impossible, unthinkable Miracle, no more “laws,” no more “physiology,” no longer any individual, no more limits—there is what You want. And that's all.

Truly the Omnipotence of the Supreme which comes to embrace the Earth.

How is it possible?

There is no question—it is lived, it is miraculous, it is a living Fable.

The body LIVED a (or the) Miracle of the Supreme.

*

So it is sure, it is certain that the Earth *is going to change*.

*

My words are poor.

*

Evening

I realise that such a Miracle is possible or bearable only in Matter. If this happened in any other part of the being (vital, higher mind), one would go mad or lose balance. But Matter... is without ego, it is Divine! (We could say: it can bear itself—this “itself” is the *Supreme* Divine.)

*

That Sri Aurobindo whom I saw last 21st of July, immense in that gown of light so soft, like a silk of light, was HIM, the body was *inside* that Marvel—the whole Earth, the whole Earth! It was He and She together.

And that SOVEREIGN Power which has no stir to cause, no fuss to make—so simply irresistible: “And it is like that. That’s it.”

*

It is the Reality of Matter which unveils itself.

It is the simply marvellous Supreme.

*

One cannot believe the simplicity of “the thing”.

Only the Supreme can be so simple.

Matter *is* Supreme.

*

So all that Horror, all that Cruelty, that Sorrow, that Pain seem like a vain dream plastered over a Marvellous Reality.

I understand Mother: “The Buddhist Illusionists are only half-way”—they took the wrong direction and disappeared into a pale Nirvana instead of plunging into Matter. There, they would have found the FORMIDABLE Reality *without* the Illusion.

As for the “materialists”, they flounder in a macabre Illusion.

*

Sri Aurobindo really gave me a realisation.

*

Later

I did not say anything to my Douce about what happened and she told me: “This afternoon, I slept deeply, deeply, there was something very fresh in the air.” (!)

(My Douce also is a marvel!)

*

We could say that it is a *physical* all-is-possible.

*

This is the *Mahas pathah* of the Vedic Rishis. Undoubtedly. The Supreme Way.

*

In the next System, which will no longer have our language, they will need a very strict analysis to understand what is Horror, Cruelty, Pain... And they will be surprised by my “discoveries”.

Perhaps they will say: “These were people so slow that they saw only night... and they walked in their dream.

“It has been necessary to abruptly end their dream because they were beginning to take their nightmare for a Science.”



February 2, 1985

I no longer doubt that Science and Religion (in all its forms) are

the two great Allies of the mortal Illusion.

One because it blesses and sanctifies it, the other because it triple-locks us scientifically in its Prison and prevents us from finding the *true* means.

The Prison is not an illusion: it is cruel and mortal. The illusion is to take death for life and to believe that the Prison is the reality of the world—to not see the Prison or to look for false means.

Nobody knows to what extent Sri Aurobindo and Mother *are* a revolution.

If people believed that I wanted to make a new Religion with Mother and Sri Aurobindo, they would be quite mad and suffering from hallucinations—a chisel is not a religion: it is used to make holes.

*

I find the “chisel” painful and lovable (it is my own particular point of view).

But I can guarantee that the chisel makes staggering holes.

When I see the latest mural painting of the disciples in Pondicherry which represents Mother sitting on a small ethereal cloud distributing her blessings to the world, with Pope Nolini I on a small hill of lotus flowers, I cannot help saying that those people are completely crazy or completely corrupted.

But Mother is making “Matter boil” under their spiritual bottoms.

*

I have the impression of starting a new life.

Without myself (!)

*

Vision

(I don't know whether it is a coincidence, but last night, I gave "my whole packet" (of *Notebooks*) to Mother. She smiled at me with a sort of complicity and loving mischievousness.)

*

(Letter from L. to Sujata, received on February 2)

January 24, 1985

Sujata, what a lovely birthday I had! Telegrams do not seem to be necessary since the other means of communication is much more efficient. During the night of the 6th [L.'s birthday], I saw Mother lying on her bed. She was so poignant and sweet! With her diamond eyes. Satprem was just near me like a presence. She told me: "In any case, we try, I don't know if I will succeed, but I try the transformation. I am into full transformation." And I kissed her hands, saying (without words): "But you will succeed, Mother! Yes, you will succeed!" One can hardly ask for more!

And before that, around Christmas, I saw Satprem. It was obviously closely linked to his present work. You had gone to do some shopping for him or for the house and you had given me the charge of looking after him. (You were very strong and determined, almost ferociously, constantly taking care of him.) Satprem was lying on his bed, in a rather indescribable state: really, it was not a human form but rather like a mutant in the pains of a metamorphosis. It was at the same time frightening and wonderful. At one point, he needed to go to the toilet and I accompanied him. I was holding him while he was sitting on the toilet because he looked so weak. And there, he tried to

extract something from himself with such violence and such determination. It looked almost like convulsions. He did not care at all about the situation, he simply tried to get rid of something with all his strength. But he could not. He went back towards his bed, I was behind him.

In a split second all the “weakness” had disappeared and he could walk as if nothing happened. He even said with a touch of humour: “What I am doing is so difficult that at one point, I gave up. I told myself: ‘No, really, it cannot go on like this, it is impossible!’ Then, you know, afterwards, I told myself: ‘Yes, but what are you going to do? There is nothing else you can do!’ So I continued.” What a logic, isn’t it?

And with such humour!



February 3, 1985

Ever since the Passage is free, the body is simply some matter boiling in a kind of sapphire blue bath made of an extremely intense and fast vibration, without moving (on the spot).

There is no longer the instinct of self-preservation, there is no longer the sense of an “impossible” limit or of an “unbearable” intensity—there is no longer any sense at all. Simply it boils and boils and boils—indefinitely. It is beyond what is “liveable”, beyond “torture”, beyond any physiology—it is something unspeakable which you don’t know how you bear. You are something quite *formless* which boils (yes, like dough). The body only repeats from time to time: to You, at Your service, what You want, you can—and: if only it could be of some use to you... if only you could pass through...

At Your service, at Your service.

There is not even a sense that one could very well burst, that one could very well explode, that one could very well die—it is as if there were no more death, there is *no question*: if you die, well, you will see—you will see *at that time*. But while it lasts, there is no “at that time,” there is purely and simply some matter that boils without any sense of any kind except that “to You.” Which means that there is no longer any reaction, any individual sense, any limit in the body. It is a curious dough, impossible but possible all the same.

Really, I don't know what it is.

*

Evening

Pure Matter is modelling clay. All the rest is more or less distorted (rather more than less) and hardened “psychology”. “Psychology” is as hard as concrete—and all the so-called “laws” stem from that concrete. We could say that our scientific (and physiological) “laws” are the distorted psychology of Matter (!) Indians would say: a bad *karma* of Matter!

✓

4 February 1985

The boiler carries on.

What never stops astounding me—I could say astounds me minute after minute!—is that complete disappearance of all the normal senses of the body! It is astounding, I cannot get over it.

For the body, it should be unbearable, and yet it is not. That

burning intensity should be quite bursting and pulverising, and yet it is not. For the brain, the heart, for the normal pressure of this whole system, it should be impossible, and yet it is not. Well, it is incomprehensible—all the senses, all the sensations, all the “limits”, all the impossibilities, everything is... I don’t know, vanished. There remains *only one* sense in that corporeal magma (I do say “magma”!), it is the Supreme Power, *it is* the Supreme. *That* is what those cells, that heart, that brain, well, that whole neuro-physiological bag, feel. *It is* the Supreme, the heart says it is the Supreme, the brain says it is the Supreme, the cells say it is the Supreme—and the Supreme... well, the Supreme can do whatever he wants and make whatever he wishes, and where is the problem! *

It is really very strange to look at and to experience. It is a kind of impossible miracle that lasts and lasts minute after minute, hour after hour—it is I who stop the phenomenon because I feel like walking (!) I don’t know where it will lead.

These are no longer the same laws of the body, I really have to admit it (!) and yet it is always the same body, apparently...

*

And there is no feeling in there, no “bliss” (!) A boiler has nothing blissful: it boils. Only some power which is boiling.

*

Which means that what we call the “normal senses” of the body are only lies—an *unreal* Falsehood. (Or let’s say: a deceitful—or temporarily useful—*habit*.)

* P.S. This is probably what Mother called the “transfer” of the organs. It is the “other Sun” which rules.



February 5, 1985

Last night, in the middle of the night, I woke up sobbing, sobbing like a child—a desperate child. I relived my whole life in Guiana, thousands and thousands of images, and it was so overwhelming, so dizzying, and it went on and on when suddenly, somebody, I don't know whom, asked me in a rather interested tone of voice: "Wouldn't you like to write the screenplay of your life in Guiana?" So I began to burst into tears, it was so appalling—I saw all that, all that, there have been so many lives in my life, millions of images! And all those lives with this same shared unhappiness at the bottom of my heart and that struggle to thwart the Unhappiness. But you don't thwart it. I was seeing that Brittany and Paris and the war, Egypt and India and Brazil, Africa, Afghanistan, the Himalayas and I do not know what else... Ceylon, loads of images—"Wouldn't you be willing to write the screenplay?" Then I burst into tears. So many images and *each one*—each one—with its specific wound in Matter, its hardening in Matter—and it is all that that BUILDS the TOMB. And it is here, it piles up and piles up and you die under the weight.

Oh! Yes, we really need to make "Matter boil" a lot to clean it of its millions of small misfortunes which make one dead at the end. And there is an entire reserve of past lives...

I sobbed.

So I plunge with thirst into that Boiler, until NOT A TRACE remains. I am ready to boil until the end and until the last breath, but not be born again in a Matter of unhappiness with all those worthy

abominable who each stick their small particular unhappiness on you—a free Matter! free!

*

I understand more and more and better and better, so *deeply* what Sri Aurobindo and Mother came to do—the *material* Hope they represent.

Then, all their “liberations” and their heavenly “salvations” appear as idiocies that verge on deception.

*

Afternoon

Slowly, the body began to understand that that blue “boiler” was the Powerful DELIGHT of the Lord!

This is a revelation.

It is as if the whole body felt like crying: I understand! I understand! I understand!—as if it understood everything *from the beginning*—a kind of total understanding in Time. All of a sudden it sees the outcome of its misery, of its suffering, of its obscurity.

It is like the end of the terrestrial nightmare.

The end of the Dark evolution.

The beginning of the Second Evolution.

It understands! Matter understands—BECAUSE it is the Delight. It is the Delight that makes it understand—that unravels everything, opens everything.

It is like a revolution in the body.

Only the Delight can unravel Death and Pain. It refuses everything—it gives in only to the Supreme Delight, to the Supreme Love. Then obscure Matter undoes itself—there is THAT.

AND EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE.



February 6, 1985

Vision

I saw something last night, but I don't know if it has something to do with the global situation or with the development of the "yoga" (I wonder, by the way, if the two can be separated)?

At first, it seemed to me that I was in my bedroom and I was standing, dressed in white, a little taller, it seemed, than I normally am and I was repeating the Mantra aloud with a great power (inner power). Then I seemed to hear the voice of Yolande who wanted to be "closer to my bedroom" in order to "better understand." And that is when, suddenly, the scene changed (Y.'s presence would make me think that it is rather about the world). I was on a powerful speedboat (I was not driving) and I leant out, then I saw the hull of that very powerful speedboat of a cream colour, with some kind of ailerons and the sea... a *black*, nasty, surging sea, and the speedboat "head to sea" and it seemed to me that the speedboat was "falling astern" as the sailors say, which means that it could not move forward or cross the wave and was going backwards. On the other side or behind there was something like absolutely black masses which could have been rocks. Then I found myself inside the speedboat, lying on the floor and covered with a silver-grey raincoat (that, I understand, is Mother's protection). At one point, I thought I felt that a wildcat (like a panther) was passing on my body but could

not touch me because of that raincoat. That's all. That "wild cat", I think, was there to really make me understand that I was protected. That absolutely black and nasty sea was very impressive.

The engine (if there was one) did not make any noise.

It was obvious that there were a few other people with me in the speedboat, but very few—I don't know who, I did not see. I don't know who was driving (but I suspect it!).

Maybe it is the end of the "black evolution" which is struggling!

*

Noon

Something is quite changed in the body.

If it were asked for its opinion, it would say: I am an opening for Mother. (But there is no "I" in there.)

The English word that comes to me is "shaft".

*

It seems that with Mother, we send each other encrypted and graphic telegrams from one side to the other!

She warns me of the situation in a way that is sometimes enigmatic (!)

It is a kind of language from Matter to Matter. It is made for the material consciousness—it is the one which traverses or is used as a... telegraphic shaft!

*

Afternoon

It is so For-mi-da-ble and I don't even know how to say what is happening...

*

Is Mother emerging?

*

Evening

It is not human at all.

It is too excessive for any “delight” to be in there. It is bearable only in complete neutrality or total surrender.

You are in a kind of continuous (uninterrupted) volcano.

How that can pass through you is a kind of mystery.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Yolande’s voice. The speedboat on the black sea, and Mother’s Protection for Satprem

I saw something last night. I don’t know if it has an individual or a general meaning; I believe there is no individual, or that the two things are linked—or what? Firstly, it seemed to me that I was in my bedroom, but I am not at all sure of the place (in any case, it was a place where I was at home, but I am not at all sure that it was this room). I was standing, so it seemed, quite tall, taller than I usually am (usually, I don’t see myself tall, but anyway I was a little taller), and dressed in white. And I was repeating the Mantra with a *great* power. An inner power. I remember that great power which came with the Mantra or which was the repetition of the Mantra. Then, all of a sudden, I heard, here, as if next door (maybe in your room or... nearby), I heard Yolande’s voice who said (I don’t know to whom she was speaking, maybe to you, or maybe to somebody else—this was

not situated in a place that I understand well)... she said, she asked: “I would like to be nearer to Satprem’s bedroom so as to better understand.” That was clearly heard.

And then, all of a sudden, I found myself inside a speedboat. Do you know what a speedboat is?

No.

They are extremely fast boats, usually with an engine, you know; but they are fast, powerful. When I was repeating the mantra, I was perhaps already inside that speedboat, I really don’t know, but well, all of a sudden, I realised that I was inside a very powerful speedboat. A speedboat that I was not driving, you know. Then, I leant out (I don’t know how, because I was inside the cabin of that speedboat; it was big, one had the impression of being very comfortable), I leant out and I saw a black sea—*black*. I have never seen a sea so black: nasty, surging, you know, huge waves that were surging. And *all black*. I saw the hull of the boat, with something like ailerons under the hull, as in very powerful speedboats, and it was of a cream colour (yes, a little like that: it is not white, it is a white with some yellow very... well, cream colour), it was that colour. I saw that black sea and just in front I saw a kind of huge wave, really surging.

And it was that black which struck me, because I know the sea well; I have seen dark seas, storm seas, but I never saw such a *black* sea. So there was that kind of huge wave, in front, and, it is strange, I had the impression that the boat was not going forward or, as the sailors say, it was “falling astern”: that is, it was going backwards. Yet it was head to sea, wasn’t it—“head to sea” means that... when

you are broadside to the wave, you are rolled, you know!

Yes.

That is bad tide. It was really head to sea, that is, in the right position, but I had the impression that it was not moving forward, that it could not cross the wave or... whatever, and that it was going backwards. And I looked behind, and in that black I saw something even blacker that looked like rocks.

I went into the cabin. The cabin was all lit up, it was very bright inside. And not a sound—yet there must have been a powerful engine: it was a speedboat, not just anything. And there, I saw myself lying on the floor and completely covered from head to toe with a light-grey raincoat. That, I very well understood: I understood that it was Mother's protection. Besides, that boat was not driven by me: who was driving it?—I suspect it, but well, I did not see, I did not know. There were maybe a few other people, very few—that is possible, I did not really see. I rather had the impression that there were two-three people, maybe—maybe—who were there.

Oh?

But I am not sure—I am not even sure of it.

Anyway, I saw myself lying on the floor of that cabin (it was rather big, it was very well lit, not at all dark), completely covered from head to toe with a light-grey raincoat (that, I understood that it was Mother's protection). Then, I suddenly felt as if there were an animal, a big cat, a large wildcat that walked and passed over my body—but it did not touch me because I was covered with that raincoat.

That's all I saw.

But it was in the cabin itself?

Afterwards, while waking up, I told myself: that is strange, a big cat... And I had the impression... Because I felt it walking on my body, and I did not see it (yet, earlier, I saw myself lying, covered with that raincoat), it is rather myself, underneath, who felt, who had the impression of a big cat that was passing over my body. So while waking up, looking carefully at all that, I told myself that it might be Mother who wants me to understand that: you see, there can be big cats or anything walking on your body, you are protected, it cannot touch you. I had the impression that it was to tell me that, to make me *feel* that. Because I felt something like a panther's or a big cat's paws on my body and... I was not terrified, but well, it was maybe the expression of a fear. And at the same time, Mother was showing me: you see, with this raincoat, it cannot touch you. (I did not see Mother: it was understood, as it were.)

But what struck me... I told myself: that sea, that black, nasty sea, (I never saw such a black sea, as if it were made of ink), it is something personal which relates to the work we are doing, or... what—something more general? Then, afterwards, I told myself, too: there was that voice of Yolande that I heard, so it is perhaps, precisely something that relates to the world rather than to the individual? (Besides, I think that the two things are absolutely, intimately connected.) But if these are the waters of the world, well, it is *black* and nasty.

And that speedboat (that is strange), I had the impression that it

was moving backwards, that it could not go over that... (I did not see, I had that sensation like a sailor who feels things a little, like that), that it could not cross such an enormous wave. Then I turned around, and I did not “see” because everything was very dark, but I felt shadowy masses, but of a black of the blackest of black, which were like rocks, you see, that is to say, we were going straight there.

That’s all.

So is it to warn me that it is going to shake outside? that the “sea” is going to be nasty? And at the same time to really show me: you see, you are well covered, you are protected (when I say “you,” it means you and me, we are one and the same thing, there is no...). But, well, it was to tell me: you see, you are well covered, you are well protected. I really had the impression that this sensation of a big cat passing over my body was quite simply to show me: you see, it walks on you, but it cannot touch you. I had that impression.

Because, obviously, in the cabin of a boat—of Mother’s speedboat, I suppose—no hostile animal could enter. But it was to make me feel and understand, I think, because there must nonetheless have been something like a fear in my consciousness when I saw that black sea and that boat which seemed not to move forward and go towards the rocks; there must have been a fear in my consciousness. So that is why I saw that I was covered with that raincoat. Then, for me to be absolutely sure and to understand (*laughing*), a big cat was made to walk on my body (*Sujata laughs*)—but it did not touch it: I felt its paws on my body.

(silence)

Here, that’s all.

I am never shown useless things, it always has a meaning—it can be individual, but that sea has nothing to do with the individual. And that speedboat, it was not at all I who drove it.

You were a passenger.

I was a passenger—I did not see any other people, I must say. I had somewhat the sensation that there were a few other people, but... I did not see them. If there were other people, there were maybe two or three, I don't know, I did not see them.

(silence)

It seemed perilous, nasty.

(long silence)

The world does seem to be in peril. I don't know, I feel it that way.

Oh surely, it is...

What is salvageable will be saved by the divine Grace.

It is absolutely in peril. And there is not much, there are not many things which deserve to be saved, that is for sure. I mean “human” things, within brackets because it is not... one can hardly call that human, what is there is very inhuman—it is very “non-human”...

But, well, if I was shown this, it is, I don't know, it is a sign or it shows something that...

That is rather near, imminent?

Usually, yes; you see, I am not shown those things much in advance—I really don't know, actually.

Yes. We don't know about time.

(silence)

But what does Yolande represent, actually?

She represents the world. An interest (how could I say it?), an interest in what she considers to be the future or the truth of the world. It is well intentioned, isn't it. She understood something of Mother and Sri Aurobindo and she is interested; it interests her. She would like to participate, to act... she would like to understand. She represents an activity of the world.

And for the world.

For the world.

That is also what makes me say that what I saw was something which concerns the world. Not the individual, or only the individual yoga—things are entirely linked, aren't they. It is obvious that the more the individual progresses, the nastier and blacker the sea becomes.

But the sea is the Inconscient, or what? The dark forces?

No, I think that it is life, it is on that that the world navigates. It is the basis of the world, its dark basis. It is the old obscure mortal life, under the domination of Death, of Falsehood, of Cruelty, of all that...—it is "life", what they call "life". The world navigates on that. It

is not that it navigates: it is tossed about on that, it is moved by those forces... which are not at all happy that their reign is threatened.



February 7, 1985

I am absolutely convinced that the central difficulty is not Death, but Pain—it is Pain which invented Death to come out of its misfortune. It is Pain that must be converted in Matter: those thousands of small images with their small characteristic wounds. It is in the fibres of life as we know it that something radical must occur—it is the MANNER of life that must change, the physiological, physical manner, where it begins to vibrate.

Deep down in my flesh, there has been such a contact with Cruelty, with Horror, with the Pain of tortured and flouted life, that I KNOW and I CRY in my flesh for that way, that *basis* of life to be changed—my body KNOWS and IMPLORES. It implores as if to death—but it is Life, the true Life that it implores.

And it is not for myself that I want the cure, it is as if for the billions of men who suffered in me—and not the “cure”: the CHANGE. The PHYSICAL change.

*

Evening

I am so weary.

It is the black and nasty sea.

I have been warned.



February 8, 1985

Physical and quite impossible things are happening.

Is Mother emerging?

*

Evening

Audition

Last night, I heard three words during my sleep: “the white lioness”.

*

If I am neither dead nor mad, it is that something New is happening upon Earth.



February 9, 1985

The body feels that it is in the throes of an incomprehensible and impossible metamorphosis.

What is happening? One does not understand.

It is very difficult to become a new species within the skin of the old species.

It is at the same time very easy, because you know absolutely nothing, so you only have to surrender yourself, to offer yourself to the Mystery.

But what is remarkable—really amazing—is that total conversion that took place in the body, in this cellular, even molecular

consciousness: for it, the physiological life such as men understand, feel and live it, has no longer any real meaning, and death such as men understand and fear it has no longer any meaning, no longer any reality. We could say that the body got *rid* of life and death! There is something Else. There is You. There is that second life which, for it, is real, really alive and which ELUDES everything—everything that we feel and understand and know. That is LIVED in the totality of the body with as simple a simplicity as when you jump into water to take a good bath—but what a bath! That is where you find yourself in a kind of incomprehensible metamorphosis, an “Unliveable” that is lived minute after minute and hour after hour. But to the point that even the heart, that old cardio-vascular system, knows that its sometimes faltering beats do not *depend* on the physiological mechanics of the old animal! There is the Other Thing, supremely *sure* and convincing and *obvious*, lived, known in those billions of cells—it is really here that you notice an amazing and formidable *conversion* of the body.

And at times the body says: Mā, there is You, You know what You are doing, and what You want, You do. And that’s all. What You want, You can.

It says: Yes, *totally*, Yes to the Mystery, Yes to Mother. Oh! may you emerge!

*

But what is also very surprising is that the body is in that impossible metamorphosis, in the midst of that incomprehensible Mystery—really a kind of convulsion—and it is in that for an hour and a half, an hour and forty-five minutes, sometimes two hours. Then I decide that it is enough and that I am going to walk. I sit on

my bed (I need two or three minutes of “decompression”), then the body is quite as usual on its two legs and it goes for a walk in the forest as if nothing had happened! It is amazing.

*

That’s it: the body got rid of life and of death! There is Something Else. There is the second Life.

Then you realise to what extent that “life” and that “death” are perfectly twins.

Each time it is like a discovery.

There has really been a turning point since that “earthquake” of January 31st.

*

Evening

Judging from the way that “black storm” of two days ago seems to have been subdued I think I understand that “the white lioness” is the nickname (!) that those nasty and cruel forces give to Mother, to the great Mother and her white Power which they fear (!)

The white lioness is watching.



February 10, 1985

I see myself again, as a child, listening to the backwash of that bay, listening again and again with a nameless question—what? And I almost see that brother whom I loved, who committed suicide, listening to the backwash on a beach of some other continent, listening over and over again with the same question without name—

what?

And it is so poignant.

For all the lost brothers, for all the brothers to come, for all the brothers without name, we would like a backwash that ripples with joy and a “what” that would be only Divine.



February 11, 1985

Everything has become so incomprehensible.



February 12, 1985

You don't know if it is a torture or a Supreme Grace.

You don't know if you are being pulverised or metamorphosing yourself or if it is Mother who emerges through this matter.

It is very terrible and very miraculous.

You live a kind of impossible Supreme Miracle.

There is only the Supreme.

It *can* only be the Supreme Divine.

It seems that those millions and billions of cells are white-hot boiling.

Mâ, Mâ, Mâ, Mâ, Mâ ...

The body *feels* that it is a Supreme Grace, of the Supreme, but...

There is no fear, not at all, nothing, but it is a kind of impossibility to live, and how you live it, you don't know.

Evening

It is a Blessing, there is no doubt at all, *whatever the outcome*— simply the fact that a human body could reach the point that this one reached tonight.

If it arrived at this point, it means that the path to the new species is open and that others will be able to reach their destination, whatever the fate of this one.

The path to the new species is precisely that impossible possibility.

*

After all, the impossibility of the Fish is the beginning of the possibility of the Amphibian.

It is mechanics, pure—but purely divine.

Each time it is divine, but you believe that it is “natural” (afterwards).

There is nothing more natural than the Divine (!)

He hides the miracles well: He likes that we come to Him with love—then we re-cognise. Otherwise, we can study palaeontology.

*

If we can understand *one* mutation, we will understand all of them.



February 14, 1985

Something unforgettable and very strange, mysterious and divine occurred. That boiling Power, which makes Matter boil and which seemed “unliveable” or “impossible to bear”, this afternoon, the body

began to call it but with a thirst, a cry of thirst, and it let itself be submerged and submerged and submerged, oh! it was phenomenal. And the body is not mistaken (all the other parts of the being tell stories and are full of literary and “marvellous”—or tragic—stories and so on and so forth), but the body is very simple and very direct, it *cannot* be mistaken: it recognises, as a child recognises its Mother in all the fibres of its body. So it *drank* that, it let itself swell and swell: all the cells, all those fibres of the old painful life called and called, shouting as if in ecstasy—ah! that is life, that is the cure, that’s it, that’s it, that’s it! As if it drank life for the first time—the body drank, it *directly, obviously* felt that it was the blood of its blood, the breath of its breathing, the *food* of its body—a white ecstasy! Really like a transformation of all the *fibres* of the old animal life—the same old fibres (or were they others?) discovered the true life, the new life—the fabulous cure for their thousands and millions of years of Misery and desert.

After an hour and a half, the whole body was like boiling white magma, almost solid—but it was THE MARVEL. As if it felt on the verge of metamorphosis, as if it were becoming Mother’s child, as if Mother had given it birth.

The body recognised its Mother. And it said: oh! for ever, for ever, for ever... oh! may I not forget.

*

Evening

Vision

Now I understand what I saw last night: I was going down the little

forest path for a walk when suddenly I saw a white dog (usually I am wary of dogs in my sleep: here, they are often nasty with me, enraged), but this one came near me, it was so beautiful, with long silky hair, all white, almost luminous and above all it seemed so kind and fine—it came near me with a kind of animal tenderness, as if it were shyly asking: “Shall I come and walk with you in the forest?” Then there was such a strange *emotion* in my being, and that emotion surprised me and woke me up.

*

It is in the body that the world’s Misery was born, and it is in the body that the world’s Misery will be cured.

It has been 33 months to the day...



February 15, 1985

The Hindu, February 14

READY TO SEND ASHES INTO SPACE

On Tuesday, the Government of the United States has approved the project of an American consortium to send the incinerated remains of 10,330 persons into space for a price of \$ 3,900 each.

The Transport Department announced the experimental ratification of the commercial launch of a first space mausoleum from Wallops Island, Virginia, around 1987 mid-year.

“We are quite delighted,” said a spokesperson from Celestis, a private group of funeral directors and engineers.

“We received hundreds of calls—people are calling even from England and Ireland to sign agreements.”

A sarcastic and pernicious devil has taken possession of the Earth. And they don't even notice it! “It's good business.”

They absolutely want to make a planet of the dead out of the Earth.

This is a *sign*.

*

Afternoon

It is a kind of atomic impossible boiler, and it is a living Divine Marvel. Both at the same time. And one is possible because it is the other.

Nothing seems impossible anymore for the body, *because* it is She—She, yes, *alive*.

*

Evening

I really can't understand how it is possible.

*

“Decently”, I have gone mad (!)

I note down, I observe, and at the same time, I tell myself: Come on! this is madness! And yet I am quite sane (until tonight).

That is to say that I “believe” nothing, but I try to describe temperatures which are non-existent and illegal on the physiological earth of “superior” apes.

I also tell myself that if the body believes in a miracle, it means that the miracle is *here*. The body can believe only what is already *here*.

If a body of an old Fish could believe in the Amphibian, the Amphibian would already exist.

*

Obviously, these are not centigrade degrees, but it could well be the temperature which made universes before thermometers (!)

*

I again think of that orbit of Death around the earth: it is really a *race* between the Transformation and the Death of the Earth.

Mother must show herself in her New body without delay.



February 16, 1985

(Extract from a conversation about L.'s recent letter to Frederick in Auroville.)

L. says it well, doesn't he, but...

People who are really sincere find themselves more and more isolated, in the midst of a crowd which is there only because it is more convenient to be there than to be in Pantin, you know. There are at least eighty per cent who are like that.

Frederick is no longer eager. He no longer feels like...

L. says it well. But all that is badly perceived: [people will say:] "What business is it of his?" They are there as if in a *Club Méditerranée*—that was the criticism levelled against Auroville in the past, it is not all that untrue. *At present*, it is not all that untrue.

Those who want to do something are very isolated. And inevitably, they come under attack, usually very nastily and very shrewdly. The

Adversary is very clever.

You see, it is always the same story (you can take the individual or the community): as long as the Adversary is not disturbed, it is as kind as they come; it attracts lakhs of rupees, it organises everything very well. Then, *as soon as* you begin to want to upset it, you really see the claws that start to come out...

It is a sign.

I, for my part, have nothing to say.

But they are very-very few.

Yes, they are indeed very few! They are very few—that is certain.

It is not my business. I have the impression that it is less and less my business.



February 17, 1985

I woke up again this morning with that kind of sorrow or of pain that I thought was dissolved, and I “pulled” the thread a little. Then I saw two images of the present life’s past appear suddenly, one with a woman, the other with my father. Two things that I saw last night. Then, all of a sudden, I *touché* something. Those sad stories of “women,” those horrors of the camps, those pains of certain lives of a condemned man, those sorrows of childhood with a father so... (oh well)—all those are various intensities of the *same* vibration. We could say of the same Cruelty. They are the *same* claws behind all those lived images and it is the *same* kind of pain or of sorrow. It is only the intensity that differs. One could think that “love” stories and

stories of the Gestapo or those of a misunderstood childhood or those of injustice... are different worlds or different layers, different categories of “memories,” but no! It is the *same* vibration of Pain deep down, the pain of flesh torn by the same cruelty. It is the *same* mortal Force behind. So people make so much of their “love” and sex stories, but it is only the pretty (more or less pretty) surface that veils the *same* thing. That Cruelty is cleverer with “love” and sex stories—one could say that it cheats better or adorns itself better because it takes advantage of nobler elements to divert attention—but *deep down*, there are those cruel claws, the first claws of mortal life, those claws of death in Matter.

This is a *fact*.

It is the *basis* of life (in all its forms) which must be re-made. It is the *Basis* that must change, the Basis of all that, which is so much the same under its masks of all colours.

A single vibration of death has taken possession of life.

And it is the same note of Pain under various pretexts.

It is an immense keyboard with a single background note

It is the sorrow of misled life which realises that it is only death.

We will not change anything until we change death.

What is the point of changing the moral of death! and the virtue or the sins of death or the religion of death or the poetry, the intelligence, the science of death—*everything* must be changed... at the root.

*

But it is really curious, I woke up with that kind of pain and it is *afterwards*, while trying to know, that I pulled those two images of the night, so completely different and yet...

The pain was there *without* the image. A note had vibrated, touched my being and left its mark. And it was the mark of Death.

*

The grace is to be able to throw oneself wholeheartedly into that sort of unliveable “boiler”—which is only the “unliveable” of the old death.

*

I see again that very white hand which came out of a black morning coat and was about to strike a note, or the first note of a concerto... That great concert pianist is Death.

*

Afternoon

One would not be able to bear it more than a few minutes, and it is going on for an hour and forty-five minutes. As if the body were melting down, were becoming a shapeless, burning magma, I don't know, as in the heart of a star, in an impossible metamorphosis. It is incomprehensible and unbearable and yet it is borne.

It is very difficult in the brain.

What is going to happen?

There is no fear at all in any part of the body, but will it be able to *bear*? That is the only question. How to bear it?

It is beyond any expression and comprehension.

It is like disintegration and yet it does not disintegrate, it goes on...
How?

The only prayer of the body: if only Mother could come out, if only this could be of use to Mother...

*

It would be better to say nothing anymore but to wait and see what is going to come out of that boiler (?)



February 18, 1985

Vision

At one point, this morning, there has been a fleeting “switch of sector” and I saw a very high and absolutely black mountain range, and behind the ridge, a white light, as if the sun was about to emerge...

*

Last night, I had a very strong “apnoea” and I woke up with a violent jolt in the heart.

*

Evening

Such a cruel assault.

One would feel like crying like an idiot.

O Lord, never again, never again... NEVER.

*

Vision

Now I understand. Last night, before that jolt in the heart, there was a fierceness against me: all the forces that regulate or rule the material life were raging. We could say the “guardians of the material law.” Symbolically, it manifested as small Government officials who put (or don’t want to put) a stamp on your passport—for hours (of

that time) I have been facing their inquisition and their small offices. And at the end, one of those small “stampers” told me: “Put that *Yagna* out.” *Yagna* is the “sacrifice of fire”. They are furious.

But it is so cruel, one *cannot* imagine.

Put your *yagna* out and you will be left alone—you will get your stamp of life.

And I also understand that black Mass, immutable like a mountain.

These are *global* forces.

Men do not know what they are walking on—or what makes them walk.

They lacerate your heart.

But I understand, there should be *nothing* left to lacerate. It is like an old sentimentality that they lacerate. There must be *nothing* left.

*

All day long, I have been like a gnome lifting that black mountain. And tonight, the heart was torn.

I am informed of everything.

But it does not prevent the pain.

*

Seeing clearly brings a little relief.

After all, if they are furious, it is a good sign.



February 19, 1985

Vision

In the middle of the night, “my mother” was telling me that she wanted to get a “new coat” made for “all her children.” It was a very long, pearl grey (very nice) coat which came down to the feet, and I looked for or I had to take charge of finding the tailor or the cloth, I don’t know exactly. And “my mother” gave me the list of her children, on which my name was written.

I don’t know what all this means, but I have often seen in my dreams that Mother would become mixed up with my physical mother.

A new coat for all her children...???

In my consciousness, that “list” consisted of the eight children of my physical mother—that is, a limited number. I indeed remember that the list (beautifully written in black ink, as it was done in the past) was short.

It is obvious that had it been my present physical mother, she would have had no need to give me the “list of her children,” as if I did not know them! It must have been more universal “children” (!)

It is curious, very often in my “dreams,” it is quite naturally my mother, and afterwards, upon waking up and while trying to understand, I realise that it is Mother.

I think that the sample of the so lovely pearl grey coat that I saw was on me! There was even a strange collar, nice too, made of a tracery in white (rather like the pattern of a beehive). The whole was rather “loose” or wide and could suit men as well as women—without difference!

*

Afternoon

Again the boiler.

Always that sensation of something emerging through those millions and billions of cells, as if from *each* of those cells or through *each* of those cells a density or a fire came out and out and out... and that is what makes the “boiler”. All those billions of “fires” or “densities” or “intensities” give the impression of something emerging from the body.

And the total prayer of those cells: oh! if only Mother could come out! all of a sudden make a little girl’s pirouette and hop! go and tell the world a few home truths and deflate those presidential windbags... oh! it would be so marvellous—all the windbags punctured in a little girl’s laugh!

I would give my life for that.

*

I don’t know, I have the impression or the sensation that there should be a connection or a “correspondence” between what is happening in that tomb and what happens on this bed where the whole body burns and burns and burns.

The prayer of the body is to PULL HER OUT—somebody, some human matter which “offers her the passage”, if I dare say so (!). If there is nobody, no human matter to call her, why should she move?! A CORRESPONDENCE is needed, or a co-respondence at the material level.

We don’t know anything, but we can always pray.



February 20, 1985

In the “Book of Fate” (*Savitri*), I find this:

A fatal seed was sown in life's false start...

Then the end, Savitri (in the tomb):

In that tremendous silence lone and lost...

When being must end or life rebuild its base

Savitri, VI.II

This is what is at Stake.

It is that basis of Life.

All the disasters of my life taught me only that and only led me there: we must rebuild the base of life.

And it is like the cry of my heart towards that Mother, alone in that terrible silence: O Mother, if only I could help You?

The only good thing in my life was when you were holding my hands. And I did not know it enough.

*

Afternoon

It is so incomprehensible and beyond the human being that one can say nothing. It has to *be*.

*

Evening

How is it that one bears that without dying of it or without being pulverised, that is the mystery—a repeated and always surprising mystery.

It is like a gruel of metamorphosis and yet nothing changes (apparently!).

But the sensation is not so much sapphire blue anymore than white—a mixture of both.

The “experience” is really not to die of it!

It is perhaps the sign that the “base of life” is no longer the same.

*

Normally, a “new coat” would mean a new body...

Perhaps the time is near. Or else why would she show me all this?

*

It would be good if tomorrow were the celebration of the Earth!



21 February 1985

It came to the point where I cannot say anything anymore.

*

Last night, Mother gave me a bouquet of “Trust in the Divine”. It was so luminous, as if the flowers were made of white light.

*

Rama came
to install the human era
and Ravana will come
and dethrone the human era.⁴

*

The Hindu, February 21

⁴ Rama, one of Vishnu’s main avatars in the Indian tradition, represents the perfection of the moral and noble man. He vanquished the demon Ravana who ruled in Lanka, the “golden land”, and who wanted to conquer the earth.

Sunday evening. According to a Chinese legend, the Buddha summoned twelve animals to his deathbed and immortalised them by giving their names to the years. In the Eastern zodiac, the ox is the second after the rat. The others are the tiger, the rabbit, the dragon, the snake, the horse, the goat, the monkey, the rooster, the dog and the pig.

Interesting to note that we are leaving the era of the rat!

The ox = the one that ploughs the earth...



February 22, 1985

A horde of small nasty material forces each armed with its particular fang. In one second everything is as if poisonous and you struggle—you struggle amidst a swamp of snakes.

It never ends.

And if you say that it is crushing, they snigger—“Ah! he is touched.”

Until when?

Really, they are like nasty gnomes in Matter—a horde.

It is that which dominates the whole life in Matter.

Mother did say “a mass mobilisation.”

*

Evening

And each time, you meet Death behind those hideous gnomes. A Death of basalt. A black No.

It is life torn and harrowing which calls for the only relief it knows,

or rushes with rage against itself.

There must be no more tears in the body to do this work.



February 23, 1985

Vision

(Seen last night:) In the spider's lair.

It is that, death.

*

Evening

Now I understand the entire genealogy of the Gestapo and its present ramifications down to the cold maliciousness that we see spreading everywhere.

It is rather overwhelming.

*

Ironically, even the Buddhists of the Great Compassion can be heirs to the Gestapo (see Ceylon). All religions are atrocious masks.

(The one of Mr Reagan is no exception.)

*

Just now, I came upon this:

The Hindu, February 23

Ramu, the wolf-boy whose capture in a forest in the Sultanpur district of Uttar Pradesh created a sensation in 1976, is dead. The boy, who was an inmate at *Prem Nivas*, a home for the sick or dying destitute managed by Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity near here, died on

Monday.

He seems to have *developed cramps* about two weeks ago and did not respond to medical treatment. Although the love and care of the sisters of the home instilled *human qualities** in him such as bathing and wearing clothes, he never learned to speak.

In 1976, Ramu was discovered in a forest near Musafirkhana in company of three wolf cubs.

The sight of raw meat attracted him and he never lost an opportunity to sneak out and prey on the nearby poultry farm's chicken. He was then handed over to the sisters of the *Little Flower* convent in Sultanpur then transferred to *Prem Nivas*.

With real wolves, he would have been happier. My god, protect me from the wolves of Christian charity.



February 24, 1985

The spider is a chess player. It knows all the pawns of the being and it creates the “impossible combination”: this+this+this, and you cannot get through. Each way out is a particular trap. You cannot move anymore.

Checkmate.

It is diabolical.

*

Evening

* ! (underlined by Satprem).

It is as if I wanted to completely eradicate myself of all the psychology of the body—centuries of “human” psychology.

I don’t know whether it is the task of a crazy man or of a titan or of... a desperate man.

The whole human chessboard.

*

One has the impression that nothing will change as long as that very protein does not change... yes, the protoplasm, that first mode of assembly of life in Matter.

*

I cannot take that human misery anymore.

*

Of course, it must be evolutionary mechanics in order to reach the required tipping point—let’s hope that the tipping will be on the right side.

With all my strength, I try to “undo myself forward”—not backward.

At present, I understand all this with a cry—a CRY.

*

After all, let us not complain: to remove the spider from its nest is already a great achievement.

Every inch of ground is snatched from Pain.

I am looking for the radical cure.

From November 15, 1943.

*

Life walks on a swampy bottom and each step is snatched from a mud whose name is Ignorance: hence the Error, the Pain, hence all the perversions and the Falsehood of the world. It is that very

bottom that must change. And naturally, the same Mud is kindly handed down to us from father to son by all the Worthy Abominable who more or less tried to sanctify or to justify or to scientify the Mud—it is this *method of birth* that must change.

My only faith or my only hope is that impossible “Boiler” out of which a new bottom of life and a new way of birth must come. How? I don’t know, but it is to This that I give myself with all my heart and with all my body.

When you are in the Boiler, you feel that *Everything* is possible.

We just have to persist.

I am looking for the path to the second Evolution. Nothing less will satisfy me.

*

To grieve is still to stick to the Mud.

To rebel is to drown into it.

To blame oneself and to feel guilty is to thicken the Mud.



February 26, 1985

Now I see the methods of the spider out in in the open. You need to have no pain and no tears left at all to look at that.

I think it would be better to say nothing.

It would seem that it is the first seed of cruelty in terrestrial life.

It is Pain which changed itself into Cruelty—the first pain of the Earth swallowed by that foul thing.

I will never write novels anymore.

I don’t know why I am made to do those awful explorations.

Perhaps it rises up by itself under the effect of the Boiler?

*

It is a kind of perfection of perversion—like a maleficent chess player.

One needs to remain silent.

*

It is certain that sorrow is the favourite food of the spider.

It feasted upon the death of Christ.

(We could say that there are “right side up” perversions and “upside down” perversions...)

*

WE MUST WORK.

Sri Aurobindo and Mother came precisely to undo all that *at the root*.

*

I do not explore to catalogue—I explore to SET IT ON FIRE.

*

Afternoon

It is very difficult to bear all that.

Never have I seen so much refined cruelty.

I understand why, on February 21st, Mother gave me a bouquet of “trust”...

*

It is hell.

*

Evening

Hell is the refusal of Love.

*

Cruelty is Pain that refuses the cure of Love.

*

Now I understand my whole *Karma* and particularly that of my last life—I could never bear the refusal of Love.

I lived through hells to go and fish back someone who was in hell.

*

Always, Pain has kindled more fire in me.

*

It is for that and to understand that that I went into the lair of the spider. Now I understand.

Understandings are painful.

*

Conversation with Sujata

It is not very interesting... Anyway it was something that was shown to me. Since I am not interested at all by the Ashram's affairs, it must be something that they wanted to tell me so as to show me.

I found myself in a place, and all of a sudden, I saw Nolini.* He was less... he was younger than these last years, wasn't he. But perfectly himself: smiling, like that. He was smiling. I looked at him... And you know, it is like a mask of a smile, that is to say that behind it, you don't meet anything...

(Sujata:) Yes, yes.

* Let us recall that Nolini passed away one year earlier, in February 1984 (February 7).

You understand?

It seemed “nice”, but it was only a sort of mask of a smile—behind there was nothing.

Then I told him very strongly something that remained clear in my consciousness and that I noted down that same night. I told him: “WHERE is the Truth in your heart if you can’t see the Truth that is in MY heart?”

(silence)

You feel something, you understand something?

What seems certain to me is that there are, aren’t there, there are many forces of Falsehood that put on human faces.

And Mother’s.

Once I told Mother that I had seen a “false Mother,” do you remember? And Mother knew. And Mother herself saw a false Sri Aurobindo, didn’t she. So...

What do you mean?

I don’t know... You see, in normal people, like this, in daily life, those forces are not attracted in this way. Where there is an attempt for Truth, to establish something true, this is where they rush to...

To destroy, to corrupt.

To corrupt, mainly.

There are “lovely” things happening—which never ceased to happen—since Mother’s departure.

And what are those forces doing?

I find that at present... those people there are so far behind and dusty that the forces...

No longer take interest in them.

Yes. But you see, there must still be something.

But perhaps not, my Douce, perhaps...

Because for such a long time and until his death, until Nolini’s death, I asked myself: But really, what, Nolini? Who is Nolini? In spite of what I saw twice, I always gave the benefit of the doubt; I told myself: Perhaps he is serving something? Perhaps he is trying something? Some transformation or what... I always had a doubt, you understand. So maybe this came to “clear up” my doubt! by telling me: “You see, it is like that.” Because the present Ashram, they are phantoms, they are full of dust, as you say.

Well, one never knows, my Douce, you know. One never knows. Those forces have the talent to bury themselves and then to reappear.

There, that’s all. It’s not worth getting muddled up more with those people.

I remember, when he was here, alive, how many times you said: “But as for him, is he doing a work of physical transformation?”

Yes, I remember.

*How many times... and you were the only one, by the way;
not all those people who supposedly “adore” Nolini, not at all.
But you, from a distance, you were always saying...*

But you know, I always have the tendency to give the benefit of the doubt to people—and to blame myself, besides! I am always... I want to trust as long as possible!

I am very stupid, you know, it takes a lot for me to believe that people are bad...

(Laughing) It hurts to believe in people’s evil!

Yes, I find it hard to believe in nastiness. Well...

Only the gaze of the soul can go through all this.

As in the canyons.



February 27, 1985

Pain locks itself in more and more pain, in more and more refusal, it becomes hard and desperate, it tries to break itself by any means...

I have known that well.

To cry, to grieve, to die for our brothers’ and our sisters’ Pain is useless. In our own body, we contain all the negations, all the refusals, all the horrors and the hells—we must go down into our own hells, which are the hells of the earth, and change each refusal, each negation, each misfortune. It is that fire which can transform. It is not death, not the sorrow or the sacrifice that can help brothers

and sisters of misery—it is to transform oneself and transform all the Pain in one's own body.

When you go down into Matter, to the root of Pain, it makes a hell of a fire, until you realise that this fire is love and that this love is the Divine's Love.

Then the fire of Pain changes itself into transforming power.

Death is hardened fire, like the false matter in which we live.

We grew up in a first shell of Ignorance and Pain—it is the black and hard evolution which only knows how to break itself in order to remake itself, to destroy itself in order to be reborn, to die in order to forget its failure; we must light the Fire of the second evolution and of the second life in true Matter made of powerful and free Love.

The cure is at the very root of pain.

At the melting point of the hardened false Matter.

*

And eventually, I dug into my own pain to realise that it is the pain of the world.



February 28, 1985

The spider must have gone through the Boiler!

Requiescat in pace.

*

I have never seen (or rather lived) such a boiler. The whole body like melting dough—after an hour and a half, this becomes very immobile, almost solid.

One does not know what happens.

Something happens—or passes, maybe.

A white sensation.

*

Evening

It may be the great Boiler of all the evolutionary past—up to the Breton Precambrian (!) But this is perhaps to see only the negative side—one feels that there is a supreme Positive in there, but what?

Obviously, if that atavistic “mode of birth” has to disappear and give way to an extra-atavistic birth, the whole old atavism must disappear—a thing disappears only when its necessity is over and it has no longer any power for the evolution (which means that it transformed itself into something else, because nothing disappears—what had been useful for “coagulating” the first evolution, was now useful to de-coagulate it. The horrible atavism led to the root of atavism and to the fabulous opening).

*

I remember Mother: “When you come out of that, you wonder whether you still have a shape.”

It is exactly that.

It is a kind of metamorphosis without (apparent) metamorphosis.

*

One day, all of a sudden, the meaning of all that will reveal itself, as the last piece of a jigsaw puzzle falls into place and reveals everything.

What seemed to be a little piece of a spider’s leg was an oar that led to Mother’s island... (My Douce has just made an unexpected little drawing: “it was a long journey”—*was?*)

I understand now fully what Sri Aurobindo called “the dark half of truth”.



It was a long journey

March

March 1, 1985

What is happening is absolutely “crazy”, or it is absolutely miraculous—incomprehensible. Only the Divine—the Supreme Divine—can do that, or the supreme Mother—well, the one who made those millions of galaxies.

It is not possible that it goes on like that without something happening *in Matter*.



March 2, 1985

Under the impossible Fire, the body rediscovers the key to Transformation—it does not know what “transformation” is, but it KNOWS the central secret, the lever, the practical ability to bear “that”.

That is all I can say.

It is PRACTICAL.

*

In the forest

One cannot “tell” the secret because precisely its *operative* power must spring from the body itself at the required time—it is useless to *tell* the secret: the body must find it or dis-cover it.

*

One could say that the operative power of oxygen is when the body discovers that it can be breathed. Or else what is the use of speaking of O=16?

It is intra-cellular, and divine, chemistry.

*

It rises when it becomes pressing—unavoidable (“at the limit of”).

*

But what is happening is... an impossible Mystery.

What means do we have to talk about what does not yet exist? But it *becomes*. So it is some “entirely impossible” that becomes possible or that finds itself possible or that makes its way towards the possible.

The very nature of the transformation is an impossible possibility.

All (I do say *all*) the laws of the universe topple over, burst or change.

Perhaps this is the open egg that I saw—the supreme reality of Matter.*

To understand, one has to live it.

*

I wonder whether the transformation is possible without a *complete* tearing apart (?).

*

Evening

While I was resting after lunch (without sleeping), I suddenly saw a red sun half emerging out of a fog. The light was so strong that I jumped.

But if what is happening now is only half of the sun... babababa...

*

There is no fear in the body, only the sensation of a... difficult Grace.

* Vision of December 24, 1984.

*

There is only *one* thing to discover, it is the Lord's love for (in) his universe.

*

For fun I could give my “formula” for Transformation:

$$TM = TSE$$

Now go and find it!



March 3, 1985

A fact has become very clear: all the pains, all the disasters and misfortunes, all the sacrifices, the sufferings and what goes wrong in life are *food for the spider*. It is that which nourishes pain in order to feed on pain.

This is an absolute fact—seen, lived, dis-covered (at what price!)

And I remember a fact that had “moved” me a lot without my really understanding it: one day, I wanted to sever a bond which I held dear and it hurt a lot, and I felt that pain made a veil, an obstruction, a coarsening, but then something in me protested with violence, like a revolt: “But I do have the right to grieve!”

Yes, it is the right of the spider, and it is very difficult to overcome—even to accept. But the spider is at the root of Pain—that is where its nest lies.

It will let you play all the games of Death (with heroism if needed), but if you touch its sorrow and its pain, it will become ferocious.

But it is strange how everything, always, in the least detail, works in *both directions*. That spider kills you and it is at the concealed root

of more than one cancer—it is dreadful. It is diabolical. And at the same time, it is that which forces you to go to the root to discover the passage to the new life—at the bottom of its hole.

It is the instrument of death, and the instrument of life-without-death.

It is the obstacle and the lever.

It is really strange how everything, always, works in both directions—either you accept the challenge and you go through, or you fall into the trap and you die. It is to take the *same* thing well or badly.

Which means that evil exists nowhere, death exists nowhere—they are in our *choice*.

If you make the wrong choice, it is only fair that death snatches you because you did not find the meaning of life which was to uproot Death and find the Life Divine.

It is the same thing that kills or saves.

And everything is like that, down to the slightest detail—to force you to find the Only thing.

Where is the “Devil” and where is God?

I really believe that everything is good.

Sri Aurobindo would say: everything is One.

But there is a quite surprising detail in that vision I had when I went into the den of the spider (decidedly, those visions of the new consciousness are of an unthinkable precision—every detail counts). It was a spider like those that are found here, of the tarantula type, with long legs, about 5 to 6 cm long. And I saw it move its legs with a velocity that I did not suspect (and yet I have observed spiders): it went up and down, moved sideways from one side to the other as

when it glues its threads and enwraps its victim, but with a quite surprising swiftness in the movement of its legs. And I saw that the tip of each of its legs was orange! The body and half of its legs were black and hideous as usual, but the tips of its legs were orange!

It is black and it is divine!

That is, *everything* does the Divine's work, even the devils—it is up to us to choose or to take our chance—the black, or the orange of the same “bug”.

*

Evening

It is only in the secret inner mechanisms of the cellular, material Subconscient that we find the key to the cure of Matter—true, free Matter, powerful and without death.

But we must go *down to that point*. There is no half-way or half-depth.

The Boiler automatically takes care of the cleansing.

The more you go down, the more it boils.

One could say: the more it is impossible, the more possible it becomes (!) And it is true.

*

Then you wonder what type of God they worship on the surfaces of Matter and in a Sunday suit?

A God who is only the other side of the Devil. All in all a kind of prison for the Devil! (with several surreptitious and sinful breakaways).

*

Vision

Night from March 3 to 4: saw Rajiv Gandhi.



March 4, 1985

It becomes so terrible...

Will the body be able to cope without disintegrating?

*

And it keeps on increasing and increasing and increasing... it is crazy!

I am not afraid, but... how is it physically possible? (most of all that boiling mass in the brain).



March 5, 1985

India is very sick.

*

Afternoon

A kind of complete transparency where the impossible seems to become physically possible (or bearable in any case).

*

Vision

This morning, during the operation, suddenly there was a “switch of sector”: I was in that impossible boiler, then everything became very immobile (as nothing is, on the earth) and, on the small table near my bed where I usually put my thermos flask of tea and a cup, I

saw a glass bowl or a crystal bowl, and in that bowl there was an extraordinary golden coloured liquor, like amber or like a very fine cognac—there was neither a thermos nor a cup but that glass of radiant nectar!

I wonder whether this corresponds to that kind of “transparency” that came this afternoon...

In that indescribable *physical* transparency, nothing seems impossible or unbearable anymore—it is suddenly something completely else... unexplainable.

*

It was not a cup, it was a bowl, like a coffee bowl, but made of glass or of crystal: I saw that golden liquor through it.



March 6, 1985

It seems at the same time extremely dangerous and extremely easy.

Somewhat like $A=A$.

*

Now I understand Mother exactly: “If there is the least difference, it is the door of death that opens up.”⁵

It is a kind of practical secret of the disappearance of the *physical* ego. (The physical ego is that which makes a particular body separate from the fireplace, the armchair or the neighbour.)

*

⁵ *Mother's Agenda* 13, July 29, 1972.

There is no doubt that the only way to survive in molten lava is to *be* like molten lava.

All that is “foreign” burns or blows up.

Only, you cannot tell it—it must be *lived*... at that temperature.

It is very intolerant(!)

*

Afternoon

It is at the limit of dissolution, minute after minute.

It is very difficult.

You tell yourself: ah! now everything will go away...—and it goes on and on, minute after minute.

You tell yourself: Will there not be a *moment* when the old body will have to “die”, and this spoils everything.

If I knew (if the body knew) how to *really* put its head on Mother’s lap, it would be easier, and then let everything go.

It is that “let everything go” which is difficult at the physical, cellular level.

So it is no longer yoga, it is thermodynamics—it is difficult. And you feel that a very small *central* surrender would be enough. But what is difficult is the limit of this surrender. Does one have to let everything-everything go?

You tell yourself “*ambulando solvitur*”, but someone needs (or not?) to be there or to remain to “*ambulare*”? No?

It is really “at the limit”, and it is that final limit that is... I don’t know.

It is true, you only have your own misery to lose, but... you cannot help saying that if you burst, the experience is over. That is all.

I only have to go on. We'll see.

*

There are indeed seconds of complete-complete surrender, but seconds last and last, and the previous second does not count anymore—one hour and forty-five minutes make many seconds, and seconds “at the limit”. That’s it.

*

In the forest

At times, you really touch the Secret, but the next moment, the secret has vanished. It is as if the body had to *continuously* uncover the Secret again and again!

It has something to do with yesterday’s “physical transparency”.

*

The question remains: is there not a moment when one has to decompose in order to recompose differently (?)

And this, all the same, is an... uncommon display of fireworks.

Mother did use to say that her atoms, like those of the carpet or of the table, were the same, and that it is only a change in the order or in the positioning... But well... it is an unexpected or unknown positioning.

*

Conversation with Sujata

The Lord of Nations?

It is something that I saw already two or three months ago.

Oh! Such a long time ago!

It was towards the end of last year, I don't know when, I did not note it down. I did not note it down because... it is very occult. And those occult things... You understand, I am interested in the visions I have concerning the Work, which give me indications of what I have to do; I am a practical man, I need to know where I put my feet. So indications for the work are good; things that are very occult, like this one, I look at them, but for me they don't have the vivid importance of the visions of the New Consciousness. But anyway, I saw it—why did I see that, I don't know. Well, it is so clear in my memory that I can describe it as it happened.

It was something very-very strange.

I was climbing *great* stairs, as if in mid-air. Every step was made as of a marble slab, or what, I don't know: it was a light colour. And it was *very* wide, each step was at least twenty meters wide and four or five meters deep. And it went up and up, there were lots of them; it was held up by I don't know what and it seemed to go up as if in mid-air. And it was lined (I looked for the word in the dictionary a moment ago), it was lined with kinds of wooden posts, somewhat like what is seen in... (unfortunately, I did not find it in the dictionary) somewhat like what is seen in Chinese or Japanese temples: they often have kinds of pillars which line their temples, wooden pillars on top of which another piece of wood is fixed. I don't know exactly, it was somewhat like that. *

Yes, in Rangoon, I think, there is a famous temple...

* The exact name is Torii. But instead of a crossbar with a post on each side, there was only one post, here and there, always on the right side of the steps (while going up).

But the posts were simply there, they did not support anything at all.

Oh!

They were like an ornament, or what, I really don't know. And it was not on every step: it was here and there and it went up—those kinds of large, *huge* terraces went up and up. Then there was a landing, and it went up and up again. And all this in a kind of... very strange sky and atmosphere that gave me the impression of something Himalayan or Tibetan or Chinese (or Japanese, but perhaps rather Chinese) or what.

It was very beautiful, you understand, but as Chinese or Japanese beauty can be which is icy—it is very beautiful, but there is something icy in that beauty. It is very bare: only those big slabs that went up and up and, here and there, those kinds of pillars of sculpted wood (or not—hardly, not even sculpted); on top of the pillar, there was something like another piece that was fixed—I could not describe it. But most of all, it was *very high*, very high, and that atmosphere, really *so* strange.

Then, I arrived somewhere. I cannot even say that I saw a house or anything else: all of a sudden I was there, and in front of me was a tall being, very tall being, all dressed in black (like a judge's robe or something): he was entirely dressed in black. He was *very* tall: he was maybe, I don't know, three meters tall; between 2.5 m and 3 m tall. A very tall being, who looked rather thin. But next to it I was very small, you see. And I can't say that I clearly saw its face.

So what remained in my memory... (and I can't even say that I had

any sensation: it unfolded as if naturally; I can't say that I had a feeling, a sensation or anything else, it was something that unfolded naturally)... Then I handed an Agenda to him, red. Where did that Agenda come from? I really don't know—I handed that red Agenda to him. *He took it*, without looking at it and he put it on a shelf that was there, up above. A shelf. Without looking at it. Then, he showed me a plan: it was like a painting, a rectangular board that was perhaps... (proportions are not easy to describe because that man was so tall that... that "man" or that being was so tall that it is difficult to say)...but perhaps it was 20 cm wide and 15 cm high, I don't know, and it was pasted (pasted or drawn) on a white background that framed it. And everything was in green: there were different shades of green, but most of all a greenish green, murky, you know, and a few other touches of green.

And he was showing me *that*.

As for the Agenda, he took it, he flung it—not "flung": simply as if it did not interest him at all, did it...

Yes.

He immediately put it on a shelf (I don't know whether it was a bookshelf or what, but since it was very high, I saw his hand putting it there), then he showed me his plan.

That was the interesting thing.

And at that moment, everything has been cut off.

But then, what was that green plan? He could not explain why he was showing it to you and what it was about?

No, he did not explain it to me, he simply... We were interrupted.

What I understood afterwards is that the Agenda is something that he does not want; but he has his *own* plan.

Yes. That is clear.

He has his own project—a project for the world, for the evolution of the world; he has his *own* idea. And that is what he wanted to show me. It must be a great Being from some mental level, probably an Asura.

Did he have a hat on his head?

I had the impression. I had the “impression” because, really, I could not distinctly see his face: there was the fact the he was so much taller than me, wasn't he, but he must indeed have had something black, perhaps like... not pointed, but like a cape with a slight point, perhaps.

Yes. Yes

I describe it very badly. Something that was put on his head, that was pulled up from behind, and it was... maybe like a slight point.

Yes. And he was white-skinned?

He gave me that impression, yes. I did not have a particular sensation of him being Chinese or Japanese or whatever, I would not be able to tell.

Not a Westerner?

He rather gave an impression like that, some sort of white man...
but I cannot say exactly.

Did you feel something?

No, it reminded me of what I saw years and years ago: I met such a being, all dressed in black, with a hat, precisely. I took that being for a magician (I was very young at that time, I did not understand). He wanted to harm young girls; and I protested, I wanted to protect the young girls, didn't I. Mother was there, then she went away. And, I don't know, I found myself with a "kuja" [water jug]; there was water and a brass glass; I took some water in the glass and I threw it on that man (because he wanted to do harm). I was all alone, I had no weapon, nothing: I threw the water. And at that time, the glass left my hand and flung itself at him! He was furious, then! Blind with rage, really; he absolutely wanted (how to say?) to hurt me. And just at that moment, I felt a great Presence behind me—and it was Mother. And he also threw a knife or something at me, but it stopped because at that moment, in front of me, I saw a very white light that protected me: it was like a wall of light, you understand? So what he had thrown could not go through.

And your description reminds me of that man a lot. Perhaps it is in the same line? Not the same being, you understand.

Yes. Because the being you speak of seems nevertheless to be something small.

Smaller. He was smaller in height as well.

Yes. Whereas here, it seems to be something really tall and very...

Yes. It is the great Master.

A great Master or a great Asura who was there. Not a magician, not some guy who deals in young girls, but the type that deals with the world and who has his own project—and precisely, he does not want the Agenda. He wants... he has another Plan. And it is green—it is all green, greenish.

That Agenda was shiny.

Like a jewel!

It is the *Agenda*, isn't it. He put it there, on a shelf, without even looking at it.

But that being, that very tall Being did not give me the impression of being particularly Chinese or... You know, they are... they don't belong to any country, probably.

All this seems to be in a mental world, beings who...

Who play.

Who play and who would really like to destroy—not destroy, but...

Pervert.

Pervert Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's Work in the mental consciousness.

Yes. Yes, that's it.

It is like that being Mother had seen who wanted to create a false religion of Sri Aurobindo, a cruel being and... I have the impression that all this is from that world.

But in any case it happened simply: I gave him the Agenda and he showed his plan to me.

(silence)

But it is on a plane where, you understand, the small habitual human reactions don't exist: things are seen on a large scale and there are no...

Everything is neutral.

Yes, everything is neutral: everything is neutral, you see things, you look on. Why do you see them?—that is a different question. Obviously, I wanted to put the Agenda in his hands; and obviously, he showed me that he had another plan.

Yes. Nothing remained from that plan except the colours?

No, it was simply a picture.

A picture—oh!

Not framed: it was on a piece of white cardboard, like this, the size of a pillow, maybe (!). A piece of white cardboard, and in the centre there was that rectangular drawing—it was not a drawing: there were colours and everything was greenish, with touches of a lighter green. I can't say that I saw particular shapes (mind you, it was so hasty that I did not have time to see much). What remained is the colour,

and that picture.

Yes.

He had it on a table in front of him. And he showed it to me. There was the Agenda, bright red, in its flaming red, and there was that green thing. Probably, it was his own Agenda!

It was not the Divine Love.

Ah! no, certainly not.

But above all, there was that impression when I was climbing up, there, towards that place (I did not see the place because, all of a sudden, I found myself in the presence of...)

That Being.

Of that Being.

But those stairs with pillars here and there were at the same time very beautiful and very... weird, you know, but in the sense of icy, somewhat... strange. Those large steps that went up and up were actually of great beauty.

Did you take any stairs to go up or did you go up on those steps?

I went up those large steps, as if in mid-air, I tell you. It was at the same time very beautiful and very weird. It gave the sensation of something Tibetan or Chinese, or what? It had the quality of that beauty, of their Asian, or Chinese beauty, which is very beautiful—all they do is very beautiful.

Yes.

But it has a certain something that is somewhat chilling.

(silence)

So I wonder what those beings are doing.

Obviously, they have a project.

And there are a number of evil characters who...—great evil characters (!) who would like to pervert the Work.

(silence)

Of course, with the Chinese or the Japanese, there is not much soul—not much soul. That is why... it is the favourite place of Asuras. But they like great minds, don't they, they play with it—and they are intelligent.

That is all I have to say.

It is perhaps good that...

That it is noted down.

Yes, but keep it only on tape because it is not so good to materialise those things. Even to have spoken of it, I am not sure that it is so good.

Well, maybe it had to be said.

Yes.

It is strange that you speak to me now, because I finished my second book, it has been sent [Mother's Chronicles]; and now, I will work on the third: it is occultism, it is Theon who

appears. So it is curious, the combination...

But Theon... In spite of everything, there was a luminous side in Theon.

Oh! certainly.

And near him he had that Alma who certainly had a soul; so it means that Theon was obviously a little between two worlds, but... there was nevertheless a light, you understand. While those beings are very icy. It is intelligence, great intelligence, but...

All cold.

It is very cold.

It is rather malevolent.

That wants to reign.

Undoubtedly, they want to reign. They want to be... they *are*, actually they *are* the Earth's Masters. They are the ones who reign. Of course, they are happy if they can find human instruments to serve them as... small puppets.

Well, I think there is nothing more to say.

P.S. Actually, I think that that great all-black Being is the one Mother called the "Lord of Nations".



March 7, 1985

I cannot believe or even imagine that this body will transform

itself, but its secret, constant prayer: If only there were a spot of Matter pure enough, *given* enough so that Mother could take her steps on Earth and change that terrible reign... If that body could call Her loudly enough so that She comes... If that Matter could be transparent enough to let Her go through... *One* pure spot! Pure!

*

Afternoon

That's it! I think that the body caught the "trick".

It seems to be both very perilous and very marvellous—oh! a...
perilous Marvel!

Time passed strangely fast.

*

Evening

Obviously, a certain mortal pressure is needed for the body to eventually cope on its own (!)

There is no other way to do it. It must be like that at each evolutionary threshold. Each time, the limit of the ancient death has to be crossed.

Mind can do all sorts of somersaults, but the body must do, quite simply.

*

(François' agony) O Lord, may that way of being be changed, may we be able to be born differently, oh! O Lord...

To be born again with that spider deep down? Follow the entire path again? Oh! O Lord...

I still hear Mother: “The physical *fact* must change! The *physical* fact must change!”

François’ death remains very sensitive for me, as if my own (without Mother’s grace).

I no longer grieve, but I no longer want my brothers’ grief.



March 8, 1985

Vision

I saw a strange thing last night. An earthen hill that had been cut out or sliced or dug, and the side of that carved hill showed innumerable small horizontal ribs or thin stratifications like slices. That detail of lamelliform stratigraphy caught my attention, somewhat as if one were in a slate quarry. Then I saw a very white being sitting at the foot of that hill (I think that it was me). He seemed to be naked and gave the impression of a twelve-year-old child. I saw neither the top nor the height of that hill because it was that side or that stratified cleft—really like innumerable small strips, as if the work had been done almost in a microscopic way with a very thin instrument—that held my attention. But all that was seen very fleetingly for a few seconds. Then (and that is when I found that very strange), “on the ground”, as if at the foot of the hill, I saw something like finger marks that had scratched the soil (like a child who scratched the soil and one sees the mark of all his fingers). That scratched soil drew a kind of zigzagging “path” (a “path” that was not wider than the five fingers of a hand) and what struck me the most

was that under those finger marks that had scratched the soil, one could see a “bottom” or a “base” appearing, cream-coloured.

In the Vedas, the “hill” or the “earth” is the symbol of the body. (The “hill of the being”.)

Did I reach the bottom?

(If what I saw, carved out of the hill, are all the “layers” of the being... it makes quite a metamorphosed thickness that could very well go back to the Precambrian!—I think that it is called “*phyllade*”,⁶ precisely, like small “sheets”. An incredible stack!)

*

One is constantly on the brink of dissolution or of bursting.

It is no longer the laws of Matter that we know or of life that we know.

Instead of that imperceptible cellular tightening under the pressure of that boiling fire, the body has learned to become “flaccid”, “soft”, as if to let itself sink to the bottom of the Boiler (that is its “trick”), it is like going into even more danger or more impossibility, and that is where one does not quite know anymore where the limit is of the extremely dangerous and of the extremely marvellous or extremely miraculous.

It is impossible to tell and it is difficult.

*

1 a.m.

They are setting fire to the whole forest to the north of our place...
Between their chemistry, their industries, the tourists and that

⁶ Foliated schist.

explosion of rats, what will eventually remain of the Earth, if the Divine does not hurry a little...?

Probably, a minimum of evolutionary elements capable of the next step is needed before the rest can be recast.

I gather that the Adversary no longer wants war and no longer needs war, even if ostensibly it plays at threatening itself in the East and in the West—its own financiers win on all sides. The Adversary does not need war any longer because it poisoned *everything* and contaminated *everything*: it is EVERYWHERE. It could make war only on itself!

*

Afternoon

It is crazy! It is the Miracle... here, almost in the open. How can one live that bodily without disintegrating? I don't know.

For more than one hour and a half.

It is Matter that becomes what it is.

It is Matter that reveals what it is.

It is not something else that reveals itself or takes its place: it is *what it is* that reveals itself or uncovers itself or is *here*. The Miracle makes its own... natural Miracle! It is crazy and impossible and possible only because it is *what is*—it is not “something else”: it is *what is* or it is *what it is*. And it is simply Himself. The bottom of the boiler is Mother, is Sri Aurobindo, is Matter as it is and never ceased to be.

But it is crazy! How can one bear “that”, I don't know—except that it is a sort of supreme Miracle that makes it so that it is He Himself who bears Himself

A Manifestation is near.

If I were told that Mother is coming out, it would seem obvious to me! oh!

Great things are ready—are imminent.

The “True Miracle”, as Mother said.

*

There are no “miracles” to perform: it is WHAT IT IS!

It is true Matter.

*

That is the Apocalypse.

This body is in full apocalypse.

*

(We could call that the “notebooks of the apocalypse”, but we would seem to be mad.)

*

Evening

I spoke of “recasting” this morning. It is not out of cruelty, on the contrary! Cruelty is to let that go on and proliferate!

*

The bottom of the Boiler is transparency (which means that only Transparency can bear that).

But it is not a “cold” transparency: it is love in the being that recognises forever Love—“it” melts into That.

*

If that “bottom” of Matter reveals itself in one point, will it not create a complete tearing off?

Can a point be separated from the Whole?



March 9, 1985

And we catch the disease of all the dead that we have known. They come at night, it takes three minutes and it is done.

What will dissolve all that? There is no “once and for all”!

That is to say, in the end, that one must take the burden of a whole world.

*

I remember Mother: “It is as if one kept catching a new illness to be cured.”⁷

We only have to GO ON.

*

There is no point in reasoning or discussing: it is like touching a stinging nettle—it has to pass. Meanwhile, it burns.

But what would have to be changed is that mode of contact, inherent to “life”—how?

That contact is also the power to heal.

So one just has to remain silent.



March 10, 1985

THE DIVINE HOUR IS HERE.

THE BODY KNOWS!

⁷ *Mother's Agenda*, July 18, 1961.

THE BODY KNOWS!

*

Evening

For one hour and forty-five minutes this afternoon, the body in its billions of cells has completely lived the Marvellous Secret. It KNOWS! It KNOWS!

The Marvel is *here*.

It knows because it could bear THAT.

It is in Matter that the perfect—and splendid—Secret lies.

The essence of the New Being is born.

(If I may say so, because it was always there, but it is un-covered.)

An opening has been made in the dark net of the world.

*

Later

The question I ask myself: if “that” manifested, would people adore without trying to change themselves!?

Perhaps, the Divine chose the best hiding place, after all (!)

But if Mother does not reveal herself, what shock will be needed to pull the world out of its galloping Falsehood? What will remain of the Earth?*

*

One has the impression that the transformation is not a problem—the “problem” is to discover “that” in Matter, to arrive *there*.

* I learned later that Chernenko died today—this one was harmless. His funeral will be led by Michael Gorbachev, which suggests that he could be Chernenko’s successor.

*

And to say that each human has that Marvellous Secret in his skin and that nobody wants it!

The “stratigraphy” is certainly hard, but it should become easier and easier as beings tread upon the path.

It is like becoming a man in the midst of those chimpanzees: it must not have been that easy—at present there are other chimpanzees... more numerous.



March 11, 1985

Evening

My Douce was just finishing drawing “Destiny” when X. came and brought the news that Chernenko passed away and that this Gorbachev... will probably take over. That one “wants to get on in life”. He has a will.

But the Divine knows what He wants.

I feel that the end of that era is near.

Now Destiny is here.

We are getting close to the point *required*.

All the pawns are in place.



March 12, 1985

This body knows the Splendour of the new life—these veins, these nerves, these fibres and billions of cells.

That unimaginable Nectar.

The whole old life appears like a masquerade of Life. The whole old way of being appears like a masquerade of the Being.

How can one matter be touched by *That* without all the rest of the earth vibrating?

I understand why it has been necessary to till the soil so much for almost three years, to be able to bear that.

It is the “bottom” of Nectar of Matter. It is the Aim of the ages and what sowed all the ages and all the stars.

Yes, “that well of honey under the rock,” said the Rishis.

*

To speak of “transformation” seems superfluous, secondary—“that” itself is the transformation, the rest is a game for Him.

*

But such a powerful Nectar...!

One could say a nuclear Nectar (!)

And it is Love... pure.



March 13, 1985

The greatest mystery is that one is not disintegrated—it is a kind of miracle second by second.

It is like being given birth again. And the strangest thing is that one does not know whether one is given birth or one gives birth!

Really, one does not know what is happening and sometimes the seconds are long.



March 14, 1985

I saw a lovely sunny corner where They could come...



March 15, 1985

An average cell contains approximately one thousand billion atoms.

Our body contains more than one hundred thousand billion cells.

*

1 p.m.

Vision

I made a discovery or rather an “unmasking”. Last night, I met “Mother” (Sri Aurobindo had just left the place, or I had just left Sri Aurobindo, I don’t know exactly) and “Mother” told me, like an observation: “Sri Aurobindo does not see well” (in my consciousness I understood that Sri Aurobindo’s vision was not good, as when he was physically in his body, towards the end). So I answered to “Mother”: “Yes, I don’t know whether he would recognise his old disciples”!!! With that, “Mother” had a start and she pinched her lips as if she were displeased. And I woke up telling myself “That’s it! Mother is upset.” (Even so I found that my answer was not so bad!) Then I remained for a long time worried by that comment: “Sri Aurobindo does not see well”—Mother would never have said such a thing!

I did not try to go further into it and I entered the “operation” as usual—I had a lot of difficulties this morning. Then, around noon, I went for a walk in the forest (what remains of it) and I told myself: “But really! Why do I meet that false Mother—it is *not* Mother, it is not possible!” And above all I was telling myself: “But really! What *effect* does she have on me, why do I meet her?”

And all of a sudden, clear as daylight, I remembered the difficulty I had this morning, as if there were something *sticky* on me. The whole morning I had to repel a flood of small muted insinuations and suggestions (“sneaky”, we could say) which kept on whispering in my ears: “Your attitude is not the one needed, you don’t do as Sri Aurobindo would like you to do, you are not surrendered, your aspiration is not pure, you try to take instead of giving yourself, and beware, the Asura is the one who wants to take by force instead of letting the Divine do things.” It was an outpouring! A real poultice of sticky lies, and I told myself: but really! I am sincere! Or am I not sincere? Is it really what Sri Aurobindo wants?...

Then I understood! The ugly lady had come by and she had glued on everything necessary to bog down the simplicity of aspiration.

And among the eucalyptus trees, I suddenly told myself, “But this is the false Mother of virtuous criticisms!” And she reproaches! that hideous impostor. As a result, I understood what happened to me dozens and dozens of times when I found myself in the morning with that sticky poultice of: “You don’t do, you are not, you should not...”

Here it is! Now I will know where that virtuous glue comes from—that ugly woman got me more than once! So you are here, doubting everything, doubting your own aspiration and your own intent—it is awful! You find yourself glued with sins and spiritual falseness—

stuck!

But I am very happy with what I answered her (and I understand why she was stiff): “I don’t know whether Sri Aurobindo would recognise his old disciples”!

But that bad, nasty woman reigns much more forcefully and widely than we think.

*

In the invisible as in the visible, one finds oneself in front of a world so twisted that one has the impression of being very small before a hundred-headed devil.

One has really to be very pure (sincere) to get through.

It is only in Matter that the invincible (and unforgeable) Purity is found.

*

Then such an intense prayer of the body, in the body: O Lord, O Mother, a spot of pure Matter that could be used by You to make the Falsehood of the world crack—a hole of Light in that.

*

Afternoon

I seem to have understood in my body what the Simplicity of the Supreme could be. Something fabulous in which there are no laws—a fabulous upside down, all our “laws”... UNREAL. And it is that “bottom” of deceitful laws that creates that sensation of “impossibility”, of “unbearable”, of “perilous”—or of “miraculous”—in the body. The Miracle is quite simply the NON-EXISTENCE of everything that we thought was “real”!

Then the simplicity of the Supreme in that, in that fabulous

trickery of the human Mind—an incredible simplicity!—yes, unbelievable, of course: That did not exist, there was NOTHING of all that you believed with your scientific and practical and realistic and materialistic head—a formidable unreal trickery. So where is the “difficulty”—it is of a childlike simplicity! There was NOTHING in all that you believed!

It has to be *lived* in Matter.

O Lord, you are the supreme Realism.

Then I remember Mother: “A breath and that’s it!”

The difficulty is not at all, at all where we think it is!

Truly, *we* are in the tomb.

*

When Matter boils well and unbearably, one has to choose between being really boiled or becoming aware of the simplicity of the Supreme (!)

At that pressure, things become very tangible (!) The needle tilts a little to the left and it is pulverisation, and only a little to the right and the cells open their eyes wide: but, but, but...

They can’t believe it!

One has to realise the simplicity of the Supreme at the cellular level—that is the Supreme miracle. Or rather the miracle of the Supreme.

It is another way of saying: You ALONE exist.

*

And that old vixen of a false Mother puts thousands of “spiritual laws” and sins each more lethal than the next in your way.

(There is an odd spiritual mafia in the invisible.)

*

In short, the Supreme puts up all the barriers and all the difficulties required until... we realise that there is *only* the Supreme.

Then everything melts—even death.

Only, one has to realise it at the *true* level.

*

Evening

I told Sujata about that vision of the false Mother.

Conversation with Sujata

The false Mother unmasked

Yes, last night, I met that false Mother.

She is a *dirty* woman.

And this morning, I unmasked what she was doing, you understand.

And it has lasted for a long time.

But now, I know what she *does*.

She is a dirty woman and she is vicious, that woman. She is perverted, that woman. It is really a... well done deception.

So last night, at first, something happened with Sri Aurobindo. I don't know, I was in a place, he had just left; or I had met him and he had left, I really don't know. And Mother was there. In my consciousness, it was Mother, wasn't it.

Yes.

And she told me: "Yes, Sri Aurobindo does not see well." So I understood that it was...

Due to the physical.

... as in physical life: his eyes, his vision was not very good. So, quite innocently and quite naturally, I answered, as it rose from me; I told her: “Yes, if he met his old disciples, I don’t know whether he would recognise them!” Then Mother had a start, like that (*gesture*), her lips pinched (and it woke me up), I told myself: That’s it, Mother is upset!

Then, I told myself: Damn! But Mother would never say, “Sri Aurobindo does not see well”!

Yes.

I told myself: That is not possible, Mother would never say that, Mother would never say, “Sri Aurobindo does not see well”—He sees EVERYTHING, doesn’t He! And that reaction? I told her like that, almost jokingly, as I was with Mother, entirely natural, quite simple, I said: “Yes, I don’t know whether he would recognise his old disciples if he met them!” (*Satprem laughs*) Really, somewhat like a joke, but a joke with truth: Would Sri Aurobindo recognise that bunch of people? Would he even recognise them? You understand, “recognise”: he would say, “But really, it is nothing of what I have known”, or else... I don’t know. Then, truly, she had a start, and not the start of a human being: a start of a force that is not happy, isn’t it. And I woke up with that, telling myself: “That’s it” (with the usual human reaction), I told myself: “That’s it, Mother is upset!” You know, sometimes...

But it haunted me. I told myself: It is not possible, it is not Mother, it is a false Mother.

Then I let it go, I had my breakfast, then I lay down and entered into the work. And I had all sorts of difficulties this morning. But not for a second did I link the difficulties I had to the vision I had last night. Not for a second. Simply waves of suggestions and insinuations came.

Well, I went for a walk among the eucalyptus trees, and all of a sudden, I told myself: “Damn! Why do I meet that false Mother? And what *effect* does she have on me?”

Then, all of a sudden, like an idiot or like a simpleton, there was somebody telling me: “Look, what was happening all morning?”

Well, all morning, here is what happened, which I did not at all link to that nasty woman, did I.

Yes?

All morning, it was, you know, sticky, muted insinuations in the background—suggestions and insinuations: “You don’t have the right attitude; you are not as you should be; your aspiration is not pure...”—all morning, it was *sticky*-STICKY-STICKY-STICKY! A glue of spiritual lies, with pretty appearances. And it was so sticky that I told myself: “But really, am I not sincere? Am I not truthful?” So I no longer dared... it was as if I no longer dared to aspire, as if I no longer dared to... do the work! I told myself: “Yes, am I sincere? Am I truly honest? Do I really do what Sri Aurobindo wants?”—That Pervert, you see how sneaky she is.

And now I understand, for years and years I have had that suggestion: “Do you really do what Mother wants? Do you really do what Sri Aurobindo wants?—Do you-do you-do you... And you are

not pure, and you...”—SHE IS THE ONE, THAT WHORE, who does that job, that dirty job. And who corrupts all the consciousnesses, who swallowed the whole Ashram.

(silence)

Ah! and you know, it is virtuous, golden: “And you are not surrendered, and you don’t do exactly what I would like you to do, or the way Sri Aurobindo would like; and...” Oh! It is OBNOXIOUS!

It is a black obnoxious GLUE!

So it makes you full of sins, full of dirt, full of nastiness, you tell yourself: “But really, my intentions are good! But really, I am sincere, that is not possible!” So there you are, struggling against yourself as if you were really a nasty fellow, full of bad intentions, full of impurities, full of...

Full of ambition...

Full of ambition, of course.

It is ambition...

Oh! The *bloody* woman!

And that is her work.

Because it happened to me dozens of times, that sort of... It comes like an insidious flood, you know, with all the spiritual appearances of spiritual virtue, of spiritual “doing good”, of spiritual “purity”; it comes like that.

Oh!

Oh! It is terrible.

So you end up being bound hand and foot, you no longer dare to aspire, you tell yourself: “But am I really not surrendered? Am I really sincere? Am I really honest? Am I...?” It is awful.

She SWALLOWED the whole Ashram like that, that whore.

But, I don't know, they are quite sure of their virtues.

But they are quite sure of their virtues, of course! And Satprem is an Asura and...

Yes, it is they who say so, don't they.

But she *swallowed* everybody! And they are all sure of their virtues: they defend “Mother”, the great “Mother”! And how many people does she reign over, that woman?—she is powerful.

For more than ten years, constantly after Mother's departure, I have been meeting that without really knowing. Then that son of Mother who came and said that I had tampered with the tapes! “So let's see, what have I done—what have I done?” You end up telling yourself: but you are mad!

The *dirty thing*, I *unmasked* her this morning—I *unmasked* her, that *whore!* Now I know her job.

And she is clever.

Very clever.

And she is slimy, and sticky, and insidious.

Well, I am happy to have answered her that. I told her: “Yes, I don't know whether Sri Aurobindo would recognise his old disciples.”

Perfect!

You see, this is what I answered her, as if I spoke to Mother, the true Mother, in a joking tone, but that told a truth: “Yes, I don’t know whether Sri Aurobindo would recognise his old disciples”. Then she had a start, her lips pinched, with strong annoyance—you know, the power Mother has, she is strong.

Yes.

And I woke up saying: That’s it, Mother is upset.

But which Mother is upset, huh?

Which “Mother” became angry?

Then this morning, all morning, that invasion, it was truly sticky like a poultice, you know, of glue...

Yes.

... where you find yourself all nasty, all black, all unclean, all...
Oh! Full of falseness.

Yes.

It is awful.

That world is full of sins, as one says, no?

Oh! It is appalling.

Well, here is what she does, that woman. That is her work.

The most surprising is that I did not link all that happened in the morning to what I saw last night. Simply, once again—as it has

happened dozens of times in the almost twelve years now since Mother has left. I know that wave well, which comes and... I tell myself: Well, I am not sincere enough, not honest enough, not transparent enough, not... and in the end, I end up being so strangled by that that... One is strangled!

So in the forest, when I went for a walk earlier, all of a sudden, I told myself: “What effect does she have on me, that woman, that false Mother, what effect does she have?” (*laughing*) So, like a simpleton, suddenly, somebody told me: “Well, what happened all morning??” (*Sujata laughs*) Then I opened my eyes wide and I understood. I told myself: Well, there it is! Yes, all that happened this morning—and it was that nasty woman’s work during the night. She had stuck, glued me—and it was well done.

She is the Mother of virtuous criticisms.

Oh! And clever.

In the forest, earlier, I was flabbergasted when I discovered this. Because I thought again, I told myself: “Really, what effect does she have on me? Why do I meet her? What effect does she have on me?” And then, I opened my eyes wide when I was told: “Well, look, what has happened this morning?” I had not linked the two things, you understand.

Yes.

So my emotion, or my anger, if I may say so, is because *it has lasted for twelve years!* I have been meeting that for twelve years!

And for the first time, I put my finger on the false Mother. She is the one, she is the one who does that job. She comes during the

night with all Mother's appearances, she kindly pastes that in your consciousness and that's it: the day after, "by chance"... You don't link things because you don't remember the meeting, or you don't remember exactly what happened—the day after, you are full of that glue. And you struggle like a thief against yourself.

(silence)

So as a result, I feel angry because I have been struggling with that for twelve years without being able to put my finger on that false Mother! I took that for criticisms of my own consciousness, or *at best*, I said: "Well, they are suggestions from people from the Ashram, or what?" One always blames oneself, you understand. My difficulty is that I always blame myself. I am always doubting my own honesty, I am in a way so scrupulous that I am always ready to listen: let's see, is it not exactly that?

Well, she does an ugly work—clever, sneaky, pernicious.

(silence)

Then I noticed that often during those years, my reaction following that type of invasion, without knowing, was a kind of... the word is perhaps strong, but like a revolt against Mother. I used to tell myself: "But really, why? Why is..." You understand?

Yes.

That impostor of Mother wants also to try to create a revolt against Mother.

Against Mother, yes.

Because, really, Mother does not act like this. Mother never acts like this.

Of course! But it is so cleverly done, it is so clever! It is so clever. This time, I unmasked her.

From now on, I will know where it comes from. (*Sujata laughs*) Oh! Lord...

That's it, my Douce.

But it is not the "evil persona" which Sri Aurobindo spoke of?⁸

No, I think that it is really a false Mother.

It is the false Mother.

It is the one who wants, precisely, to corrupt everything—corrupt everything. And make the beautiful, virtuous, spiritual religion: "We are surrendered to Mother and Sri Aurobindo; *we* are following what..."

Yes.

They are the religious of Mother and Sri Aurobindo. The others, precisely like me, are people full of bad intentions, not sincere, not transparent, dishonest, ambitious—well, they are almost Asuras, if not Asuras! That's it. And this is sowed, spread in consciousnesses.

Oh yes! And how!

⁸ In a letter addressed to Mother, dated December 31, 1915.

Many a consciousness is swallowed by that.

But that you could see (of course it took twelve years), but that you finally understood is already...

Ah yes! I assure you, now I understand!

But it means that her time is perhaps...

Oh my Douce, there are thousands of ears all ready to listen to her.

Yes. But I mean that it has been a great hindrance for the work.

Ah! for me it has been...

“A hindrance”: in a certain way, if you wish, everything works for the Divine. So she forces you to really put a knife there, to see whether you are sincere or not.

Yes.

But it has such a subtle art to bind and to glue you—you are as if strangled. So you no longer dare! You no longer dare to aspire, you tell yourself: Let’s see, is it really...?—She glues! She sticks, she binds.

The result, in the end, if I had listened to *that* voice, after Mother’s departure: but I would have given the *Agenda* to the Ashram people! I would have listened to all their words!

*Yes. And Mother would have remained with a twisted back.*⁹

She is clever.

It is the Great spiritual Virtue: “Oh! But... It is the great surrender to the Divine, huh, beware, you are a small rebel...”

Well. That woman, she should not come back and see me, because... I will give her a piece of my mind.

*

(A few remarks from Sri Aurobindo about the Asuras:)

1) The Asuras are really the dark side of the mental, or more strictly, of the vital mind plane. This mind is the very field of the Asuras. Their main characteristic is egoistic strength and struggle, which refuse the higher law. The Asura has self-control, *tapas* and intelligence, but all that for the sake of his ego.

2) Yes, some kinds of Asuras are very religious, very fanatical about their religion, very strict about rules of ethical conduct... There are others who use spiritual ideas without believing in them to give them a perverted twist and delude the sadhak [disciple].

Letters on Yoga

3) There are Asuric forces that are very calm. Do you think that the Asura is a fool? Sometimes, *Tapasya* is his chief weapon...

Doing good to humanity is one of the favourite weapons of the Asura. Of course, he seeks to do it in his

⁹ Allusion to my vision of April 2, 1976.

own Asuric way. The Asuric maya can take up any garb:
even the pursuit of an ideal or sacrifice for some
principle!

Evening Talks (15.9.1925)



March 16, 1985

One has such a *thirst* for everything to be unmasked, TRUE, as it
is—Divine.

*

It is a kind of physical impossibility, overcome second by second—
it is like a supreme Grace and a supreme Peril, together. And from
second to second.

*

If only this body knew where it is taken, but it does not know and
this is what makes the cellular sensation of an extreme peril.

It clings to the Supreme and it closes its eyes.

If a human body had already gone through this, it would be easier.
One would have reference points.

It is that *complete* unknown which is somewhat terrible.

It is like going into the non-existent.

Bodies always go into something that *exists*, even into death they
go into something that exists, but here, one goes into... nothing,
which is not death, which is not life, which is one does not know
what. It is that physical, cellular “one does not know what” that is
difficult. It is that, that sort of “impossibility” which is as if overcome
second by second.

*

There is always a base of racial, genetic, animal knowledge that presides invisibly over the existence of all the bodies, and here it is as if that “base” no longer existed.

It is truly a kind of evolutionary leap, like the passage from Matter to Life, but at present it is another passage. There has not been anything similar since the little blue algae of the Precambrian. It is neither an improvement nor even a mutation in the midst of a known Life—it is something *else*. It is an unknown, completely unknown type of life.

Men would understand me if a second pair of arms, a third eye or a new bronchial system suddenly grew out of me—but here, there is nothing to see! It is another system.

With their visual organ, they would only be able to see a way of being of the old life, linked to the mode of being of the old life.

The Armorican rock could see nothing of the little blue algae.

(Although the *atoms* of the Armorican rock could, perhaps, recognise the *atoms* of the little blue algae...? It is perhaps at the atomic level that the continuity occurs.)

The “boiler” is perhaps the perception of the general atomic environment?

*

Afternoon

May the body give you that proof of love: a complete self-giving, down to the last atom, and one lets oneself sink to the bottom of the Boiler, more and more, more and more, in a COMPLETE surrender.

That is the fact.

*

How long will the body be able to last in that state?

*

Evening

Sujata's little drawing made me visualise what the new being could be—the divine child. It is the first time.

Then the Earth would change.

A process that others could follow.

A miracle with a process (!)



March 17, 1985

Yesterday, at one point during the “operation”, I told myself deeply: a sort of boldness of love is needed.

I think I understand better.

Probably, there must be a moment when you have to forget that you “know how to live”.

Something much deeper than “amnesia”.

There must be a very deep cataclysm in the being.

I have the impression that I come near, or that I am made to come near that “cataclysmic point”.

The amnesiac is supposed to forget everything, but there is a phantom of the being that continues behind.

It would perhaps be the opposite! All the “real” phantoms of our old way of being and knowledge of being would crumble, leaving only the divine essence.

The state of a child, but without human atavism or human memory behind.

That is, a... strange transition.

Perhaps that very powerful sensation of “disintegration” first concerns this centre of the “self” in its billions of cellular ramifications?

To sink to the bottom of the Boiler is to sink into Mother—only this centre remains... and in God’s hands!

One must be ready for *anything*.

*

Actually, I know utterly nothing: I take Mother’s hands on the other side of the tomb and I let happen what happens.

Above all, one must know how to be SIMPLE.

I remember so much and so often from Mother: “The Lord is not a pontiff.” For me, it is like a key.

*

Afternoon

Everything is so incomprehensible and...

*

Evening

One has the impression of only talking nonsense and of applying words or speculations to a phenomenon that is as incomprehensible as the bird is for the seahorse. I should remain silent. All one can do is to undergo, give oneself. And if something occurs, we’ll see! By the way, the seahorse cannot even see the bird—and how could a bird come out of the belly of a seahorse!

Although sometimes, I tell myself that Mother could come out of the tomb through the lotus of my heart...



March 18, 1985

YOU ARE.

*

Something unimaginable and tremendously SIMPLE.

*

It changes the whole “issue” of the transformation.

*

When the “thermodynamics” become quite impossible and problematic... YOU ARE.

And it is no longer impossible and no longer problematic.

The “issue” is the issue of Falsehood.

The issue is on this side of the tomb.

*

Afternoon

It is as if you were perpetually disintegrating at a crazy temperature, and it does not disintegrate, like a miracle from second to second. And it goes on and on.

You don't know if it is torture or divine miracle.

To You, to You, to You

For You, for You, for You

It is You, it is You, it is You...



March 20, 1985

Last night, with an intensity that woke me up, I told Mother: “If I had to leave the stage of this world, I would like to go on walking with you... because I love You.” There has been a golden light and I woke up.

*

I am ready to live, I am ready to die, I am ready to disintegrate, I am ready to transform myself—I am ready for what They want provided it is what They want and this Earth is changed.

*

Evening

There is something in my body that feels and says: It is so awful! And *at the same time*, there is something that feels and says: It so marvellous!

There is something that very concretely feels: it disintegrates, and at the same time there is something that feels: Mother emerges.

And it goes on from second to second.

And something childish feels that body like the tomb in which they imprisoned her and prays so fervently for her to come out of the tomb. And if it is shattered, it does not matter as long as She comes out and the Divine reign is established.

The miracle is that it is not shattered, but...

What do we know?

*

One very well sees how it can disintegrate, but one does not see at

all how it can transform itself...

(In cerebral matter, the “boiler” is very convincing.)



March 22, 1985

It is not something that must die to become something else, it is not that substance that must burst to change into another substance—it is YOURSELF who... “becomes” YOURSELF. The reversal is that moment of YOURSELF. The transformation is this YOURSELF which is *HERE*.

I have spent—this body has spent the whole afternoon on the point of death, for one hour and forty-five minutes, until it perceived that IT IS YOURSELF.

The sensation of death is that passage from the old animal to that YOURSELF.

*

Evening

The body already “noticed” that several times, but it is as if it had to be discovered *each time*. It is not “acquired”, it has to be discovered *each time*. Like a breath to take *each time*. It is not a mental discovery, it is a cellular phenomenon—it is “discovered” at that level. A sort of “cellular breathing”.

It is not to be invented: it is done or not.

But during each second of that one hour and forty-five minutes, the body has been offering its life to the Supreme and to Mother as to the death, until... it is YOURSELF. And this YOURSELF sprang from the

bottom. Simply.

When I say that it “has been offering its life”, it means that it *was dying*, until this... it is *YOURSELF*.

Death is (was) the passage to that.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw something. I was in a completely dark place when, all of a sudden, I saw hundreds or thousands of red lights turn on, exactly like the rear lights of a car, but of thousands of cars, and of that colour and dimension (it was round). It was very sudden and surprising.

Like a night that lights up.

I have the impression that it is the translation “in picture” of the Phenomenon.

It is death which all of a sudden lights up.



March 23, 1985

That is the key!

I experimentally arrived at a fabulous conclusion: all the physical sensations of the body, even the most “convincing”, even the most “boiling” or the most “bursting” are sensations *created by Death*. And the body is learning how to feel *only* the Divine sensation.

It is You, it is You, it is *YOURSELF*.

Then the tremendous Power flows *unhindered* through matter.

Then you are like a child carried away by the tremendous Current.

You arrive at the fabulous door.
It is like the limit of a world that has been crossed.
But... it becomes so FORMIDABLE!
You sink into that.
It is like a supreme Grace in action.
It is *the* key.
Only the divine sensation.

*

Yes, it is like the *barrier* of Death that has been crossed.



March 24, 1985

That is, you spend your time beyond the known physiological limits of the possible. Obviously, it is the old “possible”, and now you go towards the new possible (which, naturally, seems quite impossible!). It is that journey into the New Possible which is difficult. A kind of physiological, cellular consecration is needed, which looks sometimes like heroism or like a supreme prayer—or like love.

*

And in God’s hands.



March 27, 1985

All the rest crumbles.
There is You.



March 28, 1985

It is so difficult and dangerously miraculous.

One has to abandon everything-everything-everything.

One has the impression that it hangs on a breath and one must even be able to give up that breath—as if one had to go further than the end.

*

I could be told that everything is in fusion and in fever, I could be told that everything will disintegrate, I could be told that I am quite simply going to die, I could be told that Mother is going to emerge through that melting—I could be told everything and everything is possible at each second and it is terribly unknown, miraculously unknown.

And there is that prayer: May She come out of that tomb! May She come out of that tomb!

That tomb seems an abominable Falsehood where we have imprisoned Her.

So I tell myself: If *one* bit of matter could be entirely pure, it could undo that evil spell.

That is what the body feels.

And it CRIES OUT.

*

One will never know the ease of having a model who could tell you or show you: Here, this is how one becomes a sea lion or a penguin (!)

This is how one becomes... what?

*

A dauntless purity is needed.

Or an utterly complete love.

*

All links are dangerous.

*

I am wondering whether this intensity of fire which comes out of the body does not *form* something?

The unknown adds an intensity.

*

Evening

Undoubtedly, it is a kind of burning disintegration, and yet one is not disintegrated! (up to now).

So what is happening??

*

And the body knows the practical secret that ensures that it “goes through” or “it happens” with a kind of simplicity, but it does not always reach the *point* of the effective Secret. So it makes... difficult “intervals” which seem very dangerous.



March 29, 1985

Now I KNOW! The body KNOWS!

All the laws of Matter are a Lie. All the laws of the bodies are a misleading fabrication of the Subconscient. *Everything* is FALSE!

There is *YOUR* Law.

There is this other Sun.

There is a true Matter.

There is the divine Sensation which annuls, dissolves, “unrealises” that millennial Falsehood.

“Disintegration” is the disintegration of the scientific and atavistic, material Subconscient—torn to shreds!

There is THAT.

There is what That wants.

There is That Law.

There is the divine Matter where all that vain nightmare of the dead is no more.

We are on the Threshold of the New.

*

For one hour and forty-five minutes this afternoon, I have sunk to the deep bottom of that Boiler, down to the depths of “death”, to the depths of the “impossible”, to the depths of OFFERING—and I KNEW. The body KNEW.

It is the New Matter, free from its millennial Falsehood, from its millennial Pain, its millennial helplessness, from its old Death which seemed inexorable.

Science, Science, the ABOMINABLE Falsehood of Science.

*

It was on March 29 (1914) that Mother met Sri Aurobindo for the first time. In her Diary, She noted down, “He whom we saw yesterday (March 29) is on earth; his presence is enough to prove that a day will come when darkness shall be transformed into light, when Thy reign shall be indeed established upon earth.” It was 71 years ago...

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, I saw something that I understand only now, after this afternoon's "operation". These are very accurate and humorous visions of the "New Consciousness".

Suddenly, I saw a huge abscess on my knee—it was as big as the egg of a duck (I had such abscesses in the concentration camps, twice on my knees and once on my arm—we had to shovel and fill lorries, and walking was torture, and above all I should *not show anything*—how I did not die, I really don't know!) Now, knees are the centre of the physical Subconscient. I looked at that abscess, then Sanyal, Mother's doctor, came and that abscess had to be "opened" with a lancet. I told myself: It is going to hurt *a lot*. Then, I don't know how, I did not notice anything, I hardly felt a scratch and... the abscess had disappeared! That is what surprised me: almost without my noticing it and I don't know how, what was there had disappeared!

It is going to hurt *a lot*, and... pff! disappeared as if nothing happened!

But it is all the Falsehood of the body that burst and the old atavistic abscess... pulverised ! does *not* exist.

There is a type of Matter where that does *not* exist.

All the: "This, you cannot; this is mortal; this is an illness, cancer! This is impossible..." That entire pustular jumble, exploded—the BARRIER of the Species. The "it is the law".

Well, there is another Law.

It is the Law of the second life which conforms to another Sun.

*

Thinking of my abscesses in the concentration camps, I marvel (in retrospect) at the Divine Grace and I tell myself that luckily there are holes in “medical wisdom”.

As for their deoxyribonucleic wisdom (hmm!), it is like railway tracks, it only functions when you take the train.

They want their Prison to be absolutely impenetrable.

There is an “I don’t know how” that changes everything.

In truth, when you “know how”, you are already a prisoner.

*

If I were told that God was a sailor before being God, I would not be surprised—God, how free and capricious!



March 30, 1985

I hardly slept last night and everything became disorganised in the body, simultaneously but as in different areas: teeth, head, nerves in the neck, back, digestion... as if there were a revolt in the ancient System (!) Then, this morning, I felt a disorganisation in all the little facts and acts of the material life. I told myself: “There is a fury.” All the small forces that govern the material life in a rage... Around noon, when I came out of the “operation”, “they” had lit a fire on the hill of eucalyptus trees below our house. One of the areas of fire climbed up to the terrace of the garden, 25 meters away from the house.

There is a point where the negative begins to become very positive
(!)

A rage in the forces that govern the material life...

Therefore we are progressing.

I cannot take that fire as “chance” or a “coincidence”.

What do Mother and Sri Aurobindo want?

Now, the assault is very close all around the house. They burn and destroy all the forests, then put up huts for the babies (and the rest). We are surrounded.

*

But that Marvel of “there is You” in the whole-whole body... An Adoration.

And one feels: the Time is near.



March 31, 1985

There is one thing that makes me somewhat puzzled (and bruised), it is not only that disorganisation in my body, but a sort of demolition: the least wrong move damages the nerves, twists the muscles, etc. People would say it is “age” (as for Mother), but I don’t believe in it and my body has seen worse. But that extreme physical fragility... So I don’t understand: there is that Power, so tremendous, there is that call, that intensity of fire in the body, that ADHERENCE to the New Sun (as “boiling” as it can be), how is it that this whole old system becomes disorganised? This “old system” is made of cells which aspire so intensely, and that Power, so tremendous, penetrates and soaks my *body* and not my “spirit”... So how is it?...

Of course, I am not expecting this New Power to make one young, beautiful and muscular in the old manner, but is there no connection, no link between the old system and the New Power?

I again find all the questions of Mother.

Is that old system unfit, unable and should it give way to another movement, to a new matter or to a new organisation of Matter—but how? “Give way” is very good, but how? By which transition and which process? What is the *link* between the two states?

I remember, one day, a reflection of Mother struck me deeply, even disturbed me; she said: “I wonder whether what we call Matter is precisely not *the false appearance*.”¹⁰ (I quote from memory).

A new unknown organisation of Matter? (But it is precisely that which we call “transformation” without knowing very well what it is—and how to do that without making all those atoms boil? An atomic candle!)

But my question remains: Is that old system, made of cells as it is, utterly unfit or unable to adapt itself?

I can also tell myself that the Subconscious of the body (the purely physical Subconscious) is not yet truly pure and must go through the “boiler” for a longer time...

*

All those bacteria and staphylococci are full of Falsehood!

So?

Our body is built on a constant necrophagia! It eats and is eaten.

*

There is a letter from Sri Aurobindo (a rare letter about physical

¹⁰ *Mother's Agenda* 5, March 25, 1964.

transformation) which remained very present in my memory. He says this:

The subtle process will be more powerful than the gross, so that a subtle action of Agni will be able to do the action which would now need a physical change such as increased temperature.

(Letters on Yoga)

That is the boiler.

So, let's hope.

(Let's wait and boil!)



Night from March 31 to April 1, 1985

Vision

(Briefly noted in my bits of vision, but I still remember it very precisely.)

I was or I lived in a kind of blockhouse made of grey-brown concrete (like the old German bunkers which had seen better times) and I did not find that very pretty. So I went in search of... columns of pink stucco! To improve the aesthetics of the blockhouse! (I thought of placing them on each side of the entrance of the blockhouse!) I was going to a lot of trouble to find those columns, put them in a lorry and bring them “home” when, suddenly, I heard the sound of a bell and “my mother’s” voice as if coming from a “garage” or from a workshop (somewhat like the one here), saying, in a firm but simple tone: “You are late, you keep the baby waiting.” That’s all.

Obviously, “my mother”=Mother. And I was busy “improving” that old blockhouse (that animal body) while the “baby” or the new being was waiting...

It is of a marvellous simplicity... visual and humorous, like that New Consciousness.



April

April 1, 1985

Obviously, this New Power is not there to repair the old disorders but to establish a new Order, and that New order is necessarily an extreme disorder of the old order! (This is true for the individual body as much as for the world's body).

*

We should never forget that *everything* is part of the process, the disorder as much as all the rest, the negative as much as the positive, and what we call “positive” might well be the negative of the New System.

The ONLY—the ONLY —Positive is:

It is You who DO

It is You who ARE.

All, always, in everything.

Then, it is the TOTAL ADHERENCE.

And it is the only possible *key*.

That is, the ONE.

There is only ONE.

*Tad ekam*¹¹.

*

PS: Curiously, it is a sort of philosophy *of the body*. As the fish can have its philosophy of low tides, high tides and currents.

¹¹ “That One”.

And for the body, this is OBVIOUS. No mental speech can have that power.

I don't know if the body speaks Sanskrit, but for it, *Tad ekam* has a saline and swimming density.



April 2, 1985

It is completely mad and frightening, one could say, and yet... something knows or holds on: it is the Supreme, it is Mother...

But it is almost impossible.

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, at one point, I saw myself standing, naked as it seemed, my right leg on the ground and my left leg turned around on my back, pointing up over my shoulder, near my head!

That is to say, an impossible position.

And yet I did that easily and even with a sort of smile... (with clasped hands).

What are those acrobatics?...

One foot on the ground, one foot in the air!

It is crazy.

*

For instance, this afternoon during the "operation", after about an hour, *without any reason*, my heart suddenly began to thump, to beat wildly, as if it jumped in my breast! Well, neither the heart nor

the body had the least anxiety (besides, it did not last), but on the other hand, this kind of continuous internal bursting is very difficult to bear, almost unbearable, as if the billions of cells were *simultaneously* and continuously on the verge of bursting.

It is constantly as if you were beyond the limit (not below). And it goes on for one hour and a half.

*

Without knowing anything, my Douce has just made a little drawing [drawing], not one foot in the air and one foot on the ground, but one arm raised to the sky and the other towards the earth! It is strange, all the same!

“Something is accumulating drop by drop in the Earth,” she says. If we think like that, it is more comforting. The seconds take on a meaning.

We just have to wait for the supramental explosion!



April 3, 1985

I learn to let myself sink more and more into the impossible state. Like a boat, “with all hands on board”.

*

Evening

Every time, you seem to discover a new depth of pain. It is very terrible.

*



This *Matter* is made of pain.

So what?

The “Redemption” must go down to the amino acids—or else nothing is done.

The Hindu, April 2, 1985

POLITICAL CONTRIBUTIONS OF UNITED STATES DEFENSE COMPANIES
HAVE DOUBLED

Washington

In only four years, according to official sources, contributions of American arms manufacturers to political parties have doubled, the twenty largest companies now spending USD 3.6 million for the elections of senators, representatives and presidential candidates.

During that same period, which covers Mr Reagan’s presidency, the number of contracts that these companies got from the Department of Defence increased by 150%, reaching a total sum of USD 69 billion last year.

These political contributions, which are donations collected during campaigns initiated by the management of the companies do not go directly to the politicians but are paid to their political action committees.

The influence of this entirely legal procedure on the attitude of elected officials is not insignificant.

During last week’s vote for the approval of the construction of the second group of 21MX intercontinental missiles, recommended by the White House, 17 of the 20 representatives who had received more than \$15,000 voted “yes”.

In the Senate, the proportion is even greater—but for a higher price. Thirteen of the fourteen senators whose committees had received sums of money above \$30,000

approved an expense of USD 1 billion and a half by the Government to build nuclear-tipped missiles.

Lockheed, the fifth supplier to the Pentagon, spent \$420,191 for its political campaigns in 1984, an increase of 325% since Mr Reagan came to power. But in the same period, the contracts of Lockheed have steeply risen, from \$2 billion to more than \$5 billion.

A spokesman from Boeing, a company whose contributions to political parties rose from zero in 1980 to 170,412 last year, observed that even if these donations do not necessarily “buy” votes, they ensure you that a legislator “is not going to slam the door in your face”.

Politicians unanimously refuse to admit that money has any influence.

The mafia is well established there.



April 4, 1985

I saw an enigma last night (or rather early this morning) but I am sure that it has a meaning.

I was arranging wood and newsprint sheets (as in my fireplace) in order to set fire to... a coffin. I even showed how I was doing that to someone near me and I meticulously placed wood or papers so that there would be no “chimney fire” (!) That someone near me, I think that it was myself, like my “superior double”, and “I” was the worker, the performer, the one who did (without very well understanding what he was doing). When all was ready to set fire to that coffin (I suppose that there was somebody inside—perhaps myself!) I saw a huge plane arrive or rather land, certainly as big as the biggest

modern turbojets, and in place of the cockpit or of the central engine there was a huge red “eye”. That “eye” was circular, perhaps two or three metres in diameter, and it was not lit, as we were in broad daylight (it was somewhat like a huge car tail light, but not lit). It seemed that that “eye” directed the plane. The plane was painted light grey. I did not even see the whole plane, I only saw a part of the plane, that central eye. And it landed or arrived at high speed. At that point, I saw my coffin which, as it seemed, was not in the fireplace anymore (!) but placed on a stone pedestal; it was even placed a little askew on the pedestal and I asked that “someone near me” to help me put it straight (I was absolutely like a good conscientious worker). But that someone told me to leave it as it was, because the plane was going to take it away and the coffin must remain “askew”, in the alignment it was, so that the plane could load it. I looked at all that without understanding very well. Then the plane with the red eye arrived at high speed, as if it had just landed, and headed straight for us—I told myself: It’s going to crush everything (!). There was indeed a sort of building near where we were standing and near which the coffin was. But the plane arrived at full speed, just touching the building and stopped dead without smashing anything (it was well directed by that “eye”!). Then it began to manoeuvre backwards and forwards again as if to position itself in alignment with the coffin (which it had to take away, it seemed). I stared at all that, rather dumbfounded, without understanding anything.

That plane was most powerful.

That coffin was probably the symbol of my body (?). This false or old painful Matter.

*

I am ready for anything.

In any case, I will have tried honestly.

*

There is something that “expects to die”. Perhaps that is the last illusion to overcome.

*

(To be really sure that it is an illusion, you must go and pull its beard!)

*

Afternoon

Under the effect of that formidable and unbearable Power, the body’s discovery is always the same:

it is Falsehood that dies

and it is Death that dies

and it is YOU WHO ARE.

An internal reversal of the cells.

It must be lived.

The consequences are incalculable—since it is YOU who ARE.

*

It seems that Matter is turned inside out like a glove, then everything becomes very immobile, formidably immobile: it is You who ARE.

It is the same thing, but it is YOU who ARE.

*

Yes, the coffin is absorbed into the formidable Eye—the Eye remains. That.

*

The “impossible state”, it is as long as you are still in the coffin, it is the coffin that boils—then it is simple.

You go through it: That remains.

*

But it is absolutely like going through death—with your eyes wide open and without blinking.

You must be exactly in alignment with the Eye. Now I understand.

*

Evening

This is probably the *basis* of the “transformation” (which you don’t know what it is).

It is the basis of the entire universe!

*

It is 75 years ago today that Sri Aurobindo arrived in Pondicherry. (April 4, 1910)...

*

“To go through death” is to go through the *falsehood* of death.

*

In brief, the “New” Power makes its path automatically.

Everything is automatic in that... journey.

What matters is to let yourself go.



April 5, 1985

As much as I can understand: the “diving suit” is the coating of all

the fibres of life and all the (past and present) atavisms, while the “coffin” is the material substratum, the “laws” that govern the species and the scientific hypnotism—the codified habits.

These are the two great steps of the difficulty—the first one is certainly the worst.

We are fortunate that there is You and that we can throw ourselves into You and that You welcome us *always*—otherwise existence would be inconsolable.

But there is that HOPE—a thousand times a day, I repeat that for myself. It is Grace itself.

There is You. There is that Hope.

There is that Path of hope.

O Lord, may I hasten the Hour.

*

Afternoon

That Formidable, Supreme Power has really descended! Yesterday, it was only the *beginning* of the operation. Now I understand! I UNDERSTAND.

The mystery of the Supreme is *THERE*.

I cannot say. One cannot say.

IT IS THERE.

It is the Divine Hour.

It is too sacred to be said.

April 4, 1985 is a great Date of the Earth.

*

In the forest

I am sure, I am certain that the Change will happen.



April 6, 1985

We are at the dawn of a marvellous Time.

All the “small” forces that govern Matter grate, rage and want to obstruct or destroy as much as they can.



April 7, 1985

It is such an assault of countless, nasty little forces, each one with its special claw—where does all that come from!??

But *what* is this life made of??

After living all that I have lived, I did not know that there were so many nasty things... Why, why, why?

Perverse forces which live from the torment and the pain they inflict—a super micro-Gestapo.

It seems that the descent of April 4 has thrown out all that enraged swarming.

But really, really, *what* is this life made of?? how is it possible?

It is how one becomes mad.

It is like the subtle basis of our admirable bacteriology—vibrios, spirilla and rods included.

*

O Lord, may Your Fire clean all that!

*

Evening

The boiling disintegration goes on.

I prefer to die of that impossibility rather than die of their very “possible” bacteriology.

*

I remember the angry outburst of that Parisian neurologist when I told him that Mother had stopped the shaking of someone with Parkinsonism (Sanyal) for a few moments: “It is not possible!” he kept repeating: “It is not possible, it is not possible, this is untrue, this is untrue!...” He was wild with anger, I was shaking all the impermeability of his prison!

Only death is possible, and recoveries within the limits of death!

“You never saw the holes in the brain—real HOLES!” he cried out in dismay.

Those are the only holes they admit in their System.

I think that they are more infallible than the Pope.

*

Later

There is an absolute You Alone, or else *all* beings are hopeless.

If they were not so hopeless, we would not seek the only way out.

One day, some ape must have discovered that *all* apes are hopeless—no? It is our “good fortune”.

It is not kind for the apes. But it is very painful for the one who is neither ape nor man nor bird—a transitional product.

Now I fully assess Mother’s little pained echo: “neither this nor that” and how she must have found me hopeless more than once...



April 8, 1985

The operation of April 4 is continuing.

It is a slow and careful *dissolution* of the myriads of micro-falsehoods contained in the physical basis of the body.

It is very difficult to bear.

But one feels an infinite Carefulness, as if it were done “millimetre by millimetre” (or perhaps millibar by millibar! unless they are atmospheres).

Everything seems to explode, and then it does not explode.

*

Evening

The paradox is that the whole body and the being thirst for that “impossible state”. All the rest of time, I measure the misery of being still on this side.

*

Curiously, in that impossible state, the body feels the hope—dangerous, but the Hope.

The Great Recovery.



April 9, 1985

We are stuck with a false body.

*

Afternoon

I am witnessing the dissolution of death—I *am living* the dissolution of Death.

All sensations are the false alarm bell of Death.

First a bit of... I don't know, something like courage is needed (but it is something else—it is love) to let yourself sink to the bottom of the “impossible” boiler, really with all hands on board, then... you witness the Phenomenon, you *live* the Phenomenon, you *see*, you feel the Phenomenon cellularly: all the elements of death in the body, all that *feels* death, all that *experiences* death, all that “boils” in the “impossibility”, that is what is dissolved, as if exploded or burnt or annihilated—and the more “impossible”, boiling, bursting it is, the more that *YOU ARE* springs from the body.

It is the key to the Transformation.

IT IS YOU WHO ARE, and naturally, You are You! and then there is no more impossibility, no more death, no more danger, no more bursting, no more boiler (though... yes!): there is *YOU ARE*. It is a sort of transubstantiation! As if the body changed substance! It is no longer a mortal substance: it is *YOU ARE*.

So I understand: that formidable plane, that formidable Power, that is what came to SWALLOW DEATH—to burn death. And the formidable Eye is:

YOU ARE

And it is the end of Death.

*

This April 4, 1985 is really a great Date of the Earth.

I do understand that the formidable plane had to move backwards and forwards a little to place itself exactly “in the alignment of the

coffin”.

Now, it is in alignment!

Death is “in alignment”—there is no more death. There is *YOU ARE*.

*

But it is a very tremendous thing to live: that Death which is there everywhere, which boils, which bursts in one billion cells and everywhere at the same time, and then... that *YOU ARE*. And everything is changed!

Yes, transubstantiation.

*

And it is not an abstract “*YOU ARE*”: it is alive, innumerablely alive, as if the body bathed in or was part of or *was* that great gown of light of Sri Aurobindo—disappeared in that, melted in that or being in that. There is no “I”, no “my” body—there is *THAT!* there is *YOU ARE!!!*

(“I”, “my”, this is precisely Death, all that feels itself “different from” and dies automatically).



April 10, 1985

Vision

Last night, I saw this: I was in a sort of cave or deep grotto, in almost total darkness—brown rocks, quite smooth. I climbed up those rocks gropingly, using very small notches here and there in the rock as a support, and there seemed to be an “exit” up above. At about three-quarters of the way up, I found only a tiny notch or crevice in the rock, which I hardly could grasp with the tips of my

fingers (I groped for some other rough edge, but found nothing). I hauled myself and tried to lift myself up by the tips of my fingers, but I did not succeed, the weight was too heavy for so little support. I realized that I was going to slip backwards and that it could be a fatal fall (and at the same time, I told myself: how will I manage to climb back down? - *as if that cave were a passage and that after going out of it I had to go back down?*). I was slipping on the rock, hardly sustained by that tiny notch; then I cried OM with such intensity in my heart that it woke me up.*

What is coming this time?

*

It seems that I am always trying to do impossible things (!)

*

What will never surprise me enough is that every morning, no matter what the “state” or the night or the circumstances are, I concentrate and automatically, instantly, the whole body fills with that Power like a bottle! (But a bottle that fills by the feet!)

And for the body, that is *life*, much more than the air that we breathe.

A dense, full air.

A *nourishing* air.

*

It is the elixir of life! (Yes! Maybe so!)

The elixir of Sri Aurobindo.

*

* P.S. In fact, I am quite sure that this “passage” is the *mahas pathah* of the Vedas... of which I will come out on August 25, 1986... to go down again.

Afternoon

THE NEW SUN
IS RISING ON THE EARTH.

Death is a Falsehood.

There is no need to die BECAUSE DEATH DOES NOT EXIST.

The coffin of illusions is dissolved.

YOU ARE.

A Marvellous atomic bubbling.

The Miracle.

It is so simple!

*

In the forest

It is like two worlds exactly superimposed—one is true, the other is a Falsehood, one is immortal (or deathless) the other is Death.

Yes, everything is the same and everything has changed!

Perhaps two ways of living the same thing.

It is at the cellular level, like a passage from death to life, from illusion to Reality—and everything is the same apparently. But in one case you die and in the other death DOES NOT EXIST.

Which means that you go through the illusion of death *materially*.

It is like an invisible net in the same world, but on one side it is death, and on the other death does not exist.

It is at the cellular level that the “net” lies.

The “illusion” is the illusion of death—not the illusion of life. But Death does take you away if you are in its illusion.

It is at the cellular, or rather atomic level perhaps, that the net of

illusion can be undone.

One doesn't go through death: one goes through the *Falsehood* of Death—the net of illusion—or not.

It is the marvellous atomic bubbling.

We must be able to bear it.

Only the True goes through.

That is, only death dies!

AND *YOU ARE*.

The *same* world, separated by a net of Falsehood.

The passage of the “net” is very clear—we explode if we are a touch in the Falsehood of Death or don't explode if we are in the *YOU ARE*—and God knows that *You* are SIMPLE!

Then it is the Marvellous atomic bubbling.

We are exactly and physically in the alignment of the Eye.

And the coffin is dissolved.

*

The false body is what remains in the net of illusion and Falsehood—there is no reason why the *same* body should not go through the net and be in the Reality.

This is what seems to be happening.

It is life-without-death.

*

Evening

I think that the “rocky cave” is the pack of news that arrived at noon from the US. “I” am *beneath* that rock and I can no longer manage to climb up like a somnambulist in the dark.

It is the mental cave.

The hard and slippery illusions.

For them, they are “real” because they are hard!—nothing is more real than concrete, especially when it is reinforced, like Mr Reagan.

The net of illusion may well be made of concrete—reinforced and scientific.

*

There is a certain OM that makes the concrete melt.
Like the walls of Jericho.



April 11, 1985

This “exactly in alignment” has a *quite* formidable physical (we could say optical) meaning.

As in a milieu without refraction.

Then it is the Simple.

*

Death is like the “broken stick” in water.

Take it out of water and it is no longer broken.

*

Evening

For five months now, under one pretext or another, the renewal of my residential permit has been “pending”...

The “stampers” are not pleased.

And it is like that.

“Put out that yagna and we will leave you alone”...

We live in a nightmare.

Leave that twisted stick and we will spare your “life”.

You can touch *everything* except Death, because it is the Master of the world.

You can make *all* the pirouettes you want, scientific and spiritual, provided that you stay *in* Death.

*

I understand better and better that the Apocalypse is the *end* of Death.

*

The great Stakes become clear (materially clear).



April 12, 1985

Countless, *minutely* cruel little forces seem to spring from everywhere in Matter.

It is like a *concerted* assault, that is what is surprising! And it comes from all sides, as if everything spreads the word around!

When you see the great forces, you are not surprised, but that cruel microscopic Domination is so... frightening.

A *conscious* and detailed cruelty—and everywhere in Matter.

*

It is perhaps the whole world’s coffin that is boiling!



April 13, 1985

Never did I touch such depths of despair.

*

I remember that big snake that I minutely cut into pieces—one could say that a bit of the snake can be found in *all* the layers, down to the most microscopic layers, and that the head is found in the last layer (“last”, you never know...) Such is the true picture. Which means that it becomes more and more poisoned. The mortal reveals itself quite “in the end”.

The power of light becomes equal to the mortal power.

We are the battlefield.

*

That is why nothing is ever done until *everything* is done.

*

Today, I found myself again as I was when I arrived in Pondicherry 32 years ago. I told myself: but what have you been doing for THIRTY-TWO YEARS!?

It is really terrible.

So you have the “impression” that everything is going to topple.

*

When the two Powers are equal, there remains only the Grace.



April 14, 1985

It is the whole *basis* of death that is being removed or burnt or dissolved in that Formidable Ray—that red Eye.

It is like death in reverse.

Death dies and the whole body repeats: *You* are life, *You* are the Truth, *You* are the Future, *You* are the Recovery, *You* are the New,

You, You, You... while death dies.

And you feel, the body feels death—dying. But it KNOWS that it is Life that is being born.

It is death in reverse.

What is changing is the physical *basis*.

Everything, everything is like death—and it is Life. Life that enters, that takes the place—that IS BEING BORN.

It is unbearable and it is bearable *only* because... *You* are Life. You cannot be death—*You* are Life, You ARE.

It is a sort of unbearable reversal of everything—reversal of death into... *You* are Life.

That is perhaps *THE* Miracle.

*

Yes, it is the death of the coffin, but it is very difficult (it is miraculous, in truth) not to feel that simply as death.

*

Evening

Until when the “last atom”?

*

“Weave the inviolate work,” the Rishis said.

The inviolate work...



April 15, 1985

A path of hope is needed for the Earth,
for the few who aspire

who are honest, simply
who are not those myriad rodents.

*

I remember, a few years ago, having seen a big plane taking off vertically downwards—a plane which “carried the fire on board”. I wonder whether it is not that plane that landed on Earth on April 4, 1985...?



April 16, 1985

A sort of transparency or total *physical* limpidity is needed to let that formidable Power, that concentrated Fire, pass through (the sensation is that Mother goes through or passes through, emerges, as if she were coming out of the tomb—which is perhaps also my own tomb). And then, when the transparency becomes “perfect” enough, the body is seized with a sort of white, total immobility, and you don’t know what happens. As if the body became non-existent. And that formidable Power, well, that bursting Fire, is... as if nothing happened. You don’t know what is happening. It is very strange.

“Transparency”, that is, *YOU ARE*. There are not two things. There is only ONE.

*

Yes, it is as if the “stick” were no longer broken—so it is straight, it goes through without your knowing how.

But then you no longer know anything.

Perhaps there is no need to “know” (to know is still to stop things on a screen), it is enough that “it is being done” or “it happens”, and

that's all. It is not my business.

*

We could say humorously (but scarcely) that all mental knowledge consists in breaking the stick to know whether it exists—then everything is distorted so as to know that it exists. The whole existence is distorted!

*

Sri Aurobindo said “supra-mental”, we understand, but we should take it very physically, as the sun is supra-aquatic (!)

The Rishis said “*Ritam*”, the “straight”, the straight ray.

*

There must be another way of “knowing” things or becoming aware of things without distorting them.

Another “milieu” of knowledge without refraction.

It is perhaps a milieu where everything is *given* without seeking it—it springs forth or imposes itself spontaneously and absolutely—simply: IT IS. And it is like that.

*

In that “supra-aquatic” milieu, death does not exist—*cannot* be. It is antinomic (!) we could say. It is another “Nomos”.

*

It is sure that all that is understandable and “convincing” (!) only at the experimental level—you must be completely convinced not to explode!

If you are *in* the illusion of the “broken stick”, well, you break or you are broken, quite simply.

There must be only ONE.

Tad ekam.

*

There must be a vast world of difference between the twisted existence and the straight existence...

*

Afternoon

It is a cataract of Supreme Fire.

It is crazy.

It is miraculous.

The Divine Hour is here.

*

The Supreme Grace in action.

*

If it can happen in—pass through—this matter, what is going to happen in the rest of Matter?



April 17, 1985

The people of the next tea field threaten to come to cut the trees and occupy a portion of our land.

On all sides, the signs accumulate.

Yes, Mother did say: “*Everything* is at war with you.”

The two extremes become more and more extreme.

We feel that we approach a turning point.

*

Vision

Last night (from April 16 to 17) I was in a big cave at the seaside

(as it seemed, because I could not see the outside). I heard the thunderous noise that the waves make when they rush into a cave, but I could not yet see the waves, because the entry of the cave was elbow-shaped. It seemed that the tide was rising. I had taken refuge at the bottom of the cave on the highest accessible rock—it seemed to me that I was very small, naked, and very white.

Of course, to be at the bottom of a cave when the sea rises...

I could hear the thunderous sound of the waves rushing in.

The assault of life? of the world?

A precarious situation.

*

Afternoon

Such impossible and... incomprehensible—sublime—things are happening that I cannot say anything.

As if, somewhere, it were said: “Yes, they wanted to impede You, Mother (by putting you in the tomb), but all the same, you are finishing Your Work.”

Your Victory on the Earth.

*

An innumerable little smile (almost mischievous) which makes it bearable, “possible”—as if it changed its nature.

*

Evening

On April 4, 1985, something has truly landed on the earth. I see it day after day.

*

What is also really extraordinary is that you are in the throes of a sort of transmutation or I don't know what for almost two hours, then three minutes later you go and take a walk in the forest as if nothing had happened! (Except that you are a little dazed or dumbfounded, but you are alone, so it is all right). It is strange.

There is something fabulous and quite non-understood in all that—there is a Fable and you understand nothing of it. But you *know* that there is a Fable (which means that the *body* is astounded as in front of something fantastic that it understands better than I do, but that it does not know how to say).

*

If I began to levitate or to transport myself through space, it would be quite “understandable”—which means that it would be of the old understanding and an “improvement” (?) of the old state.

But it is much more for-mi-da-ble than all that. And this is what is incomprehensible.

*

After all, the “levitation” of the fish is the beginning of the bird!—but it is STILL in the old evolutionary system.

This is NEW.

It is a New Evolution—there is no parallel.

*

It is the *physical* nature that changes, that which has existed for some four and a half billion years.

And yet it is material.

(The old physical nature of my neck continues to be very painful!)



April 18, 1985

Vision

Last night, I saw something the meaning of which I don't yet understand very well.

I was coming out of the "downstairs room" (it was situated in no physical place that I know) and I wanted to go to the "upstairs room". So I took the staircase, climbed a few steps up to the first landing, and I was going to go on as usual, when suddenly, I nearly put my foot in empty space: there was no staircase anymore, the staircase had been removed! I was a little dumbfounded, when I turned round and saw a "new room" *below*, and there was a small blue carpet spread outside the entrance of that room, as if to show me the way (not a luxurious carpet: rather an ordinary jute carpet, but blue) I told myself: "Well, now the two rooms (that which I was coming from and the "new room") are downstairs—there is no need to climb up anymore." That is all. I mainly remember my surprise when I wanted to climb up as usual, and then... the stairs had been stolen (or removed)! And now the two rooms were on the same level, on the ground floor.

Obviously, those rooms which changed level and the disappearing staircase must symbolize a new functioning or a change of functioning in my being—but which one?

All that I know is that this morning my whole being was in a heavy, dull state, as if a spring were missing—it did not function as usual, but I could not say what did not function. Simply, it was

heavy, thick—a little dazed.

*

We must let ourselves be modelled as They want—and *in any case*, we understand nothing of it! We will understand only when it is finished.

*

I surmise that that “upstairs room” is that of my habitual mind.

*

Evening

Quietly seated near me, my Douce sees that Egyptian jackal-headed god, front view, bronze coloured, with several rings of blue light encircling his head—the first and the most luminous of the rings was situated between his eyes and his muzzle, just in front of his face; the others, more blurred but also blue, were higher, above his head.

It reminds my Douce of Mother’s vision: the God of the Dead, Anubis.

Anubis surrounded by blue light...???

*

Mother had told me that I had a special relation with that God of the Dead... (I have even the impression that she had spoken of “fusion”).¹²

It is unexpected, that God who reappears now... (?)

*

Indian Express, April 17, 1985

¹² See *Mother’s Agenda I*, October 30, 1960.

“EROTIC ASCETIC”

The god Shiva, revered by thousands of Indians, has been depicted as an “erotic ascetic” by the committee organizing the Festival of India, which will take place in France and in the United States this year.

Revealing this fact to the *Lok Sabha* today, M.K.P. Unnikrishnan (from the Congress S) said that this introduction to the god Shiva had been included in the programme of the festival presented by the President of the organizing committee, Mrs Pupul Jayakar. (...)

Mr Unnikrishnan has given the programme containing the offending reference to Shiva to the President of the Assembly, Mr Balram Jakhar.

What has India fallen into! They have thrown their soul into the dustbin.



April 19, 1985

I have a little the sensation of having lost the steering of my boat.
(It is very unpleasant for a sailor.)

*

Afternoon

The “coffin” continues to go through the blaze.

There are no limits anymore, no impossibility anymore—you are in a sort of cataclysm without “I”, you are simply a kind of molten matter. There is only THEM, and that’s all.

It is mainly that: there is no longer anything to feel that “it is not possible”—if there were anything to feel that “this is not possible”, it

would really not be possible—it would be death. But nothing, nothing exists, not even oneself: one is, it is divine molten matter.

The “limit” does not exist anymore—there is only THEM. So they can bear the whole universe and all the burstings of all universes—what is it! It is THEM, always.

The blaze is THEM, and what happens in the blaze is THEM.

*

But where does all that lead?...

(It is not my business.)

*

Evening

Obviously, there is a “material I” that is dissolved, otherwise it would not be possible.

Usually, that “material I” dissolves only at the time of death.

*

What is very reassuring in all that is the mechanical (or thermodynamic!) side. If there were “ecstasies”, I would be suspicious (!)

(I feel that Krishna is laughing!)

Perhaps I don’t realize that it *is* ecstasy in action!

“Yes, my friend, wait a little and you’ll see what my ecstasies can do!”

*

Nevertheless, I like Shiva.



April 20, 1985

Your simple
simplicity
pure.



April 21, 1985

Vision

Last night, I saw this (noting that Sujata represents India for me, symbolically—and it is true, India is like my spouse), (who makes me angry because I love her).

I was on the landing of some place somewhere, as though on the first floor, and there was a closed door. In front of that closed door, my luggage had been put. In my mind, it was “her” (Sujata). I was shocked and pained, and I was going to try to open the door, then I told myself: “It’s useless; if she does not want me, I have only to go away.”

There were three or four suitcases at the door, and all those suitcases were very orange in colour, really orange like the fruit.

I told that to Sujata. She told me that the orange baggage is the symbol of the new sadhana or of the work that “I have done” and which “they” don’t want, because it disturbs.

Let’s see the facts.

It is a great anguish or pain in my heart.

I have a love quarrel with India. First because they have rejected Sri Aurobindo and Mother.

*

The Hindu, April 20

TRIBUTE TO THE VICTIMS

Tel Aviv: Rush-hour traffic was suddenly brought to a halt and people stopped walking, lowering their heads, when wailing sirens announced the annual two-minute silence in tribute to the six millions Jewish victims of the Nazi holocaust. Eminent Israelis, furious with Mr Ronald Reagan's project *to visit, a cemetery in West Germany in May, where members of Hitler's S.S. assault squads are buried*, declared that the holocaust should not be forgotten.

Traffic in the towns of Israel looked like a frozen picture at 8 a.m., when, with the wailing sirens, drivers stopped in the middle of the street, getting out of their cars to stand at attention.

(underlined by Satprem)

We are no longer on the "earth of men".



April 22, 1985

I have the impression
that Mother is taking shape
materially.

*

(Extract from a letter to Kireet)

The work is progressing—nothing remains static in this world, above all not the worst, but Hope also grows. Now I understand *everything*—I am *living* the process. So I touch, really with pain and

in detail, all that Sri Aurobindo and Mother must have gone through...

But what They have sown WILL BE.

*

Evening

If one human being, that is, one human tomb, succeeds in letting itself be purely traversed by her, then She will come out.

Such is my simple feeling.

And She will establish the divine reign on the Earth.



April 23, 1985

Now, it is the forest guards who come to tell us that one of our boundary markers is not “correct”—at this point, it is really interesting to see the game of those microscopic material forces which gather from all sides, to attack our place, as if they had rung each other up... It is astonishing.

All the forces that dominate Matter come out of their holes.

Then you really understand the CRUEL DOMINATION. The Mafia that reigns on the Earth. And why and how Sri Aurobindo and Mother have been so ruthlessly torn to pieces. “My gaping wounds are a thousand and one.”

You can touch *anything*, except Death.

They even encourage you to earn your salvation in heaven.

They make me understand things *well* —I am very grateful for those “object lessons”.

*

They imagine that one must go to the galaxies to see “great things”, but the game of those microscopic little material forces (caught red-handed, we could say) is a formidable *revelation*—unmasking, laying bare—of the untruthful “reality” that dominates Matter. The formidable, microscopic Gestapo.

*

Evening

Tooth abscess.

Matter is angry (I insulted the staphylococci the other day!)

I'll have to go to town tomorrow.

*

There is all that complicity of the old Matter with the general Death...

Can this old Matter change, or is it the other that will take the lead? But how? By which passage?

If we burn the “coffin”, what *remains*?

What remains is what is inside!

(It is almost becoming a detective story!)



April 24, 1985

Evening

All the old life is trampled on, almost with ferocity.

I don't know why they tear my heart to pieces like that.

It must please someone?

It is that pleasure in inflicting harm that I find atrocious in this creation—it is the only thing that I cannot understand. It hurts me, it hurts me physically.

And what use is it to say it?

I have been saying it for forty-two years.

*

Sometimes, one would like to be nobody anymore.

But it is Death that speaks and tempts.

And the atoms form again—the world is full of family men! And someone else, one day, if not my brother, will find himself in the *same* horror—which undoes everything.

*

Metaphysics is a mortal trap, the evil must be undone at the physical level. That's all. If we can...



April 25, 1985

Obviously, those forces want to kill me and they use any means: all the threads of my being that can vibrate under their blows. It is a fact, that's the end of it. If the least thing hurts you, they plunge their knife exactly where this "least thing" is. This is also a fact. And the smaller the wound is, the greater the penetrating power.

The greater power of Death, always, is that it makes you feel like dying—the weariness, the war of attrition.

What is the use of saying: "oh, they are nasty, oh! they are cruel"...—a breaker is made of one billion breaking particles.

If you make metaphysics, you sink.

*

Vision

Last night, at one point, I saw myself searching the sand, as on the coast when the tide is out (but it was not dry, there were perhaps five or ten centimetres of water). And I was taking out, or wanted to take out a sort of big crab with my hands (a kind of common crab), which naturally was defending itself, when someone near me (I always suspect that that “someone” is my “superior double”, and that I am the “worker”) held out a little branch to me, on which there were still green leaves, and he told me: “Look, make it bite this, and once it has it in its claws, it will not let go of it and you’ll be able to pull it.”

There was also a little tortoise with pink geometric designs—I unburied it at the same time as the common crab, but it hid immediately. I wonder what a tortoise was doing in the seabed! a pink tortoise.

Perhaps the “tortoise” is immortality, and the “common crab” is Death!

It was very small, with a round back—it seemed very pretty. I saw it only in a flash.

*

On reflection, it is curious, all the same, to unbury Death and immortality simultaneously... (!)

*

What is that little branch that I was putting in Death’s claws?

(Note:) I have a vague, very vague impression that it was a branch of jasmine with its spearhead-shaped little leaves—but I don’t know.

*

There is also another paradox: why are these cells, which are the place of death, also and simultaneously the place of the Fire that can destroy death? (“That can”, I don’t know, but I know that it is where it takes place, where the operation unfolds).



April 26, 1985

Vision

In the middle of the night and of the nightmare of the Earth, the whole body was a prayer, a supplication, so intense an incantation for THAT TO CHANGE.

At one point, there was a “shift of sector”, and I don’t know what that means, but I held (or one held) a big white sheet of paper in front of me and I tore that white sheet into two, or it was torn in front of me—I could see the black, somewhat zigzag tear in the middle of that sheet. It was almost as big as a sheet of newspaper.

It was very sudden and unexpected.

A big black tear.

*

Afternoon

I don’t know what is happening, but it is so formidable, so unbearable—and yet IT IS. The whole body feels: She is materializing. Here is the hour of Truth—the Divine Time.

That Power, oh!...

How is it possible?

Unless this matter is another Matter. Unless this material I belongs to somebody else—everything is something else, it is an impossibility to be “I” in that, it is not the same Matter!

*

I don't know, perhaps it is what remains inside when the “coffin” has burned or is burning...



April 27, 1985

Always that sensation of having lost the steering of my boat, as if I no longer knew what to do in the most ordinary, daily situations. Yes, the sensation that my habitual hold on matter or on material situations is slipping from my grasp. Constantly, on any occasion, it is: “I don't know”, or “I don't see clearly”.

I tell myself (to comfort or reassure myself): to see clearly = to see the broken stick in water, to see the whole existence distorted. I no longer see anything in there, I no longer know anything in there. Almost: I no longer understand.

I speak of very material situations: what must be done with the people of the tea field, what must be done with the foreign office in the capital, what must be done with the French Consulate for the renewal of my “consular card”. Everything seems muddled, confused, twisted. As if I no longer knew how to swim in all that.

What am I going to do to untwist a stick that is not broken!?

It is like an unreal complication.

*

It was shown to me that the “room upstairs” was now downstairs,

with a pretty little blue carpet to show me the way, but I don't yet understand the functioning—perhaps it functions automatically!

(I had also been shown that “rocky cave” that I tried to climb up by gripping tiny rough bits with my fingertips—and I slipped...)

Everything is shown to me *in advance* with a marvellous Solicitude. That, is a grace on the groping path.

And it is curious, the language of those visions is like little drawings for children!—it is very simple, very material, and very unexpected.

You understand *after*.

And nobody could have invented that, except a super-sage... who looks at a child. (I think that I know who this super-sage is.)

Sometimes he plays with riddles.

*

Evening

We are in Ignorance, we are in Sorrow. Oh! something else is needed, another reign, another Life on the Earth.

*

As long as we are in the human Fishbowl, death *exists* and the “stick” is really broken. We must WORK to get out of that Horror.

We must follow the Great Channel, whatever the cost.



April 28, 1985

The discovery of that “micro-Gestapo” is quite a formidable discovery, whose universal (global in any case) power I measure more

and more. It is like the central vice, the central (and innumerable) evil, the leprosy or the central cancer which has taken possession of the whole Matter.

Since it is microscopic, nobody notices it.

It is like those very small, tiny cockroaches, which are found everywhere in India and which hide their microscopic eggs in every corner—once they are settled in the corner of a house, you can only set it on fire.

Those are microscopic vicious forces, like the countless particles of the breaking wave—you see the wave and its final devastation, but you don't see the trillions of particles which compose that wave.

They are the first roots of Mind in Matter—that which replaced the animal instinct. (More exactly, we should say: they are the first recordings of Matter, or the first equipment to mark and store the experiences of Life in Matter.)

And it has a *hypnotic* power on Matter.

It goes hand in hand with the first roots of Life in Matter: it is the first mode of *perception* of Life. It plays its part rather well with the animal, but it reveals its perverse and basically twisted nature with man.

A first micro-organism perceived: this hurt me, that fed me—those are the first recordings of Matter or its first barriers and its first modes of digestion and aggression. It is already the blockhouse, with its pointing gun.

It is the physical basis of Life. The “coffin” is perhaps this.

Those who have less effective “guns” than the others have a still more noxious weapon: grow and multiply. Like cancer.

It swarms in Matter.

So it is the micro-perversion of *everything*. To digest, to attack, to multiply, such is the “moral code”.

This is all that lives of Death—that is, the whole of life!

Man only added “refinements” to it (and a few “laws” to harden the Blockhouse even more).

It reminds me of Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri*:

... a weird and pigmy world
Where this unhappy magic has its source
On dim confines where Life and Matter meet.

(II.IV.154)

And also:

Inflicting still its habit on the cells
The Phantom of a dark and evil start
Ghostlike pursues all that we dream and do

(II.IV.158)

*

This is the origin of the Gestapo.

*

Yes, it is the whole System that must be changed, Mother would say.

I really think that it is what is being done—visibly since April 4.

*

But simultaneously, as the body discovers and touches this micro-Gestapo, it kindles in it such a burning supplication, as if it lived again, cellularly, everywhere, everywhere, that atrocity that it has lived for one year and a half at the age of twenty. As if the body cried out: I have lived, I have lived for forty-two years after that to UPROOT that out of all my cells, of all my atoms, of all my human being.

So it burns.

Because it KNOWS.

And it so much understands, *cellularly*, what Sri Aurobindo and Mother came to do—for it, it has a BURNING—and deep meaning.

*

Afternoon

The body throws itself into the blaze of that big red Eye with such a total YES...

And may life be freed from that Falsehood.

*

Evening

The whole question is to know if it is this old twisted Matter that transforms itself or if it is “another Matter” that forms—what “remains inside” when the coffin has burnt?

I think that it is rather the “what remains inside” which seems to be “another Matter”, so different it is from that perverse obscurity.

Perhaps the question is not put properly: Matter has always been what it is—an unknown to us—and the “coffin” is the false “life” that applied itself to it or wrapped it. It is death that took hold of true Matter.

Matter does not “transform” itself, it frees itself.

Matter is the last unknown.

*

We are always mistaken because when we say “Life”, it is actually death. We no more know what “Life” is than we know what “Matter” is.

Let's burn the coffin and we will have the key to the enigma—
living.

*

In other words: we are not yet BORN.
We are still in the limbo of the evolution of Death.

*

A powerful Delight is waiting for us.



April 29, 1985

I don't know
what is weighing on me.

*

A refinement of cruelty.
Until when?

*

Evening

Sujata draws a being with tears of blood.
They are not in my eyes, they are in my heart.
If it were not indecent, I would scream.
Why? Why *this*?

*

No beast is cruel like that. So where is the evolutionary source of
that horror? Death, we understand, but *that*?

*

In Europe, they are preparing to celebrate the fortieth anniversary
of the “end” of the war and the concentration camps...



The end...

Where is the beginning?

*

When Mother said “this one”, it had a very deep meaning.

They all want to blame the Germans and hang the ancient SS—but who is going to hang them in their nest? Because they have put their little Chinese, Russian, German or American barbed wire, they imagine that the Earth is made of different “countries”, like the territories of Apes, but they don’t see *the body* of the Earth, even from their satellites, and they don’t understand or don’t want to understand that the “Nazi illness” is in the body of the Earth and that we must go and uproot it *there*.

Why did this illness come out through the German part of the body rather than in the other parts?... It is another question, but I find and have found that the Gestapo was *everywhere*, under one mask or another.

It is not a “German aberration”, it is a “human” aberration (and this “human” is really a so-called human, more and more).

PS: I don’t know the difference between those Gentlemen of the *rue des Saussaies* and those other gentlemen of the dungeons of the Inquisition?

I put nobody on trial—I look for the radical Cure.

What is the use of putting a bandage or a condemnation on a case of typhus? Typhus itself sentences you to death very well.

... *a weird and pigmy world*

... *on dim confines where Life and Matter meet.*



April 30, 1985

With a new “comprehension”, it is as if those billions of cells that have been—and still are—in contact with Death, Cruelty, the Great Misery, offered themselves, spread out one by one and all together in that Blaze, that great Ray, so that through them and by each one of the billions of them, the Great Misery of the Earth is cleansed, purified from that Horror, that pigmy and cruel swarming—so that this unhappy ball, this single Body is delivered.

Then it was no longer their sorrow, their misery, their personal pain—it was spreading like a symbolic doll for the Ray to traverse the billions and billions of little bodies of the great Earth.

*

Yes, like magic in reverse.

*

This morning, it was a revolution in my body.

It was no longer their personal business, it was no longer their personal pain! It was no longer their personal past. It was the whole human concentration camp.

*

Afternoon

A formidable white Boiler.

Always that sensation that Mother is materializing.

Things are coming.



May

May 1, 1985

“Life” means many fibres, many strings, like a harp, which vibrate unceasingly and penetrate deeply into bygone lives.

That is the central difficulty.

The first device of perception and recording of life’s disastrous experiences—the others have vanished! without a trace.

These are *all* notes of disaster.

Disaster is the root of *all* notes.

It is *there* that something got twisted, perverted and perpetuated.

The slightest breath of air, the lightest touch, vibrates on these strings and goes back to Thebes, or further... a “further” heavy with all the disasters—which is probably always the *same*. One would have to go back to the amino-acids.

So, one always suffers from a pain that has vanished.

Perhaps, this is what the Indians call “Karma”.

But “Karma” is four billion years old.

*

Well, for instance, I met the Gestapo in many unexpected beings who had nothing to do with that grim story, but I *recognized the note*. I had touched that note and I can *recognize* it wherever it is, under any garb and with any “accompaniment”.

Those are NOTES.

Once we have touched the note, it vibrates or continues to be forever—we have touched many-many notes throughout our lives... and we recognize them, and they hurt.

And then, some notes are of such an intensity!...

For most people, it is a sort of confused indistinct cacophony, like a subway train passing by, and they must be hit hard to become aware of it, but there are some sharper ears or more “extended” keyboards.

There are some very old keyboards... which have a little of all the notes.

I am in the middle of that evil concerto, where all the “notes” are ingrained in Matter.

P.S. It is absolutely like the teeth in the jaw; you are not aware that they are so well planted until someone pulls them out.

*

The great coffin must be com-ple-te-ly burned.

*

(Sometimes I have a vague intuition about the reason the Nazi disease manifested in the country of the greatest musicians...)(And why the Japanese, those people with such a great refinement of Beauty, gave injections of typhus to their prisoners in Mukden... when you know what typhus is, it is dreadful.)

*

A WHALE'S TRAGIC END

Mumbai, April 29

A sea giant died moaning like a child in an unknown village of Gujarat.

“It was a 17 meter long whale who breathed its last after it had swallowed lime containers thrown off a small motorboat it was pursuing by the panicked crew,” as

explained to P.T.I. by M. Gogate, a renowned taxidermist of Baroda.

“As it reacted with water, the lime must have started to boil inside the whale’s body, making it difficult for it to swim.” The huge mammal, beached on the shore of a village in the Bharuch District about three months ago, literally cried for hours, suffering atrocious pains, until death came and set it free.

Where is the Gestapo?



May 2, 1985

There is a rage within the smallest details of Matter—yes, each of the particles of the great wave. The “micro-Gestapo”.

The mechanism is now seen-lived-known—one must undergo. And hold on.

It is as if I had touched the great Devil.

*

After all, it is a grace to have laid bare this horrible mechanism.

Now I will perhaps be able to put it through the fire with full knowledge of the facts.

It may shake.

*

There is You.

*

Afternoon

Things are *being* done.

*

Evening

A conjunction is needed for things to happen.

A conjunction is made of thousands of elements which we don't know and which must, *all*, and each of them, reach the required point.

It is like the planets that wander and then, at intervals, from time to time, there is a conjunction.

When the time of the Conjunction comes, it *occurs* in one second.

*

But one can also, “locally”, by the pressure of microscopic circumstances, measure the approach of the Conjunction.

Sometimes, in *one* point, one can read the whole.

Because *everything* is in each point.

If that sole point, in this room, can change, all the rest is affected.



May 3, 1985

It is all of death which is burning—everything it has built up in an animal body since cells began to exist.

Perhaps one day the “Boiler” will become absolutely natural, as natural as the rising sun.

Then it will be another life—and maybe everything will be the same!!

*

Still, the “natural Boiler” will perhaps not tolerate the multiplication of the little non-human egos for long.

They are the ones who are going to stop being “natural”!

*

Evening

I suddenly have a kind of impression or intuition (which is based on nothing, except a groping perception) that Sri Aurobindo dug *deeper* than the Vedic Rishis and touched a fundamental layer that they hadn't reached.

In all their “hymns”, something is missing—which does not tell, precisely, what happens now. As if they had stopped at the level of the vital Subconscient—but I really don't know.

Yes, “*dig deeper...*” says Sri Aurobindo in *A God's Labour*—and I really think that this “*deeper*” is the bottom layer, where the Boiler comes into action.

They knew the “*Mighty Waters*”, but not this Boiler, it seems.

In *fact*, I am certain about it but that cannot be put into irrefutable equations—equations are for later on.

*

Two or three days ago, I suddenly had the impression that the earth was in such a contradiction, at such a human *dead-end*, that it would take very little for the barriers to fall.

It is the little drawing of my Douce which makes me note that down.

They are all in search of fake miracles. When the true, simple, appears...



May 4, 1985

(Note from X)

The forest warden came: in fact, the whole line of fence should be moved.

Our place is attacked on three sides at the same time: to the East by the fire a few weeks ago, to the South by the people of the tea field who are threatening and blackmailing us, and now to the North by the corrupted so-called forest “wardens” (who want money) and who want us to move all of the fence that we had to put to protect ourselves from the depredations of the village further down...

What does it mean?

One could think that they all agreed.

*

I have been shown my (orange!) suitcases at the entrance door...

Go where?

I am not worried: I am puzzled.

Anyway, if we must leave, this means that Sri Aurobindo and Mother have a Plan and that it is the best possible for the work.



May 5, 1985

(I went round the fence)

Everything inside our “fence” is green and growing, and just on the border everything is eaten away as if by rats.

They want to eat away everything, this is the “law”.

*

Forty years ago to the day I imagined I was leaving the concentration camps.

I was coming out of a lice-ridden shed and I had typhus.

*

O Lord, *You* know, *You* know...

One would so much like to root out that Horror, at least out of one patch of that human Matter—*one* patch.

A patch for You, purely.

A patch where You may land and reconquer the Light of the Earth, the Truth of the Earth, the Beauty of the Earth.

*

Everything becomes so poignant.

*

Noon

Vision

Last night I had a symbolic dream the meaning of which seems clear to me.

It was like a hotel. I was entering a room and the previous tenant

had left all kinds of things. There was a sort of food safe (I think so) and in the middle of some vague and indiscernible things, were a few lumps of sugar and some left-over food which seemed still good to me. There was also, strangely, a branch (a small branch), all black like coal and dry, with a few entirely black seeds hanging from it. I wanted to pick up the lumps of sugar and the good “leftovers” and give them to the lady of the house or the Hotel manager. I said to myself: “It must not be lost, it must not be wasted”—that was worrying me, or that was my worry. I can still see myself picking up the lumps of sugar.

I think that the “previous tenant” was a human tenant!

But that ugly black branch with its black “fruits”...

I picked up the “leftovers”.

If we wait for too long, everything will be rotten.

It was not clear if I was entering that room or coming out of it.

*

Afternoon

It is almost a torture.

One feels that the whole body is going to be pulverized.

But it knows it is You.

It calls the Divine Victory on the Earth.

*

Evening

That May 5th has *always* been a false liberation for me.

I became a Sannyasin on a May 8th and burned everything—but

that was also a false liberation.

I started this yoga of Matter on a May 14th...

The *Earth* must be liberated. There is no other liberation.



May 6, 1985

I can see, exposed, what human life is resting on and the source of its unfortunate perversion.

*

Evening

I am undergoing an operation that I do not understand.

How is it that the body is not pulverized? How can it bear such Power? How can the heart and life go on under these conditions? It is incomprehensible. It is beyond all human conditions, and yet a human body bears it and lives it. So?

It is as if there were another body and another Matter inside that physiological and medical carapace.

But how does the old carapace bear that?

Either all its medicine and its physiology and its laws are untrue, illusory, false, or, “logically”, it should burst and die of it.

It is a surprise bordering on a miracle.

I am not surprised at the other Power or the other Matter, but I am surprised that the old carapace does not dissolve.

Is the “other Matter” not the *same* Matter, but stripped of its physiological, medical, legal and evolutionary conventions—well, the whole “System” as *we* understand it.

We understand it that way and *we* live it that way, but the reality is different.

The “carapace” is what *we* understand! It is the coffin which is burning.

There was no coffin! It is the physiological and medical and scientific coffin of *our understanding*.

*

The Fish too had its way of “understanding”.

A mutation in a species is when there is a hole in its understanding (!)

The New is edging through the hole.

*

The “understanding” in a given species is situated where the current habit of life is caught up in Matter.

Those are fixed habits.

The “hole” in the understanding (or in the habit) is usually made under the pressure of contrary or difficult circumstances, but it can be made willingly—if one is not caught in the scientific trap.

It only needed someone to make the first “hole” (!)... and to realize that one does not die of it!

*

All I know is that in the “far reaches of Life and Matter”, something is burning so powerfully that one feels, has the sensation that everything is going to be pulverized.

This “something” is perhaps the habit of dying—and that’s where one comes to the Reality of Matter.

Death covers the Reality of Matter.



May 7, 1985

It is as if this Matter, this body were becoming SOMETHING ELSE!!

Materially different, substantially different!

There is suddenly a passage... and then it is SOMETHING ELSE—a passage no more explainable than a smile.

*

In the forest

That is to say that one undergoes, the body undergoes that Formidable Boiler, and then suddenly (it is very subtle), it is no more “one undergoes” or “the body undergoes”, it is something else—it is like someone else or like another body, another Matter for which there is no more “undergoing”.

It is like an impossible barrier that is crossed, like that, as if with a smile (but I do not know what it is).

It becomes *different, materially* different.

*

In the childlike simplicity of the heart, I would say, “Mother is materializing”—but I do not know, I do not know anything. Yet, it is as if the body knew!

*

And then there is no more “impossible” at all.

Matter *is not* scientific (!)

*

Yes, maybe it is Matter's "scientific" crust which is falling off.

It is our inborn materialism which is falling off—the "I feel, I live, I am" in certain well known conditions, so well-known that they are like the air we breathe.

And then it is *no longer the same*.

*

But I would not know how to say what is no longer the same—it is unknown. It is an unknown barrier. It is not my old matter that goes there! it is *another* matter, or else one is passing into another matter. Not even "one" is passing, because what is passing!?!—it becomes SOMETHING ELSE.

A Trans-materialization?

(I talk perhaps like the broken stick which is surprised not to be broken!)

It tells itself "Come on, am I another stick? or is it another stick? yet I am the same!"

And the "passage" is something as subtle and unexplainable as going through the surface of water.



May 8, 1985

Vision

It is so crazy, really crazy, that I do not know if I must note it down... but early this morning, just before waking up, I saw

something so strange or crazy... I suddenly saw a minuscule baby (almost a foetus) lying on the ground, his head hanging over the edge of a quay! Then I called “my mother” to help him out or ask her how that baby could be left like that, his head hanging over the edge of the quay—had he made the slightest move, he would have fallen.

It was a minuscule baby (I do not know, I have never seen a baby at birth, but he was hardly more than 30 cm long!) but he was well formed, normal, with his tiny hands closed like a sleeping baby, and his head perfectly formed, hanging over the edge of the quay! But he was of a wax-like colour, absolutely white-white, not pink like babies. He was not moving at all, as tranquil as if he were sleeping.

Then (but it is absolutely crazy) I suddenly found myself (me-me) on the ground, lying on the edge of the quay and I was calling Sujata because I was about to slip into the void and I was like someone in a deep sleep or in a trance, who could not move, and I was calling Sujata to pull me because I felt that I was slipping without being able to move...!!*

It is crazy.

And it was the edge of a quay, as if in a harbour: I recognize those big slabs, like those of a Breton harbour. It was a harbour. But all I could see was this minuscule baby (almost a foetus!) all white and immobile, his head hanging over the edge of the quay, and it was dangerous, he could slip, and I was saying to myself or to “my mother”: why is that baby left like that! And I was helping him out, or my mother was helping him out.

* I was wearing my dark blue cape.

It is crazy!*

*

The “new being” which is landing!

But it is crazy!

Yet I am not “off my rocker”, I feel normal and with my common sense!

What surprised me above all was the dangerous position of the baby, his head hanging over the edge of the quay, and then his minuscule size—I do not know: no more than 25 to 30 cm, like a doll! But perfectly formed. And all white.

I still feel completely staggered by what I have seen, and I want to note it down immediately.

It is funny the way I feel *dumbfounded*... as if I had really seen or lived something absolutely staggering.

I still feel shaken one hour later.

*

Afternoon

There is no death.

There is You.

*

This afternoon, I could exactly measure the phenomenon.

The body was in that Boiler and it was *offering* itself with all its

* I remember that vision of April 1st, “my mother’s” voice: “You keep the baby waiting...”

heart, it was *giving* itself with all its being—as if it were telling Mother: I give you all-all in order that *You* may be; I give you my life, my breath, my body in order that *You* may be, that the divine Victory on the Earth may be... It was like an immolation of oneself, an offering, a sacrifice—a Total Surrender in a thirst for change, for Mother's Victory on the Earth...

And all the time—that is, for one hour and a quarter—I felt that *behind* that prayer, that surrender, that total offering, something was *overcoming* death: yes, I am ready for anything, even dying. And then, suddenly, there was something like a reversal in the body:

But THERE IS NO DEATH

There is You!

And it was like the crossing of the waters—everything was the same, the Boiler was the same, the Formidable intensity was the same, but it was not the same thing anymore, it was no longer an aspiration *on a base of death*: death did not exist! there was *no need* to “offer one's life”, there was *no need* to be “ready for anything”—all that was the effort, the prayer to overcome something which *did not exist*.

And then, in that *same* Boiler, it was no longer the same thing: it was Peace, Tranquillity—it was You!

Then I understood that it was the *root of death* in the body's cells which was burning, dissolving and... poof! One is on the surface. There is no death! It does not exist! And *everything is the same* in that Boiler, but everything is changed!

Everywhere-everywhere in those myriad cells, it was an intensity of prayer and surrender and offering *to overcome death*. And suddenly: there is no death to overcome! It does not exist! And it is like pushing

off from the bottom when you are under water: you emerge. Everything is the same but death is no more!

It is an inexplicable miracle in the whole body: everything shifts without knowing how, or crosses an invisible barrier, and then... but there is no death! There is You.

It is LIVED-lived-lived. And lived in billions of cells at the same time, like something falling off.

It is Death that is falling off

*

Yes, it is the “broken stick” which comes out of water and quite simply finds itself straight again.

But it has *to be lived*.

Or rather: it has to be *died*, one must die to death—this is it! This is what Mother meant. One dies to death—and then *it does not exist!!* What is there to be “overcome”, what is there to be “offered”, what is there to be “sacrificed” indeed? It is *death* that is sacrificed!

*

It was like the day I made the pyre of the Sannyasin, and I threw my life into the pyre, that May 8, 1958—and in the same way today, this May 8, 1985, I threw myself into the pyre, with my whole body—and then it was *death* I threw into the pyre, not “my life”!!

Do we understand?

It is the death of death in the body’s cells.

It is the coffin that is burning.

*

In the forest

For one hour and a quarter I was in the sacrifice of life, and then suddenly, it was the sacrifice of death!

I cannot believe it.

(85 is the exact opposite of 58!)¹²

*

It is absolutely “staggering”!

*

And it is that simultaneous and inexpressible sensation, in billions of cells, of “something falling off”—really like “ticks” full of blood which are falling off!

All the “bugs” of Death.

*

It looks like a very central experience (if it lasts.)

Is it that, the “baby who is landing”?

*

(This is “what is left inside” when the coffin has burned!)

*

Evening

¹² May 8, 58: I became a Sannyasin

May 5, 45: Liberation

May 25, 59: My Douce

May 19, 73: Last meeting with Mother

May 14, 82: We will try

May, that month... of great turning points.

A detail, all the same rather curious, is that today I learned (this very evening, via the U.S.) that my publisher, Robert Laffont, made the first payment for my liberated *Sannyasin* (from Auropress!).

There are odd “beyond time” cross-verifications and precisions of a rather staggering meticulousness.

As if the roads out of Time crossed the roads of Time at the exact minute.

What does the mathematician have to say about that?

The world is a perpetual coincidence of roads that escape us.

*

India celebrates the centenary of the “Congress” and, according to them, the New History, it is Mr Pandit Nehru who spoke for the first time, in 1927, of India’s “Independence”.

Sri Aurobindo... does not exist.

India is a great scandal eaten away by termites.

The Hindu, May 7

Inaugurating the dazzling ceremony [of the Centenary of the Congress Party], in the vast air-conditioned stadium built for the Asian Games in 1982, the party’s president and Prime Minister, Mr Rajiv Gandhi, said: “I am very proud to be associated with the celebrations of the centenary, and proud of the sacrifices that my family has made for the country: Motilal Nehru, Jawaharlal and Indira Gandhi gave their lives for the nation.”

This is really the time of impostors.

*

O Lord, they do not want your music.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Satprem saw the Baby on the quay

Listen, I saw something absolutely crazy.

Last night?

This morning very early, just before waking up.

Really, I'm still amazed about it. I don't know why it made such an impression on me, really... I'm going to tell you about it, but it seems like something absolutely crazy.

I suddenly saw, over the edge of a quay—over the edge of a quay as in a harbour, you see (there are big granite slabs, you know, like on a quay), a baby, a minuscule baby, with his head hanging, like that, over the edge of the quay—well, he was in a dangerous position: his head was hanging, it was like that, over the edge of the quay. And I was calling my mother to help him out, well, to not leave that baby like that (or I was myself helping him out, I don't know.)

A minuscule baby: he was no taller than that (*gesture*), he was maybe, I don't know, twenty-five, thirty centimetres long, tiny. I don't know, I haven't seen a baby at birth (I don't know how babies are at birth), but it seemed even smaller to me: twenty-five or thirty centimetres, but perfectly formed: the head, the hands... He was not moving; he was absolutely quiet, his head hanging over the edge of the quay. Completely immobile. And he was white-white like wax. He seemed fast asleep—but alive, perfectly alive. I could see his very tiny

hands: it was like a small doll, you see—but alive. And his head, his arms, everything was perfectly formed. He was microscopic, like a doll, and that wax-like colour (a colour really like wax, absolutely white—babies are usually pink), and then *minuscule*, you see. So I called my mother—I called my mother: “Come on, we must help him out, we can’t leave that baby like that; if he moves, he will fall!”

A *microscopic* baby.

And that’s not all (this is really completely crazy): Instantaneously, I saw *myself* lying on the ground at the edge of the quay, and I was slipping. I was as though in a trance or fast asleep, you see, and I felt that I was slipping; I was slipping and I couldn’t move. And I was calling, you, Sujata, to help me out.

I was at the edge of the quay, I was on that same quay—it was me, you see, (I can’t even say that I saw myself), it was me, I was like that, at the edge of a quay, and I was slipping and slipping. And I was as if in a trance or asleep: I couldn’t make a move to stop slipping. And I was calling you to pull me—you came, by the way. But I couldn’t see, you understand: I was in trance, I couldn’t see anything. Simply, it was me, lying on the ground on that quay, and I was slipping. And I was calling you to stop me from slipping.

That’s completely crazy.

But I was *staggered* by it. I don’t know why I was so much staggered by it—staggered as when one has seen something...I don’t know, crazy, insane... It shook me. I’m still... (now, I’ve had my breakfast, I’ve read the newspapers, so it has subsided a bit) but for a good hour, I was really shaken, dumbfounded.

But that’s quite simply what I saw.

Two images.

Those two images. I can't say that I could see the second one, because it was me, and I was in a trance or asleep: I couldn't see anything, I simply felt that I was on that same quay, on the ground, at the edge of something which... And I was slipping. So I was calling you, for you to pull me because I was not able to move.

So, in the second part of your vision, the child wasn't there anymore?

No, it's simply... You understand, I can't say how it happened, because there was that image so vivid of that microscopic baby, which amazed me because his head was there, really over the edge of the quay, ready to fall. But he wasn't moving: absolutely tranquil, asleep. So I called my mother to help him out. And then, I don't know how, I was immediately, on the edge of the quay (I couldn't see myself, then) but absolutely in trance and asleep. And I felt, physically then, I felt that I was slipping and was about to fall. So I called you— I called you.

What could it mean?

I can understand what it means, but, well, I don't know, I was staggered by it as if it were... as if it were an event.

(silence)

You see, you can tell yourself: it's a baby who is landing, he's there at the edge of the quay.

You can say that to yourself, you understand. It's like in a

harbour, you see, a quay (I know harbours; I could clearly see those granite slabs and his head was hanging backwards, there over the edge of the quay.) You can say to yourself: it's a baby who is landing.

And then, after that, it's as if it were me—I can't say that the baby was me, but, well, I found myself in a similar position (or so it seems, because I couldn't see it anymore, I was in a trance, I was asleep), and I felt that I was slipping. And I called Sujata to pull me, so that I did not fall.

That's what would seem logical as far as understanding. Well, those are explanations.

I didn't really grasp: that would seem logical...?

Yes, when you look at that, simply with common sense, you tell yourself: come on, what is this? Why at the edge of a quay?—well, it's something that is landing. And then he just has his head hanging, there, over the edge of a quay—that's what struck me, by the way, because I found it to be dangerous for that baby. But he wasn't moving at all, he was fast asleep, or completely quiet. But in the second part (which I couldn't see because I was in trance or asleep), it was me who was lying on the ground (I suppose that it was on the edge of the quay), and I was slipping. And I was in trance, I couldn't make a move to stop myself from slipping. So I called you.

Did the baby remind you of somebody?

Oh! Nobody, it was so microscopic! But perfectly formed, you understand.

Yes.

Perfectly alive.

With his eyes closed?

With his eyes closed, he had no hair on his head; a rather big head—“rather big”, I mean compared to... I mean a broad forehead. But he was microscopic, he was as tall as a doll—he was very tiny. But alive! Alive, and that colour: like wax, completely white. But a baby in flesh, not in wax. He wasn't moving at all.

(silence)

That... I've seen things from the New Consciousness, images—precisely, like that, images which are simple and... But that, that shook me—it amazed me.

Why did I see that...? I was astonished by it, I found it staggering. Well, I said to myself: But that's crazy!

(silence)

That's all. That's all, I didn't see anything else.

You see, suppose that this (*Satprem shows the edge of his bed*) is the quay, his head was hanging like that.

Yes, yes, it was in empty space.

He was like that.

Ah! All that?

No, simply the head, that way.

The head was in empty space.

Well, it was over the edge of the quay, there, and that (*gesture*), was in empty space! I don't know if a baby comes with his head or with his feet first when he's born? I don't know how it happens.

Both things can happen. Usually, it's the head.

Well, what I said to myself is this: a quay, why a quay? Like in a harbour, like Saint Pierre's harbour (I know quays well.) I couldn't see everything; I could only see the image of those granite slabs, and the baby. But for me, it was obviously like... It looked like a slab of Saint Pierre's quay: it was that, it was a harbour. But I couldn't see the water, I couldn't see the whole quay, I could only see that: the image. It is like an image. Or something one can see photographically: hop! in a second. And I found it very dangerous, so I called my mother to pull the baby away from there.

But you didn't see your mother?

No, it was simply that fact: I was calling my mother to come and help him out, or I was myself helping him out, I don't know; I was calling my mother. No, I didn't see my mother, I didn't see anybody.

And then, immediately after, it was me, I told you, who was like...

Yourself.

Myself. I couldn't see anything, I simply felt that my body was slipping-slipping, and that I was about to fall. And I was unable to move—like the baby in fact! But I was calling: I called Sujata so that she came... I couldn't move.

I don't know why I was staggered by it. I was dumbfounded when I

woke up.

I have often seen striking images, of one thing or another, but that seemed crazy, and at the same time reasonable—reasonable because one can manage to understand what it means. But that seemed crazy! That seemed staggering. On waking up, when I woke up, I looked at it, I was *staggered*. Really, like an event, you understand: it was a staggering event.

That's all.

(silence)

That baby was microscopic.

I don't know, but I have the impression that a baby at birth is bigger than that—yes, it's surely taller and bigger. Minuscule. But his shape, his whole body, perfectly formed: his tiny hands, his head... There was only that white-white colour.

(silence)

Well, that's all.

You know, today is May 8.

I became a Sannyasin on May 8.

On May 8? This is also the day when World War II officially ended in Europe.

On May 8?

On May 8.

I didn't know.

It was the signature of the “surrender”.

On May 8.

Yes. And on our side, May 8 is also Rabindranath Tagore’s birthday! Vaishak 25.¹³

You became a Sannyasin...?

On a May 8th, 58.

58.

(silence)

It’s strange.

And what’s strange too is the way it shook me.

8.5.85!

(long silence)

Later:

And you, didn’t you see anything last night?

Nothing last night, but the night before, I told you. This morning, I woke up as though there were a power of peace, that’s it, that’s what I can say. It was something very massive in my room, on waking up.

But the night before, I saw Mother! (Sujata looks delighted) She

¹³ Vaishak: one of the months of the Bengali calendar.

too, by the way, was in trance. When I saw her, I was sitting in front of Her: She was completely in trance. Dressed in pink, a dress with designs on it of a very tender pink and with gold too. Completely in trance. After some time, She uttered a few words which I didn't grasp. Then I got up and came very close to Her (She was very tall; even when sitting She seemed very tall.) And again She said a few words (I think I grasped the words, but on waking up it was completely gone), but I hadn't grasped at all the meaning of what She was saying. And after that, She opened her eyes, still in trance—you know, those wide eyes of Mother in trance which we sometimes saw like that: She remained in trance, but with her eyes open. And there, She was just coming out of trance, She still had her wide eyes, but She recognized me. She said to me: "Ah! you're here." And then, I can't say it in her own words, but She expressed the fact that She was very happy that it was me who was there during that experience She had in trance. And it was an experience about Beauty.

That's it, that's all I can say. I can't remember the words.

I don't know if it's connected with what I saw this morning; I don't think so.

No.

I have no idea.

Because that was yesterday morning. And this morning, what I felt was around a quarter to five. I kept quiet. And then

you told me what you have seen—I don't know if all that is connected or not.

What is surely connected is what you said: that power of peace (or whatever.)

Oh! Yes, something very... almost like Sri Aurobindo's atmosphere, you see? Not that I especially thought of Sri Aurobindo or Mother, you see, but on waking up, I felt the room full of a very powerful but peaceful Presence.

Nothing moves anymore.

Nothing moved. Of course, it was very pleasant too! But it was really powerful, you know.

Anyway, everything that has been happening for some time is CRAZY, it's madly powerful. I don't know how a body can bear that.

That's crazy.

But for months now... This is not an immobile Power: it's a Power which pours in, a creative Power. "Which pours in", I don't know how to say it: well, it goes through my body anyway, or it happens in my body.

Since January.

For a very long time in fact, but it is reaching incomprehensible proportions. I mean physiologically, one cannot understand how I'm still alive and standing on my two feet, and in a human shape, after having soaked every day, every day—and more and more—in that. It's crazy.

And for hours.

It's really like a boiler! One has the impression that all the atoms are going to vanish into thin air. It's only because I got used to it, and then the fear of death has disappeared (there's nothing like that anymore; I am beyond all that, beyond life, death—all that doesn't mean anything anymore), so I can bear it. But it's crazy: one feels that, logically, a human body should simply disintegrate.

It's an atomic boiler! One has the impression that all the atoms, all that, it's...

It's flying away.

It's atomizing! Everything is disintegrating.

It's humanly, physiologically incomprehensible—how does one manage to be alive while undergoing that.

You said it was like a bath of lava.

Several months ago it was really like lava rising, like waves of lava. Now, it's a kind of boiler—it's a boiler. The body is like a boiler. One has the impression that all the atoms, all that (I don't even talk about the cells), one has the impression that all these billions of atoms are boiling.

I can't say anything about it because it is rather like an outrageous language—it seems crazy, you understand. Each time, I'm stunned, I say to myself: but how is it that I have not disintegrated?!

But I don't move: the body is perfectly... There's no longer any feeling of death, any feeling of life—I'm not in trance, you see, I'm

perfectly awake, I hear everything. And then, if I decide that, well, it's enough: three minutes later, I'm standing up. But during all the time it lasts, it means that I am entirely in my body, awake and everything—but how can one *undergo* that? This is what is incomprehensible.

(silence)

It's no more a state... It doesn't correspond to any known and bearable human state. And yet I am not disintegrated, and I don't die of it. But it's a boiler.

It's unbearable!—By what miracle does one bear it? I don't know. Except that the body is completely surrendered and, I tell you, there's no fear, there's nothing: it's not important anymore. There's no more life, no more death: it is as though the body is given, if you wish. It has no more reactions at all; none of the reactions of fear, of self-preservation—it's beyond all life and beyond all death.

A third...

But that, it's... an abstract way to say it. All I can say is that it's not a state corresponding to human life, and yet I am not dead: I don't die. But one really feels that (it's not an imaginary sensation), one feels that the whole body, all the atoms are in a boiler—and how does it not disintegrate? One doesn't know.

Each time, I am amazed, I say to myself: “Ah! well, that's it, I'm not disintegrated.” But if it happened— of course I wouldn't be here to tell it (!), but that wouldn't surprise me, you understand. One feels that at any second everything...

Can topple.

Everything can be... I don't know what.

But "I don't care!"—or there is no "I" who "cares": it's not my business. That, entirely, in my body, it is not my business. I am simply there at Their disposal, or at the disposal of what They want. And what happens is Their business, not mine. Mine is to be...

Available.

Given, surrendered, to let Them do. That's all.

(silence)

Fine. Let's get to work.

Yes, my Doux.

Yet, I had a small question to ask you. When you are like that, completely surrendered and when that flow...

It's not even a flow anymore, it is as if it were immobile, you understand. For a long time, it was like formidable burning waves, which rose and rose into the body through the feet; now it's no more like that—yes, I feel something entering through the feet, but I have the impression that it's all of a bursting immobility. But what did you want to say?

Is it in that state that you discover things?

That I discover what?

For example, the other evening you told me that you were

discovering that Sri Aurobindo dug deeper than the Rishis.

Yes, it's like that that I reach some conclusions... Because all that happens in a consciousness... I am completely awake, you see, and after that, when I go for a walk in the forest, then I look at that... For example, the other day, suddenly I looked at that; I said to myself: But come on! I never read anything corresponding to that in the Veda. I've seen when the Rishis talk about those "Mighty Waters", then I recognized immediately: that formidable torrent, those burning waves rising one after the other—that was really... that was very dreadful. Then, I recognized their "Mighty Waters". But for one or two months, it has changed nature: these are no longer those formidable waves: one is in an almost immobile boiler. And I did not see anything corresponding to that experience in the Veda. Then I said to myself: but Sri Aurobindo, in fact, must have dug further; he must have dug a degree further or what... "*Dig deeper, go where none has gone before*"—no? Is this not what he said?

Yes, exactly.

Well, this is it. You understand, the "*deeper*", well, it is deeper than what the Rishis had reached, because nowhere in the Veda can I find the description of that kind of boiler. And the Rishis' images are of a wonderful exactitude: they would have given an image, which was perhaps not a boiler, which was perhaps something else, you see.

Yes.

But I would have recognized it—well, I don't recognize anything in

the Veda which corresponds to what I have been living for two or three months, I don't know. I don't find anything similar. And then, while I was walking in the forest, I said to myself: but Sri Aurobindo must have dug deeper—deeper than the Rishis. Well, this is what I'm living now, that "deeper": this is it, it's there, in that "deeper" that there is that kind of formidable boiler.

These are things which emerge in the consciousness. During all the time that I am in that state, there is no thought, there is nothing at all: one is annihilated, if I can say so, do you understand?

Yes.

But after that, I go for a walk in the forest, so I look at it. And most of the time I look with amazement, I say to myself: "What's happening? What is this?"

When I am lying on the ground¹⁴, there is no thought, nothing at all. One tries to let Them do, to endure—well, I can't describe it, I can't say because it is not in a comprehensible language.

Yes, *my Doux*.

Thank you very much!

Oh! Please!



May 9, 1985

¹⁴ At that time, Satprem was working while lying on the ground, on the carpet of his room.

I discover the Formidable Reality of Matter

The Wonderful Reality.

The deathly core of existence is gone

The false carapace has burned.

The True Miracle is here

The great Possible.

*

What happened yesterday was not an “experience”: it was an Event.

*

Our entire Science is a Lie.

They do not know the reality of Matter, so all the rest is crumbling. They do not have the only key which opens everything. They do not know the Foundation.

*

In the forest

They have built a deadly prison on a miraculous and almighty ocean of Delight.

*

Because the system works within the Prison, they imagine that it is the universal and “scientific” System.

This is a science of warders.

They will answer: no-no-no, the Prison is the reality.

For a start, look through my electronic microscope: don't you see all the atoms and electrons and protons of the armoured door?

Don't you see all the DNA molecules of your penitentiary programme?

And then, you know, we also made trials on rats—they die all the same.

“As if by chance”, I receive this letter today:

Sir,

I am writing to inform you that in order to complete my pension files with the national identity number (INSEE No. or Social Security No.), the National Exploitation Centre of the National Institute of Statistics and Economic Studies is requesting from me:*

- an individual record of civil status.

Therefore, I would be most obliged to you for sending me this document as soon as possible, together with the present letter.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully

The Paymaster

By power of Attorney.

*

* The electronic GPU... [The Russian secret police]. (Translators' note)]

Evening

I have the impression that a new life begins.

It is so formidably and continuously powerful, automatically here, like open sluice gates. (But open through all the body's pores, if I can say so.)



May 10, 1985

This body is living a divine transmutation.

There is not an atom of death left.

It is slowly crossing the Prison's gates.

It is going through it.

*

It is like going through the unreal network of Death.

A kind of infinitesimal progression.

It is very thick. Like an unreal... armoured door.

*

It is mysterious and Divine.

*

In the forest

Then you physically understand that if there is the slightest atom *responding* to Death, you remain caught in the network.

But from within (from inside the body) it is like a flower *growing* irresistibly towards the sun.

A thirst for the sun.

*

A formidable blossoming.

*

There is that neuralgia in the neck and in the back which remains a real problem...

*

Evening

It is really curious: in a certain way, you have the impression of *physically* going through your own body!!?

What is going through?

*

I've often had the sensation that something is gathering or materializing through the body...

No doubt, something is "transiting". ("*trans-ire*"= which is passing through, which is going through.)

What is this "physical" that goes through another physical?!!

(With just a touch of humour, a mother could wonder: what is this physical coming out of my physical?)

*

The real question (the one Mother asked herself a hundred times):

is it that old neuralgic physical that transforms itself, or does it give way to something else?

*

The Mineral would perhaps be amazed at “giving way” to something called “life”.

Life is perpetually giving birth to itself—there is perhaps another way to give birth?

*

One walks without knowing, but what matters is to walk.

The only thing certain is that there is a formidable Power which is trying to go through.

(I suddenly think of Sri Aurobindo: “*Almighty powers are shut in Nature’s cells.*”)

Yes, a formidable blossoming.



May 11, 1985

(Letter from Satprem to Catherine)

Little Catherine, yes, their entire System is monstrous, but it won’t last long. One must establish the contact, *live* the contact with the Other Thing—with Mother, with Sri Aurobindo. Despondency, revolt, make a darkening veil. One KNOWS the situation but looks ahead. If you could repeat the Mantra again and again, this is what helps.

I would like to help you in a more material way—I still have 5000 FF to spare. But if I send it to you, I have nothing left to face an

unexpected situation, take a plane to Delhi or... I do not know what. Everything is so precarious here, as elsewhere. As soon as I feel that I can send you something, I will do it.

I do not like my brother to speak about “difficulty”—all of humanity is in “difficulty”! But this is the end of a world. You must live it *positively*, or you head towards ruin.

With my tenderness always

Satprem

*

One must make *one* hole in that terrestrial Prison, a single hole that the Pure Ray may enter and make the walls crumble.

*

I feel that we are approaching the Moment.

*

Afternoon

The body is physically passing through the doors of mortal illusion.

There is You.

There is *only* You.

*

It is magic... in reverse.

It is a divine fable.

*

It is death which is burning.

It is Falsehood which is disintegrating.

It is Death which is dying.

It is the impossible which *is the Possible*.

*

Everything was upside down!

*

In the forest

It is obvious that Mother *could not* die.

It is obvious that men's Falsehood locked her up *alive* in that tomb.

She is waiting...

She works.

*

She makes Death crack from within.

*

(Maybe this is the "formidable blossoming".)



May 12, 1985

I keep seeing all kinds of "deceased" (as they say) who do not particularly interest me, while I almost never see any of the living

who interest me! But the curious thing last night, or rather this morning, is that it was happening just before I woke up, as if it were very close, almost touching the physical world,

Why am I so much in contact with that “world of the dead”? One could almost say physically in contact! And this morning, it was really bordering on Matter.

The one I met was a “big shot” in the medical world (he was a member of the Academy of Medicine and the Association of Doctors of the Hospitals of Paris). He was an absolute atheist and materialist.

*

So, I was expressing my gratitude to him for certain things he had done in my childhood, and I told him: “At sixty, one understands things better.” He answered: “Oh! Life is insignificant!” (He who believed solely in life and was almost pathologically afraid of death!) And this man is not at all in my thoughts—but I am in his! And it is there, bordering our material world.

It is that “border” between the physical world of the living and the physical world of the dead which is becoming very thin, almost insubstantial.

I say “physical” because, for them, it looks very physical, and for me, at the time, that seems just as physical and real—as real as my last encounter with X yesterday. Only, I “know” that this man is supposedly dead (at the time, I do not know it that clearly—he looked just as alive to me, and more kind-hearted than when he was living). (I just notice that he looked paler than in “life” and seemed tired like after an illness.)

* It was my uncle, P.P.

Anyway, he didn't think he was a dead man!

For instance, I rarely see my mother whom I dearly love, and she thinks of me and I think of her. And I am sure that I will see her when she passes on "the other side"!

Our physical (the one I could call the "neuralgic physical"(!)) probably makes an opaque layer.

It is that opacity which is becoming less and less opaque for me.

*

N.B.

When I say that this body is "physically crossing the unreal gates of death", I do not mean that it is passing into "another world" which is the "realm of the dead"—I mean in a very explicit way that it is going through a certain material layer or a certain material prison which is the *cause* of death, diseases and all the horrors of our false life. It is the door of the prison which we have built in the middle of "something" which is free, without horror and without death—and which is LIFE, the next life, the next species. And right in Matter. But then, a for-mi-da-bly powerful and divine Matter!

In a way, this Matter is unbearable for our old Matter without its protective coating of death.

It is that "coating of death" that seems to leave me or that this body seems to go through.

The new topography is not obvious at first (!) nor is the "*modus operandi*" of that formidable Matter.

The first step is obviously to bear that without the protective coating which makes our death. After that... after that we will see!

When you go through the coating, you have the impression that

the whole body is going to be pulverized. It is a kind of atomic boiler (!) But it is Death which is dying.

You are not moving into something “more ethereal”, you are “moving” into something *denser*.

Our Matter in the coating seems to be made of pasteboard compared to “that”.

*

Afternoon

For a long time, it has been a kind of “immobile” Boiler, on the spot, and suddenly, since this morning, the Great Waves started again.

Great waves of dense, almost burning Power, which break and *roll* through the body, from the extremity of the feet up through the head and above.

And it goes on, wave after wave, unceasingly, indefinitely.

The body is completely overwhelmed by the scale of the phenomenon—it feels like a grain of sand (but a porous, permeable grain of sand) in the middle of a tidal wave.

I do not know what it means.

If only it could sweep through the world like that...

Towards the end of the afternoon, the waves tended to be slower, but denser too, more burning.

The body tries to be as supple, as soft as possible, to let itself be passed through and rolled by the wave without resistance (one clearly feels that the slightest resistance would break everything.)

A dark blue sensation.

I am going for a walk.

*

Evening

One can feel violence rising everywhere.

*

The Buddhists of Compassion (in Lanka) rape and kill.

The Christians of charity are armed to the teeth. And the Indians of non-violence are exploding bombs in every corner.

It is a derision of everything.

Their altars and their robes hide rats and snakes.



May 13, 1985

Some notes seem indefatigable and indestructible, like this neuralgia which returns every morning.

All the movements one makes to “heal oneself” only make it worse.

Then?

I am beginning to be convinced that it is the entire system that must change.

This mode of assembling of Matter seems incurable.

The Boiler’s temperature must still rise.

What will remain will remain.

*

Afternoon

No more “waves”. The Boiler started again. A crazy temperature. Everything is *ready* to disintegrate—on the brink of disintegration. Something like a last string clinging to “life” is gone.

*

Neither life as it is, nor death as it is.

*

Evening

They took away what made me cling to life.

Then they took away what made me cling to death.

But the wound remains.

So much so that nothing had been done.

It is like in the camps, you come out of them alive, but the wound remains.

So much so that you never came out.

And if you come out of them through the chimney of the oven, the wound remains for the next time.

When I was about fourteen, in my little room in *Ker Lise*, I came across the ancient Wound again, without knowing what it was.

And so on.

I wonder what Christ cured by adding his own wound?

All religions have *avoided* the problem, through death or “salvation” in heaven—and then one starts over again.

*

Will that be dissolved by the Boiler?

It will be 3 years tomorrow that I am *in* the problem.

*

Sri Aurobindo and Mother, at least, have honestly tried.



May 14, 1985

Vision

Last night again I was pursued by the SS. I was hiding in one place, then another, and I was running. I ran so much that my heart ached. Then I came upon a small green hill. I climbed that hill, I was breathless. I woke up.*

*

Evening

All I can say is this: If I had not touched that Horror, I would never have gone to the bottom of things—the whole question is to know whether that “bottom of things” has the power to cure them—not only to cure them: to CHANGE them?

And not only for oneself: for the species.

One would never have the courage to do that “for one’s self”. The “one’s self” is what would absolutely want to die—of disgust, of sorrow, of weariness... the thousands of good reasons of Death.



* Well, it is the first time in forty years that I come out of that same nightmare without screaming. There is a green hill.

May 15, 1985

Last night, in the middle of the night, I discovered a real horror—a microscopic horror, oh! (I prefer not to describe it.)

If all that is rising in rage and as a virulent poison, it means that perhaps I am approaching their den?

*

The SS and the rest are like the “magnification” of that poisonous micro-filth. One “magnifies” it to the power of N, and one gets all the horror in the world.

*

After an experience like that, the body throws itself into the Boiler with a kind of fierce intensity—if that is the dreadful bottom of existence, then, it must, it must be burned, destroyed, dissolved—it MUST. Because the body *saw, touched*, oh! I have never seen such poisonous filth (I crushed it.)

*

The Boiler corresponds, precisely, to *that level*: the frontier of life and Matter. Really, like a world of blood-sucking parasites which go and lay their disgusting eggs in the neighbour’s living flesh. It is teeming. It is a pure and vicious poison. It is a horror of perversion—I SAW.

But what I did not know is the density of deadly poison contained in those filthy things—the cobra’s poison is *clean* and almost harmless compared to that. Oh! It is a discovery which caused a deep revulsion in my whole body.

This is really the ORIGIN—the concentrated origin, if I can say so. All the rest of the Horror of the world follows from *that*, is the progeny of that.

It is absolutely like those viruses which attack an organism, feed on its substance and create replicas of themselves until they have eaten the whole organism.

Last night, I saw that *at work*, and a hundred times more disgusting than one can imagine.

Then I throw myself almost savagely into the Boiler.

*

There is something that is almost definitively understood in my body.

This is the only place where one really understands.

All the rest are derivative understandings.

*

Afternoon

The infernal magic is dissolving.

YOU ARE

It is a reversal in all the cells. When it seems that everything is going to burst, to disintegrate, and there is this old mortal fear of the animal, suddenly it reverses—but it is You! *You* are Life, *You* are the Truth, *You* are the Beauty, *You* are the Light.

And it is all the horror, all the death, all the perversion, all the obscurity of millennia that goes away, disintegrates, IS NOT—it is You

who are.

When everything is going to disintegrate, the body sees-lives: it is death that dies, it is the Horror that disintegrates!

AND YOU ARE.

Magic in reverse.

That is the secret.

*

Only, it is lived at a sort of mad temperature where NOTHING can cheat—it is either THAT or death.

Then everything reverses.

*

In the forest

It is like a gate of fire which must be crossed, and the body can go through it, with all its cells, all its atoms only when it sees, knows, lives: it is You, the Fire.

And it is death which is burned.

It is that ignominious cannibalistic and poisonous teeming which is disintegrating.

It is the dreadful bottom of existence which is bursting, like a bug in the fire.

It is all that which wants to make you think that *you* are going to burst.

*

Only the required temperature is needed, but at this deep level it

is automatic.

*

What I saw last night was really like a *dark* enlightenment.

An “enlightenment” in reverse—the body was given some information.

(I am beginning to think that the body has eyes of its own.)



May 16, 1985

Oh! I lived—I am living—a marvellous, fabulous thing, this morning—not marvels the way we understand them, it was so simple! But then so splendid. All the cells, those billions of cells were *witnessing*, seeing, looking at the explosion, the disintegration of the Horror, of the Falsehood—all that micro-Gestapo, that Pain, that Misery, that suffering which they had lived not only in this existence, but through lives and lives, that accumulated mass of Horror, and... it was a Lie, it was a Falseness, it was disintegrating. All that which had caused their misfortune... burst, and in its place—at the same place—there was that Divine Marvel!

A magic of horror that is reversing.

It was all that, all that Horror which *wanted* to make us believe in the Horror, in death, in falsehood, in cruelty, in the Gestapo—hundreds and thousands of Gestapos throughout lives and ages—and, IN ITS PLACE, there was THAT, that nameless Marvel, that Sun of SIMPLE Truth—simply THAT IS, and all that Horror is not. And the body, in those billions of cells, was literally *seeing*, WITNESSING the

disintegration of that Imposture, that Falsity—it was seen-lived *in details*, innumerably, and with a kind of ecstasy—it was no more! That Horror, that Pain—that dreadful Teeming—were no more—IT WAS NO MORE. It was an illusion, a semblance, a mask, and... it burst, disintegrated—it was REPLACED by that Simple, True, Divine Marvel. That Marvel of what-is-true.

*

This morning, I came out of the camps.

*

It was necessary to reach the required temperature, then it becomes so unbearable for the Horror that it bursts! And there is WHAT IS.

YOU were the “temperature”!

Then it is a kind of ecstasy, or rather stupefaction in the whole body, in those myriad cells, to see all that Horror, those cancers, those Gestapos, those viruses, those medieval terrors bursting, really *like bubbles!*

And *there is what is.*

It is of a prodigious simplicity.

*

And then, it was not “one body”, it was the sensation of the entire Earth arriving at its liberation.

*

The “transformation” is not what we think—it is a consequence of

THAT.

It is the transformation of the Horror (into THAT WHICH IS).

It is the magic which reverses.

*

Yes, it is the coffin which burns.

*

WHERE THE GODS HAVE NO PLACE

Madras, May 14

Does the display of portraits and images of gods, goddesses and religious symbols in research laboratories go against secularism?

Yes it does, according to an important national laboratory in Madras. The Central Institute of Research on Leather, in Adyar, disapproved such displays in offices and workplaces, and asked its employees to stop this practice.

They do not want their own force.

But it is the end of Nehru's India.

*

Evening

Sri Aurobindo and Mother are the greatest Story of all time.

And who realized it?

*

Without knowing anything, My Douce makes a drawing of a being which is *in* the Great red Eye.



May 17, 1985

The body's sensation is that one is vanishing and changing its substance at the same time, while remaining material.

A kind of "impossible" transmutation.

It is possible only in complete surrender.

It is YOU, Yours.

But it is very... mysterious.

I do not know what is going to happen.

*

Evening

But my neuralgia is not vanishing!

It is absolutely incomprehensible.

*

Is it a new being which is forming *from* the Fire contained in the cells?

We really know nothing.

That "minuscule baby" which is landing?

*

With the creative power of his hands, Rodin sculpts "The Thinker".

With his vital power, Beethoven creates the Concerto in D.

With his intellectual power, Virgil composes the *Aeneid*.

With his sexual power, anybody makes a child.

Why would that cellular Power not have a creative action?

*

But it is possible too that this formidable bubbling of Power which emanates from the cells or goes through the cells “simply” serves as a relay for spreading the New into the terrestrial atmosphere—or rather into terrestrial Matter—and does the work intended...

It is “bubbling” everywhere!

The body would be a kind of “point of diffusion” for Mother and Sri Aurobindo...

I think about what Sri Aurobindo said in January 1939 (after his accident): “It is when the Subconscient is changed that the Power of Truth can be embodied, then it can spread wave after wave in humanity.” (*Evening Talks*, Purani, 7.1.39)

A Power which “does nothing” is a non-sense—if someone has the courage to enter into that Boiler, he will realize that it is not static!



May 18, 1985

I am learning a practical, physical secret.

It is so simple that it looks silly!

But it is useless to say anything, because it is under the *pressure* of circumstances that the body discovers it—it must discover it by *itself*.

*

Afternoon

For two hours...

It is inexpressible.

How is it tolerable, I do not know.

It is very sacred.

*

Amid the Eucalyptus (marked with red paint for felling)

It is like undergoing a metamorphosis while being fully awake—
and yet one remains.

It is so much something else that it is like physically going through
death while living!

And going through it for 120 minutes without stopping.

One does not understand.

There is Mother.

*

It is for Your joy that this Earth was made, not for all those
usurping and selfish gnomes.

O Mother You will walk

again amongst us

on an Earth of Beauty.

It will be twelve years tomorrow... (since the last meeting with
Mother).



May 20, 1985

Mother is coming.

*

Evening

The Hindu, May 20

Colombo,

Police said that in a recent burst of ethnic violence on the island, unidentified attackers killed 40 Tamil civilians today and set fire to houses of that community in the towns neighbouring the site of a previous massacre.

The assailants also killed 16 Tamils in the harbour of Trincomalee on the east coast, in spite of an un-official ceasefire in certain areas of the town, police said.

According to the police, forty Tamils, men and women, were killed Saturday morning by unidentified assailants at Amparai, 240 km east of Colombo. The victims' bodies were buried by commandos of the Special Task Force, STF, in charge of security in the eastern province.

“Forced to dig their own graves”: But according to a complaint lodged by the Kalmunai Citizens Committee (KCC), the 40 young Tamils arrested by the STF in the Kalmunai sector of the eastern province, could have been forced to dig their own graves before being shot and buried on Friday. The President of the KCC, M.P.V. Nallanayagam, said to UNI by telephone that he had given the police a list of 23 names of young people of the area missing since their arrest by the STF on Friday. The youngsters, together with 10 or 15 other persons, were seen by local inhabitants while they were being taken southward in a convoy of STF trucks. The trucks were later seen coming back to their camp at Calawanchikudy, north of Kalmunai, but without their occupants.

According to M.Nallanayagam, the youngsters could

have been taken to a cemetery at Thambikovil, about 30 km from Kalmunai, and forced to dig five or six trenches before being shot and buried. He said he has received reports according to which Tamil militants have exhumed the bodies and taken photographs of them.

*

Sujata's vision

This afternoon, Sujata saw Mother like in a meeting with me (but not in the Ashram, there was only a view of a garden) and she teased me, laughing: "Your books are selling better than mine!" And I answered her very "angrily"!

*

All day long: a formidable Power which *wants* to materialize.
Absolutely the sensation: Mother is coming.
The tide is rising.

*

I feel the urgency.



May 21, 1985

It is a metamorphosis of fire.
The body is entering another sun.
It is slow. It is difficult.

*

The absolutely exact “alignment”.

*

Evening

Each time, you think you have reached the end, and it goes on and on.

I suppose that if it were going faster, the body would explode.

Mother did say: “it is measured out”. Now I understand.



May 22, 1985

The body’s—all bodies’—main preoccupation is to be.

Which can be translated as: to not disintegrate.

This morning, the body made a lived discovery:

If You, you are

where is the disappearance!

You, you ARE!

*

It is almost the exact “alignment”.

*

What is it that disintegrates?

Only what is not!!

Then it is settled.

*

Truly, each time, I discover that: it is only death that can die!

And then, each time, that “You, You ARE” is a kind of wonderment

innumerably lived—You, YOU ARE!

It is “as if” the body were discovering its own reality and its immortal Basis.

But a reality where it does not need to be “I” anymore—since You, You are!

And this is the salvation of the Earth.

*

Evening

Whatever may be the body’s faith or knowledge, its self-offering, its surrender, its love for Mother and Sri Aurobindo, it cannot help feeling that it is toppling into an *unknown* state—and it is this unknown which makes all the difficulty. (Death is a known state, but that is an absolutely unknown state.)

This afternoon, what was giving it some courage (if I can say so) is the fact that it felt: I help Mother to get out of that tomb, she can use my body to go through it, I am *pulling* her... All that without words, but lived in great difficulty.

*

Sujata’s vision

Now, this afternoon, in her sleep, Sujata saw Mother sitting in a very small chair on the carpet of her room, near Sujata’s bed, all bent and full of pain, and Mother was telling her in distress, almost with tears: “For 10 years now—10 years—I’ve been trying to straighten my back...”

It is so moving. Oh! If we could PULL her out of there.

That gives courage for the work.

For 10 years I've been trying to straighten my back...

With that, the body feels more courage.

Mother's distress...

DISTRESS.

Then? What would we not do?



May 23, 1985

(The three enraged dogs that attacked me in the forest)

All the signs seem to indicate that we will not be able to stay here (nor in India)... It is a sorrow in the heart.



May 24, 1985

I have the impression that the “digging” is over.

Since the 15th of May exactly, since I crushed that last micro-horror, nothing more seems to come out of the “hole”—no more Gestapo, no more teeming, no more whispers, no more poison or claws or horrors or past lives—Only Fire.

A formidable, innumerable cellular volcano.

*

The body is always expecting a kind of cataclysmic ordeal. But there is perhaps a key, a spring of unexpected Joy... Sometimes I catch a glimpse of what it means. A joy filled with wonder. It is You!

*

Things are near—wonderful and bestial. In both directions. It is like a race. It is like the surrounding of our place. The Harijan colony below our house—the one that set fire to the eucalyptus trees—is dividing into two groups: a total of twenty-nine houses being built.

When we arrived, there were five huts. And each house with its more or less rabid dogs that make babies, like men, its goats, transistor radios—and the rest. Not forgetting the cutting down of the forest. All that is very inexorable—if the Divine does not interfere.

We have the symbol right in front of our eyes.

*

Evening

One feels on the *brink* of something...



May 25, 1985

M's vision

A large building with rooms as far as the eye can see, separated from each other only by pillars. It was like the place in Auroville where Satprem told us about the Agenda: in all the rooms one by one.

We went from room to room and realized that the place was as though abandoned. We even found a kind of “sign board” left hanging, which should have been removed because it was

precious. I tried to take it down with a ladder, but the ladder fell, pulling me down, and it almost fell on my head...

Then we noticed (we had to hide) that there were people passing by and making fun of Satprem and the Agenda (among others a young man in a cassock). We went back to the entrance concealing ourselves and decided to call upon a small group of “faithful” (Patrice, P., B. A.M. etc.) whom we tried to gather in a room at the entrance, for them to take the building in hand again, recover everything that was precious, etc. (B.: I called her several times but she couldn’t see where my voice was coming from.)

A grey, harsh, cold atmosphere.



May 26, 1985

The experience more and more concrete—as concrete as a volcanic eruption can be—is that the body is covered with a layer of hideous Falsehood—all the bodies, the entire Earth; this is what could be called evolution’s bacteriological residue—to which Man simply added a few “pleasant things” and refinements and a certain number of solidifying layers—and that there is, underneath, a formidable *material* Reality which has nothing to do with our Matter’s norms. And this is the Basis of the next evolution. This is what is piercing the hideous layer.

What we call “Matter” is the false, illusory, hideous layer covering something else which we do not know. It is the *shell* in which an Unknown thing is locked up, the big question mark. Our electronic microscopes probed only the *shell* of the universe.

The whole difficulty is to bear the eruption or irruption of that Formidable Reality with a body which has been formed and kneaded by the old bacteriological evolution.

It is this old “neuralgic physical” which is a problem and a mystery—the one which must work out the transition from one evolution to the other.

There is no doubt that it is *it* that opens the gates of the other evolution (*it*, preceded by Sri Aurobindo and Mother!.) The evolutionary continuity lies there—precisely, with its whole problem and its difficulty. Nothing is born “*ex-nihilo*”.

*

P.S. The day we belong to Palaeontology, it will really be a great relief.

*

Afternoon

It is a divine blossoming in the body.

It is at the same time nectar, love, joy, but in such an enormous proportion!

One does not know if it is unbearable or wonderful.

Maybe this is the realization that Sri Aurobindo wanted to give me...

But what I want is a realization *for the earth*, Mother’s return on the earth.

This tomb is a Falsehood!

*

Evening

This neuralgia is an affliction.

But it *must* have a meaning... which one?

*

I dare say: the Earth's deliverance is in sight.



May 27, 1985

The whole body: a porridge of fire.

Only the Divine Grace can bear that.

It is the Divine Grace.

Otherwise: physically impossible.

*

Evening

And it is increasing day after day...

???



May 28, 1985

It seems that the operation consists in coming out of the coffin alive—as you are pulled out of a box. (Or rather: as you are pulled out *through* a box—you are physically pulled out through a box.)

You feel you are dying, but it is just the opposite! You are going *through* death.

You are locked up in death, and you come out of it!

We are clad with death!

*

Afternoon

You are there boiling alive, all these cells, all these tissues. If you didn't know that it is Mother, that it is Sri Aurobindo, it would be torture—*it is* a torture which seems endless.

You wonder how it is that you keep the same shape?

It is a torture. The body repeats and repeats: To You, to You, to You, to Your Victory on the Earth. It KNOWS—but it is a torture all the same.

Why? I do not know.

If it really knew that *it is You*, perhaps it would not be a torture?

*

Evening

You tell yourself that some sort of “spiritual anaesthesia” is needed to bear that.

In fact, it is due to the Grace that one can bear it—it is the Grace that gives it to you, and it is the Grace which gives you some way to bear it. One should say: which allows you to bear the unbearable.

What happens when you soak a banana in boiling water?



May 29, 1985

Under the boiling pressure, the body learns in a practical way how to lose its limits—its central point.

Then the same thing becomes bearable, and even divinely Beautiful.

*

It is a little like my story of *Bagheera*... the way I lived it on the Great Bay.

*

Let's see if it is confirmed.



May 30, 1985

It is unspeakably difficult.

*

Vision

Last night, in the middle of the night, I met Gorbachev and his wife—a very long meeting. Obviously, those Russians seem interested in what I am doing or in the Work...

At first, I was with an unknown man (Gorbachev was not there and it was not about him.) An unknown man who was showing me a kind of very powerful and very small explosive (like a packet of “*bidis*”), easy to hide, in order to go and blow up that crazy Reagan (I do not know if that “Reagan” was a symbol of America, but I rather think that it was about the person named Reagan, and it seems that

I was looking at all that without objection (!), in a neutral way.) Then, I suddenly found myself at Gorbachev's house. He was surrounded by all kinds of people from the Security Service: an atmosphere of great secrecy—Gorbachev was giving brief instructions with a kind of special telephone which came on with a red light; he was receiving messages too. Then Gorbachev started to show me all kinds of secret things, especially a kind of “line of defence” (like very black trees along a borderline), with “holes” of a clearer colour in the line of defence.

He seemed (if I remember right) to complain about Reagan's absolutely unreasonable attitude. Then Gorbachev wanted to show me a kind of plan, or photography, of an installation which seemed to be made of two blocks of concrete or two rectangles, but one of the “guardians” around Gorbachev intervened and gave him a nod, to inform him that he must not show me that. That same “guardian” wanted to search me and take the small sachet I carry round my neck (with Mother's photo in it.) I refused, he insisted, I finally opened the sachet myself without letting him touch it, and to my surprise, instead of Mother's small photo, there was a kind of blackened paper photo and other odd papers (I think that Mother was concealing herself!). After that, Gorbachev (his wife was with him and seemed to play a very active role), asked me all kinds of direct questions about “immortality”, the Work (I do not know if he mentioned Mother's name). It was a cordial, very straightforward, very frank, straight to the point atmosphere, but without many feelings either. A very intelligent, extremely capable man, and above all with a practical power of realization. He was interested in what I was doing. Finally, he invited me for a meal with him and his wife.

Those Russians seem to be very concretely interested in the Work... Anyway, they *want to know*.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Satprem's vision with Gorbachev

It was in the night from 29 to 30.

At first I found myself, I don't know, in an unknown place, with an unknown man who was preparing a very powerful explosive, and of a very small volume. He wanted to go and blow up Reagan.

By the way, I had no objection (!), I was neutral, I was looking at it, he was showing it to me. His explosive was something very small, like a packet of *bidis* (you know, the packets of Indian cigarettes?). And it was extremely powerful and easy to hide. *I was thinking all that, I was saying to myself: Yes, it's easy to hide.*

Well, it was an unknown man who was preparing this, or was showing it to me.

And suddenly, I found myself transported to Gorbachev's. Which made me think that all that was happening in Russia.

But—excuse-me—this man you saw, was he an Indian or...?

No-no, he was a Westerner. He was probably a Russian. Because, immediately after he showed me this, I found myself—immediately—transported to Gorbachev's. It was probably happening in Russia, you see: an unknown man who... who was showing me something. No-no, it wasn't at all happening in India; in my mind, it was clearly happening in Russia, because I told you: immediately... You see first,

you are shown the fact (or in any case this unknown man was showing me his intention): it was something extremely powerful on a much smaller scale. I said to myself: Ah! It's like a packet of *bidis* (*laughter*), and easy to hide. And he wanted to go and blow up Reagan! Well.

And instantaneously (a fraction of a second after that, as soon as he had shown me his thing), I found myself at Gorbachev's.

So all that was probably happening in Russia.

His wife was there too. And a lot of security guards—an atmosphere of extreme secrecy (there were many of those security guards). And Gorbachev started by... (many things probably had a symbolic meaning), he was showing me secret things: he was giving me explanations about a whole line of defence, which was by the way something (probably shown in a symbolic way) like a kind of alley with trees separating one territory from another. And there were holes in that line of defence. It was like very obscure trees, you see, densely packed against each other, and there were holes a little clearer in it. He was showing me his line of defence and there (it was more mental so it's difficult to remember), but he was complaining a lot about Reagan's absolutely unreasonable attitude; that is, he was saying this with some reason. So, he was showing me this line of defence, and then he was standing there, I tell you, surrounded by all those security guards. He had a kind of special phone with a red light and he was giving instructions, then he was receiving messages... and I was witnessing all that. But as if I were in the secret of things.

That is, he let you into the secret?

I was there; so, I was in it, you understand. All that was

happening in front of me.

And then, at some point, he wanted to show me a plan, or a photograph (I don't know if it was a photograph or a plan), and it was like two large cubes of concrete. But at that point, one of his security guards came and nodded to Gorbachev to tell him that he must not show me that. Then that fellow wanted to search me, and he saw the small sachet of Mother which I carry on my breast. But I refused to let him touch me, to let him touch it by himself. And he was insisting for security reasons, to see what was there. Then I agreed to open it myself. And in that small sachet, there was this photo of Mother, you know. But surprisingly, I took it out and it was as if all blackened.

Oh!

Together with other papers that... But I vaguely had the impression that Mother, simply, wanted to conceal herself, didn't want to show herself.

At that point... Gorbachev's wife was there too, and was very active (this woman is very active, she plays a very active role), at that point, Gorbachev started to ask me all kinds of questions: on immortality, on the Work. There, I couldn't tell you exactly everything that happened, because it was probably on a mental level and I don't remember our exchanges. The only thing is that he was interested in what I'm doing. And he was interested in this Work, you see. He didn't mention Mother's name, but I clearly remember "immortality", he was interested in it—the problem. The Work, that is, the Transformation of all that.

Not immortality as the Vedic Rishis conceived it?

That, I can't say; he used the word "immortality": it's the way it was translating into his consciousness. That is, he was interested in the problem.

This was all very long (even in time, it was very long). I can't tell all the details because I don't remember them except that I was in front of a *very* intelligent, extremely capable, and frank—straightforward—man. There weren't a lot of feelings in all that, but a man who was interested—and who *wanted* to know.

And at the end of it all, he invited me for a meal with his wife.

It ended there.

There are a lot of things that I don't remember, but the important fact is that... You see, already this Andropov whom I met was very interested—but *he* put me through a real interrogation.

Andropov?

Yes. It was really like an interrogation by a meticulous man who wanted to know all the details and... it wasn't very pleasant, you understand... But well, he was somebody who wanted to know, too. While the difference with Gorbachev is that there was a much greater intelligence, which was able to understand things. And a frankness, a straightforwardness, you see: a straightforward man. There wasn't a lot of heart or feelings in all that, but an intelligence. An intelligence, at least, is something which can understand.

This is what struck me: the fact that I met someone really intelligent. But not an obscure intelligence, you understand. Because there are obscure intelligences, that is, people who use their intelligence in a wrong way. *He* has a power of realization. And

probably what I'm doing... (I say "I" am doing, well, we are symbols or representatives of "something"), his intelligence understood the importance of what is being done and he wanted to know; he wanted to understand.

That's all.

And his security guard?

He had several of them...

Yes, but was he the one who wanted to search you and said to Gorbachev not to show that plan?

I think it was the same one.

It was the same one—so he probably was—so he probably was the chief of the security guards?

That's possible. He definitely had a decisive role because when Gorbachev wanted to show me this thing, he just nodded to him: "You must not show that"—and Gorbachev didn't show it. But even so, I had the time to see, there was that plan or photograph (I don't know, I can't exactly say.)

Anyway, all that was happening as if in Gorbachev's "control room" or Gorbachev's main office: he was making phone calls in front of me, he was receiving messages, it was as though I were in... I was there!

And yet you were a stranger, since the security man wanted to search you. But it was much later?

Yes, it was after that.

Not at the beginning?

Not at the beginning.

He probably was suspicious. You see, what caught his attention was the photo of Mother that I had; it seemed to him a bit... he probably felt that something wasn't... (*laughter*)

... in harmony with what they are!

He was making phone calls in front of me, he was receiving messages—an atmosphere of great secrecy, there were constant exchanges of information, phone calls, messages... It was very active. Very active and very secret.

Anyway, the important fact was the quality of the man I met. And then...

His wife.

And his wife, very active. Very active. In any case, I don't remember having talked to her directly, but I remember that she was there, and that she was very active: she played a *role*. And also an impression (although I didn't have a direct contact with her), an impression of somebody who understands, who is intelligent. You understand, she's a real help for him. Not a "clinging vine".

But I remember... The way he told me, while he was showing me his secret defence things... He told me (he made me feel, or he told me—because all that takes place in a language which is not the usual language), that this Reagan had a really "unreasonable"

attitude (*very dignified tone*), and the way he said that was not the way of an angry man or of someone who assesses an enemy, etc. “It’s very unreasonable (*same dignified tone*), he’s a very unreasonable man.”

He was stating a fact.

He was stating a fact and it was true.

(silence)

But first, there was that first scene with that unknown man, I don’t know, who was preparing a very powerful and tiny explosive to go and blow up Reagan—I had no objections! (*laughter*) By the way, I didn’t have any comments: I was looking—I was shown something, I was looking.

But there’s no doubt that those Russians are interested: interested in the future, in the true future. Or in what is happening here, in what we are doing. They are interested.

Yes, Lyudmila was the first to be so interested.

She was *very* interested—of course, Ma Douce! There is no need to involve all those gods of the religions, those *falsifiers* of spirituality, or those pseudo-gods in it, you see. What Sri Aurobindo says is very reasonable, it can be understood in an *absolutely* materialistic way: it’s acceptable for a rational mind. And indeed, it seems to be the true solution—when one sets off, one understands many other things, but anyway the important thing is that people understand in a rational way and say to themselves: “Ah! Maybe we could try that path?” Maybe they will be surprised, at the end, to discover that

there is “something else” (!), but the important thing is for them to set off on the path—that there is another solution than their obscure materialism, or those spiritualities which are false lights!

Those are not spiritualities, those are religions...

Either religions or spiritualities, which are false lights and false paths! Well, they can understand that. Lyudmila understood very well.

Well, the Americans are very far from having that curiosity.

(silence)

Do they really want to blow up Reagan, I don't know.
It wouldn't be a loss for humanity.

No, but you know...

Unfortunately, he will be immediately replaced by other little Reagans—it's full of...

That is not a solution.

There are two hundred million Americans who voted for him! That is really a condemnation, isn't it?

Yes, that's it, that is not a solution.

Of course that is not a solution! But even so, perhaps the Divine has a Plan—which I don't know. *(laughter)*

He too keeps His Secret, hum!

He keeps His Secret. I do hope—not “I do hope”, I am certain and more and more certain that He has a great Plan.

Which will thwart all the other plans.

Yes.

It will really come down to “Man proposes and God disposes!” And not the contrary, as seems to be the case.

Yes, it’s time; it’s high time.

(silence)

But there was a great difference between the kind of interrogation Andropov subjected me to, and Gorbachev—a very great difference. A very great difference. First with intelligence, and then with clarity, if I can say so.¹⁵

But you saw once... what did you see? It was in the “Red Square”, or somewhere, where you were offered some champagne?...

No, I was passing through Moscow, I don’t know how (it was several years ago), and I was offered something like a liqueur, in a big glass, and it was of a golden, golden-orange colour—it was a delicious liqueur. Russia was offering it to me. Like a beautiful cognac (you know, that colour of cognac, a bit golden).

I remember, it was in Moscow.

¹⁵ That good Gorbachev will be swept out of office by American manipulations in 1991 and replaced by a pawn of the Americans, Boris Yeltsin.

And in a goblet very...

In a glass, because I could clearly see the beautiful colour of that wine or that alcohol or whatever it was, well, what I was offered.

I always had a very good welcome, and an interest—I always found an interest in those Russians. Mother indeed used to say: “They have reached the end of their experience, and they don’t know how to get out of it.” Well, Sri Aurobindo is offering them a wonderful *materialistic* way out—but the true materialism, you understand, not their thick and obscure and deadly materialism. I am sure that the Russians would understand. If we could spread a bit the message over there, they would understand *very* well.

But Mother would say that it was America... And I understand: there is a formidable dynamism in Americans. But there is such crassness, phew! They need a good lesson to pull them out of their “high technology” and their pretensions as great as their technology.



May 31, 1985

This sensation: Mother is passing through all the cells, the tissues, the pores, to materialize—like through the wall of a earthenware water jug (!)

*

Evening

For two days, we have had a poisoning. I discovered that our well is contaminated by the general pollution from the new houses built by the Harijan colony.

That too is a sign of our surrounding—it's rampant.
The well must be filled in.



June

June 1, 1985

Vision

Very early this morning, just before waking, I saw an image of the “New Consciousness”.

I was on my bed and I was going to do *sirsasana* (feet in the air and head on the ground). I have done this exercise thousands of times and it seemed very easy to me in the past, but there, I had the sensation that it was somewhat perilous and I took great care to ensure that my head was perfectly placed in equilibrium within the triangle of my arms, and slowly, slowly, I positioned myself to “take off”. I remember that I took this “position” several times with a fear of toppling backwards outside my bed, but suddenly I saw a big tree trunk near my bed, a very tall tree of which I only saw the trunk (I was not that surprised that it was there!) and I told myself: “If I topple, at least I will be able to rest my feet there, on this trunk.” (The tree is generally the symbol of a being, and I think that I know who this “being” is.)

Nonetheless, there was that feeling that it was perilous and I did not see myself take off finally to lift up my feet—I was only preparing myself and making sure that I was well balanced.

A reversal of position??

*

Throughout the morning, it was such a formidable invasion of Power through all the cells—and instantaneous, no sooner was I lying down than it was a rush or such a formidable “perfusion”!

The body tries to let itself go completely with such faith or

certainty that it is Mother, it is Sri Aurobindo.

Something tells itself: all the same, there will be a moment when this way of *being* will have to be left for another way of being—no?

*

This neuralgia is very disturbing.

*

Afternoon

I don't know what is happening.

It is beyond all comprehension.

Beyond all human possibility.

It is unknown.

It is Supreme—but what?

It is *the* Supreme.

*

In the forest

It is so much something else that there is not one thing with which it can be situated.

We could say: it is impossible and it is possible.

And it is completely material.

*

Evening

I don't know what a caterpillar coming out of its cocoon would say?...

WE would say: it is no longer a caterpillar, but what would IT say?

We look at that from the end of our telescopes of already-lived.

We only understand the “changes” in line with our known matter

(as *we* know it—God knows through which screen!).

*

We are *in* the cocoon (scientific, please) and how could we understand what is outside—it does not even occur to us that there is an “outside”! “Outside”, it may be heaven, it may be hell, or perhaps death, unless it is Nirvana or I don’t know what other nonsense. So?

But a *material* “outside” is completely anti-scientific (!)

We are electronic half-wits.

*

In any case, the first perceptible (but indescribable) thing: it is an ocean of Shakti.

It is like being in the womb of the universal Mother.

(I say “in the womb” because one is “part of”: what circulates in the Mother circulates in the baby.)

*

Probably, there must have been chimpanzees that believed themselves to be quite scientific in their own way.

There is no “Science”: there are successive sciences.

It is like “the Divine”, He is in progress, or He pulls us into his Progress.

(PS. The next Divine will have no popes.)



June 2, 1985

I saw this:

There is a last barrier of *ghosts* to be crossed.

Death weighs in with all its strength
The Impossible weighs in with all its strength.
But it is YOU
It can only be YOU
There is only YOU.

*

Evening

There is something that is quite impossible and that *must* become possible.

That is the problem (physiological).

*

Yes, Lord, we must get out of that human calamity.

There is no other calamity.

And yet, it is the golden door.

*

You must have seen one to open the other.

Or rather: one must become *poignant enough for you to want to open the other*.



June 3, 1985

The barrier of ghosts has been crossed.

*

Yes, it is a “reversal of position”.

It is the Beginning.

*

It has nothing to do with the marvels that we imagine, and yet it is the most unimaginably Marvellous.

*

Evening

The “marvels” that we imagine are always some glorified human.

*

It is not something that is added, it is something that goes away.

*

My Douce tells me that it was on June 3 (77) that the *Agenda* was liberated (a visit to Maître Mercier’s in Paris). It was 8 years ago.



June 4, 1985

The operation must be redone several times.

*

I really have the impression of being at the end and not to be able to take it anymore.

*

Evening

As soon as you feel that you can’t take it anymore, they rush to kill you.

*

The door of that Calamity must be gone through.

That’s all that keeps me going.

Hope must begin somewhere on the Earth! No?

*

The Hindu, June 4, 1985

MOTHER TERESA SPEAKS OUT AGAINST ABORTION

Lausanne,

Mother Teresa declared that abortion is the “deepest of poverties”, one week before Swiss voters come to a decision on a much debated bill on the “right to life”.

Mother Teresa said: “Abortion destroys love, peace and unity.”

The 75-year-old Catholic nun spoke yesterday before a crowd of 2000 persons in the Cathedral of Lausanne. It was her first visit to Switzerland.

On June 9, Swiss voters will decide on a bill which would commit federal authorities to legally ensure the protection of the “right to life”.

A completely stupefied world under tawdry religious rags.

Mother Teresa or the triumph of the spermatozoa. And they call that “love”. Rats and cockroaches would not speak better, without religious pretensions.



June 5, 1985

I think that I begin to understand something.

It is not this “neuralgic physical” that “transforms” itself, in the sense that the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, that is, a product of the same matter with winged “adornments”, but I see and feel more and more that this formidable cellular fire, which gives the sensation of a boiler or of a disintegration or of an unknown blossoming, must be used for *forming* the new being—this is what I called “to let Mother

in”. You feel that it is a *mass* of fire, a dense fire (which gives precisely the sensation that you are going to explode or to be atomized) and that that dense mass which seems to go out through all the cells and all the pores of the body must be able to agglomerate and form itself into a being according to still unknown laws (it is precisely that “unknown” that is very difficult to bear).

The most important thing is to reach the needed *density*.

It is somewhat a relief to have understood that, as if the corporeal consciousness that was used for agglomerating this old animal physical did not mind anymore to “disintegrate” in order to let in that other dense Matter—it is no longer felt like a “disintegration” but like a means of reintegration, or rather of integration of the new being. The body, the consciousness of the body does not need to be “I” at all—as long as the Other is, as long as Mother is, as long as the True Life is, the divine Reign at last, the way out of that human Calamity.

It would be that, “to undo oneself forwards”.

And the body’s cells would really contain the key to the evolutionary continuity—a key of fire and a door of fire.

We must reach the needed density and the needed transparency (the two go hand in hand: the more transparent it is, the more the mass of fire seems to grow).

*

The cells can be used for something better than producing spermatozoa.

It would be the passage from this old bacteriological and disastrous evolution to a solar evolution without death.

*

The great difficulty of the transition is not really of a physiological

order (though it is very difficult to bear), but it is Death's claws and "charms" that want to keep you in its nets at any cost.

Now I perfectly understand what Sri Aurobindo meant by "spell".

*

Evening

It is really mysterious and difficult.

(Probably difficult because mysterious—you don't know what you are getting into.)



June 6, 1985

It is like a birth of fire through all the cells and walls of the body.

Nothing in the body, not a single atom of the being must feel "I am going to die" anymore—but "it is You".

Then everything becomes passive, surrendered, flaccid, without resistance—and the Impossible can go through. It is really like sinking to the bottom of the Boiler, all relaxed instead of stiffening under the assault of fire.

This is where the Mystery begins.

*

Evening

Curiously, the same question comes back: you don't know if you are giving birth or if you are given birth (!)...

What matters is that there is a child at the end! In whichever way (!).



June 7, 1985

The body begins to understand that “reversal of position” (*sirsasana*).

If it can keep that position, it simplifies everything.

These are not things to say.

It is the very depths of the Boiler.

Complete transparency.

*

Evening

There is some logic in all that.

*

M.’s vision

A long dream: you had called in about fifteen or twenty young people (from Auroville, perhaps, but I did not know them) whom you were “preparing” inwardly by explaining to them and showing many things. They were really very good and there was a sort of great Hope or Promise that they would be able to form a very solid and united core.

Then many people came (mostly young women) who had some sort of family ties with those fifteen or twenty young people (their “girlfriends”, for instance, but not only) and who had heard that they were there and had come to “look for” them: it was a more and more hostile crowd, which overran the place. You and Sujata were in a room, and I was outside the door trying to keep them from entering (because they wanted to find you). At one point, the door opened and Sujata

said: “No, it is better to leave.” You came out of the room, very quietly, we went through the crowd and left the place (the crossing was difficult but with no real danger).

After that, of the fifteen or twenty young people, only three or four remained: the others had been swallowed back, swamped, in spite of their preparation and real quality. I remember that amongst those three or four, there was a boy who had a very pretty sky-blue turban (Sikh style). He had a very pretty face.

This is marvellously seen.

Yes, “swallowed back”. It is the story of all groups, all religions, Churches, sects, Ashrams—all the human utopias. The Rishis did say: *Weave the inviolate work*. It is what Sri Aurobindo had seen: the next species will be something that *cannot* be swallowed back. For that, we must make the “hole”—down to the bottom. When you see the little Gestapos that swarm in the depths, you no longer feel like being a “superman” (!)



June 8, 1985

In everyone, there is something that is the very essence of human misery and that is *both* the door to hell and the door to Release, the door to death and the door to Love, the door to Sorrow and the door to the Supreme Grace.

That is all I know.

*

One would dream of giving everything so that that way of being no

longer exists.

*

In the forest

Does that new being form as if by successive “breaths” or successive “exhalations”? Because, from time to time and repetitively, there are some sort of large spasms through all the cells and the whole body, as if it were “emptying” of a “substance” (?) or emanating a dense energy (which gives the sensation of dying).

Does that substance or that energy mass gather little by little to form into a body—until everything is “just right”, at the sufficient density?

*

It is much more difficult than dying. You don’t know what it is.

The body says: It is You, it is You... But it is very unknown.

*

Evening

Perhaps it corresponds to the description that Mother gave (I quote from memory): “As if all the cells were thrown by force into an unknown world.”¹⁶

“By force”, that’s it—it is irresistible.

*

One cannot imagine that it could stretch for a long-long time in Time.

Or in the world.

¹⁶ Mother’s Agenda 13, June 7, 1972

(Or in our place).

*

You don't know in which direction the phenomenon must be read.



June 9, 1985

This body lives
the new Secret
April 4-June 9, 85



June 10, 1982

A huge crust of physical Falsehood covers a Marvellous Grace
which can remake the world like a fable—if we want it.

It was going through the ghosts.

*

O Mother, if only You could use that opening to make the divine
revolution on the Earth...

*

(If we don't want it, the divine revolution will be made all the
same!)

There will be cleaning.

*

The scientific obscurantism is the last and the most solid of all
obscurantisms. It is an efficient guardian of the Regime of Death.

*

Afternoon

That all-powerful Splendour.

*

Now things cannot be said anymore.

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, I saw Mother and she told me a rather mysterious sentence.

She told me: “If you come close to me, you must be careful, because my centre is everywhere.”

I don't very well understand that “you must be careful”...¹⁷

(Or perhaps I understand, but it is just as mysterious).

*

We have the sensation that we are arriving.

*

Saw a photo of Mitterrand: stuffed with straw and pretentiousness.

*

Later

I feel full of stupefaction and wonder (with a few neuralgias!)

¹⁷ PS: Because you are attacked from everywhere, or “contaminated” by everything and everybody. But it also works in *both* directions, it is how what happens in this body also passes into the world's body.



June 11, 1985

I begin to really understand (!) the problem of this “neuralgic physical”, and at the same time, I also understand a difficulty of Mother’s that I had never suspected. I thought that Mother could not have a problem of “Shakti”! She who was the supreme Shakti! But now I understand that *there was* a very great difficulty in her body. I attributed that difficulty to the poison that the disciples were continually throwing at her—and it is true, it awfully complicated the problem—and to the fact that her spine prevented her from having a normal rest, stretched out. But what I did not know is that this supramental “Shakti” has nothing to do with the pretty little shaktis that we knew and that all the true “sadhaks” know when they speak of “kundalini”, “descent of force”, “descent of Ananda”, blah, blah, blah. It is the Almighty Power itself! Sri Aurobindo did say: “Almighty powers are shut in Nature’s cells”. Well, the Almighty Power is really the Almighty Power! It is what makes the universes spin. And how can an animal physical, a product of our animal evolution, bear that? Never did I imagine that Mother’s physical could have had difficulty bearing that! But in fact, I discover it, it is a true *physical* problem. You can have eliminated all the psycho-physical difficulties, that is: no more reflex of self-preservation, no more fear, no more panic in the cells, no more sense of death, etc. etc.—which is already much beyond the human; you can even have abolished the “natural” reflexes, which means that instead of removing your finger quickly when you have inadvertently plunged it into boiling water, the body *can* learn to let itself sink, soft and flaccid, to the bottom of the

boiler, without resistance—you can pass beyond all instinct of death or reflex of death or sense of death. But even when all that has been conquered, obtained, there remains the purely physical difficulty of that physical *structure* with its billions of nerves, its muscles, its rigid walls, its bony joints—it is too narrow! It is too rigid under that formidable assault of fire which could (and which *can*) explode mountains, and which *makes* Mars and Jupiter and a few other galaxies spin! Even if you are completely relaxed and without fear and panic, without reflexes, there remains that narrowness of the human calibre. It can play the sponge up to a point—but all the same, there is “a point” of flexibility of materials. A soft and inflatable (!) body would be needed, like jellyfishes, extensible, gelatinous—but those thousands and billions of nerves! Now I understand Mother’s problem! *Even for her*, there was a physical problem of Shakti (and naturally the poison of the disciples came to awfully complicate the somatic difficulty, when you have to digest real pus and true poison—“all the nerves tortured”, she would say). I understand!

So we are facing the question of that famous “transformation”. Is it really this old animal, neuralgic physical that transforms itself, or is it something else, another body that forms little by little, with the help of that fire emanated* by all the cells?

I remember a vision that I had several months ago and that I noted in shorthand on a bit of paper along with other inexplicable or incidental visions. I remember that I saw that at a time precisely when I was complaining of that “demolition of my body”. In my notes,

* PS: Is it really “emanated”? I rather think that it goes through or “transfuses” through the cells. A transfusion of “air” from beyond the grave (!)

it was during the night from March 31 to April 1.

There was a kind of building of bare grey concrete, without any surface facing. It was a “house” like a square block of concrete (there were no storeys). It looked somewhat like a blockhouse. Even the cement was not equally spread and smoothed—it was totally bare, without surfacing. And I did not find that very pretty (!) So I went in search of a stucco column to embellish the place a little (!) I searched and searched and finally, I discovered a pinkish stucco column and had it carried to the place with great difficulty. Then I placed the stucco column on one side of my blockhouse and I stepped back a little to gauge the effect! (All that was of a humorous drollery like all those visions of the New Consciousness). And I must say that it was so incongruous and absurd, that pink stucco column flanking one side of that grey concrete building... Then I suddenly found myself at “my mother’s”, who told me reproachfully: “You are late, you keep the baby waiting.”

So you understand! I was wasting all my time wanting to improve that bare concrete building, that “blockhouse” (my body), while the new baby is waiting!

Now it is very clear.

The whole problem is about the fabrication of this “new baby” and the passage from one body to the other... Assuming that I have fully understood. The whole process is perfectly clear (I mean lived) from A to Z—there remains the unknown Z of the end. This was what Mother was working on and what they did not let her finish—they could not bear “that”, of course!

But I also wonder how Sri Aurobindo bore that physically, in his physical body? Of course, Sri Aurobindo was Sri Aurobindo, but his

body was a human body formed by the animal evolution, like all other bodies.

He never said anything.

(But I don't think that Sri Aurobindo was seeking to make the new body: he was breaking through and was opening the passage to that formidable flow—he was withstanding the first shock...)

*

God forbid me from saying that “I am seeking to make the new body”—how could “I” do anything! it is the very obstacle. I try to let myself go as much as possible and in truth, in fact, I don't know what is happening—I don't know in which direction the phenomenon unfolds.

I try to let Them do what They want.

And the only possible way, without bursting, is physical transparency, as complete as possible.

But all the same, there are some nerves...

In any case, it was more than one month *after* this vision of the blockhouse that I *saw* that baby on the wharf (it was on May 8—from March 31 to May 8). A tiny baby!

*

In our human coffin, we are “protected” from that Power.

Death protects us from true Life!!

*

“Logically”, when the coffin is entirely burnt, there will remain the new baby...

*

But what I feel is that that final Z, that mystery of the end, is linked to a certain global conjunction. The new baby and the change

of the world go together.

This is perhaps what Mother meant: “If you come close to me, be careful, because my centre is everywhere.” If a point of the coffin burns, it is the whole world coffin that burns!

*

Afternoon

This body is living the Marvellous and difficult Secret.



June 12, 1985

It is not “difficult” since IT IS YOU!
All that perceives the “difficulty” is Death!
All that perceives the “danger” is Death!
All that perceives the “impossibility” is Death!
All that perceives “death” is Death!
These are the last remnants of Death.
It is the last trap of Death.
Today, the last illusion of Death has fallen.

IT IS YOU!

*

This is the complete “sirsasana”.



June 14, 1985

It is 37 months today since I began being in the operation...

*

My Douce has just given an excellent definition of the state of India (and of the world): “Everything falls, but everything remains.”

*

Like the termites which leave the external surface intact.

*

The *only* hope is the formation of a first new being which will not let itself be “swallowed back” or contaminated by the general pollution, then will “spread” and start the first kernel of the new species.

But we see very well how we are physically surrounded by the increasing Barbary.

*

Afternoon

An invasion of Mother.

All the cells squeezed out and that Blooming...

*

In the forest

You don't know if you dematerialize yourself.

You don't you if you trans-materialize.

You don't know if Mother materializes.

You only know that it is the unknown... divine.

It is possible only in an absolute and unwavering “It-is-You.”

*

The Hindu, June 14, 1985

“We consider technology to be a means of developing India and bringing out the best of our people,” says Rajiv

Gandhi to the U.S.A.

(Note from Satprem): Computer and High-tech—the latest Mantra of India.



June 18, 1985

There is still a last illusion—it is to feel that you dematerialize yourself.

It is Falsehood that dematerializes itself.

It is Death that dematerializes itself.

Beneath that crust of cruel Falsehood there is You.

YOU ALONE EXIST.

*

It is Death that bursts.

It is Falsehood that bursts.

The True is eternally True.



June 19, 1985

What does it matter, as long as “that” is done.

*

This back has become a block of pain.

*

We understand nothing, we *cannot* understand: it is something that we must *become* through the negative as well as through the positive—we don’t even know what is “negative” (perhaps those

neuralgias that spread even to the legs have their positive sense, too).
What *is*, we don't know, except that it is You... who make us become something unknown.

We have to reach the needed *point*, by all means. It is a sort of mechanics.

There must be a "critical point" or even a "critical mass" as in fissionable substances.

We don't know. We know nothing at all—we use "images" for something else that has no precedent or equivalent.



June 20, 1985

(After a night of horror—of denial of everything.)

Will another sort of body be needed?

*

Until the end, some panther will have the right to come and lacerate you, if there remains something to lacerate.

As long as this life is there and this type of body is there, there will be something to lacerate.

It is the whole human functioning that is cruel, from top to bottom.

It is not there in animals.

There is something that is essentially human and essentially perverted.

You feel like putting your head in your hands...

*

Evening

Deeper than the deep, there is Sorrow. It is by that that we are always (?) vanquished.

When I was a child, the story that struck me the most was that of *Mr Seguin's Goat*.

*

What I find the most difficult in this life, when faced with Cruelty, is not to close the door of Love—and then, instantaneously, it is the door of Death that opens.

I am constantly faced with that “choice”—and one doesn't know if it is a “choice”. When the beast is wounded, it hides away.

Sorrow is still the door of Death.

*

If you cannot say about everything and for everything and to everything: “It is You”, you are struck by Death.

If the panther that attacks you is not You, you are immediately eaten.

All those who have put the Devil on one side and God on the other have opened the door to Death.

The *only* salvation is the ONE.

*

Death also is You—through the wrong door.

*

PS. But in the end, all those metaphysical “explanations” are quicksand (I never liked the story of “Krishna's Play”—I think that it is a cruel “play”). I prefer the “explanation” of “evolutionary mechanics”, or rather that of a sailor: there is a Continent, over

there, where Death is not, nor Sorrow, and on the way, there are storms, hurricanes, wrecks—of course. Storms are not cruel: they are. That's all. We must GO THROUGH—that's all. And reach the Continent with the most efficient explanation, that is, that which helps you best to withstand the squall. This is simple and reasonable.

The sea is the ONE absolute with its pretty breezes and its foul weather—it is a bitch and it is adorable. You don't want it anymore and you still want it. You curse it and you drown in it.

It is an oceanographic fact.

The only metaphysics is to reach the Continent.

*

(Mother was always giving me boats—she knew what she was doing. Probably she knew that I would need more than one...)

Only I don't know how to change boats when one is sinking—it is a delicate transshipment (!)



June 21, 1985

They cut the trees and leave their excrement. It is an observed fact.

There are fewer and fewer trees and more and more...

This is how we had to seal off our well.

It is probably what they call “the right to live”.

*

Evening

I cannot recover from the other night.

Is it the bottom?

*

We must reach the Continent.



June 22, 1985

The process or experience seems always the same: to let oneself sink and sink to the bottom of that “Boiler”, and the more one sinks, melts, disappears—becomes as if non-existent, physically transparent—the more that Power seems to become formidable, beyond all measure, and then there remains a sort of “extreme point” or “explosive point” where all that makes an individual body, a beating and living being, seems to gather, to become a tenuous-tenuous and at the same time tremendously powerful point—from there you don’t know where you go... towards explosion, death, trans-materialization, dematerialization... It is very mysterious and unknown. We will know only when the “point” is crossed—what is at the end. One has somewhat the impression that there will be nobody left to tell it, or that it will be another person—or what?

It is only a tenuous point.

Even this neuralgia becomes an interesting object because it gives a measure: each of its grooves, of its pangs, of its stiffnesses, seems (I do say seems) to melt and melt, diminish, immobilize itself, disappear, until there is nothing left but that “extreme point”—it is like a sign of what remains of this individual body; more exactly: of what has not entirely annihilated itself in order to let through only

the “other... unknown thing”.

*

But then that “extreme point” has the particularity of stretching and stretching (like a rubber band!) for one hour, two hours on end, as if it were becoming more and more extreme (!) at every minute—and it lasts and lasts. And this is what makes all the... difficult unknown.

You have constantly, from moment to moment, the sensation that you are “on the edge” of something (of what? you don’t know) and that edge stretches indefinitely like a rubber band.

All the same, there will have to be “a moment when”...?

*

(Naturally, the neuralgia comes back as soon as I stop the “movement”.)

*

Afternoon

It is completely crazy and it is divine—it can *only* be Divine.

It is almost agonizing

that explosion that does not explode.

At times, for a few seconds, a golden rising, like dough rising.

But...

This neuralgia is what complicates the difficulty by sixty per cent...

O Mā, what is your mystery?

*

Evening

Perhaps it is this whole animal structure, formed by billions of

years, which subconsciously shivers before what seems to it the “explosion” of its whole being?

That Power would be awesome for anybody. So the little animal does its best; it is tamed, converted, but...

What undergoes the operation is the *physical basis*.

And it is always the same question: who knows if it will not explode in *fact*?

If it explodes, the little animal cannot prevent itself from feeling that it is the end of the experience.

*

To see, we must go right to the end of it.

*

Yet, I don't feel any fear, even subconscious—but a mystery. And there is this neuralgia that slows everything down.

It is a *mystery*.

*

The Hindu, June 22

MOTHER TERESA RECEIVES THE HIGHEST CIVIL DECORATION FROM
THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

Washington,

Tuesday, the President of the United States, Mr Ronald Reagan, named Mother Teresa “Citizen of the World” and gave her the Medal of Freedom, the highest decoration awarded to a civilian in the United States.

Mother Teresa said to Mr Reagan, his wife Nancy and about 150 guests invited to a ceremony at the White House, that she was personally unworthy of such an honour but that she accepted it in the name of the millions

of poor in the world to whom she had dedicated her life.

Referring to the citation from her award, Mr Reagan said: “Most of us speak of compassion and goodness, but Mother Teresa, the “Saint of the Sewers”, lives them.”

The “Vishnu Purana” did say that the Kali Yuga was the age of the “dirty little men”. The great symbols of the world begin to manifest. It is right and proper that, after having polluted everything, their last God should be the God of the Sewers.

Those who will read the archives of mankind, later, will say: it was a not-possible-species.

And yet...



June 23, 1985

If I had not lived that awful not-possible, I would never have looked for the door to the only Possible.

It is what Sri Aurobindo calls a “transitional being”.



June 24, 1985

Morning

All-all-all is a cloak of physical and sensory Falsehood over a miraculous material Reality.

*

When you pull the cloak of Falsehood, you feel that it is “cruel” (!) That is, you feel Cruelty going away... it was there and you were not

aware of it. And Death was there and you were not aware of it.

It hurts when it goes away.

It is like uprooting an invisible cancer.

Then you see the formidable Falsehood and the great Illusion of the world, where Cruelty and Death and cancer want you to believe that you are going to die if you dare touch it.

You prefer to die of a “natural” cancer (and of “natural” death).

“What did he die of?” they ask. We all die of a Falsehood—this is the only cause of death.

*

What really hurts is *to realize that it was there*.

*

Evening

Instead of cleaning their sewers, they prefer to decorate them. So their sewers are blowing up in their faces almost everywhere. But they don't understand.

*

325 PEOPLE DIED

AN EXPLOSION ABOARD IS SUSPECTED

London, June 23

An Air India jumbo-jet coming from Montreal bound for Heathrow Airport crashed in the Atlantic, 140 km South of Ireland, apparently due to an explosion. All of the 325 persons on board are dead.

*

During this afternoon's operation, suddenly the brain (the cerebral *substance*) opened into two. Nothing to do with the “consciousness”:

it was a material phenomenon, as if the cerebral matter split into two, and I felt that this substance or this very material consciousness (or whatever) was going away or was being laterally projected, to the right and to the left. It did not last long but it was very strange. I did not worry—the body does not respond to warning signals anymore (even if the heart misfires or jolts, the body continues without worrying). Simply, it records the fact without comments or reactions. But since this evening, I am almost continually dizzy (my head spins and I see the walls or objects spin). Apart from that, I don't feel "sick" or incoherent (!) but my legs seem to be unsteady. Yet I went for a walk in the forest and all seemed in order.

I note the fact in case it would have some relation to the ongoing experience.

For three years, there have been such pressures and compressions and circulations of power in this cerebral object that obviously it would not be impossible that the "semi-circular canals" or some other stabilizer mechanism "misfire" like the heart.

Or it is something else.



June 26, 1985

What must change is the *physical* fact. What must change is this *physical* mechanics—not only another "way of being" but another being.

The new Matter must be *formed*.

Afternoon

It is almost terrifying.

Then you understand all that remains of Falsehood in this carcass.

*

Perhaps the *whole* carcass is the old Falsehood and it only opens the doors of fire to the Other Thing?



June 27, 1985

After cutting down the trees, now they dynamite the rock for their buildings. We constantly hear detonations and shaking.

This too is a sign.

*

The Hindu, June 23

DEMOGRAPHIC EXPLOSION

The Indian malaise has its roots in the demographic explosion that created social and political tensions; this is how the country has become more and more ungovernable with huge paraphernalia of parliamentary democracy bearing all the pressure of recurrent unrest since Independence. The demographic impact of the population growth is dumbfounding: it increased from 350 million at the time of the Partition to more than 750 million in three and a half decades, imposing a terrible burden on the country's resources.

This increase of more than 400 million individuals in 37 years is by itself much more than that of the entire

population of the countries of North America, Western Europe, the Soviet Bloc or Africa and South America together. (...)

*

The Hindu, June 27

... It was calculated that by the year 2100, the world's population would be stabilized at around 10 and a half billion...

... from 4 and a half billion now to 10 and a half billion...

How is it that they don't see?

They are making a plague of the Earth.

*

I am determined to go right to the end "to see" (even if it is no longer I who see!)

This physical structure, this whole agglomerate which forms an individual body, gives the sensation of a very tight coat of chainmail. So you sink and sink to the "bottom" of the Boiler, but you don't know where the "bottom" is (!) and the more you sink and the deeper you go, the more the invasion of Power becomes formidable, limitless, we could say, like a dense, incandescent mass of energy (yet it doesn't "burn")—which means that the coat of mail is becoming more and more loose, "soft". And here is the whole "difficulty" (illusory or not) of the operation, because this whole structure, this agglomerate feels that it volatilizes, bursts into atoms, disappears. But precisely, that "disappearance" is the intended goal, the end of that chainmail coat of misery, and the body lets itself be handled, it sinks and sinks into that invasion of Power, it lets itself go as much as it can (in spite

of neuralgias) with an intense certitude that “it is You”—it is the only certitude in that kind of cataclysm. Yet “something” feels that it is terrifying. I wonder whether this “something” is not the coat of mail itself. The crust of Falsehood covering that formidable Reality... difficult to bear. But “difficult to bear” for the Falsehood, for that damned coat of mail. And to what extent can we exist—physically exist—without that “coat of mail”? This is the whole problem.

We must go right to the end to see.

It is the cerebral matter and the nervous system (mainly in the neck and shoulder joints) that create most difficulties (or that mesh to twist or untwist!)

There is an intensity of “it is You” or an integrality of “it is You” which is the only possible key to going through the “phenomenon”.

*

Afternoon

I don't know what is happening.



June 28, 1985

The body has touched the invisible obstacle.

It is like catching Death in its nest.

*

They detect cancer and catch the medical corpse, but Death they don't detect. So it continues.

*

It is of no use talking about it—you must touch it.

It is effective only when touched.

*

The experience must recur for you to be certain.

*

In fact, I realize it, I had the experience a thousand times, without understanding it really (this is the “invisible” obstacle).

*

There are different strata of death.

This is the last one.

(Each stratum or micro-stratum of the being has its particular way of death).



June 29, 1985

You are Life, You are the anti-death.

It is Death that tries to

FEIGN death.

*

This morning, I spent an hour and a half going through the trap—the simulacrum. Its last “trick” is: “Oh! you must go through the last trial” (!) And it tries to be as “convincing” as it can!

*

Evening

Sujata's vision

Last night (from June 28 to June 29) Sujata saw this: Mother gives me “a rendezvous at the Samadhi”... (to “carry out a work”). ??

*

O Mother, You who have been so much betrayed, if one of your children could help you out of there...

To undo that Falsehood.



July

July 2, 1985

Evening

The sensation that Mother is materialising through great “breaths” or great “spasms”.

It is a great mystery.

I am Mother’s “strainer”.

The body feels like that.

As if “the true miracle” she spoke of were unfolding.

But you understand nothing of it—it must be lived.

*

Mother said: “A Power that can crush everything and rebuild everything”¹⁸ —that’s it.



July 3, 1985

There is also all the contamination of the “dead”. Last night, I met my old friend Carmen and she told me all the (secret) sorrow of her life; and it was as if I had gathered all her pain in my body. It is like the old grooves of neuralgia. Afterwards you have to purify and purify as if it were your own pain, your own neuralgia. The whole “human” system has to be rebuilt.

If only there were a solidarity of joy, but all the solidarities seem to be of pain and misfortune, as if the old evolutionary system had been built to record misfortunes (in order, it seems, to avoid starting the

¹⁸ See *Mother’s Agenda* 5, March 7, 1964.

same misfortune again... but you start again with another face). But as long as there is death, there will always be the old groove of misery.

We need to change system.

(As for the old “recordings” of “pleasure”, they have such a talent for switching into their opposite that one does not know where the groove of pain begins or ends.)

But how is it that I meet almost exclusively the “dead”?

There seems to be no difference between them and me...

*

But they *all* have a “secret sorrow”.

That is, the very root of death.

There is also that “coat of mail”, which is the last rampart. Perhaps the very wall of the “coffin”.

Strange “life”.

*

I may be a pessimist about humans, but this is my greatest optimism for the other species.

*

Evening

If that cellular strainer functioned correctly, it would be the most marvellous fairy tale.

*

Then, their DNA stories seem quite ridiculous, like Moliere’s “clysters”.

But I have always suspected their “Science” of being more ridiculous, in Latin and in Greek, than the “precieuses” of that same

author.¹⁹ Only, they are lethal precieuses.

Sri Aurobindo was right to put Molière, Aristophanes and the Veda together.²⁰

*

We could say that the body starts to have some “idea” of “how it could happen”.

*

EXPLOSION AT ROME AIRPORT

Rome, July 2

A bomb in the Rome airport and attacks in offices of airline companies in Madrid caused the death of one person and at least 40 injured yesterday, one day after the release of 39 hostages of an American plane in Beirut.

In Madrid, one woman died and 28 people were injured when a bomb exploded in a building where the offices of British Airways and TWA were located. The local head of government, Mr Joaquim Leguina, told journalists that the attacks were probably linked to the release of hostages in Beirut. “I think that an Arab group is suspected”, he added.

Last night, in Rome, a bomb exploded in a suitcase in Fiumicino airport, injuring 12 airport employees... First, an Italian news agency, quoting police, said that the explosion occurred in a suitcase being carried to a plane bound for India.

¹⁹ Reference to a play written by Moliere: “The Affected Young Ladies”. *Les précieuses ridicules*, 1659 (Translators’ note)

²⁰ Aphorism 81: God’s laughter is sometimes very coarse and unfit for polite ears; He is not satisfied with being Molière, He must need also be Aristophanes and Rabelais.



July 4, 1985

That coat of mail is giving way completely. I realise to what *extent* it was an appalling Falsehood—and to think that the body could feel that it was “terrifying”! it is an awful falsehood, the very falsehood of Death that is afraid, tightens up, closes up and shuts the doors of the True Life.

I think the body caught the secret.

And all the time it was locked up in that! It was its “protection”! It was its “armour”! “Life” defends itself fiercely from the true Life! It is the remnant of the submarine carapace.

It is always the same discovery: Death wants us to believe that it is Life itself and that without it we die! One has to die to death, it is exactly that, only *it* dies, all that awful Falsehood that wants us to believe and see that it is “life”.

Everything is upside down.

*

When the mesh gives way, it is all of Death that begins to boil, that atomises, explodes!—to allow the Sovereign Life to pass.

I have the impression that the very walls of Mother’s tomb are crumbling. The tunnel up to Her is made.

*

I think again of all my encounters with those people who are supposedly “dead”. What strikes me is the natural aspect of those meetings. Not only don’t I think or feel that they are “dead” and that *I* am “alive”, but it is all natural—it is even simpler and more direct

than in the so-called “life”, truer also, as if one came directly to the point, to things, without all the uselessness and the masks of “life”—it is all our life that is masked! That never meets itself really. There, we *meet* (it is not always pleasant, by the way!). And there is not *at all* the feeling that they are on the “other side” and that I am “on this side”—there are no longer sides! As if death were... quite non-existent.

I wonder whether that “coat of mail” is not what *makes* the “side”? Whether it is not the supreme Illusion and the supreme Falsehood. Whether it is not Death itself—which we should destroy in our lifetime. (Unless there is another still deeper “layer of death”? Are that “coffin” and that “coat of mail” one and the same thing, or is there still a crust of Death, deeper and harder?... That remains to be seen.)

*

Really, on which side are the phantoms?

*

Which means that if that true life manifested, materialised, *everything* would be unmasked! oh!

Then one understands why all the Falsehood of the world struggles with all its might...

Apocalypse = laying bare (once more!)

*

If Death really died, how many people would remain alive? (!)

*

And how many dead would “resurrect”?

(It would be interesting to see.)

*

Evening

Let us be clear: that “coat of mail” (or that “coffin”? but it has to be seen) is not only what separates the world of the “living” (hmm!) from the world of the “dead”—it is what *makes* physical death. More precisely: it is the illusion that makes us die.

But who can bear the “disillusionment”? (!)

To reach the Doors of Fire, there are many different deaths to go through (or different types of death or illusions of death to go through).

All the scarecrows of the past—from the trilobites to the electronic layer.

It makes a pile (!)

*

(Let us note that *Homo electronicus* is a rather degenerate “phylum” of *Homo sapiens*.) (His appearance dates from somewhere between Darwin and Pere Ubu. His apogee starts with the Nazi era.)

One would look in vain for a Molière of an electronic clyster.

People say (I have heard it a thousand times): “All the same, what they manage to do is marvellous” — yes, the more marvellous it is, the more disgusting.

The more they improve, the more imprisoning the Prison becomes.

Sri Aurobindo said it so simply: “They created many more problems than they can solve.”

✓

July 6, 1985

Evening

Now it is the left leg that is affected at the root of the nerve, at the bottom of the spine. Obviously, the human nervous system is not made for bearing such an impulse. Mother spoke of “weakness of the nerves” (!) Now I understand! Without having ever imagined that the Shakti could be a difficulty for Her (!) It was neither the lack of vitamins or of food, nor even her spine which made Mother’s difficulty, but that Power “too” formidable for any human system. It is crazy! Crazy. The body lets itself melt as much as it can, without any resistance, but the nerves have much difficulty “melting”—the brain too has much difficulty letting that assault of dense Power go through. I don’t know what to do?

I tell myself that I should “hurry” before this body becomes unusable, but hurry what?!

The only thing I can imagine is that “trans-materialisation”, that tremendous Power which goes through all the cells and “agglutinates” or “agglomerates” (coagulates) slowly and slowly and more and more, until it reaches the required material density to form a new material body? I can’t imagine that this old neuralgic body can soften or spread its nerves and its substance—there is a limit to the suppleness of materials. There is a calibration. The cells and tissues can “melt” to a large extent, “disappear”, annul themselves, but the nerves are conductors, vehicles—the conduits are too small! How to make the nerves “disappear”? Even the circulatory system has difficulties—all the “conduits” have difficulties, and this afternoon there were powerful cardiac irregularities (arrhythmia?). I don’t worry

about it and it does not worry my body—the pump will function as long as it wishes. But the nerves...? It is like passing a current of ten thousand watts through the bulb of a bedside lamp—the filaments blow! It is mathematical and mechanical.

I don't have an answer to the problem.

Except that one has to go on as long as one can, hoping that... that what, exactly?

I have no doubt that the New being *will be*. But how? By which means?

*

What is quite strange: I have been in this “Bath” for more than three years and not a day passes (not an hour, could we say) without my feeling that the Power *increases*—it is crazy! It never stopped increasing... Where is the limit? The limit point? Is rubber indefinitely stretchable?—but the nerves are not rubber! At one point, will it not “turn” into something else? It is almost a question of atomic mechanics!

There must also be an unexpected divine mechanics!

*

Vision

P.S. Last night, from 6 to 7, (it is funny) I wanted to buy new laces for my shoes!

Shoelaces...

(They were light grey.)

*

If “shoes” are the symbol of the physical body, I wanted to find a new means to “attach” or “tie” all this together (without losing my

shoes on the way!).

*

Within that rather general physical transparency (I believe), there are nervous ramifications like a tree with thousands of branches, and that tree is not at all transparent—for my material consciousness, it is perceptible almost by X-ray.

Mother “makes Matter boil”...

Let’s see.



July 7, 1985

Evening

I think that it is the whole nervous system that is undergoing the operation.

A very intense faith is needed.

You are only some ploughed and furrowed matter—and that’s all. It is beyond prayer.

*

Now I remember clearly last night’s image: I *took* those light grey shoelaces *off* to “buy” others, and I had a sort of hesitation or surprise because those laces seemed to still be good (!)

(Once more I notice that it is a *very material* consciousness which looks at those images, or at the facts of the night while they are unfolding and makes remarks to itself as my most external material consciousness would do, the one that observes things of daily life: well, those shoelaces are still good, why...? It is what I call the

“worker”—the one who found that the “coffin” was not straight on its base (!) It is always he who sees those images of the New Consciousness and carries out without well understanding.)

I *was taking* those light grey shoelaces *off* ...

I am always warned of the “operations” in advance (this is a marvellous and so very attentive Solitude).

What “laces” the body...

*

It is curious, all the same, that what communicates the best with the “other side” is the most material consciousness—and it is the one that communicates least with the living! There are plenty of mental and particularly vital communications with the living! (and not the most true or the most clean) but what is nearest is the most unknown! (or the most hidden).

But actually, what is the “other side”??

The other side of our ignorance!

*

For instance, last year (it was July 21st) when I saw that great, marvellous Sri Aurobindo in that gown of silk light, at one point he raised his arms, saying “It’s hot”, as if he wanted to take a shower, and, in my consciousness, I was surprised, I told myself: well, but he just had his bath (he had just “had his bath” in the private apartments where I met him first). It is a *very material* consciousness that looked at all that and made its comments, as in the quite material life, as when I tell X: “Your wall is not well cemented”, or to the houseboy: “You did not clean here”... It is curious. Or “That object is not in its place.”

It is the “worker” who looks on (the others make speeches or

somersaults).



July 8, 1985

At first you try to move a cushion, to pull it up, to push it down, to add another, then to take one out, eventually you give up, you try to spread the neuralgia in the divine Sun, to offer and offer, to let go—it is as it is, it is like this, it is to You. But you feel the grooves go up along the leg, spread, to branch out in the thigh up to the pelvis, then other burning grooves come down in the neck, spread in the back, branch out—and you are there, powerless, looking at all that, feeling all that, and what to do? What to do? What can we do with that whole system built by animal evolution?—can it be transformed? Or is it only the painful door that must open onto the other Matter? You don't know, you don't know anything. And it is not so much the pain, but that complete helplessness, that complete ignorance in which you can only offer all those small grooves that spread imperturbably.

It is really the whole question of this physical system.

I note it down in the spirit of observation and to see “how it turns out”.

It is not at all or not really about the “pain” or the idea of “being cured”, but that question: is this old physical system salvageable by the divine life or does it have to give way to another system... through unknown ways?

*

I often think of this vision I had at the end of March, or the

beginning of April: that grey cement building, with no coating at all, that I tried to “improve” or to “embellish” with a column of pink stucco, and my “mother” who told me in a reproachful tone: “You are late, you make the baby wait.”

*

But also the question: how to let the Power go through without destruction when all those small grooves spread and swell?

It is the work itself that seems to be affected.

Unless *everything* is part of the work, neuralgia included.

*

It is that amazing contradiction: you feel that you are quite powerless and there is that Power so tremendous...

*

Afternoon

All my neuralgia has disappeared!

It is miraculous.

A dense, immobile Power of Sri Aurobindo’s light...

It is incredible.

*

Evening

It is perhaps the answer to my question whether this old animal physical was salvageable for the divine life?

*

Last night I saw the beast of the sewer.

I would never have imagined that such a vile and living horror could exist.

Why did I see that?

*

How is it that it *exists*?

*

If I saw it coming out of its hole, it is that the Earth is quite near the bottom ...



July 9, 1985

Oh! I make fabulous discoveries! And concrete! All our human physiology is a cage of illusions! A terribly concrete, and yet FALSE Illusion.

This morning, when I plunged into the concentration, I expected to find those old grooves of neuralgia again—they have been here for about two years and I find them again every morning, and each day a little more spread out—and then nothing! Neuralgia is something concrete, obvious, radiographically and painfully observable—so obvious that even yesterday I told myself that one cannot make current of ten thousand watts go through a small bedside lamp: the filament breaks, it is mathematical and mechanical. Well, it is NOT TRUE—it is the Illusion that BREAKS. We are fully in a formidable CAGE OF ILLUSIONS. Then, Death tries to play all its mortal tricks, to SIMULATE death in all possible ways, through the most painful, the most saddening, the most obvious and radiographically observable means—and it is an ENORMOUS CHEATING. It is the enormous cheating of Death!

I said it to myself a thousand times, for three years, but one must

observe it, and re-observe it and re-re-observe it oneself and in one's own body and each time make that fabulous discovery:

YOU ALONE ARE REAL

There is the REAL and the Illusion.

We must find the REAL in our own body. We must undo that awful misfortune of existence—that so concrete, so obvious, so painful Misfortune which ends up having us *all*—and which is an appalling FALSEHOOD. All that Misfortune of existence, all that Horror, that untiring and imperturbable Death are spectres—an awful Illusion.

We must UNDO the Illusion.

But we would be entirely mistaken if we wanted to “be cured of a neuralgia”, “to cure” each one of his minor or major illness—we must be *cured of the Illusion*. We must go down to the required level, where the Illusion is undone, where Death is undone—at the ROOT.

Where we discover this Marvellous YOU ALONE EXIST, YOU ALONE ARE REAL.

You are THE REAL.

And all that painful, obvious, convincing Illusion (oh! how convincing it is!) undoes itself into an inexpressible something... that is the next physical Life—the Divine Life on Earth.

It is not the bulb that blows up, it is not the little BE₂₃ test-tube that blows up—it is the Illusion that blows up.

*

I know very well that my neuralgia can come back, but it will simply be the indication of my impurity, it will mean that I will have fallen back into the Illusion. I knew that that neuralgia had a *meaning* and a positive meaning, and that it *was part* of the work—

EVERYTHING is part of the work!

*

No, one is not “cured”—one moves into the Real.

You don't put streptomycin on an Illusion—you come out of it, or not.

Incidentally, the neuralgia or the cancer can disappear, but it is secondary—IT IS SECONDARY.

I never tried to be cured of my neuralgia—I took it for minor incidents and I told myself that all those layers of Falsehood and Horror had to be crossed: *that* was the GOAL. I knew that the truth was somewhere, the reality was somewhere, the true life was somewhere—Sri Aurobindo and Mother were somewhere—and *in* Matter, *in* a body. And that is what I was looking for. The TRUE LIFE.

And even if death comes to me, I'll still cry out: I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT.

*

When you have seen the beast of the sewer, you don't doubt that there is a REALITY somewhere, or else, the only thing left is to blow the planet up—but it is the Illusion that one must blow up.

Those famous “beasts of the Apocalypse”, now I know where they are.

*

Death tries to sadden you by all means—sorrow is its greatest trick.

New Life = JOY

(It can be “heartache” or neuralgic pain, but it is all the same!) All the levels of pain or all the “layers” of Pain.

*

Perhaps it is that, those “laces” of my shoes!

*

There has been so much sorrow and so much pain in my life, and above all that human pain for so many years, that Wound of the concentration camps, and it was not an illusory wound, it was not an “illusion”, and yet IT WAS AN ILLUSION—a passage to go through. You go through or you die of it. If you are attached to the painful illusion, you die of it very efficiently.

So, since we all die of it, the doctors tell you: you see!

They are nothing but priests of Death.

*

Now I am convinced that Sri Aurobindo went deeper than the Vedic Rishis and that He dug where nobody went—He came to finish his work (or their work!).

What a Marvel it is that somewhere a Truth of Matter exists! A Truth that has been labouring for billions of years.

*

Evening

Sri Aurobindo and Mother are the greatest Fable of the world.

*

As long as I thought that those doors were psychological and spiritual, I did not believe in them, but when I began to understand that they were *material* doors, then...



July 10, 1985

All the neuralgias are here, all the old untiring grooves.

The old Wound opened again as if it had never been healed. Why? You don't know. It is that human making.

Then you find yourself in front of that "there is nothing to do", and it is like the seal of Death.

And you cannot tell yourself: "Next time, it will be better"—next time, you will start again another type of misfortune with another ancestor.

It is that bottom of Pain, always.

That incurable point—I know its face, its smile, its illusion, its claws. And it is always there. It is like the very bottom of humanity.

You "heal" it a hundred thousand times, and it opens again one hundred thousand and one times during the night.

So?

You call Sri Aurobindo...

and you don't know.

We must change species—if we can.

*

There is "something" that is the memory. There is "something" that is all the old recordings—all the old notes of life and so many lives—as so many grooves. It is here. It is the nervous system of life.

Well. We just have to go on.

Inevitably, in one way or another, at this time or in other times, there will be another species. The unsuccessful attempts change nothing.

*

Of what use are these notebooks?

(I have often asked myself.)

*

Afternoon

I really think that it is what Mother called the “transfer of the nervous system”, and she said: “it is worse than dying.”²¹

I am struggling with death.

*

Evening

Vision

Last night (from 9 to 10), I struggled with the forces that govern material life. They stole my “bag” with my passport and my cheque book inside (it is quite symbolic).

It was a slightly orange-pink bag and very light (very thin).

Never have those neuralgias been so nasty.

P.S. Even so, it is interesting to see that the forces that govern the Prison of the world are the same as those that govern the prison of the body.

I remember, during that battle, I told those beings—those “thieves”: “I will call my mother” (then, I corrected myself and said: “I will call Kali who is going to strike you all.”)

They are the thieves of human life.

*

Perhaps it will give me more courage to face my pains.

*

One does not go through the bars of neuralgia as easily as through

²¹ See *Mother's Agenda 13*, April 14, 1973.

the bars of a prison—but it is comforting to know that it is the same prison (!)



July 11, 1985

It is a kind of fighting close-up or hand-to-hand combat with the “wardens of the Prison” who pull as much as they can on the straps, the tentacles of the neuralgia and who absolutely and ferociously want to make you feel that their prison is untraversable; and even the Power, when it comes and invades the system, seems to swell even more, to pull on the nerves, to increase the impossibility—then there is that CRY in the being, that kind of desperate call or desperate *faith* in the whole body that IT IS NOT TRUE: there is that Sun, that Freedom, that New Air, that True Life. Then the wardens squeeze the heart even more, make their pain felt—and this CRY always, this CALL like the very cry of the body’s being: *there is that Reality, there is that true Matter, there is that Sun that sets free, there is... there is... there is...* It is such a *surge of truth* in all the body, as in front of that beast of the sewer, as in front of those horrors, those Gestapos, those sorrows—a surge which is like Life itself: NO! it is NOT TRUE! *There is*, there is a Reality behind all that horror, that sorrow of existence, that cruel Illusion. And it is not even “healing” that the body calls for—it is almost as if it DENIED its neuralgias, DENIED that horror, DENIED that Prison: it wants to COME OUT of the entire Prison—THE MATERIAL REALITY on the other side of all that CRUEL Falsehood.

Here we are. It is like that.

When I was in the concentration camps, I knew with all my

strength that there was *something else* behind the barbed wire—well, it is ALL THE SAME with their neuralgias, their cancers, their banks, their police, their Consulates and their Churches and the whole caboodle of Falsehood.

IT IS ALL THE SAME.

There are no “more real” and “less real” prisons—there is THE Prison.

*

You are not “cured” of the concentration camp: you COME OUT of it or you die—and the guards want to make you believe with all their might that if you come out of it, it is death!

It is as simple and as clear as this.

There are not umpteen prisons, there is only ONE. And we come out of it through the door of the body—not through any other.

I begin to be quite DETERMINED.

And even if I die: long live Freedom!

*

Actually, thanks to those neuralgias, I discover the “wardens of physiology”, otherwise I would not have... so concretely believed it.



July 12, 1985

I am in the process of learning a practical and detailed lesson that is quite surprising with this nervous system.

We must follow and see...

(“I am not here to harm you, I am here to protect you”—this is what that system told me! and this is how the lesson started.)

*

Afternoon

I think that the body is learning the practical secret of the cage.

It is extraordinarily simple and very perilous at the same time—in the smallest detail.

I will explain later.

(In any case, the result of the operation: no neuralgias either in the neck, or in the shoulders or in the back—only in the right leg.)

*

Evening

It is constantly the same lesson that one has to teach to the body (and to all the parts of the being one after the other): “No, it is not death, it is the release from all that misfortune of existence!”

(Of course, you need to be convinced that it is an unfortunate system, but who is? Except when they are caught by some obvious lethal illness.)

If they knew which invisible death they are immersed in they would not bear it...

Death lives from them.



July 13, 1985

What is really interesting (I believe) is that when the body starts to be “exposed”, that is, when its subconscious and its atavistic formation are sufficiently clear, cleansed of all the usual troubles—fears, “you-cannots”, medical and rational interdictions, well, all the

misleading crust, there is a possibility of “intelligent”, or conscious communication with the body—one can hear each other directly. I suppose that “one” is the “worker” in me, the material consciousness (the one I saw once in a “boiler suit”: the mechanic of the body). So yesterday, it was very surprising because suddenly, all that nervous system had a movement of protest, as if it said to my mechanic or to the worker, to the material consciousness in me: “But really! I am not here to harm you, but to protect you.” It was so clear that I was somewhat flabbergasted. And in an instant, it made me understand: you see, that optic nerve gives you an awful headache, but it is to protect your eye, to warn you that you should not subject it to that violent light of cloud; you see that other nerve which hurts in the nape of your neck: it is to warn you that your position is bad and that you will damage your body if you persist with it; and then there are all those nerves to show you that this tooth is bad, that this is too hot or too cold, that there is an inflammation here or there, that you must be careful—the whole picture was seen! We know all this theoretically, but it was so interesting to see *the body* look at its own functioning—discover its own mechanical reason, if I may say so. And finally, there were thousands and millions of nervous signals which “protect” you and send their minor or major “irritations” and end up making a real “protective” prison that goes deep down into the most microscopic corner of the body. There were so many “this is bad and that is bad” that everything seemed to be bad and dangerous—the only peaceful and undisturbed position is to be dead (!) or to sleep.

Once I saw the picture, or once the corporeal consciousness saw the “point of view” of its mechanism, it was very interesting because

then I tried to make the whole mechanism hear or feel another point of view: instead of letting the Power come massively, I let it come by small jets, slowly, slowly, while telling the body: you see, it is not bad—it is Mother who comes. Let yourself be manipulated, let yourself be carried along, let yourself bathe in that. And I saw the current go through all those nerves, like the ocean current through the little tentacles of the sea anemone. As soon as something stiffened somewhere, it let me know immediately (!) and I softly insisted, I let the current go through more and more intensely, I told it: you see, it does not hurt—it is not usual according to your habit, but it is not bad, it is Mother's current! And finally, all the Power, formidable, went through without the body protesting—on the contrary, it tried to be fluid, to “understand” in its own way. And I saw very well that the neuralgias in the neck were like a defence of the brain that restrained the impulse so as not to explode—there also, it relaxed and little by little everything gave way. Which means that the cage seems to want to come apart.

But you feel that it is “perilous” because the impulse is so formidably powerful that if suddenly there were the least contraction or the least “clogging” in a small corner, it would blow all the fuses (!)

This is the observation for the moment.

But with the body, we can “understand each other” directly, that is what is very important.

We'll have to see how far it goes.

*

It should be noted that the “wardens of physiology” are completely under the influence of the general Falsehood (reinforced by medicine and Science). But there seems to be a possibility for a direct

agreement and understanding.

Actually, all that material, physiological consciousness is *hypnotized*.

It had to navigate through many dangers during those precarious millions of years and it has to learn the life-without-disaster—and that actually one can live without prison!

It is the anti-DNA.

Mother and Sri Aurobindo are the anti-misfortune.



14 July 1985

I can confidently say that all that neuralgic physical is a cage of illusion.

*

I really believe that our *whole* physical world is a cage of illusion that separates us from a miraculous and fabulous material Reality.

But humanity does *not* want to change. It only wants to embellish its Falsehood and “improve” its Illusion.

What will it take for it to break?

*

They “miraculously” cut two *feet* of damaged intestine from Mr Reagan (!).

Truly, their Science is marvellous, without it Mr Reagan would have died... from certain death. (As for the others, they are lucky to be in uncertain death.)

*

Can we rebuild a body for ourselves with free Matter?

*

Afternoon

It becomes such a “crazy” boiler or strainer (I don’t know)!

How is it possible, I don’t know.



July 15, 1985

A new “movement” that lasted the whole afternoon.

In the simplicity of the sensation, one could say that the whole body is pulled out of its skin (!)

It is like a mass that rises up—a dense mass, as thick as lava or as liquid lead (but that does not burn!). It is sapphire blue, or it gives that sensation. It starts from the tip of the toes and rises and rises as if it were irresistibly hauled or pulled or “sucked” upwards, and it is of an almost solid density, as if the whole body or its billions of cells (the substance of those billions of cells) were pulled by force in great puffs or great pulls or great successive spasms. It rises and rises and it is pulled from the shoulders and the neck, through the head and it goes out massively through the crown of the head (I must pay close attention so that the nerves of the neck and of the shoulders don’t hold back, otherwise everything would break). It is the almost solid density, like lava, which is surprising. I remember, three years ago, there had been those “magnetizations” and I felt those billions of “particles” that rose and were sucked out of the body—but here, it is not particles, it is a *mass* like lava. And one wave after the other, one “spasm” after the other, indefinitely, for one hour and forty-five

minutes.

I wonder where that substance or that “lava” comes from? (It rises from the tip of the toes and everything is pulled outwards as if the body itself were pulled out of its skin!)

The body let itself go like a child in the hands of its mother (but irresistibly powerful Hands).

*

All this trituration must lead somewhere?

*

Evening

You really have the sensation of being at the end of your tether or at the end of everything...

Beyond “life” but... nowhere, or you don’t know where. It is unknown—not recognised.

You say, “It is You”, and that’s it.



July 16, 1985

All the doors of Fire are open—from everywhere at the same time, from the depths of those billions of cells.

*

(All the neuralgias exasperated. The wardens of the prison are not happy.)



July 17, 1985

Is it the sequel of that vision I had (with Gorbachev and before meeting him) of that man who prepared a very small but very powerful explosive, no bigger than a pack of “*bidis*”? to blow Reagan up? (It was during the night of May 30 to 31, I think?):

The Hindu, July 17, 85

ACTION PLAN TO PREVENT NUCLEAR TERRORISM

Nowadays, firearms, car bombs, hijackings are the means terrorists use. Will nuclear arms be part of their arsenal in the future?

Some experts say that last weeks’ attacks should highlight one point: the world must increase its efforts to prevent terrorists from acquiring nuclear explosives...

Arms designers say that if terrorist groups acquired the core of the device, it would not be difficult for them to build a rudimentary bomb. They could even build one small enough to be housed in a *Dodge* mini-van.

The device would actually be made of two plutonium tablets inserted in a tube, thrown against each other by explosives. It would be rather inefficient and might not explode at all, but the simple fact that it exists could lead to the use of blackmail at the national level.



July 18, 1985

YOU ARE THE ONE WHO REIGNS!

*

This morning, it was like a physical, material revelation. I had this

revelation many times, but it is each time new or each time more material—it touches a deeper layer.

I told Mother, in the simplicity of my heart: O Mother, may You be here, may there be a spot of pure Matter where You could be and do what You want—MAY YOU BE HERE!

And it was so simple, so obvious, so material: But I AM HERE! I am the one who reigns!

And all of a sudden it was SEEN, materially SEEN, like a reversal of all the values—all of a sudden I understood, materially understood what Sri Aurobindo says in *Savitri*: “A great reversal of Night and day”²²—it was THAT! Everything is *inverted*.

We say: You are not here, and we call You and we pray for You to be here. Or *we* say: You are in “heaven” or You don’t exist. So what exists, what is here, is the sorcerer, the doctor, the great priest, the magistrate and the police and the President of the Republic—that is what is here, that is what reigns. It is cancer, neuralgia, it is Death that reigns! These are LAWS, you see! (And the Bomb for the safety of Falsehood.)

And *this* is the Falsehood, *this* is the Illusion: it is all the fabrication of the Falsehood that *wants* us to believe that You are not here. You are not in Matter, it is obvious! You are in heaven or You don’t exist.

Then everything reverses, really reverses: You ARE HERE, You have *always* been here and You REIGN over Matter and IN Matter—*we* absolutely want to believe that we are in the Prison.

And the “miracle” is when, by chance, there is a hole in the

²² *Savitri*, Book 1, Canto 3.

Falsehood. Then, it is *all naturally* miraculous—what was here is here! It is not something that *comes* and makes a miracle, not something that *adds up* or comes on top: it is something that GOES AWAY! And the Natural is here. It is the Falsehood that goes away, the Illusion that goes away. YOU ARE HERE!

And everything is possible.

It is our Falsehood that is impossible, our cage, our barbed wire, our human concentration camp, our human Gestapo with its sorcerers, its magistrates, its wardens, its doctors, its Presidents and its neuralgias or its cancers. It is a cage of fierce Illusion.

YOU ARE HERE!

YOU ARE THE ONE WHO REIGNS

IN MATTER.

A reversal of day and night—but *in matter*, at the level of the body and of those billions of cells that suffocate and suffer and die under the weight of the Falsehood.

*

P.S. This morning, there was no neuralgia.

*

A FIERCE illusion that fights back by *all* means.

Then all of Death swells and pulls and presses and tightens its cage with all its strength to prevent the REAL from passing. And it knows so very well how to make the heart palpitate, how to pull on the nerves, strangle and asphyxiate you and make you revolt against the “celestial laws”—while the Miracle is HERE, all the time!

It is something that surges from the body with an *extreme*

simplicity, as in the camps: no! there is something else behind the barbed wire!

It is like an obvious fact of simple love and simple truth: but no! it is not possible! IT IS NOT TRUE!

It is *in the body*. It is *there* that the Illusion is undone, that the true Lord REIGNS—and has *always* reigned!

*

Then *all* the work, the *whole* path, the “breakthrough”, is to come out of the claws of the Illusion. And it is a relentless, fierce struggle. They have very convincing means to make you feel that they reign.

But IT IS A LIE!

That is the “spell”.

*

It is quite FORMIDABLE, and it does not look like it!

And this is what will change the world.

*

True Matter is what is *HERE*.

Everything is upside down!

*

So when I say: “Mother materializes”, it means: “my falsehood dematerializes”!

And when I speak of “transmaterialization”, it means that we go through the bars of the cage of Illusion.

O simplicity of Truth!

*

I am quite certain that the Apocalypse is not something that “comes” and manifests: it is something that GOES AWAY. It is the crust of Falsehood that goes away. But who *will bear* the Non-Falsehood,

they who are made of Falsehood from head to toe!

The New Being is “perhaps” *already here!*

*

How could Truth manifest *in* Falsehood? It makes it burst, that’s all—its mere presence makes Falsehood burst. *This* is the Apocalypse.

I have been in perpetual apocalypse for three years and two months.

*

Afternoon

A very intense action in the brain (difficult to bear). Obviously, it is there that the barbed wire is the tightest.



July 20, 1985

It is the *whole* System that is Death—it is neither a particular moment nor a particular accident of existence. It is *all* life that is Death.

It is the Continent of Death and we must go to the Continent of Life.

It is simple.

Metaphysics of some kind or the other does not help us: we must sail. And in God’s hands.

Simply, a Christopher Columbus of the New Continent was needed to know that *it exists*—this is what Sri Aurobindo and Mother did.

*

Then, that tomb of Mother is such an awful Falsehood: here is what *we* did. They came to bring life and *we* put them in a hole.

And somebody got into his head and into his heart and into his body to pull her out of there.

*

(After the “miraculously” solved issue of the tea field)

I suspect that the supramental state is a simple and miraculous state with no need to “make miracles”.

It simply makes a hole in Falsehood—and it is done.

Automatically done.

*

Afternoon

Exactly the same phenomenon as on the afternoon of July 15: those “massive magnetizations”, as if the whole body were pulled, hauled out of its own skin.

I suppose that it is the whole corporeal, material consciousness which is going through the bars of that Cage of Falsehood.

I who wanted to pull Mother out of her tomb, She is the one who pulls me out of my tomb!

And it is strange, the body feels a kind of *joy* and it lets itself be carried along with joy, as if it *knew* what it is all about (myself, I don’t know very well). “Normally”, for a “normal” body, the operation could seem disturbing (even “terrifying”), but it feels its deliverance: “Mother comes and delivers me, I will land in the Sun!” This is what it feels: Deliverance. It feels Mother’s powerful hands which haul it and almost pull it by force out of that millennial—mortal—Prison.

*

No neuralgia! (only a little in the right leg).

*

What is surprising, is the tremendous density—one could say the thickness—of those waves that rise and rise from the heels up to the top of the head and go through the top of the skull towards... I don't know, it is without dimension.

I don't know if "that" goes through me (the body) or if it is I (the body) who go through the walls of the tomb??

One does not know how to say it.

*

Evening

The supramental "miracle" is the mental Falsehood that unmiraclizes!!

In short, it is demystification.

But we have to go into the evolutionary foundations.

This is where it is undone.



July 21, 1985

(Again the Wound reopened last night.)

We must go through with the cargo we have—pains and scrap iron, ebony or cotton.

For that matter, we have perfectly everything in the hold.

I wonder why Noah needed specimens—*one* Noah is enough, along with all the goats and monkeys inside.

We always come back to the Redemption of amino acids—

otherwise what is the use of the Flood? Jehovah must be somewhat silly (obviously, he lived before Darwin, so we can't bear him a grudge).

*

The pain we have is stupid, but it is part of the cargo.

Sometimes the worst helps the most.

*

(I would thumb my nose at Jehovah, but it will neither improve the amino acids, nor my late father.)



July 22, 1985

Still those massive “magnetizations”, more and more massive.

I don't know how to explain the phenomenon, but the body feels that it is pulled, hauled by force through the walls of “something” that I call “my tomb”—that cage of Falsehood.

This morning and this afternoon, when I came out of the “operation”, I was completely dizzy and I had trouble standing on my legs. (Walking like a drunken man.)

Successive magnetizations, without end, as if by waves—one is pulled by force through “something”. “One” = the body, those billions of cells.

Patrice came with me to the forest to look after my body.

*

Evening

I have the sensation of living something miraculous, but I don't

know what it is.

*

I don't quite understand "transformation", but trans-materialization has a meaning for me (for my body's consciousness).



July 23, 1985

In spite of all the faith, the certainties, the repeated experiences—one could say the "proofs"—it is almost torturing for this old animal physical.

Why?

There are all the "good" reasons for it to be torturing, but precisely, it is the very Falsehood, it is the very Illusion—is all that physical mechanics part of the Falsehood? Is it only a door one has to go through?

If only it opened Mother's door?...

It is the *only* hope.

Otherwise who, who—who would agree to follow such a path?

I see nobody in humanity.

I keep notebooks, but I see very well the futility of it—who?

Mother must come, then everything will be saved, open. Or else...

*

Evening

A new neuralgia has appeared on the spine.

"Pain seems to go from one place to another", Sujata says. It is interesting to note it.



July 24, 1985

You are *extracted* from the cage almost with virulence—*physically* extracted.

It is as if you changed matter.

A formidable density, SOLID like diamond.

It EXISTS!

It EXISTS!

It is POSSIBLE.

*

No neuralgia—not one!

*

In the forest

During those successive “extractions”, what is surprising is to what *extent* Death wants you to believe that it exists, that *you are going to die*—and it is Mother who extracts you, literally, *from the claws* of Death!

It is like a cobweb that keeps you and holds you back with all its strength, then Mother *pulls*, pulls.

A kind of supreme faith, or supreme grace is needed to let yourself be extracted without believing that you are going to explode—but it is Death that explodes!

And that solidity of diamond! Like Mother alive, solid, all-powerful, *here*.

*

The neuralgia was all the resistance of Death that wants to hold

you in its web.

*

It is quite fabulous.

We'll have to see whether it goes on—whether it *settles* naturally.

*

And all the rest—all the pains, the agonies, the forty years of unhappiness—seem like a mirage!

A MIRAGE! mortal.

*

Evening

*“The deep falsity of Death.”*²³

Now I deeply understand, with my body.

*

This evening, I feel the old grooves of my neuralgias, but it is like traces of a past conflict or wrinkles on the face.

It should disappear?

*

Can the other matter take the place of this one permanently?



July 25, 1985

Vision

Last night (from 24 to 25) I saw this: a powerful plane, like a turbojet, in flight (I saw it from outside, but I saw the inside as well,

²³ Sri Aurobindo said.

as if I were also inside). A light grey colour and a pointed “nose” (like a bombshell) that was bright red. It did not give at all the impression of the large passenger “Boeing” but of a “special” plane—a plane for “executives” as they would say in Anglo-Saxon countries, but very powerful. Then I saw the inside: there were perhaps ten people, or rather beings (but hardly more, probably less, but I don’t know exactly). They were “very white”. One cannot say luminous, but it was as if they were clothed with white fabric. They were sitting as in a very luxurious and spacious living room, but the “luxury” was not seen, it was rather a sensation of great “comfort”. One could well feel that they were special people or beings who had the role of director (I don’t know how to say it, but somewhat like “leaders”) and yet everything seemed very simple, natural, without any embarrassment, very harmonious, and not at all the sensation of “persons” in the human egoistic and “puffed up” meaning, but rather of *beings*. Behind them were one or two “stewards” or “hosts”, dressed in white (I even saw a small white table), who were there to serve those beings.

I really don’t know what it means or what it represents.

They were “in flight”.

I seemed to be part of them, but at the same time, it was as though I saw that from outside. It is rather the image seen from outside the plane that is the clearest, with that pointed “nose”, like a shell, red—something very powerful, but slender at the same time (not at all those big heavy planes).

???

The “executives” are “those who execute”, but I don’t know which name we would give them—“executants” (!) It is perhaps Mother’s

“executive power” (I doubt that she is interested in a “legislative” power!)

*

I constantly have the impression of being unsteady on my legs.

*

Afternoon

Always those “extractions”, but nothing in the body resists any longer, it *knows* so perfectly now that it is Mother, it is Sri Aurobindo—it is as if Death were unmasked, physically unmasked. There is still a little difficulty in the brain when those dense masses go through it, but it ends up passing without too much trouble. And that SOLID density! It is really another Matter.

The body starts to catch a glimpse of the end of the “human” nightmare. It feels something marvellous, very near, but that it does not know how to explain.

When you come out of it, you have trouble standing with equilibrium on your legs, it is as if it were another gravitation.

Something very marvellous and very *simple*—very near.

*

P.S. No neuralgia (only a trace in the left shoulder).

*

Evening

It is Death that “makes miracles”, the Divine does *not need* miracles! It is the non-Divine that needs miracles to save itself from its own machinations!

The Divine re-establishes the Real—and that’s all.

I did not need to be “cured” of my neuralgias—I had to come out of the Prison of the unreal. Yes, come out of the web—or come out of the “coffin”! Then everything falls off. The Real remains.

*

I have the impression that those solid masses rising from below and going through the body are what Sri Aurobindo called the “Supramental from below”. It is what traverses and dissolves the “cage”.

This is what gives the sensation that you “change matter”.

It is not that you are “extracted” from your body: it is the Prison that is “extracted” from your body!

What would be the reaction of a first Amphibian coming out of water?

*

I am trying to describe something that has never occurred (except in Sri Aurobindo and Mother), so it is difficult...

*

(It reminds me of the Ashram dentist: he would not pull your teeth out—he would pull some tooth out!) (He was incidentally somewhat German, although he was from Karnataka, and he would do this to the sound of Beethoven’s music—and without anaesthesia.) (But everything took place in a “religious” and stoical silence.)



July 26, 1985

Indian Express, July 26

“NO NEXUS WITH PAK TO SEIZE SIACHEN”

Beijing,

On Wednesday China denied a report attributed to an Indian news agency (not PTI) according to which Pakistan and China would be coordinating military action in an attempt to jointly seize the Siachen Glacier region in Kashmir, and fighter planes sent by China and Pakistan would have intruded into Indian air space.

“These reports are pure fabrication and entirely false. We are not clear as to why such groundless reports should be issued to confuse world opinion”, a spokesman of the Chinese Foreign Office said...



27 July 27, 1985

I asked Sri Aurobindo and Mother the question: As long as there was a Heaven *and* Earth, I understand the Revolt of the Angels or of the Asuras, but now that you have opened the Passage with your own body and that Earth and Heaven *can* be “equal and only one” as the Vedic Rishis prayed, why that out-dated Revolt? Now that the Key to the perfect change is here, in Matter, why would those old, cruel and violent Forces not collaborate in the divinisation of the Earth? As long as there was salvation in heaven only, I understand the Revolt, I understand all the devils—“get lost with your celestial joys!” But now? Why would that old Cruelty, that old Misfortune, that old Violence not look for what they *wanted*: Joy on Earth, Love on Earth, Beauty and Fullness on Earth? Sri Aurobindo and Mother opened the Way, the Marvellous Possible, with their own body—so

why not go to the very Bottom, to the very Root and transform that old Misfortune, so that the *body* of the Earth, *also*, becomes glorious? Revolt is out of date, it belongs to the former times of crucifixion and hells and “mortal sins” and Kingdoms from Beyond and of the eternal Father who looked at all that from above—but now? The “black gods” found or should have found Sri Aurobindo’s *key* and be able to discover “what the white Gods missed”.²⁴

If I were Villon, Voltaire or Rimbaud, or some devil from the Unfortunate Islands, I would *no longer* have the same attitude—I would go in search of the Fortunate Island! If I were a pirate, I would change sides! And if by misfortune, I were a Sannyasin or a high priest, I would throw out the habit.

Why not, this time, the Revolt of the Devils against the old Satan, bearded and out-of-date?

As a result, *Wall Street*, the Pentagon, the Vatican and the Kremlin would be out of a job!

*

Unfortunately, I think that our “civilization” found worse (or “better”) than the Devils or the Gods—it found little egos made of reinforced concrete.

*

Afternoon

It is such a continuous volcano that rises from below the feet!
And you feel that it is pure Love—ABSOLUTE—and so powerful!
The very substance of the universe.

²⁴ *Savitri*, Book 10, Canto 2.

*

How a human carcass can bear “that”, is a mystery.

And what “that” does is another mystery.

But it loves, that is certain!



July 28, 1985

It is like a tea strainer with billions of tiny holes. Each small hole represents a cell and through each one of those micro-holes “something” passes through, which has the density of molten lead or of molten diamond or of molten gold—and which is Love.

You feel quite obviously that it is Mother. But... it is difficult.



July 31, 1985

If I had to find only one adjective to qualify that new life or that “second life”, it would be: full. It is *the* Fullness.

Here, something is always missing and everything is mixed.

*

Here, each thing finds its way through its opposite. There, each thing finds its way *itself*.

*

When Mother held my hands, it was FULL.

Sri Aurobindo looked at me for three seconds and it has carried me for thirty-eight years.



August

Night of August 3, 1985

Heard this: “Things are fitting together.”

(I suppose: like the pieces of a puzzle.)

*

Afternoon

The “strainer”, more and more formidably dense.

What is going to happen?

Something *is* going to happen.

*

Evening

One has the impression that everything could “turn” suddenly, like milk that turns into curds at a certain temperature (!).

(I don’t know if Krakatoa contains curdled milk of that type...)

*

I told my brother Patrice (before his departure): “We are in the convulsions of the end of everything—everything. But who understands it? Or the other way round: we are in the convulsions of the beginning of the Unknown.”



August 4, 1985, afternoon

It is crazy! As if all the nerves were being torn out—waves and waves like molten lead or dense fire, and that difficulty when it goes through the cerebral matter. At one point, the nerves of my right leg, then of my shoulders and my neck hurt so much, really as if they

were being torn out—sheer torture. But what I would like to say, it is my amazement, verging on stupefaction and a miracle: it was unbearable, and *the whole time*, the whole time the BODY *wanted*—wanted—to let itself go and KNEW—knew—that it was Mother, Sri Aurobindo, that it was THE OLD mortal ILLUSION that was going away and that it was THEY who were taking its place. It was miraculous of consciousness, trust, certitude, amidst all those flows of lead or dense fire that *tore* out the nerves—it was against all common sense, it was crazy, it was torturing, but the body *knew, wanted*, tried with all its strength to let itself go, to spread out and surrender. Not only no fear, but a call for Liberation from that whole illusion of the animal shell.

It was extraordinary. Sheer torture, and *at the same time* something else—SOMETHING ELSE. At the same time.

*

Evening

That is what leaves me astounded: it is *physical* torture and at the same time this *physical* body KNOWS that it is something else! And it tries to help, to “collaborate in its torture” if I may say so!

But then “physiology” is a mystery...

Perhaps it is a mystery of the Academy of Medicine (!)

Or of that famous “biology” which is, in truth, “necrology”.

*

How one can walk on two legs after that, I don't know, but I went for my walk in the forest as usual.

*

It is the old periwinkle that is extracted from its evolutionary shell!

*

And the movement is so *imperious*! Really, it seems that the operation is conducted *by force*.

*

And to think that Mother had to endure that amidst all that surrounding poison... (That man used to sleep in her room, with all his thoughts...)

It must have been awful. A sort of nightmare. “I feel like screaming”, She said.



August 6, 1985

The impression, the sensation of being atomized in order to go through a solid wall.

It is as if going through a wall while alive!

*

Evening

I am so exhausted tonight, down to the bones. There is no end to your bones being pulled out of your body! (or the other way round: the body out of the bones).

*

They want to deliver us from our pains and we mistake Deliverance for pain...

“If man is incapable of surpassing himself, he must be surpassed and a new being will take the lead of evolution”, Sri Aurobindo said.

This new being is the whole question that is being “discussed” in

the body—and in the world.

*

They put her in the tomb—remember.

To get her out of there or to refute that, I will struggle down to *the end*.

*

What is this “wall”?

*

(Letter from Sujata to Kireet)

*You are lucky to have received the book *Life without Death*. Satprem received it only a few days ago and neither X nor I got our copies. But you know, Kireetbhai, since the moment he had that conversation with Luc, Satprem did not stay immobile. He keeps saying: “It is crazy, it is crazy! It is inhuman” (what he is enduring), “It is fabulous!” And he discovers the formidable and fantastic work that Sri Aurobindo and Mother have performed. And notice: all that takes place in the body, in matter, not up above on the mental plane or even at the spiritual level, but right here, in Matter. It is really here that the lamp of the spirit is being kindled. Yes, the “hope” is shining with “positivity”. My ardent prayer is that this “positivity” may eclipse the negativity, so apparent and which seems to grow at giant steps throughout the world, determined to destroy. May the “hope” become a FACT, soon, soon...*

*

Sujata’s vision

(In a letter to Kireet)

It was very kind of you to think of informing us about “Uncle’s” health [Sir C.P.N. Singh, Indira Gandhi’s confidant]. You say that he can walk a little: can he go into the garden?

His anxiety concerning India’s fate is justified. If one looks at all that from a human point of view, the picture is very dark. And it is getting worse every day. Things seem to have passed beyond all human attempts. Only the Supreme Divine can do something—if THEY want.

You know, Kireetbhai, a few nights ago, I found myself in an old, ancient style house, a rich man’s house. I was in the veranda looking onto the backside. A little further was the garden, with a few very old trees. I remained standing there and I saw people coming and going. A young man, or rather a boy, about 18 or 20, I would say, told me (perhaps not with all those words, but that was the idea) he told me that Rajiv Gandhi was reorganizing the garden and that he (the boy) was carrying bricks to reinforce the ground. Or something similar. It seemed then that Rajiv had come to the place to give instructions. My curiosity being aroused, I went into the old garden. I came near the very old tree, where the work with the bricks was supposed to be done, when my feet sank into the mud. It was almost liquid. I began to wonder how one could lay bricks in such conditions? There was no trace of bricks except a few bits floating in the mud. And I told myself: “Perhaps the place was a little dry when Rajiv gave his instructions?!”

Then I wanted to leave. Instead of going out through the

door of the house, I took a way that passed between the house and the outer wall. But I had hardly taken one or two steps when I saw, with consternation, that the whole passage was filled with a yellowish, stinking mire... I managed to get out of it and to come back on firm ground. I was wearing boots and did not get dirty. Then I went out through the main door of the place and as I was going out, I happened to have a glimpse of myself: a young, clear and slender body, like a young boy's, without any other cloth than a black swimming suit. Amazing. Who was "I"?

I did not understand the meaning of this dream. Satprem said it was very clear and explained it to me. I suppose you have already understood the meaning of what I saw? You are cleverer than me. In any case, "Uncle" will explain to you, if needed...



August 7, 1985

This body, this body's consciousness is almost desperate when it sees this neuralgia climbing along the leg or descending down the neck and the back like little snakes with a tongue of fire—and it tells itself: So, there is nothing to do? It is not even the pain, the "suffering" that disturbs really, but this sort of *incapacity* to receive the New Power, or this resistance to the New Power... You tell yourself: What? You offer, you offer all that, you overcome the pain, but you see: it climbs, it spreads, it burns and tightens up—and what to do? what to do? What can you do? Is this physical body quite

unable to make the transition? Then you hear the bird singing outside, so fluid, so simple, so tender, while this whole human mechanism grates and resists and suffers and calls—you tell yourself: So what?

Is the “transition” simply in the burning intensity of that “what?”

You don’t know. You know nothing. With a sort of powerlessness, you witness the neuralgia spreading... A cage of illusion?

You know nothing.

You have to go through.

*

Then, something charming adds: “You see, Satprem, if things go on like that, you will become totally invalid.”

I answer: “I don’t care.” I am too much of a Breton to give up. But it does not help.

You feel like crying. But it does not help either.

So you take the small electric heating pad, you place it on your back or under your leg, and it does not help either.

You continue.

*

What is it that resists?

It is the whole Earth that resists!

*

And meanwhile, they prepare their “Star Wars”...

Men are crazy.

We should hurry up...

*

I keep believing that all these nerves that hurt, this heart that goes wrong or this dizziness are UNTRUTHFUL appearances.

That's it.

We must GET OUT of Falsehood.

One is not “cured” from Falsehood—one gets out of it.

*

Afternoon

The formidable “strainer” continues, as if, from the bottom of my body as from the bottom of her tomb, Mother rose by dense, irresistible waves, like molten lead.

Now I am sure that this is the “phenomenon”. Mother COMES OUT.

So you say: “To You”, with gratitude.

Like that, it makes *sense*.

*

This is the “rendez vous at the Samadhi”.



August 8, 1985

At the bottom of the hole, you meet everything—*everything*—as at the origins of the creation (or should we say of the distortion of the creation?). And it is not “everything” as something else or something external: it is everything as *yourself*. So it is rather unbearable. You are the man of all aches. You are all the men of the Earth.

And there is always a triple choice: destruction (which destroys nothing), revolt (which changes nothing) or change...which is a kind of summary of all the (accepted) atrocities.

Great!

There is Love, behind, but when everything hurts so much, is so

bruised, it is difficult.

*

P.S. As a sailor, I would be curious to know if my honourable fellow Noah would swear on all the “blistering barnacles”, as a good sailor must? O, old fool, did you say “*avant moi le Déluge*”??—then look at your descendants and scratch your head!

*

Afternoon

It is as heavy as molten lead.



August 9, 1985

Vision

Several times last night I saw orange beings...

This repetition is strange. Usually, you see once and that's it. (I think that it was three times.)

A supramental landing on the Earth (!)

They seemed to be on the Earth or certainly close to the Earth.

*

It is such a nasty onslaught of all neuralgic pain... You don't know what to do. As if something very cruel deep down were shaking and shaking you: Ah! you see.

Why Cruelty?

I understand everything-everything, but that?

A kind of nasty joy.

It is very monstrous.

It is like the real source of the Gestapo.

Something that denies everything-everything: joy, beauty, hope, the sun.

Why? Why that?

I have the impression that I am touching the Monster.

*

This is why Christ came, so that men can bear that—but he saved *nothing*. It swarms everywhere.

This is why Buddha came, this is why Lenin came—this is why they all came...

This is the door that Sri Aurobindo opened and that nobody wanted.

One must have one's eyes very wide open to descend there, and renounce tears forever.

*

Evening

I cannot say anymore.

You would want Mother to come out.

Then She could *do*.

You don't know if it is sheer torture or if it is miraculous.

The nastiest and the most Divine are there.

It is becoming more and more difficult.

*

The difficulty is that you cannot change everything at once, you could not bear it, the operation must be done little by little, and it is that little by little that is agony.

Slowly, the little seal is torn out of the agony of an old Fish, isn't

it?

It is an evolutionary *process*. There is nothing to discuss.

There are perhaps “surgical moments”, but they have been lengthily prepared by a lot of small tearings.

(It is probably what is happening in the world’s body too, through small horrors in every nook and cranny until they discover the great human horror.) (Then they will be ready for the change (?)).



August 10, 1985

Last night, I saw the peninsula²⁵ under water—it is my farewell to that country that I loved, to the Bay, to the little mother...

Yes, small successive tearings. The Quiberon Peninsula in southern Brittany.

A last time, I cried “thank you-thank you!” to my little mother.

THERE IS YOU.



August 11, 1985

A lot of pain in the nerve of my right leg. In my neck and my shoulder, too, but less than in my leg. It pulls and burns and it is throbbing.

I had to talk about Auroville this morning and it increased the neuralgia.

This is the fact.

²⁵ The Quiberon Peninsula in southern Brittany.

But last night, I saw this, which leaves me puzzled. It was certainly an image that *wanted* to say something, to give me an indication.

It was very strange.

I saw the wheel of a car and I bent over that wheel to look. And in the hub of that wheel (which seemed to have spokes like bike wheels, but it was a car), there was a pink fledgling—all pink and featherless like a young bird. It was dying. I could see his small head which straightened up and fell back, straightened up, then dropped again. It was literally torn to bits alive—I saw many little bits of pink flesh which seemed to have been torn off of it—and it was torn to pieces or pierced, as it seemed, by all the “spokes” of the wheel, which naturally converged in the wheel’s hub.

It was there, dying, *in* the hub of that wheel.

I looked at it, I told myself: what can I do to save it? But I left it: there was nothing to do.

Then I straightened up and I saw the car: a black car, which was parked as if along a sidewalk on a street in Paris. I bent over to look inside the car, to see what it was. There was nobody inside, but I saw on the rear shelf that a medical instrument had been left there in its case (a kind of stethoscope). On the case of that “instrument” was clearly written “nerves” (or “nervous system”, I don’t know exactly). And I “knew” that it was a doctor who had left that in the car—his car or my car, I don’t know exactly.

What is that fledgling, torn to pieces and dying?

The “wheel” of the car is probably the symbol of the nervous system, which radiates everywhere.

Is this black car the symbol of my old body?

*

O Lord, there is You.

*

That fledgling in the wheel's hub...

And: "There is nothing to do."

Is that "black car" the symbol of my old body or of Medicine?

*

Afternoon

Those waves of molten lead one after another, one after another...
As if everything were torn out of you.

Mother did say: "It is worse than dying."

We don't know what it is.

There is You—it is "liveable" only in this ABSOLUTE "to You".

To YOU To YOU To YOU...

In fact, it is not "liveable"—you don't know how it is lived, you don't know how it is possible.

*

Conversation with Sujata

(Satprem and Sujata comment on the last news from Auroville: the reactions raised by Luc's recent letter to Serge, in which Luc suggests that it is "too late" for Auroville. Which prompted thirteen Aurovilians to decide to leave Auroville.)

A lot of good that will do!

(silence)

It reminds me that Mother told me in... I don't know anymore, in '70 or '71. Speaking of Auroville, She said: "The sincerity of the realisation must be *such* that the undesirable elements are obliged to leave." (*laughing*). And we arrive at the opposite situation!

It is sad.

What a mix-up...

(*silence*)

What Luc wrote to Serge (I read that a short time ago) is true—but it is a linear and mathematical truth. It is like that (*gesture drawing a straight and thin line*), it is seen in a mathematical straight line. What he says is true. But life is rarely linear and mathematical: it has hollows and bumps and abysses and... graces. You have no right to... I understand very well why Luc wrote. He probably wanted to shake up the Aurovilians, didn't he? Well... everybody sees things his own way, and it is useful. So, certainly, Luc's act had utility. Only, as appearances are always untruthful, people just look at the line and don't understand the purpose behind: what it wants to awaken in Auroville.

But in my opinion, one has no right to say that a thing is "finished", has "failed"... One has no right to say entirely negative things without proposing a positive solution. His negativity is real, isn't it; he has many good reasons to say it... And when you look at Auroville, it is rather saddening.

What they don't want to understand (what I have tried to make them understand for, how long?—twelve years) what they don't want to understand, is the *necessity* of inner progress: they want to make outer progress. And inner progress is *difficult*. And if you don't want

to make inner progress, you destroy yourself. Appearances can be vivid, but you destroy yourself.

It is the story of Shantiniketan, isn't it: after Tagore's departure, what effort did they make for it to *live*? They lived on what Tagore had created, settled. But what effort did they make to create, live, progress?

In the Ashram, it is the same thing—it is worse. So things fossilize, become an institution: they have all the appearances of success, of official recognition—Shantiniketan is a great, great... I don't know what, but it is a sort of empty shell, empty and crumbling. The Ashram has superb appearances, but it is dusty and dead: the river has moved elsewhere, the current has moved elsewhere. If you don't want to make the effort... (well, we can say that it is mathematical and true): if you don't want to make the effort, you condemn yourself.

The only thing Mother showed me... They say that "I am not informed" or that "I don't receive the right information"—what need do I have of information?! It is not a question of information or "wrong information"—I am already informed!

The truth is shown to you, isn't it, through images.

People may think what they want, X, Y, Z think what they want, it is not my business; as for me, Mother showed me only one thing, it was that boat,²⁶ with that tremendously powerful engine cluttered with all kinds of *incredible* things, which had nothing to do with the

²⁶ Vision of September 14-15, 1984: "The boat of Auroville".

boat. So the engine did not work, did not run. It was one of those big engine blocks, and it was cluttered, but with *samans* [Tamil word meaning “things”], an impossible clutter that had nothing to do with the engine—and nobody started the engine. Mother showed me that. Then the tide flowing out, and the mud at the bottom. Well, this is shown. This is the true situation. So they can say what they want, for or against—I am shown exactly what is right, what corresponds to a reality. Well, the truth is that they DON’T start the engine. This is the truth. And it is the *root* of the whole story of Auroville: if they don’t start the engine, they sentence themselves to death, it is obvious! To start the engine means really: to make the inner progress and the *true thing*. Not avenues, planting, executive councils, resolutions—nothing of all that! The engine, it really means the inner power, which is formidable—which is FORMIDABLE. And this is what they don’t make use of. This is the illness of Auroville. So if they don’t want to use it, they go to the... successful fossilization, don’t they, they will be as in the Ashram, they will succeed very well!

But nobody starts the engine! This has been *shown* to me—so I don’t argue. It is a fact. It is the fact of Auroville. All the rest is blah-blah-blah.

This is what they don’t want to understand: it is the necessity of the inner progress—the *true* progress, the one that no friend can see: nobody can see that, only Mother and Sri Aurobindo can see it. Not things that you “show”. And this is the true progress, difficult, arduous; and the enemy bares all its teeth and claws as soon as you want to make some progress. It is not convenient. They are very peaceful because, precisely, the enemy did not sink its claws in. It lets them proliferate: “Go on, my little ones, go on, do pretty

things...” (*gesture*)

That is to say, there is no effort to come out of the enemy’s domain?

No, there is no effort in the *true* inner sense: that we are at the end of a world, that man is in the process of *disappearing*, isn’t he—of disappearing. The question is to know if something of this humanity is going to survive and transform itself or if a new being (by which means, I don’t know) if a new being will manifest. That is the problem. Sri Aurobindo said: “If man doesn’t want to surpass himself, he will be surpassed; a new being will come and take the lead of evolution.” Well, it is the key-sentence of those four and a half billion ignoramuses who live on the earth—yet it is the key to the destiny of *all of them*. And it is the key of all that bunch of little Aurovilians who don’t understand the Grace that is given to them. So what do they want?... Do they really try to *surpass* man?—they try to improve him, they try to put up little paintings, little temples, little committees, and “we have this one’s recognition”, “we have Mr Rajiv with us”, “we have Mr...”, well, all those stupidities—which are dying, precisely, and dying everywhere.

So they will ask: But what does it mean “to surpass humanity and make the new being?”—well, to find it, you must WALK! It is not given, it is not in any book! You must *walk*, you must take some *steps*. And as soon as you want to take a step, you see the Enemy who bares his claws and teeth, and who is there. Well, *immediately* he is there. Immediately. And immediately, you are on the way. Immediately. You are on the way, automatically—it is the most marvellously or abominably (as you wish) automatic thing that exists. You just have

to *want* to understand that, which is the heart of the problem: this new being, to make it, to build it—*how?* So you tell yourself... (if you love Sri Aurobindo or if you understand Mother a little), you tell yourself: Well, They know; so there is a way, so we have to search for it. And how? And HOW? And HOW?—Well, they won't need to ask the question three times with a bit of sincerity, because the first time, the Enemy will be there to scratch them in the face.

This is what starting the engine is.

There is no need of books. All possible books have been given—you need to start walking, that's all. As soon as you want to take a step—one step, a very tiny step—*everything* pounces on you. Because the Enemy understands *very well* what it is all about. Everything pounces on you—then you can say: Ah, well, I am on the way. There, it begins. It begins. Because the formidable Grace is there, too—which they did not use. That formidable Power is there, which they did not use. And this is life. This is automatic life. This is *Life*, you understand. It is Auroville's life. Immediately: it lives. Otherwise, it is dust. Golden and institutionalized dust—as in the Ashram. The poor things have been contaminated one after another by all kinds of “putchis” [Tamil word for vermin]. And the most terrible of all are the *putchis* of the Ashram. The microbes that have migrated from there and that go to Auroville are serious! And they have pretty appearances—they always take on *very* pretty appearances (*seductive gesture*), and have *such* beautiful ideas, and they are *so* noble—the idiots! They don't understand anything of the path. And above all, they don't understand the power of the forces that they *trigger* by trying to make that little bit of progress. They don't understand that individuals are very small masks for FORMIDABLE forces. So they can

set a supreme Grace in motion, and they can set rottenness in motion... yes, that of the world, precisely, which wants to gobble up everything. It has marvellous appearances, hasn't it, everything seems to fit so well—then everything comes apart, everything cracks.

Progress... you must walk, you must walk, you must get smashed up. You must set the forces in motion. Then you understand. You understand what it is *in vivo*—what is happening. And this is Auroville's heart—or rather, it should have been Auroville's heart, precisely, its power. Mother would say (Mother knew, didn't she) she would say: "It is the only chance to avoid a world war." So how can a little bunch of oddballs like that, in their corner, avoid a world war? Did they ever ask themselves the question?! Did they ever understand what it means? They don't understand that they are really the little puppets of such tremendous forces—both ways. They don't want to do anything... Outwardly, they do lots of things, they make lots of speeches, too. Well, it is... They don't set the forces in motion. They don't give the Divine Grace the opportunity to manifest. They do as in the Ashram—they have been *corrupted*. Invisibly *corrupted* by those people from the Ashram. They have not understood the work that Mother and Sri Aurobindo did in the middle of those COCKROACHES... who gobbled everything: they made a feast of Mother and Sri Aurobindo—they *gobbled* Them *up*—everything! And now, you go to Auroville because there you have more ease, you have more "freedom", you can...

This is why Mother said that Auroville was not far enough from the Ashram.

Yes, from the Ashram. They have been CORRUPTED by the people of the Ashram. And they are not even aware of it!

They are not even aware of it.

But, well, it is useless to say: It is this, it is that—to make external accusations. Here is the fact: the fact is that they don't make use of the Power that is there. And for that, there are not all that many methods.

So... what's the use of being negative and saying: "Auroville is lost"?—What is lost? To begin with, we should make a distinction between Auroville and the people who are in it—first of all. Auroville is something *yet to come*. But for people who are in it, this is something that is present. So we can discuss all we want about Auroville's modalities—we don't care, do we: it is the business of the future. What should be discussed are the *internal* modalities, and the sincerity of the people who are there—their capacity to start the engine. To start it *not* to "reform" Auroville, but to reform their own nature.

So, well, to leave Auroville, what does this mean? For me, the "Auroville Institution" or the great Auroville with a capital "A" is a secondary matter. The essential matter is the individuals. Because it is on those individuals that the other thing depends: the Auroville with a capital "A". And the Auroville with a capital "A" as Mother saw it, formed it, conceived it, is over there (*gesture far ahead*), we have to go there. And the problem is the individuals who are there. So we must distinguish between the collective of Auroville and the individuals of Auroville. This is why saying to individuals: There is nothing to do... you might as well say that there is nothing to do with man! Because nowhere is there anything to do with humans. As a

matter of fact, they *don't want* to make progress. They want to leave it to Medicine, to Science, to Laws, to Constitutions, to the Police, to the Clergy, to the Ashrams, to... They want to leave it to anything except themselves—except their own engine.

So the statement “Auroville is lost” and all that, for me, means nothing. Or “will Auroville succeed?”—I am no prophet: what will be, I don't know. What I am concerned with are the individuals. And this is the truth of the problem, that engine, that power that you set in motion—or don't set in motion.

Well.

But there is a simple logic, this one: What's the use of going away, when combined forces can... can help one another, can, precisely, multiply—the individual capacity can be multiplied, can't it. So the fact that you are several to want something... If the best elements of Auroville find themselves isolated in... I don't know, in Paris, in a corner of the Himalayas, well perhaps they will be able to make their individual progress, it is possible... Yet, all the same, in Auroville, there is an opportunity, it is something that has been inwardly (I don't say outwardly) that has been *inwardly* formed by Mother. So it would be better for the few who are sincere to join forces; but “to join” does not mean to create committees! It means that silently, without even knowing it, each of those who are sincere will help the others, automatically and invisibly: forces are multiplied, aren't they, they are combined. Whereas leaving is useless. Being negative is useless.

There are a certain number of elements who are there, and who are sincere—well, let them push their sincerity further. They will find themselves roaming the streets of the West or the roads of the

Himalayas or I don't know where and... pff...what? What good will that do them? Auroville must be built, it must be built from *inside*. Sri Aurobindo never stopped saying it: The New World must be built *from inside*. So what does this mean? They don't ask the true questions! I *wore myself out* asking questions! I asked them, you know, while *slogging*.

It is not a question of changing place, or even the question of each of them changing the job he does, (whether it is, I don't know, planting peanuts or... I don't know what they all are doing) it is not a question of changing jobs, it is really an inner question. And an individual one. Whatever may be their outer action, it will necessarily be imperfect because all men are imperfect, and necessarily, they will clash with other egos because the world is full of egos. It is like that. But everything changes the moment you really... you *decide*: But let's see, Sri Aurobindo *said* this: "If man does not want to surpass himself, he will be surpassed and another being will take the lead of evolution." They don't understand the... the Key. They don't understand! They don't understand that there are *formidable* keys—they don't use them. We are at the moment when all the keys are here (*gesture on hand*), it is a Grace upon earth. And they don't use it. What do they do with that formidable Grace, what do they do? They want to "arrange" Auroville... it is ridiculous—you don't arrange Auroville, you don't arrange... It makes no sense to arrange Auroville. What makes sense are the individuals who MAKE Auroville BECOME. Auroville *is not*. It is in... (*gesture above*). It is a possibility. It is like the soul: each individual, each one of those four billion and a half ignoramuses is born with a soul,—but who uses the soul?? It is here, like that (*gesture above, a little far away*) and how many in a million

think, know, that they have a soul and that this soul has a power? How many?—Well, in Auroville, it is the same thing: there is the soul of Auroville that is there... somewhere (*gesture*).

But if you don't start the inner engine, there is nothing, it remains up above (*gesture*), that's all. Or there is a caricature, as in the Ashram, as in Shantiniketan, as everywhere, in all the institutions. In Europe... in France, they started with magic words which were really very marvellous words a few centuries ago: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—it is beautiful, you know, it is beautiful, enough to set hearts on fire. After all, it was French people who cried that. (*Satprem "contemplates" the three words*). Liberty... Equality... Fra-ter-ni-ty... Ah, the Republic was a success in France, eh? How beautiful! So what remains of all those things? If there is not the inner power, there remain ridiculous masks.

(*silence*)

It not a question of Auroville, it is a question of the individuals who are there, and of their capacity to make the real progress. *Then* we will be able to talk about Auroville again.

Progress, what does it mean? That everything breaks: this is progress. Progress is something very difficult. If everything is fine, it means that you are wide off the mark!

(*silence*)

Forces should be joined. There is not much time. I had been shown twenty centimetres of water under the keel—perhaps it is the keel of the world. There is not much time. And really, there is here such a formidable Power—here, like that (*gesture on hand*). Who

wants it?—Only it burns, eh! It burns. Oh! It is not difficult to set out on the path: you become aware of it immediately! You notice it immediately; you are made to perceive it immediately.

So the few who understand a little should understand even more deeply. It would be more efficient than to leave for Paris, Berlin, Kamchatka or I don't know where: this would be the true path. And there is no need to form "special teams": it is an individual work, isn't it; and this is the *true* power of Auroville—which is not. Which is there, awaiting. Then the "loss of Auroville", really, it has no meaning for me. Or its success, too, has no meaning for me: these are things of the future—I am no prophet. But its present, it is some *individuals*. And this is everybody's business—they understand or they don't understand. But in reality, *they* hold the key to Auroville's engine. That's all.

There is nothing else to say: this is the essence.

You have just said that this formidable power which is there, like that, "burns"... What does it mean exactly: if it is not used, or...

If it is not used, it does not burn at all! It leaves you to all the forces that are there—it leaves you to be gobbled by all the rest, that's all. This power is a *grace*—a difficult grace—but if you don't use it, if you don't want to call for it, it leaves you to the general hodgepodge of the world, until the day when... You ninny! It is over, and there you are... you start all over again. But if you call for the Grace, if you set out on the path, then, it is *fire*... oh! It is fire and it is a battle. Then you understand all—you understand it automatically. You know, there is no need to make speeches, to write

books: you understand *on the spot*. You understand the reality of the Stakes, the forces that are there. The ABOMINATION that is there. And the marvellous Power that is there (*gesture side by side*). But the abomination knows how to show you how nasty it is...

The path is automatic. Automatically, you set the forces in motion. Nothing is more “childish”, if I may say so. Sri Aurobindo would say: “The Supramental will explain itself.” Well, I assure you it explains itself very well! There are no speeches to make! Only if you do nothing... well, you do nothing: you have a pretty name, you see, and then your pretty name will end up in dust, and that’s all. “Liberty-Equality-Fraternity”—it is a farce, isn’t it.

So I hope that Auroville will not be a farce, that’s all.

But Auroville *is not*. Auroville is what its components will make it become. I know the internal situation of Auroville very well: what happens outside is the usual mishmash, with pluses and minuses, but well, I am not interested—it neither disappoints me nor makes me enthusiastic. But the individuals, the elements of the Work, what in hell are they doing?

For twelve years, since Mother left, well, you and I have toiled, we have walked, and we didn’t know where to put our feet... Well, this is progress: you don’t know where you go and it is painful.

What else can we say?...

Have you something to say?

They don’t even make the effort.

Yes! I keep saying it again and again, don’t I? Since the beginning, for ten or twelve years I have been trying to tell them: Catch that

Power, catch That, catch the *true* thing. But it is the only thing that they don't catch.

They don't understand that, really, you walk in the dark—you walk in the dark and it hurts. I don't know... I have exhausted so many pains and paths like that, without understanding anything, without knowing anything. And yet, you see, what mattered was to walk. What mattered was to fall flat on your face. There is no book for that; there is no recipe for that. You have to set the Power in motion, that's all. Then everything stems from it. Whereas they do the contrary: they want to “build” Auroville without setting the inner power in motion, so it is a farce, it is a falsehood. And this is in large part the rot of the Ashram—in *large part*. It is the Ashram that contaminated them. Well...

They want to make a “neat and tidy” little humanity. This is their most sublime ideal. Neat and tidy, and decent, with a good name, and you have some ideal, you make a pretty town, it is “human unity”—a pretty little humanity, very neat and tidy, there. Well, it is not that. A “neat and tidy” humanity, it is not possible, because humanity is *made* to be surpassed. Humanity is finished, it is dying. So it is there, the next step. But nobody knows the next step: we have to *make* it.

So you set the forces in motion. It is so fantastically automatic. You set the forces in motion—immediately! Immediately! As soon as you want to walk a bit of... one centimetre on the true path, so there, you are attacked: immediately, the Enemy shows its true claws, what he *is*. And immediately, the Grace is there (*gesture side by side*). From that moment on, you are on the way. Then you begin to see the whole Play; you begin to understand the Play of the world.

It is the only thing I had to say: it is useless to change country. You have to change your way of being. And the operation is as difficult as it is for an old fish to come out of the water and invent lungs. It is as difficult as that. It is not a question of changing your idea, you have to change your way of being.

(silence)

There is like a... something of Mother which says: "Still more waste?" Mother doesn't like waste... So why waste forces again? We can try again to tell them...

That's it, there is nothing to say. To speak exhausts me... I am no longer in that world.



August 12, 1985

It is abominable torture.

All the nerves are as if torn out.

You don't know whether everything is not going to tear.

You go, towards the end or towards something else.

But I would not like to meet the disgusting end.

To You, Lord.

*

By "disgusting end", I mean the cerebral disintegration.

Faith is there, but there comes a point where you are only tortured flesh. You don't even have the strength to repeat "to You".

*

For the beauty of things, I would like You to be right.

*

Evening

In two days, I will have been in the operation for three years and three months.



August 13, 1985

I cannot do it anymore...

The physical body cannot do it anymore.

*

Evening

I am like a sailor who no longer has a boat. To navigate aboard what?

An *instrument* is needed.

I don't have an instrument anymore.

*

It is like a transmitter that can no longer receive current... What is its use? What can it do?

What can I *do*?

*

Surely, the Lord has a solution that is not death?

(I don't think of "my" death, but of that Hope.)

There must be a hope for men...

*

PS: A Japanese plane crashes: 524 dead.

It seems that there are "accidents" everywhere.

The “genius” of Mechanics is angry?



August 14, 1985

I cannot even sit under my tree in the forest.

I can walk.

*

I have tried with all my heart.

Perhaps there is another path? Or another way?...

I feel like the worker who did his job badly. This is what makes me sad.

I no longer know. I feel a little lost.

*

I cannot lie flat on my back and I cannot sit in my chair or on the ground anymore.

I will try in my deck chair.

I must try.

THERE IS YOU



August 15, 1985

Conversation with Sujata

The fledgling

It was four or five nights ago, I no longer know exactly, four or five days ago. It was beginning to become very difficult, those nerves, in

the neck, and those poor legs (I did that while lying on the ground, you know).

But at a point, I just saw an image—it was really strange.

I saw the wheel of a car. But it was not like the wheels that we are used to seeing: it was like bike wheels with spokes, you know? But it was a car wheel, not a bike wheel. In the hub (you know what the hub is?), in the centre of that wheel with spokes, in the hub, there was a fledgling (a fledgling, that is, a little bird, you know) which had no feathers at all, which was all pink, tender pink.

As if it had just been born?

I don't know. It had no feathers, it was pink, of a pink colour. And this bird was dying. It was pierced through and torn apart alive (by all those spokes, I think). Then I saw it raise its head, then its head fell back. And it raised its head again and its head fell back. And near it, I saw lots of small bits of flesh that had been torn out.

I looked at that and told myself: but there is nothing to do, I can do nothing. (You know, I am always the type who tells himself: what can be done?). And there is nothing to do. I was looking at that: what can I do?

And afterwards (first I saw that wheel which I was bending over), afterwards I saw that it was a car—a black car, which was as if parked along a sidewalk in Europe. And I don't know why, I had the impression... I stooped to look inside, and there was a sort of case (like a doctor's bag, you know) in which was an object that I don't know, and on that bag was written: "nerves". And the doctor was not there, he had gone I don't know where, the car was empty. A *black*

car which, it seemed, belonged to a doctor.

It is strange.

And I think that it was the next day, after I saw that, that it became so terrible (especially this leg). It became so terrible that it was impossible: I could no longer bear it!

This poor bird was dying, it was torn to bits, pierced through on all sides, and I saw lots of small bits of flesh that had been torn out. It was dying, it raised its head, then its head fell back; it lifted up his head, and its head fell back again... A little bird... probably bigger (all that was as if slightly magnified, you know) bigger than a normal fledgling, but nevertheless it was like a fledgling in the hub. What was it doing? What was that “wheel”? It was in the wheel’s hub...

I wondered afterwards: Let’s see, is that wheel the symbol of the nervous system, with all those nerves merging in a centre?

But the car was not in motion, it was parked?

No-no, it was stopped along a sidewalk.

So, is this car the symbol of my old body? Is it the symbol of Medicine? Of medical diagnostic, you know? I really don’t know. Is it the symbol of my old body?

I pondered over that a lot and I don’t understand. All that I know is that I was looking at that and... I was looking, always with the idea: what can I do?

How can one help?

How can one help? I knew that I could do nothing.

So what is that dying fledgling? It was suffering a lot.

You see, that's all the information I have. It is not... it is not clear (!). Well, "it is not clear": it can mean whatever we want.

In any case, it did not give you the solution: how to help.

No, because I looked at that and I knew: "I cannot do anything."

But... Well, see: you saw that case (how do you call it?)...

A medical bag. You know, inside a car, there is a sort of shelf at the rear, and it lay there. And (all that, in the consciousness, is clear, isn't it) it looked like a thing left by a doctor. And it was written on it: "nerves"—or nervous system, I don't know.

But doesn't it mean that you should see a doctor who takes care of nerves?

Oh! my Douce, it was a black car! Which means that if it was the symbol of the doctor, it is not very conscious. I don't have the impression that any doctor can help.

How do you call it: a neurologist?

Oh, what do you... These are awful worlds, my Douce, very black worlds, precisely.

No, what I wonder is whether... Yes, the car was empty: it means that... there was nothing to do! So is this car a doctor's car or is it the symbol of my old body, I really don't know. And what does that dying fledgling represent? Afterwards, I told myself: Let's see, all those spokes merging in the hub, perhaps it is the symbol of the nervous system?—it is possible. And the poor bird is torn to bits by all that. By that dreadful system.

This is all I saw and it is not encouraging! It does not give me any solution.

No, it is rather... if there were a good acupuncturist or... yes, someone like that man, there, near Switzerland...

Claude Brun.

Yes, if he could... *He*, perhaps, could help, or give a few useful pieces of advice. But the doctors, no, my Douce, no. They are awful.

So if you could ask Mother for an indication...

But Mother, for me, I saw: it is neither in dreams nor anything that she gives indications; she gives indications in circumstances. It comes in a natural way.

There are two possible attitudes, you understand. There is the "reasonable" attitude, which says: come on, if you continue like that, you are going to demolish everything. It is the reasonable attitude. And there is the obstinate attitude: there is no reason, there is no reason, all this is only untruthful appearances—you have to get out of a falsehood. It is the attitude of the Breton, who persists, you

understand: there is no reason—why?

But I don't know, I meant that I felt there was a moment of change of direction, something like that.

But how can it be?

I don't know, my Doux.

There are not that many directions: there is only one. There are not that many ways.

I don't know, my Doux. Even the current which... it is the same current, isn't it, and yet it changes between the moment it springs up from the heart of a rock and the moment it reaches the sea: it changes on the way. So?

All right, but... I am in the process.

Yes, you will always be in the process. I am not saying...

So the process is that the physical body either adapts or changes under the influence of that Current. Well, it is not by giving interviews on the Radio that it happens, you know.

No. It is not that at all, you know perfectly well (laughing) that it is not what I mean!

It is not by writing books that it happens either. I have said enough what had to be said—the rest should really materialize. And for it to materialize, there are not that many ways: you must receive the Current, you must be *able* to receive the Current. That's all.

No, but there is something simple, too, you know. For a long time, you have done this while sitting in a chair, then for a while you have done it lying on the floor. Perhaps now you should do it while walking, what do we know? One doesn't know. I mean that there is something that is a little different, that's it. For instance, you took the deck chair yesterday, the day before... I really don't know, my Doux.

To walk is not the... As far as I understand, the Current is there all the time, of course, but its intensity or its fullness is found in immobility. It is how you can receive it. Otherwise, you cannot receive it. Or you receive something “diluted”, but not concentrated. The concentration is there all the time—when I walk, it is there all the time—but it is not the same thing. I mean, it does not have the same power. The Power is when you are completely immobile—because it can be borne, really, only in complete immobility. If you make all sorts of movement, it is not possible: you would make everything explode!

There, I made you talk and the pain has come back, hasn't it?

Yes, my back is hurting! (*laughing*) Let's have a rest.



August 16, 1983

It takes only a small nerve at the base of the spine and a tiny nerve in the neck—and that's it.

Is there really nothing to do with this human body?

I thought that it could at least make its own transition, but if it cannot bear or is unable to receive the New Power, what can it do?

I am so disoriented...

It is like a denial of everything.

There must be a MEANS?

Which one? How? What to do?

*

I can persevere, but I see that neuralgia gaining ground, spreading and spreading—am I going to reach the “irreparable point”? That is to say, infirmity. For about two years, I have seen the damage gain ground. Or to persevere...

I don't know.

It is not the fear of infirmity—it is the fear of not being able to do the Work anymore. If I knew that the Work involved infirmity, I would continue at any price—but...? What do I know?

*

Evening

In *fact*, this Power is the Grace, the Light, the supreme Harmony—and it is all the obscurity that defends itself fiercely, “up to infirmity” (!)

But it is sad.

And hurting-painful.

*

What is “unbearable” is not the New Power—it is the Obscurity that *becomes* unbearable! You don’t leave it alone, so it fights—to death.

It is an entirely upside-down world.

*

Psychological and atavistic obscurities can be overcome (not without difficulty) but the obscurities of the body... It is as if *woven* with obscurity.

A neuralgic cobweb (!)



August 17, 1985

Evening

I don’t know what to do with my body, it hurts so much everywhere.

*

I don’t despair. But it is mysterious.



August 18, 1985

I am in the tearing of the old species without understanding what the new one can be or how it can be.

You navigate in darkness and pain.

*

I don't know what to do anymore.

It is a question mark in the heart, in the body, in the soul.

*

I suppose that when fins changed into legs, it must have given more than one neuralgia to the fins of an old aquatic vertebrate.

The process is obviously painful.

And of course, the old aquatic vertebrate in question *doesn't know* that its fins are becoming legs—it knows that its fins hurt, probably.

I have the neuralgia of the unknown, they are *part* of the process—there is no use putting the neuralgia of the old fins back in order, they must *become* something else.

This is what you can tell yourself to console or encourage yourself.

Each transition is necessarily a kind of death—you cannot change while staying the same! It is as simple as that (!). Well, “simple”...

I understand better and better Sri Aurobindo's humour.

*

Afternoon

What tortures me: am I *really* doing what They want? I don't know, I know nothing, it is that groping that is so painful.

Are these aches the sign that I don't do what is needed, the way it must be done?...

*

My only wish, oh! this prayer: may their Work and their pain not be in vain.

May a spot of Matter *accept* what they have sown—be capable.



August 19, 1985

We must know how to constantly change Destruction into a constructive force.

I try.

*

A swarming of nasty and sniggering voices.

But my question: What do They want? Is it about nerves to be repaired or gone through, like the barbed wires of the concentration camps?

It gets damaged faster and faster. I don't know the answer.

The other day, one of those "charming" voices told me: "You are going to reach the irreparable point." I answer with a question: Is this old system to be "repaired" or gone through?

I don't know. And it is that perpetual "I don't know" that is torture.

I was shown that "dying fledgling" in the wheel's hub, but what does this mean? What conclusions must be drawn from it? Get out of the "hub"? But how?... By persevering in agony? Or what? If I knew what must be done, the *true* thing, it would be so simple! Whatever the cost.

*

Evening

Something says: "Come on, this Power is the Divine Power—the Divine Power *cannot* harm. It can only harm Obscurity." (So...)

(So it is Obscurity that is being removed from my system.)

*

The Divine Means is always to make obscurity come out.

Don't forget (!)



August 20, 1985

Today I am convinced by the sensation of the experience that what is happening right now *is part* of the process—that it is not a “disease” of the nerves or something to “repair”: it is the “transfer of the nervous system”. The sensation is that one pulls out those millions of nerves all along the body, or that a Power as DENSE as lead passes through those millions of nerves, or that one goes *through* these nerves like through a cobweb. I don’t exactly know the direction or the sense of the phenomenon, but it is torturing, and yet, in the cellular, corporeal SENSATION, there is: “It is Mother, it is Sri Aurobindo, it is the Process.” Then, *even in the midst of agony*, it is a sort of reassurance and collaboration of the body: to You, to You, to You.

What was terrible was not knowing whether it was part of the process or outside the process, whether these were “neuralgias” that were going to reach the “irreparable point” or SOMETHING ELSE.

Well, *it is* Something else, and *it is part* of the Process. It is not a “demolition” or a “disintegration”, but an *operation*—an operation of *Mother* and of *Sri Aurobindo*. It is an immense relief to know it, even if it is rather terrible to bear—SINCE IT IS THEM. IT IS YOU.

So one has only to continue—with love and gratitude.

*

Evening

The fledgling is dying, all right, but “there is nothing to do”: the “medical car” is EMPTY.

The fledgling is being taken out of the wheel of the nervous system.

*

I could say it differently: If I did not die this afternoon, if the whole nervous system did not fall apart, it is because it was part of the Operation, otherwise I would have died, of course.

*

Today is the name day of the “hard bear” (Bernard, August 20).

*

We are not aware of the millions of nerves that we have in our body, but when we become aware of them...

*

My only way to love Them, is to try to do what they wanted.

*

To try and bring the Divine into the pain of Matter.

*

Are you doing well, are you doing wrong, you don't know. But you try.

So those forces can snigger as much as they want, but what matters is to TRY—well or wrong.



August 21, 1985

It is sheer torture.

The whole body is as if writhing in pain, like a rag that you wring out.

*

Recorded conversation

Sujata's Vision

The bricks on the mud

(Sujata): It was around August 4-5 or 6. I suddenly found myself in an old house, on the back veranda of an old house, almost a mansion, like those houses of the aristocrats of old or something like that²⁷. So I was at the back, on the veranda itself, you see, I saw the big doors, the columns, etc., everything. But the veranda was quite open and looked out onto the back garden, which I could see in front of me. A little further, there were trees (it was a little dark, old trees, you understand) and I saw movement, like that, then I saw a young man (a youth, really, less than twenty: between 16 and 18, something like that) coming and going, doing some work. So I asked what he was doing.

(Satprem comes in)

(Sujata to Satprem): ... They have heard of that story about Sant Longowal [with whom Rajiv Gandhi had signed an agreement aimed to put an end to the terrorist movement for the independence of the state of Punjab], so I was telling them that dream...

(Satprem): Ah, yes, it is well seen. So, go on!

(Sujata): I don't want to hold you up!

²⁷ Indira Gandhi's family house.

Yes, go on.

So I asked that young boy what he was doing. He said that he was carrying bricks because Rajiv [Indira Gandhi's eldest son] had indicated that everything had to be reorganized, he had ideas to embellish the garden. And for that, he had ordered the laying of bricks. Then the boy left. It was the youth who carried the bricks in order to lay them. So I was curious to see what he was doing: I went to see.

There was a tall, very tall tree. But everything was rather dark and the earth slightly black. I came closer to see what he was doing. Then I suddenly saw my feet sinking into the mud. And I looked around, I could not see any bricks: I saw a few bits of broken bricks floating here and there. And I saw my feet sinking into the mud. So I left, and I wanted to leave that house entirely. And instead of going through the house itself, there was, as often in the past, a small alley, you know, between the house and the compound wall. I thought: I am going to go out this way, directly. So I took that passage, I took perhaps two steps, and I realized: but where am I walking? It was that high, only it... (Sujata laughs) something yellow, which stank a lot and was semi-liquid, into which my feet sank. So I told myself: If I go on, I am going to be completely stuck. Fortunately, I had not taken many steps, I could turn round. And at that moment, I saw that I had boots. So my feet had not been touched and I could remove my boots. So I went through the house (Indira Gandhi's) and went out through the big door. And just when I was about to go out, on the threshold, I looked at myself (I don't know why, I looked) and it was like a young boy, wearing only a black swimming suit. And I was as I am, rather fair. As I was standing there, I said: but how can he put bricks in that mud? Then I told myself: but

perhaps this morning, when Rajiv came, it was possible to lay bricks?

Here is the result: two hours later, it is... Rajiv has got ideas, hasn't he...

(Satprem): There is so much rottenness under the Nehru family tree, you see. How long? Twenty years, twenty-five years of rottenness.

(Sujata): More than thirty years.

(Satprem): More than thirty years of rottenness. So they go and put a few bricks on the mud. That woman and her father, that Nehru family, have really ravaged the country. They have destroyed all its forces of truth. They have really *demolished* the soul of India, if it is possible. In any case, they have covered it with all sorts of excrement, mud...

(X): If I may ask you: the boy (Sujata), who is he?

(Satprem): Ah, that I don't know, perhaps it is a part of Sujata's being or... It can be a part of your being or a part of your consciousness, or whatever. I don't know. This is impossible to tell.²⁸



²⁸ Note from Sujata (February 21, 2003): While reading this vision, I wondered whether the young boy (Sujata) was not a representative of Indian youth?

August 23, 1985

Now I know the practical secret—the body knows.

The Powerful Sun pulls and pulls towards Freedom, and the old cage of Falsehood pulls and pulls with its millions of nerves to keep you in its cage, to make you believe that it is the only reality—and it pulls and pulls. And EVERYTHING DEPENDS on the capacity of the body, of its millions of cells which must feel, CRY OUT: *You* are the only Reality, *You* are Freedom, *You* are Life, *You* are the victory on Earth, *You* are Love, Beauty, the supreme Truth!

The body understood.

It is as in the concentration camps: the PHYSICAL Truth is on the other side of the barbed wire!

So it pulls in one direction and That pulls in another, and you must know where the TRUE DIRECTION is—you must CRY OUT Freedom with your whole body and in spite of all the torturing, threatening, sniggering Falsehood which would like to keep you in its spider Web.

Truth is on the Other Side, Freedom is on the Other Side, Divine Life is on the Other Side—all the rest is Falsehood-Falsehood-Falsehood, cruel and ILLUSORY.

YOU ARE

And You are the ONLY REALITY.

*

We are on the way.

Towards the TRUE Liberation.

In a body.



August 24, 1985

I no longer know where to put this body or where to lay it down or sit it down—I don't know what to do.

It is like passports and borders: you understand the complicatedness of the System when you want to get out of it.

There are the same “guardians”.

*

The forces that govern the human (neuralgic or political) System are cruel—because one must get out of it. It is precisely our only “opportunity” to get out of it. Otherwise, we would be a happy and stationary species, like shrews and seagulls (a pity for the seagulls).

(My back reminds me of Sri Aurobindo (!): “Man is an abnormal being who has not found its normality.”)

There is nothing to be in despair about—we must find the means—it EXISTS, They found it. So...

*

Afternoon

My greatest torture is not knowing if that is really what They want, if I am really doing what They want. There are such atrocious voices... and which take on the most “spiritual” tones, oh! it is a refinement of perversity.

This is my true pain—am I doing the *true thing*? If I had an answer to that, ninety per cent of the difficulty would be gone—I would plunge into it with all my being, all my strength, whatever the torture or the resistance.

*

Evening

Last night, I was in a violent storm (or fury) of material destruction, as if the “house” (of the world? mine?) were being demolished.

I told Sujata.

*

“Accidents” and Nature’s outbursts seem to multiply everywhere.

*

ANOTHER RUSSIAN FIRST IN SPACE

Moscow, August 22

On Monday, the Soviet Union claimed to have achieved a first in its space program when it announced that healthy baby rats were born after a gestation period in space.

Tass, the official news agency, announced this birth in a report on the operations of space flight “Noah’s Ark”, launched last month: on board were two monkeys, ten rats, 1500 flies and some fish.

The animal crew of *Cosmos 1667*, launched on July 18, came back safely after one week in space.

Tass said that the rats on board the spaceship had produced “healthy and strong offspring, even though the gestation period was mainly during a state of weightlessness.”

I knew that their superb technology was meant to save rats! The Noah’s Ark of rats!

*

Conversation with Sujata

The storm of destruction

I would like to tell you the nightmare I had last night. There is nothing especially interesting in it; well, it is curious, because it was so physical...

Did you hear me scream? Around what time?

Yes, I think it was a quarter past midnight.

What is curious is that it was extraordinarily... it was so physical.

At night, I cannot sleep, I need two hours, sometimes three to fall asleep; I can rarely fall asleep immediately. Generally, I fall asleep after midnight—and that is by making a real yogic exercise to try to sleep...

So, last night, I was in that state and I was trying to fall asleep. But there is too much concentration in my body, and it is very difficult... It is not that my thoughts are agitated or whatever—no, there is too much concentration. So I tried to fall asleep and I could not, as usual—and it went on one hour, two hour, three hours... So I was in that state, but trying to sleep, and in that state (that is, completely awake, so awake that I thought it was physical) I was in a storm of demolition: a fury of destruction.

Everything—everything was being demolished.

It was in the house, as if in the house; really, everything was demolished, flattened, it was a formidable fury of destruction, of demolition and destruction. With a lot of noise, above all, a fantastic

amount of noise.

I covered myself with my bedcover, to avoid hearing that noise, but it was really happening as if in the house—and a demolition, but... a *fury* of demolition. A *fury* of destruction. But it was extraordinarily physical, because I told myself: Well, the only thing that I don't hear is pneumatic drills (you know, usually, you use pneumatic drills to demolish), it is the only noise that I don't hear.

But all the rest, it was really as if they were pounding, crushing, demolishing: forces of a destructive violence such as I had never seen, with such a noise! Never, in any world, did I hear such a noise... A noise of *violent* destruction, and so extraordinarily physical! Because the thoughts I had were very... I told myself: "Well, the only sound that I don't hear in all that storm is that of pneumatic drills (you know, when you want to demolish or dig holes, you use pneumatic drills). Well, there were all the most violent sounds possible, but not that one, and I noticed it.

And then, in the end—no being in all that, only forces—in the end, a force of a reddish colour came and struck my heart: this is when I began to scream.

To strike your heart with what?

A force! It was like a wave of power, which had a reddish colour or I don't know, which came (I was conscious in all that, as if it were really physically happening) and I saw a sort of... a sort of cloud—it is not a cloud, you understand: those are forces. It had a somewhat red colour, reddish, I don't know.

Blood red?

It had no violent, bright tone at all: it was like a cloud; if you want, a sort of cloud, but it was power, and a power that rushed at my heart—and this is when I started to scream.

I was conscious, I started screaming, then.

It is at that moment that you heard me.

What strikes me is that it was so physical: I did not think that I was asleep, you understand, I was doing exercises to try to fall asleep! And it was really as though in the house, there, around me. I did not have the sensation that it touched me at all, but it was all around, and a noise of such *violence*—never did I hear such a noise! Destruction... a fury of destruction—a storm of destruction.

And physical! I tell you, it was happening as though in the house.

I was not touched: my room was not destroyed. I did not have that sensation. The only sensation that involved me was when, in the end, that sort of mass came...

Red?

... It was reddish, a red not luminous at all, which came to *strike* my heart. Then, at that moment, I screamed. And at that point, I realized that I was not...

In this physical world?

... that I was not in this world—with my eyes wide open!

What strikes me is how it was extraordinarily physical. And here,

in the house! The noise—the sounds—the noise: I had never heard—well, except when there are air raids in times of war, you know—I had never heard such sounds.

A fury, a storm of demolition.

Everything was flattened, pounded, crushed—it was of a fantastic violence. And so physical! I was trying to fall asleep, wasn't I, and I could not!

But that force could not hit you?

Well, it came and struck my heart.

It came to strike? It hit? Or when you saw it, at that moment you...

I saw that it *hit* my heart.

Ah, it hit!

This is why I screamed.

Oh!...

But for two or three days, I've been having difficulties...

Cardiac?

Yes. I don't know... But you know, my Douce, I live in a world of experiences that are so difficult that I learned not to believe in

appearances, signs, headaches, nerve aches—it hurts, but I have the impression that I am struggling to get out of that untruthful world. *Physically* untruthful—and under the domination of such cruel forces.

Well, I prefer not to speak of that.

No, but this is what last night's nightmare was. And that blow to the heart... when it reached me (I *saw* it come—I saw it, I felt that it hit my heart) I screamed. And immediately, I heard you—I answered you at once? No?

No, after I called you two or three times.

Perhaps I heard you calling out immediately, but I did not answer at once, the time to...

Yes, because you were still screaming.

So, you see, it is not especially interesting.

Yes, it is...

... Except the fact that it was so physical, this is what is extraordinary. I've had nightmares, but I knew that it was in other worlds, you see, or with other types of forces. But that... I was astonished: I was sleeping, and I believed I was fully awake! And I was hearing, recording all that consciously. I was so conscious that I saw that force rush to strike my heart: which means that everything was perfectly conscious and physical.

That's it.

A fury of destruction—of demolition, of destruction.

Yes, with all the accidents...

There are plenty of accidents on the earth. I cannot believe that it is not the sign of something. It is full-full of accidents everywhere. As if their whole mechanics were falling to pieces.

This morning, I heard that there had been three plane crashes only in Japan. You understand, with all that happened... in a row...

Something is happening...

And that destruction is not due to men. It is something in the mechanics that does not function or "malfunction".

Yes, those are the forces of Mechanics that revolt! I don't know, but well, it cannot be a coincidence if in every corner of the world, everywhere, there are such... such violent accidents. And mainly mechanical accidents.

But you see, Nature also is opposing now. Here in any case, in India, even in China...

I don't know...

In India, it is rivers that are raging...

Oh! I find it so extraordinary, what I read in the newspaper this morning: Noah's Ark! The Russians have named their space capsule "Noah's Ark", and inside, they put gestating rats!

Science for saving rats.

The twenty first century super modern Technology launching space capsules to save rats!! *(laughter)* They are going to save rats!!

It is sad.

Well, it is really symbolic, mind you.

Oh, I find it so astonishing. They call that "Noah's Ark"! With male rats and pregnant rats to see how they can have babies in space!

That's it, it is Noah's Ark, the "next" Noah's Ark: we are going to save rats! *(laughter)*

But in the Chinese calendar, they say that we have passed from the age of rats to the age of...

Ah, yes, it's true. It was the cycle of rats, and now it is the cycle of the ox. I think we have changed sign this year.

And the Russians want to save rats! (laughter)

Oh, it's not only the Russians... Really, the only thing they have to save is rats, that's all.

It is very symbolic.

They can be Russian or American: it is all the same.

So that's it: long live the rats! Let them go to the bottom...

It is funny, but it is sad.

It is such an astonishing symbol: their superb—but marvellous—Technology (they go into space with pinpoint accuracy, don't they), all that to save rats: the Noah's Ark of rats.

It is fantastic.

But when we see the characteristics of the two-legged, mind you, these are absolutely the characteristics of the rats: they gnaw, they...

Two-legged? Ah, men!

Yes, but I call them "two-legged".

They destroy everything...

Look at the mountains, look at the Himalayas, range upon range... So, well, how long will it last?

No, what was astonishing was how physical it was: a *fury*, a storm of destruction, of demolition. And noise-noise-noise—I had never heard such a raging of noise.



August 25, 1985

The question can be: Does the old body “build” (or materialize) the new one with its last throes?

I think of that vision that I had (already many months ago), in which I tried to “improve” that cement blockhouse (my old body, I suppose) and “my mother” scolded me a little: “You are late, you keep the baby waiting”, and one month later, I saw that tiny baby, his head hanging off the edge of a quay.

I ask the question because, subconsciously, there is that desire or that hope to improve the situation of neuralgia a little (especially that of the right leg—even taking my breakfast seated is a problem) or at least to do “what must be done” not to “aggravate” the situation—but what’s the use of “repairing” or hoping to repair those damaged nerves, and is it not futile to want to make the transition, prepare a new body, without “aggravating” the situation of the old body—necessarily, everything must be aggravated until we reach the point of the New. Perhaps it is this very “aggravation” that triggers or sets in motion the mechanism that is needed to shift to the other body?—the situation of the old fish worsens until it finds lungs and legs?

This is the question that somewhat troubles me.

“You are late, you keep the baby waiting”...

All revolutions (political or others) are the extreme explosion of a certain “unliveable” situation. (Probably it is also the story of evolutionary mutations).

For instance, this morning, instead of being in that immobile concentration, I tried to pace back and forth in my bedroom in order to “spare” my neuralgia—did I not “keep the baby waiting”?? (By the way, that walk, though easier than lying down, did not “improve” my neuralgia.)

It is a very “practical” problem (!)

*

But I clearly perceive that all my reasoning may be fallacious because we don’t know the nature of the required transition at all... (!)

Probably the very necessity will impose its new law automatically.

In the meantime, we “have to go”, neuralgically and gropingly—with all those nasty and perverse and cruel voices which snigger in every corner and give you “spiritual” or rational “admonitions”.

*

Is that whole nervous and physiological cage a Falsehood?—You must go to the end to know.

Is there freedom on the other side of the barbed wire?—to breathe it, you must get out of it.

But that is not the true question: By running this risk, don’t I also risk losing the very instrument of the transition?

I don’t care much about death, but I care a lot about the Transition—if only to prove Sri Aurobindo and Mother right.

And *there is* the Grace—you do what you can, and the Grace makes the last step for you.

*

Evening

I think that there only remains “the horrible thing”, as Mother would say²⁹. This is why at some point or another, they all catch death.

²⁹ See *Mother’s Agenda* 9, October 26, 1968.

A certain stoic neutrality is what helps the most.

*

Today, I have walked for three hours and a half.



August 26, 1985

You gave me such a profound reason to want another way of being on the Earth.



August 27, 1985

With Solicitude so marvellous, last night They showed me, through an image, that these “walks” were not good for me. So I resumed the concentrations while lying down. And always that Power so formidable, blue (with a blue sensation) that the body, all these cells, drink, feel as the Divine, the Deliverance, the Great Sun of Freedom—Sri Aurobindo and Mother—then something that creates a barrier: that nervous spider web that resists and wants to keep you in the prison. The resistance is mainly felt in the right leg. But what is astonishing and marvellous is that the body DRINKS that Power, FEELS that it is the Divine, the Freedom—while anybody would be a little terrified by that bursting Density.

There is something in the body that feels and definitively knows that IT IS THE FREEDOM, the New Life.

And there remains that struggle or resistance in the nerves of the right leg.

You have (the body has) the sensation of bathing in that great robe of light of Sri Aurobindo.

But now I know what that Power *does*: it pulls death out of the body, it pulls obscurity out of the body, and it is that death and that obscurity that want to make you believe that you are going to die or to burst—they want you to believe that they are the physical “reality”, while they are the physical Falsehood. And they give you all the possible “signs” or all the possible “symptoms” that you *are going* to die, that you *are going* to infirmity, or that you are demolishing your body.

Everything is fully understood.



August 30, 1985

I tacked
as well as I could.

*

All the voices are nasty and disastrous, like the waves in a storm.

*

It is the entire earth that would need to be delivered from that Hideous System.

O Lord, *You* know, *You* know.

This agony is endless.



August 31, 1985

It is the extraction of the nervous system.

The passage through the barbed wire.

It is absolutely torturing.

This is exactly what I noted down on August 23.

I don't know if I will reach the end.

You don't know where you are going.

*

There *must* be freedom on the other side of all that!

(The combination of the neuralgia in the neck, in the shoulders
and in the leg makes for a delicious situation.)



September

September 1, 1985

I no longer know what to do with this “body”.

*

It seems to me that the answer is: pay no attention and go on to the end, whatever it costs.

It is better to die while looking for freedom than to remain unharmed in that “human” concentration camp.

(Anyway, one cannot remain unharmed: the end of the story is the cemetery.)

*

When we come out of that spider web, we will be able to say: “Ah, it was an illusion.” But IT WILL CHANGE EVERYTHING.

It is like a first Amphibian that would be there to say: we CAN come out of waters.

A kind of survivor from the concentration camps...

Yesterday, I received a letter from my little mother: “Tell me a little about you, your life, your thoughts before finishing our life....”

Well, my thoughts, before finishing our death, are that we must be able to go through this barbed wire fully alive.

I am looking for the second exit from Mauthausen.

1945-1985

*

That afternoon (August 23) the body had a surge of truth and with all its strength, for one hour and a half, it has cried: *You* are the Power that delivers, *You* are Life, *You* are Freedom—*You* are. And all that neuralgic and medical Gestapo is a FALSEHOOD and a mortal Falsehood—it is the Falsehood of Death. All those heart

irregularities, all that dizziness, all those nerves that twist and pull are the Falsehood, they are the misleading (but painful) sensations created by Death to hold you back in its web. That's it.

You are the Truth of the bodies.

*

You are the PHYSICAL Reality.

*

You are the Power that delivers.

*

The Hindu, September 3

GORBACHEV: SUSPENSION OF ARMS RACE IN SPACE, OR NOTHING

Moscow,

Next November's summit of the superpowers is now uncertain after the statement of the Soviet Union's General Secretary, Mr Gorbachev, who said that he is preparing himself seriously for this meeting but assures that "nothing will take place at all if it does not put an end to military expansion in space."

In an interview in the American magazine *Time*, Mr Gorbachev said that he was ready to deal with Mr Ronald Reagan, since he had been elected by the American people, but that it would be "too big a luxury" to go to Geneva only to make his acquaintance and set a timetable for future interviews, as has been announced by Washington...

The Soviet leader presented his most striking arguments when his interlocutors asserted that for the Americans there was no question of speaking about arms in space, which Moscow is determined to stop while for Washington an agreement would be possible only "within certain limits and at certain agreed levels".

Mr Gorbachev said, “We are ready for a discussion in order to prevent the arms race in space, but not for talks that would concern the character of the arms or the specific types of arms that would be allowed in space.”...

Dangerous American moves: Mr Gorbachev says that the United-States’ Government refused to stop nuclear tests because these are useful to develop the nuclear extraction needed for the laser-guided anti-ballistic missile systems, which are part of a future ABM system based in space. “Moreover, the United-States is getting ready to test a second generation of anti-satellite systems (ASAT). All this can only bring about dire consequences. We must react in an appropriate manner.”

Thirst for superiority: Mr Gorbachev said that it would be illusory for anybody in the United-States to think that they can get ahead of the Soviet Union and have a hold over it.

“We will know how to answer”, he said, “and our answer will be fully befitting. But then, we will have to forget about discussions and I don’t know if and when it will be possible to resume them. That perspective is perhaps to the American military-industrial complex’s liking, but we will in any case play into their hands.”

“You Americans, don’t have any better use of your money? We know that you have problems and that they need to be solved.”

Immoral waste: The Soviet Union would prefer to use every rouble now dedicated to defence for peaceful and civilian needs. The problems of the other nations must also be considered. *It is immoral to waste hundreds of billions for the development of means of destruction while hundreds of thousands of people suffer from hunger and are deprived of the most basic needs.*

The Soviet leader ruled out the American idea that they would put the Soviet Union in a difficult position by

refusing it a greater access to American technology.

Access to technology: According to Mr Gorbachev, the United States is the first to try to obtain cutting-edge technology from other countries, not only by lawful purchase of licences and by illegal industrial spying, but through the brain drain from Western Europe and even from developing countries, and by hijacking other countries' scientific and technological achievements through subsidiaries of transnational companies ...

Mr Gorbachev repeated the Soviet view says that *Star Wars*, the American defence shield based in space, is an insurmountable impediment to the arms' control agreement. "It will not be possible to reach an agreement on arms' restriction unless the United States accept to stop working on this project", he said.

Pressure Plan: The Soviet leader said he was disappointed and worried about the Reagan Government's recent initiatives such as the rejection of the Soviet proposal for a moratorium on nuclear tests, Washington's complaints about human rights violation in USSR and its insistence on pursuing the *Star Wars* program. The American Government has also unfairly blamed the Soviet Union for a host of problems.

"The plan consists in exerting a pressure, in cornering us and, as has been done so many times in the past, in assigning all the human sins to us: from triggering the arms race to aggression in Central Asia, from human rights violation to some plot in Africa or elsewhere. This attitude is not State politics but a feverish search for evil forces," he said, alluding to Mr Reagan's description of the Soviet Union as "an empire of evil".

(underlined by Satprem)

(Satprem's comment:) This man means what he says.



September 5, 1985

Vision

Night of September 4-5

I was in a very dark-blue ocean, naked (so it seemed), and I was moving with an extraordinary speed *without making any movement*. I was utterly surprised. My body was moving all alone towards what seemed to me like a harbour, because I saw something like a jetty and a big liner.

I don't know what it means.

An extraordinary speed without making any movement!

*

Afternoon

It is crazy-crazy-crazy! You go into another Life *in Matter*, you go... into, I don't know, but it is Something Else. And everything is UPROOTED from the body—you go through the Web of Barbed Wire into... Something Else—another Life on Earth and in Matter. A fantastic Power—and how you bear “that”, you don't know—everything-everything must be uprooted (all the Falsehood, all the Death, all the Darkness) in order to be able to bear That. You are on the other side of Death, on the other side of the Barbed Wire. It is impossible to express it but *it takes place*, or rather you go into That, you are extracted into That.

*

Evening

We could say: the New World is materialising. The New Life, the Divine Reign, the Promised Thing.

*

I am practically sure that this torture of the nerves, this tearing of everything in the body, are the Illusion of Death which wants to hold us back within its Barbed Wire.

It is the crossing of the Barbed Wire.

We come out of the camps of Death.

Yes, it is the “spell” that weighs on Matter. This is what is going away. A dreadful and terribly convincing “spell”.

*

It's been now nearly forty months that I have been in the operation.

*

No, there is nothing “marvellous” in all this, none of their “marvellous” experiences—it is quite simply to come out of death. As of Mauthausen, in that warehouse, forty years ago. You come out of the existence of Death.

But it is for-mi-da-ble—for the whole species (if it is confirmed).

I have the impression that this is the realisation that Sri Aurobindo wanted to give me.

The “marvel” is that you don't die of it!

It is the death of death.

*

All in all, we have to cross all the “levels” of death (level in the geological sense), down to the physical itself.

One could say: all the “manners” of Death.

I find that the vital Subconscient is worse—more deceitful—than

the physical Subconscient. The physical Subconscient is simply mortal.

(Actually, the “worst” is the layer in which you are at the moment!)

*

Indian Express, September 5, 85

NIXON IN BEIJING

Beijing (Tanjug)

Former President of the United States, Richard Nixon, who, in the seventies, brought about dramatic changes in the relations between the United States and China, arrived in Beijing yesterday, on the invitation of the Chinese Government.

It is Mr Nixon’s fifth visit to China since 1972. Although he did not come in an official capacity, his visit is certainly not purely private.

Mr Nixon was welcomed at the airport by Zhu Qi Zhen.

(Satprem’s comment:) What is this evil bird going to do?



September 8, 1985

The other leg begins to be caught, too.

I believe in Freedom.

*

I BELIEVE that it is a “spell” that has to be CROSSED.

Either it is this Horror of Matter that triumphs (in the body as everywhere in the world), or it is the Divine Truth of Matter that triumphs. It is one or the other—and more and more rapidly.

*

Evening

That Horror that spreads and *gorges* itself (everywhere in the world).

*

Those hysterical pygmies. (“Star Wars”).

THE UNITED STATES WILL LAUNCH TESTS
FOR ANTI-SATELLITE WEAPONS

Washington, September 5

The United States announced that they will implement their plan for anti-satellite weapons tests (ASAT) this month despite the serious warning from Moscow, that said that this move could fuel the super-powers’ arms race in space...

Washington will test this highly sophisticated system by launching a small weapon propelled by a rocket guided by infra-red light, towards an old American satellite, from an F-15 fighter jet.



September 10, 1985

It is that formidable blue—dark blue, like sapphire—Density that rises from the tip of the toes like a heavy wave of lead and goes through the body slowly-slowly, almost centimetre by centimetre, and, on the way, seems to make those myriads of micro-nerves crack or burst everywhere in the body, like a tiny mesh of nerves, and it rises and rises heavily, irresistibly—it is tearing everywhere, you ask

yourself how you can bear this. And yet there is something in the body that KNOWS and keeps crying: there is You, there is You, it is You, it is You, *You* are the Deliverance from all that misfortune of existence, *You* are the door, the true exit from that dreadful Misfortune of the world.

It is the crossing of the barbed wire which goes on. You ask yourself how you manage not to faint—the true “Miracle” is that you don’t die of it (!).

And that sensation, *so material*, of SRI AUROBINDO.

As if the body knew that that blue Density, that “wave of lead”, is Sri Aurobindo, is the “second life” which fights its way through all that mortal mesh, that mortal Falsehood—which extirpates Death from the body.

But at the time, it is Death that makes you feel that you die with it, that you burst with it, that you are torn with it—and it is very tearing, indeed.

One must go to the end to know.



September 11, 1985

The Hindu, September 11, 85

GREEN LIGHT FROM THE PENTAGON FOR A 100 MILLION DOLLAR ARMS
CONTRACT WITH PAKISTAN

Washington,

The U.S. Defence Department informed Congress yesterday that it ratified two arms contracts with Pakistan, as a trial, in response to the Soviet occupation of

Afghanistan.

Assuming that no objection will come from Congress, the Pentagon said that it will offer Pakistan 88 auto-propelled howitzers and large calibre machine guns for 78 million dollars, and 110 troop carriers armoured vehicles for 25 million dollars.

“The sale will contribute to the objectives of United States foreign policy by allowing Pakistan to increase its capability to meet its needs in matters of security and defence, particularly owing to the increase of the threat brought about by the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan,” the Pentagon said.

(Satprem’s comment:) The first terrorists of the world.³⁰



September 13, 1985

(Letter from Sujata to Kireet)

... In the situation as it is today, Satprem lives in an incredible state. Even I, who know him the best, if I can say, can't measure the extent or the depth of the experience to which he is surrendering himself. You wouldn't believe me, Kireetbhai if I told you that the Force is so MASSIVE that it literally pins him

³⁰. Seventeen years later, I stumbled on this article:

New Indian Express, December 18, 2002

UNITED STATES AID TO PAKISTAN

Islamabad: Saying that they are satisfied with Pakistan's commitment towards the fight against terrorism, the United States awarded communication equipment worth 4.5 million dollars to the latter in order to help the country to take severe measures against militants.

down to the ground: during the experience, he cannot move. Yet he is fully aware of what is going on around him. It is a PHYSICAL phenomenon, I repeat. It is his BODY that is subjected to that superhuman (or inhuman, if you prefer) Force which presses. And remember: it is not one day only; it has been going on for more than three years now, Kireetbhai. Three years, every day, morning and afternoon. Can you imagine? Subject one's body to a Force that could crush mountains, for forty months, day after day. No respite.

Unfortunately, complications appeared recently, making his task even more difficult. But he persists. From almost the very beginning, his shoulders created difficulties, but recently, for one month or two, he has been feeling the sciatic nerve more and more. So he can neither sit nor lie down properly. He cannot walk indefinitely either: his legs are rapidly tired. To bend is a problem: do you apprehend his state? I am really worried, Kireetbhai. We explored the whole area but we did not find a doctor or a physiotherapist who could give us simple advice to remedy the situation.

Given the present situation, it is absolutely impossible for Satprem to receive anybody (even here), not to speak of travelling...

*

It is a double sciatica.³¹

*

³¹ To “ward off” the medical spell, I used their language, “sciatica” (as on the roads, in Brazil, when I spit blood, I would say: “it is malaria”), but I knew and my body knew that it was something other than “sciatica”: it was the unfolding of the terrible “process”, of the transfer from that “human” System to another... unknown functioning.

Reagan to Gorbachev: “You are going to kneel in the corner and ask God for forgiveness for all the sins you have committed. And your first sin is to be nasty Russians. Then you will swear on the Bible that the noble American people are superior to all the peoples and that the Zurich bankers are the greatest defenders of human civilization—come on! on your knees, and fast, or else we bombard you from the height of the American stars.”

“Teutonic superiority” migrated across the Atlantic.

*

The Chinese smile and bide their time.

*

Vision

Last night, “they” gave me a super-microscope that enabled me to see the tiniest black dots on or in my body (!) I saw an infinitesimal flea (!) that hopped on my belly and that I tried to catch.

This New Consciousness is very humorous.

“Down to the last atom,” Sri Aurobindo said, or was it a “last flea”?!

*

Afternoon

One has the impression (the sensation) of living a dreadful miracle.

It is like a change of Matter, it is no longer the same Matter.

And heavy as molten lead, and it traverses the whole body, wave after wave—when it passes through the brain, you have the sensation that everything will explode—and it does not explode and it continues.

It is the extraction from the “Barbed Wire” that goes on.

You don’t know if it is another Matter that enters into this one, or if you come out of this Matter to enter into another one.

You are *extracted*.

Unless the “barbed wire” is extracted from you. You don’t know.

It has lasted for one hour and forty-five minutes.

The body lets itself be carried along with the absolute certitude that “it is You”.

The right leg is very stiff.

Pain in the neck, too.

It is outside all the possible (or impossible) laws.

*

Evening

It is curious: it hurts a lot and at the *same time* it is as if beyond pain—all pain.

*

Last night (from 12 to 13), I saw something very weird that I don’t understand. When I understand, I will talk about it.

All this must lead somewhere, in one direction or the other.

*

Then, you understand the dreadful task of Mother who opens this path without knowing what it is...

As for me, I know that Mother is ahead. Otherwise, I would think that I am on the path to disintegration, or to madness or death, or to disability.

This is “opening the way”—it is really a jump into death and madness of that which does not exist yet.

And She was doing that in the midst of all those vultures and serpents who thought that She was “senile”...

How I grieve to have so poorly understood her and not loved her enough.

I did not understand what all that meant! One cannot “understand”!

*

Nobody will deny—no scientist will deny—that Matter in the concentration camps and outside the concentration camps is the same. And yet... just go and see!



September 14, 1985

The last visit of Halley’s comet coincides with Sri Aurobindo’s arrival in Pondicherry—1910 (and his departure for Chandernagor), when he left politics for this fabulous Work.

*

Nobody noticed it and yet it is the most important event for the earth since the time before Christ.

*

Perhaps his Work will be “noticed” seventy-five years later, with the next visit of the comet...



Night from September 14 to 15, 1985

Vision

I was chased by black beings (like policemen, dressed in black with golden stripes). I tried to escape by climbing along the big white trunk of a tree, with great effort, and I woke up abruptly, with an awful pain in the brain, as if I were on the point of having an embolism or a cerebral accident. It lasted for almost two hours, between 1 and 3 a.m.

Sujata helped me so much.

She says that those “black beings” are the servitors of Death.

*

I note however that this morning, September 15, I had a slight hesitation to plunge into this massive concentration as usual, because my brain was still a little bruised by last night’s experience, and, once more, I caught the cruel and mortal forces in the act, those which *want* you to believe that this Power of Deliverance *is going* to hurt you. This is the tactic, at all levels and by all means: that Power *is going* to hurt you.

Matter is *possessed* and hypnotized by these cruel forces.

I lay down in concentration and a very short time later, those forces gave me a harrowing pain right behind the heart, to make me believe that I was going to have a heart attack. I almost stood up, then I persisted and it passed.

It is a great practical lesson.

And that Power so formidable went through my “bruised” brain without further trouble. It is a “spell”, really, a cruel hypnotism that weighs on Matter: if you want to come out of it, it *is going* to hurt you, it *is going* to kill you... it *is going* to cripple you, etc. etc.

Matter is possessed by Death. It must be dispossessed.

*

I want to BEAR WITNESS.

*

I fully understand why we must no longer shelter a grain (or even a flea!) of complicity with those agents of Death.

If you believe in it, they won't miss you.

*

Vision

Now I understand! During the night from August 31st to September 1st, I had noted down a bit of vision without understanding very well: I was on a swing and I was trying hard to push myself forward, and, naturally, I was coming backwards again—and there was a panther waiting for me at the bottom of the swing!

If you hesitate and swing, the panther swallows you—or you have a myocardial infarction.

This New Consciousness “explains” all the situations to you (!)

*

Afternoon

Undoubtedly, it is a kind of torture. Like that nestling in the wheel hub.

*

Evening

One day, it will be otherwise.

It will be another system, without all those sorrows and pains.

All that life leaves traces.

It will be Life without traces.

The first move of the consciousness, when it awakes (or to awaken), is to bang itself. Then it remembers its blows.

The whole system is made “not to bang oneself”, so we make a prison with all the traces of blows “in order not to bang oneself again” (!)

It is the (barbed wired) spider web.

To observe = to observe everything that goes wrong. To perceive = to perceive everything that goes wrong. All the rest flows.

This unfortunate device is what must change.

The first evolutionary step of the consciousness is to become aware that one exists... That is, to notice that blows exist for someone—then it codifies itself...

We are here to un-codify four billion years of unfortunate Matter.

What an aim!

*

NIXON VISITS PAKISTAN

Islamabad, September 15

Former U.S. President, Mr Richard Nixon, will arrive here on Monday for a two-day visit.

During his stay in Pakistan, he will also visit Peshawar and Lahore before flying to Turkey.



Night of September 16-17

Vision

There is a force or a being that absolutely wants to kill me. Last

night, “he” was here, without a recognisable shape, and I was struggling, it took a long time; then, in the end, “he” pushed a finger into my brain, exactly on the spot where I had been attacked last time, at the back of the head, on the right side, and I screamed, I called Mother—finally, Sujata came.

It was around midnight.

This morning, I am all broken up (and a letter from Luc, in addition...).

Everything is very fierce
and fragile.

*

(Answer to Luc: It is not with rights that we progress, but with a certain number of wrongs.)

*

After lunch, I slept a little and I was woken up by a very strong “apnoea” that gave me a blow. But I seem to have heard, just at the time when I was pulled from rest: “the demolition of the veil”. ??

*

My legs hurt so much.

*

Evening

The Enemy is tearing up everything: after Mother and after Auroville, it is the Institute’s turn.

What will remain standing??

*

For *everything*, we must be able to say: You are the one who comes and frees me.

Then the Enemy loses its claws (but not necessarily its neuralgias).



September 19, 1985

It is very difficult to know whether you go towards complete demolition of this entire nervous network or to something else.

The barbed wire is very convincing.

I persist.

*

It's one of two things: either it is a "spell", or it is reality.

I continue to believe that it is a false reality despite all its claws.

The reality is divine, all the rest is Falsehood.

*

Evening

One day, we will look at this as the story of the Ichthyosaurs. Three seconds of memory loss, and millennia pass like the wind. It is a little frightening...

*

Those sixty-two years passed like the wind... an intense crest remains.

*

O Lord, you console the little one's sorrow.

*

What makes us notice all the miseries but not the only Reality?

*

It seems that this first gelatine of life, this first bubble of

protoplasm, has been built like this: “I must learn the misfortune of life, I must learn the misfortunes, all the misfortunes... I must learn.”

It is sad.

It is *that* spell.

*

Then there have been God’s Ten Commandments and the twenty thousand Commandments of Medicine.



September 21, 1985

The molten lead becomes more and more solid.

A solid mass.

How is it possible?

It is almost unbearable.

It becomes pure mechanics.

*

It cannot last like this indefinitely.

*

It will last as long as You want!

*

Shoulders, neck, legs are all bruised. These are the three difficult points. (It makes two shoulders and two legs! This quadruple combination makes a painful conjunction.)

*

Evening

I remember that in the Veda, it is said: “*The red-glowing mass (I am the one who underlines) of him is seen: a great god has been delivered out of the darkness.*” (V.I.2) Only, here, there is nothing “to see”: that “mass” goes through the body. And it comes from under the feet (it even gives you a sciatica in passing!).

I don’t know either whether it is “red-glowing”, it rather gives me a blue sapphire sensation—but I really don’t know, except that it is as heavy as lead.

*

I did not go down into the forest since August 26.



Night of September 22-23

Vision

The huge brown breaker.

(Several hundred metres, like a mountain.)

If I can last until December 12...



September 26, 1985

At each level, you must live again the continuation of all the other levels—that continuation is all the more intense and tight (condensed).

So much so that in the Physical is the “pure” root of all the other levels.

The central knot.

It is at that border that “something” that we call “life” has pushed its roots into Matter and changed itself into death.

There is a root of Misfortune.

The cure must be there.

I understand why the atomic power.

But it must still be the cover or the bark of something else.

There is a bark *on* “something”.

What I call “bark”, is perhaps the very barbed wire of the human concentration camp.

It becomes very “tight”.

*

My most intense prayer: another Principle of life on Earth.

So, how I understand Sri Aurobindo: “A revolt against the whole universal Nature.”



Night from September 26-27, 1985

Vision

I again met Gorbachev last night, but it was very “personal” and I was struck by that contact, so warm. He wanted to know about my personal life and even asked me to write a “biographical note” for him (I was beginning to have a headache). Then he told me about his personal life, of the first phase of his life and he showed me the books that he had been interested in (but once more, there was somebody—like his “father”—behind him, who signalled to him not to show me certain things). Finally, I woke up because I had a

headache.

But I was struck by that contact, so warm and quite personal.

*

We must arrive at the root of Misfortune to exorcise it “on the spot” (exorcise it or turn it around). It cannot be done from a distance: it is done right in the middle of it.

*

I presume that to each one is given a special misfortune, which is his tool—his tool for digging, could we say (like archaeologists looking for Greco-Buddhist heads in Afghanistan!). But it is older than the Greeks and Buddha.

I think of the Greeks’ “*Ananke*” or of the Buddha’s Nirvana—it is funny (or not funny) how *all* of them evaded the problem.

Christ did not exorcise the Misfortune: he consecrated it.

As for Science, it puts a little bit of aspirin on the *Ananke*(!) (which should not be disdained).

*

Afternoon

It is really the New Power—formidable—that springs up from the depths of Matter, from its billions of cells simultaneously, as through a very fine mesh or a very fine sieve. You wonder how everything does not explode. And it is irresistible—formidably imperious.

And the *whole* body knows that it is the Divine—the New Divine.

Something has the sensation that it is condensed, hyper concentrated Love, but it is too tremendous to “understand” that it is Love. Only the body can bear That (if “feelings” got mixed up in it, one would explode with emotion).

*

P.S. The nervous system seems to bear the charge better (or to let it pass better). But I don't dare say anything yet.



September 28, 1985

Still this sensation of going through “something”, or that the body goes through “something” and this something gives the sensation of a net or of a very fine mesh (figuratively, one could also say a spider's web or “barbed wire”).

Or else is it the New Life, the New Power that goes through the network of the body? I don't know. One does not know in which direction it functions. *

And this formidable density of molten lead.

It is really pure Mechanics.

*

And it passes by slow waves like lava through the chimney of a volcano—or innumerable micro-chimneys.

*

* I suddenly think of Mother: “It is as if the cells were forcibly *projected* into an unknown world.” It is that, perhaps! It is absolutely “forcibly”, as if you were *uprooted*. But in which direction does it function? Do *the cells* pass forcibly through that net of barbed wire (that are projected outside the concentration camp into a free world), or does *the New Life* invade the old net and “uproot” all the mortal elements or force its way through the barrier of the old life?? One does not know.

I have the impression that my image of the camps and barbed wire and of a free world is more consistent with the reality—you are pulled out into a FREE (and unknown!) material world. What would the first Amphibian say?!

Evening

Since the night of September 12-13, I have had a series of strange visions which I don't understand at all, but which must be the explanation of the ongoing process. For the time being, the "explanation" is blocked (!), but one day, probably, everything will fall into place, like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

One day, everything will be clear and will be summed up in one sentence!

(It was the nights of 12-13, of 23-24 and last night, 27-28.)

*

We will say: Yes, of course! It is the sequel of the mammals! Come on.

The bearers of the blue sun.

What a treat!



September 29, 1985

I have a kind of impression or feeling that the root of Pain is... gone.

It is very strange.

It is the very centre of human life. ("centre", as we speak of the centre of the Earth—an internal and "geological" or humano-logical centre.)

Who knows?

*

We could say that it is a certain way of dying that is gone (there are many of them!). But it seems to be a very central "way".

*

I continue to see strange and utterly inexplicable things...

(And yet I *know* that it has a meaning.)

I must be the visual language of the future.

A cross between hieroglyphs and *Tintin*, seen by an omniscient humourist.

It is a non-mental language that speaks to a first consciousness of Matter. It is for the schoolchildren of the future, as it were (a schoolchild somewhat dull-witted).

Well! it may be what Mother called “a consciousness from below with eyes from up above”! Ex-act-ly

Perhaps there is somebody in Matter who knows better than my westernized convolutions (!). I have always had the impression that there was somebody or something in me that knew better than me!

*

I wonder whether this “something that knows better than me” is not the consciousness of the cells—what Mother called the “mind of the cells”?



September 30, 1985

I have the impression that a new formation on earth is materializing.

*

All the same, I could try to describe these strange visions as I saw them, without understanding. Perhaps some “schoolchild”, less dull-witted than me, will understand better.

They are really like riddles!

Visions

1/ Night of September 12-13

I was looking at or I was being shown a large map, like a geographical map in black and white, which represented an island, so it seemed. That “island” was all hatched, that is, covered with thin intertwined lines as is done to represent the relief on a map. It was of an almost circular shape as the main island of Tahiti could be, and its “coasts” were all indented. I was shown this “map” like a painting (which could be 40 cm wide and 30 cm long), and all of a sudden, I saw myself tearing or peeling off, with both hands, a kind of transparent adhesive paper that covered the whole “map”. It was so unexpected and strange. I seized that “painting” with both hands and I tore off that transparent adhesive (more exactly, I *started* to tear off that adhesive).

Was it really an “island”? It could also be a spider web with its finely intertwined net. I really don’t know.

The important fact was that there was an invisible “transparent layer” covering the “thing” that I tore off with both hands. It was quite sudden.

*

2/ Night of September 23-24

I was “somewhere”, in Sri Aurobindo’s world, so it seemed, and I absolutely wanted to ask Sri Aurobindo a question—it mattered a lot to me, it was very important to me. It was a question about “the physical”. What question, precisely, I really don’t know, but obviously, what my material consciousness is concerned with is:

what is the nature of this physical, can it make the transition, what can we do with this “thing”? (This is what my external material consciousness asks a lot.) And I requested “somebody” to ask Sri Aurobindo that question for me (I suspect the this “somebody” is my “superior self” or my “superior double”—in these cases, “I” is always the “worker” who does things without entirely understanding, but who would like to do things well and not spoil the work). So the “worker” requested the other to ask Sri Aurobindo this question about “the physical” which he was very concerned about.

This was the first image or the first picture of the vision. Then, instantaneously, there was a second picture (which, I suppose, must have been the “answer” to my question—an answer in visual illustrated language). I suddenly saw myself in my bathroom (the one I occupy here, in this material world) and on the edge of my washbasin, there was a denture with four false teeth (may I be excused, but it is the denture that I usually wear by the grace of these days (!)).

If I am not completely dull-witted, this “denture” represents a false physical.

But if there is a false Physical, there must be a true Physical...—logical?

Is this body that I wear a false Physical? And suddenly, I ask myself whether there isn't an invisible “transparent layer” that separates me from the true Physical or covers my present Physical and separates it from the true Physical?? The tearing off of that invisible layer would be the present process?... I really don't know.

Then there was a third picture which instantaneously followed the second picture in my bathroom: I was looking for Sri Aurobindo

(probably to obstinately ask him my question about “the Physical”, because the “worker” understood nothing about what that “denture” was doing in all that!). I opened a door and I thought I would find Sri Aurobindo there, but there was nobody. Then I opened *another door* at random, and I was very surprised to see Sri Aurobindo *where I did not expect to find him*. I can’t say what this room was, but it seemed to me that it was blue (a blue floor) and Sri Aurobindo was lying on the floor. The picture stopped there. The important and striking fact was that I found Sri Aurobindo where I did not expect to find him. And it was probably another answer to my question about “the Physical”.

The true Physical would not be where I think it is (?) I was surprised to see Sri Aurobindo there... Perhaps the “worker” imagines that the true physical, the true Matter, the New World is “somewhere else”?? While actually it would be there, on the other side of a “transparent layer”?

I really don’t know. I am somewhat close-minded. (Perhaps I am being “unclosed”, precisely!)

*

3/ Night of September 27-28

The spider of fire.

I was “somewhere”. There was a wall, all white, and all of a sudden, I saw “something” running away at a great speed by climbing along the wall. It was a big spider (as big as my hand, of the tarantula type) and it was all fire-orange, as if it were made of fire. It climbed up to the ceiling and it fell back on the floor. It dragged along something like remnants of a spider web or bits of a spider web which were of that same fiery-orange colour. And a foul smell, really

a stench, emanated from that beast, as if it came out of the sewer. It fell back on the ground near my feet (I was wearing my wooden sandals with an orange sole and white strap) and I put my foot or wanted to put my foot on that beast of fire—it lifted a threatening or pleading “finger” (or a leg), I don’t know, and that “finger” or that leg was all black and as big as a cigarillo! I put my foot on the beast and crushed it (without being quite sure to have killed it because the image stopped there).

Now, I remember that months ago, I had gone into the “spider’s den” and I had seen that big black tarantula *with the tips of its legs that were orange*. That was the time when I was right in the middle of the horrors of the vital Subconscient.

If I am not completely dull-witted, it would mean that the black spider has changed entirely into a spider of fire and that it has finished its sordid and horrible mission; that it has come out of its hole—and I crush it.

What is curious is that the day after or a few days after this vision, I had the impression or the sensation that that “root of Pain” was gone—as if what makes the centre of human life, its painful and mortal centre, was gone. Like a centre of Horror. “The one-that-spins-all-the-human-misfortunes.” The super chess player that entwines everything and swallows you in its web.

I don’t know. It remains to be seen.

But those three visions seem to have a logical sequence—even though the logic still eludes me a little.

There has been a last vision, which is perhaps the “conclusion” of the first three:

4/ Night of September 28-29

Two “pictures” which followed one another. At first, I was “somewhere” with Mother and she told me (if I clearly retained her words): “We have to let the body die slowly.” Then she added with that laughter of hers, so marvellous, so tinkling (this is what I remembered the best): “I still remember how mine has been *thrown...*” (and she made a little abrupt gesture as one throws something into a hole or on the ground). And she laughed as if it were funny!

Then suddenly (I don’t know if it was the sequel to the first picture, but it came as a sequence), I saw Mother sitting (or standing, I don’t know) on a kind of dark blue blanket, and she let something fall—I rushed to pick up that “something”, I pulled the blanket a little and in the fold of the blanket, with a kind of surprise, I saw a silver thimble. I don’t know why that thimble struck me and surprised me. This was the important *fact*.

The schoolchild asks himself whether Mother is not sewing the “new coat”??

Here are my four riddles, or my four charades.

*

I have the impression that there is a “logical” sequence in those four riddles.

But I noticed that the explanation of these kinds of visions often comes long afterwards (it comes in facts). It is a kind of fore-sight. You see in advance what is being done.



October

October 2, 1985

Day after day, there is “something” that grows in the body with an irresistible power, like a shoot coming out of the ground, but there are millions of “shoots” which come out of a million cells, irresistibly: *You* are the reality, the waves of dark blue lead that seem unbearable: this is the reality. And the *body*, those millions of cells throw themselves into that, and for them it is an irresistible reality, as irresistible and obvious as the sun for the Sunflower—it is simple, it is concrete, it is without discussion, it is irresistible—and it is true. It is. It is *their* reality. And all the neuralgic or other difficulties are a resistance of the old Falsehood—it is always that old Death that wants you to believe that the Sun is what makes death, that this Power is what demolishes! And it is quite the opposite—it is what reconstructs *everything*.

Then it is like a *realisation* in the body: the reality of Matter, the reality *of the body*, it is that. And everything else is Falsehood and *mortal* Falsehood.

*

I say “realisation”, as water is the realisation for the fish or as the sun is the realisation for the heliotrope—it is like that, and that’s all.

One could say: The body “realises” a new Matter or a new form of Matter.

*

But the body becomes dreadfully sensitive: as soon as it is told about something or somebody, it is immediately in *material* contact with that thing or that somebody. This morning, I read a letter from Luc in which he suggests Houston’s hospital with its marvellous machines which could “check” Sujata’s eyes—I almost burst into

tears! I was in a monstrous world. (I was *in*.) Their world *is* monstrous. And they don't even notice it—quite the opposite, it is the “marvel” for them!

It is worse than Atlantis.

They are sub-devils.

(As they are sub-humans.)

*

Perhaps this is what Mother meant when she warned me: “If you come close to me, you must be very careful because my centre is everywhere.” !!

But conversely, if one human matter comes close to this “ubi-centre”, it must have repercussions on and in the rest of Matter?

*

Evening

A constant and very specific observation: these “waves of lead” or these “invasions” of Power as there have been daily for some forty months, are completely *independent* from all “human psychology”—it has nothing to do with feelings, thoughts or “moods”: it is a purely physical phenomenon, but of a new physical. It is a new kind of mechanics. The variations of the Phenomenon come from the nature of the layer that is crossed or that has to be crossed.

But what is constantly necessary is the (more or less tough and recalcitrant) *consent* of each layer that has to be crossed. At any moment one can refuse and the body (or any layer) can prefer to die. Which means that the choice must constantly be made between death and the new life. Not one atom must consent to death anymore.

To say it differently: if you accept one grain of cancer, you are

eaten up.

Cancer is all the old life (or death is all the old life).

It is not easy to persuade a fish that water is a deadly element. It will tell you quite the opposite! It is that opposite that you constantly meet.



Night from October 2 to 3

Vision

Very fleetingly, so fleetingly that I am not even certain of what I saw, I seemed to see a very tall being who carried, on his right shoulder, a baby or a very small man who had something like a line of blue hair (!)

I mean that, from far, a fringe of blue hair could be seen on top of this baby's or of this small man's head. (This is what was the most distinct or the most striking, about that tall being.)

Blue = dark blue.

*

It is curious, all these visions of the "New Consciousness" (usually) take place right at the moment when you are going to wake up, a few split seconds earlier, as if it were right *on the verge* of the material world that we know. And they are almost always extremely fleeting, but with a "striking" or surprising element that makes you remember.

*

If it is the same baby as the one I saw on May 8 on the quay, his hair has grown in the meantime!

Blue hair—long live the Navy!

*

(Given the tiny size of the baby on that gigantic shoulder, I would say that this being's shoulder must have been 1.50 m wide!!)



October 4, 1985

The relentless assaults.

*

We must come out of that human nature
as for and against
as black and white
it is distressing
in all ways.

*

You don't see how you can come out of there unless an incomprehensible miracle happens.

It is even more difficult than a trans-mutation. A transmutation is to go from a known Matter to another known Matter: from lead to gold, for instance, as the Alchemists dreamed it. But here, it is to go from a known Matter to an unknown Matter—and how is it done?!

It is not the unknown Matter that worries me (!): it is the passage—the transition.

*

To change one element into another, you must (so it seems) “force the electronic barrier” that surrounds the nucleus.

This “forcing of the barrier” rings a bell.

*

All known Matter and the processes of known Matter (and its known manipulations) take place *inside* a certain concentration camp imprisoned by an invisible barrier (which is perhaps only the barrier of our intelligence). But if there is “something” on the other side of the barbed wire, another Matter, another Power, another Law...

We are in a certain “system of explanation” of the universe, and this system imprisons us, that is to say that it sets the human limits. There may be another system of “explanation” (and so of manipulation) which will make all our barriers blow up like tunnels of... scientific termites.

It may not be an “electronic barrier” to be forced, but the very barrier of our species which makes us think and explain and feel (and manipulate) the universe... in the human way.

It is probably not the ultimate reality (!)

*

P.S. I don't know why I think of my “island”, imprisoned under its transparent adhesive paper... and I removed the “invisible layer”.

(What is the most invisible is what is the most natural to us!)

*

We always think in terms of “improvement” of the known human tool (that is, intelligence, brain). But we need to find *another tool*. And since it is an evolution of the species, it is in the body that the embryo or the seed of this new tool—what-is-needed to cross the old barrier—must be found.

(Their “supermen” are absolutely ridiculous—we might as well speak of a super-dog or of a super-rat.) If they go on at this pace,

they will only make a super-Gestapo.



October 6, 1985

It is not a task for a man.

And the gods would not want it either.

It is a task for *whom*?

Perhaps for a poor devil who has gone to the depths of pain?

*

It comforts me to know that I am a poor devil.

For an angel, there is always the danger of the “fall”—at least *that* danger is gone.

When it cannot be worse, what remains?

*

The *only* thing that consoles me is that Sri Aurobindo assessed all this.

Only the Supreme can understand.

Only the Supreme remains.

*

As long as you believe in a certain “height”, you miss the point.



October 11, 1985

I continue to struggle with that neuralgia, and I continue to be convinced that it is a tool and a kind of last illusion to go through.

I have the impression that there is something to find in the ultimate physical level, and naturally that “something” can only be found through experience.

I always thought that pain was a positive means, not something to despair.

It may be like a last thin layer of water that separates the body from a new physical reality (or from the true physical reality).

*

There is something that absolutely wants us to believe—physically believe—that we cannot come out of it. And that “something” is precisely the Illusion—the Falsehood of Matter.

That is to say: “Go and consult radiology, the scanner and all the medical and scientific caboodle—it is the only Means.”

All their means are means to die.

*

My whole body knows that there is another *physical* reality, but there is something that impedes. It is this “something that impedes” that I am looking for.

*

(It is not a question of healing neuralgia (!), it is a question of coming out of the human system.)



October 13, 1985

We have no other instrument than our cry of pain.

*

In the end, each species must have had a cry of pain.

This is how I feel.

It is as though I am at the last days of man.

*

I don't know why, I remember one of those first years in the Ashram. It was one evening, at the Playground. I was standing against a wall at the back. There was a crowd of Ashramites sitting in circle. I could never bear those Ashramites. There was Mother, very small and white, sitting below that big map of India. And I was once again in one of my rages, wanting to run away from that Ashram. Mother looked up, from there, and gazed at me across that whole crowd. I was standing against my wall. And the day after, with her little teasing smile, she told me: "I saw you yesterday evening, you were wearing an animal skin, with a spear in your hand."

A whole cycle.

*

Later, She saw me as a Sannyasin, backed up against the door of a temple.

And centuries passed.

I no longer have a spear, or a robe, or an animal skin—I am Man with his back against the wall.

*

I must have done so many foolish things that the heart "breaks" me, my brother Villon would say.

(What I regret the most are those that I did not do.)

*

Why is there always that core of revolt in me?

The last revolt is against Man. No?

*

(After all, for me, “Man” died the day I entered a concentration camp. I have spent more than twenty years trying to get over it, until the day when Mother made me understand that what was needed was not to get over it but to get out of it.)

Of course, *who* can understand what a formidable and sudden Apocalypse entering into the camps was for me?

Everything was destroyed.

Then, either you die of it, or you build again differently.

*

I begin to understand why Mother said “this one”.

But...

*

(Last night, from 12th to 13th, I saw myself spitting blood.)

It takes a long time to die.

You must die without leaving a corpse. That’s it.

Or again: you must change the value of the Energy of death.

*

Evening

Raging neuralgia.

*

Yolande: the last person.

Now, everything is gone away.

*

With each pain, I made a fire.
My pyre is never finished.

*

Fragments of conversation with Yolande

(The recording is hardly audible)

About Carmen in Mexico

(Yolande:) ... they set off, they fasted, they took the children, the family along. They walk for eight days, without eating, with prayers, and they eat small amounts of that mushroom—until they are in the cave, when the meal is served with the children and the whole family; they share the mushrooms. And then, they get the revelation.

Carmen went to see these sorcerers—Didn't you know?

(Satprem:) No.

(Yolande:) What did she go in search of? It is a recent story that I heard. To me, she had said: "I went to see the sorcerers." I told her: "I don't know why you did this; I, for one, wouldn't go."—"But it was not for me."

It was not for her?

(Yolande:) It was not for her.

For whom was it?

(Yolande:) I didn't know.

What do they have? [...]

(Yolande:) I don't know, a power to heal. And she was the one who... It is strange, all the same. Then the story of the tree, then the rain... And in Mexico, there are stones that call the rain. I was given a stone: it was put in my hand, one day. I was in the house of a man who had great knowledge of all the occult in Mexico and he had objects, like that, magical objects. And he told me: "Here is a stone that can call the rain"—I did not call anything at all. Even so, in spite of myself, I may have called the rain on the tree?!

It is very... Those things are not beneficial. Because you fall under the will, or the influence of those [...]

(Yolande:) She came back bent in half, with a pain—a pain, she told me. She began to cough a lot—really, from Easter, she has been in free fall.³² So, will we ever know for whom she went in search of that?

*(A piece of ember falls on the mat,
Satprem picks it up)*

(Sujata:) But what were you just saying, Dhoum?

(Satprem, bursting into laughter:) I don't know whether there is anything to say about it?! I saw myself as a first man!

(Yolande:) I saw Satprem as a first man, with forests around him—because when he sees that it is devastated, there is such a... such a disaster in him, I would say, that he always remembers the earlier

³² Carmen left her body on October 10, 1983, if my memory serves me right.

forest. And it is at that moment that he told me of Mother's vision.

It was still at the time of the "Playground" in the Ashram.

(Sujata:) Oh!

(Satprem:) It was at a time when, once more, I felt like fleeing from that place! I don't know why I did not manage to fly?! It was Mother who... It is Mother, it was Mother's Adventure which held me back. But I did not like the Ashram. Well, once more, I was on the verge of going away. And I was stuck at the back of the Playground, against a wall, the farthest possible (!), but, well, Mother saw me from afar! So I think it is the day after that she saw me and she told me: "It is curious (half-amused, half...), yesterday evening, I saw you dressed in an animal skin, with a spear!"

(Yolande:) I wondered if it was not Adam!

(laughter)

I probably wanted to go to the Congo. I had the idea, at one point, to buzz off into another forest in the Congo.

(Yolande:) Always the forest!

Yes. It is the forest or the sea.

Well, for the sea, it is more complicated because you must have a boat! For the forest, it is simpler: you go into it with your two legs.

(Yolande:) You walk.

You walk.

Yes, I wanted to go to the Congo, or I don't know where—any country [...]

(Yolande:) And today—today in the devastated forest.

We build the one of the next world [...]

(Yolande:) In a forest?

It is devastated [...]

(Yolande:) It is petrified and devastated.

Later:

... To go back into the Amazon rainforest, into the past—or else we must go towards the Future of the Earth. But not between the two.

When I came out of the camps, I immediately felt that: either you go into the ends of the earth (that is, the Amazon rainforest, the farthest possible from humanity), or... then it is Mother who bit me!—you go into the Future of the Earth. But what is in between, I found it... suffocating.

But She caught me, or They caught me because there was the Adventure of the Future.

(Yolande:) Oh! But it is Sujata who caught you!

(Sujata:) No!!

She helped, indeed, so that I did not go away into my usual madness. But, well, in the first place, it is obviously Sri Aurobindo who...

(Yolande:) Yes, but again through Sujata.

At that period, no.

(Yolande:) Yes! Because...

It is in 47 that...

(Yolande:) In 47, the meeting with Sujata.

Yes, but, that, the meeting with Sujata...

(Yolande:) And Sujata's anger! Oh yes, but this is very important! (Satprem and Sujata laugh) I think this is when everything was decided.

I don't know.

(Yolande:) She found you insolent, she found you... how did she put it? She thought that you did not love Sri Aurobindo and she said: "He will serve Sri Aurobindo"—first point.

(Sujata:) Not only, "He will serve", but "He will be one of the..."

(Yolande:) He will be "at the service of".

(Sujata:) No, even more than that: He will be one of those, or rather the one who will serve the most—something like that. I don't remember the exact words,³³ but the idea was that, rather.

(Yolande:) Yes, the idea was: "You don't like Sri Aurobindo; you will serve him"—was it that?

(Sujata, laughing:) Yes! (Satprem laughs)

(Yolande:) And Mother sees him, looks at him...

³³ The greatest exponent. (says Sujata).

(Sujata:) Yes.

(Yolande:) ...and catches him as with a laser—is it that also?

(Sujata:) She says: “This one!”

(Satprem, laughing:) Yes! There, I was the one who was angry with Mother!

(Yolande:) So two angers, which set in motion two decisive choices. (Satprem and Sujata laugh)

One carrying the other: it is a beautiful story.

And today, Sujata, here, to hold back the migrant with all her strength—there is no more migration either. There is no more migration.³⁴

Yes, we must migrate... towards the Future.

(Yolande:) She just said something very pretty: “We must make the arch.” And we thought of Noah. So is it Adam or Noah?—I don’t know anymore. I no longer know near whom I walk.

Had I been Noah, I assure you that I would not have saved the goats, the rats, the pigs and all that *(Satprem bursts into laughter)!*

(Yolande:) What would you have saved?

Precisely, I would have protected...—I would have done silly things, as usual!

(Yolande:) He would have saved the trees

³⁴ It was after our return from the Pacific islands.

Yes, I would have saved the trees.

(Yolande:) And water, the sea.. When Tata spoke to me... I understood the North Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Marmara... while he was telling me to go and see the Mother: M-o-t-h-e-r.

Well, we are all here...

(silence)

And for Sujata, what does it mean, the return from the Pacific to India?

(Sujata:) Somewhat comfortable!

No, truly, I found that in India, in spite of everything, inwardly something remains. And in this room, in this place, he worked so much to prepare all these Agendas. A new place in which we would have had to rebuild the atmosphere: how much time wasted? So I found that it was better...

(Yolande:) It was a necessity to come back here (to India).

(Sujata:) He will be quieter, more comfortable and he will also be able to do his work without too many material worries. No? Is it not like that, Dhoum?

Yes, my Douce. And it was... The Pacific Islands, yes, there was still... but what humanity! And what a world! It was a rotting world. Even Nature, I found rotten: there were all the appearances of a fairy tale—and it was *entirely false*. It was fully rotten.

(Yolande:) So here, there remains a dirt track.

A dirt track remains.

(Yolande:) A square of virgin forest.

That small piece where we are—which is threatened. There are wildfires... one fire rushed up to here.

(Yolande:) Yes, but there are still trees.

There are still trees—but not for a long time.

(Yolande:) And monkeys! And what else?

(Sujata:) And birds.

(Yolande:) Many birds. It is almost a square of survival. It is interesting to see to what extent we are cornered...

Ah! Yes.

(Yolande:) ...to the last limit.

Absolutely. We are under siege.

(Yolande:) We are at the world's end.

(Sujata:) I don't even like going out, Yolande.

(Yolande:) You turn around the house and in the house? And around Satprem and... that's it!

(Sujata:) No, because it is so sad.

(Yolande:) It is the magical Ring, that's it. We arrive at the story of the magical ring—yes! Satprem is the Valkyrie (laughter)—well, yes! With the Fire surrounding him to deliver the new man, and Sujata does the round. Is it not that a little?

(Satprem and Sujata laugh) *Everything is reversed.*

(Sujata:) *No, really, it hurts me so much when I see all those trees, cut down; as soon as you go out, you see only houses.*

(Yolande:) *Or stumps of trees. No, your place is strange: your place, your work, your silence—that I interrupt.*

No-no.

(Sujata:) *Really, he went into such a difficult work.*

(Yolande:) *I was just told that a big snake came and left its skin near the house. Is it a mutation?*

(Satprem:) *It sloughs its skin, yes! But it is not a question of sloughing: it is something else, more difficult than to slough one's skin.*

(Yolande:) *Yes, it is more difficult to perceive it.*

(Sujata:) *Do you remember that here, we once saw a snake that had just shed its skin and the skin was as big as that, the scale—do you say “scale”?*

(Yolande:) *Yes.*

(Sujata:) *They don't say anything, you know: they stay; they eat rats—it reduces a little the number of rats!*

(Later:)

(Yolande:) *[...] with Bernard d'Oncieu.*

I am in such a different world, really.

(Yolande:) You are pulled on [...]

It is not that I can't tell, but it is a story [...].³⁵

It is really another person's story. I remember, but it is as if I spoke of somebody else.

(Yolande:) And what was at the bottom of that eagle's nest?

Oh! I dug in that, at first with... the only instrument that we had, a knife: there was a kind of Sikh who escorted us, who had his big Nepalese knife, a big knife. I went down at the end of the rope with the knife! Then I started to dig in there: it was eagle droppings. Yes, droppings and there were centuries of eagle droppings—I knew that there were centuries because after a while, I ended up breaking the big Nepalese knife! It broke against a piece of rock. So, afterwards, I went on with my hands and then...

(Yolande:) And what was there, at the bottom?

There should have been a treasure!

(Yolande:) Was there a legend about that place?

Yes, there was a legend.

(Yolande:) Which said what?

Which said that there was a treasure left by Rajput princes who were on the run during the Mongol invasions.

So I went down at the end of a rope: I went down, because we climbed up a mountain further away, and they took me down at the end of a rope (it was steep, you know), in that eagle's nest and I was

³⁵ Together with Bernard d'Oncieu we were looking for a treasure hidden in an eagle's nest in the Himalayas.

[...] But I liked Bernard. He had a sense of adventure.

(Yolande:) A sense of wonder.

Yes, he had a sense of wonder and of adventure.

So there, we understood each other, we were brothers, you understand. We both had a sense of adventure, of wonder and then *no barrier*, you know: ready for anything!

(Yolande:) You let go everything.

We would let go everything and were ready for anything—for *anything*.

So we understood each other very well. I liked Bernard a lot. He was really a great adventurer, but a noble man, you know: noble of heart. I liked this Bernard a lot. He is the only friend I had in my life, with my friend the gold washer.

He represented, precisely... he represented what I had to leave.

(Yolande:) But he is the one who left you.

Yes, because, precisely, he could no longer go forward. He could no longer make progress. So when you don't move forward... And to move forward in *that* adventure...

(Yolande:) Because it is unknown.

(Inaudible passage except a word from time to time.)

There is a difference: Do you know the Bondy forest?

(Yolande:) Yes.

Good. Well, in the 17th century, there was the Count of [...] who

would travel through the Bondy forest in a diligence, with his pistol and his bag of crowns; and no kidding, the gun was there, ready.

Well, now, there is Miss Something, who travels through the Bondy forest in her Toyota, with her safety belt.

(Inaudible passage)

The conditions are different...

Sri Aurobindo has opened...

And Mother has made a hole in that...

(Yolande:) And today?

Today... We go through the virgin forest with our machete... It is virgin, and with our machete, we go forward, we cut. And what remains behind is the desert.

So Sri Aurobindo and Mother...

... Then for the second or the third person or the fourth who will pass, it will not be the same anymore. The path must be opened: once it is open, it is open. Sri Aurobindo and Mother have opened it. Then a few human specimens are needed, who...

(Yolande:) Who dare.

Who dare. Who want to. Who lend themselves.

(Yolande :) Or who are pushed by.

(Sujata :) By a deep love.

Ah! Yes, you cannot do this for yourself. Or else...

(long silence)



October 14, 1985

There are such deep fibres. You don't notice them until they go away.

*

O Lord, You are the one who gives.
You are the one who takes.
And You are the one who remains.

*

Evening

Each life with its smile and its pain.
It *must* be otherwise!

*

Indian Express, October 14, 85
New York,

In an interview with the *Sunday Times* from London,
the Prime Minister says the he does not believe in any
specific God, but that he is religious in the broadest sense.

He never followed any religious practice, in the sense
that he does not pray, but he believes that certain things
exist, which we must strive to attain, and a certain
commitment that we ultimately have to make with
ourselves.

Mr Gandhi pointed out that his grandfather, Jawaharlal
Nehru, was a very secular man; his father, Mr Feroze
Gandhi, was a Parsi, his mother, Mrs Indira Gandhi, has
been a non-practising Hindu for the most part of her life
and his wife, Sonia, is Christian.

They are so ashamed to be Hindus and they refute it almost vehemently, while he is so proud to say that his wife is Christian...

And this man represents India.

Of course, God is not technological. It is His weakness. He must be somewhat underdeveloped.



October 16, 1985

There is almost a distress in this body, in the consciousness of this body, when it sees, day after day and every day, this neuralgia that climbs and hardens in the legs, in the neck, in the shoulders—it says: “But then, one cannot do it?” and it is such a sorrow in that “one cannot do it”. It does not understand, it knows that it is the Divine Power which comes to deliver it, that it is the Hope, the only Hope in all that misery of the Earth, and those nerves which hang on, twist, harden themselves—one cannot do it? What is this physical? It cannot do it? What can be done?

What is this physical?

A garment to leave behind?

But then what will make the transition, with what?

It is not the pain, not the physical suffering that torment this body—it will go until the end, as long as it can—but this, “One cannot do it?” what does it mean? Is this physical Matter entirely rebellious against the new Power?

And it sees, it sees *everywhere* those destructive forces that gallop: this forest devastated day after day, those tree stumps, this water and the well, polluted, the rats that dig their tunnels everywhere and even run on my roof, the people, millions of people who climb, assaulting the mountains, like this neuralgia along my legs, and lay

everything bare, ravage everything in passing—where is the Hope? What is going to stop this, if even one body is unable to receive and contain a little of divine Power?

I don't know ...

And those destructive forces, those rats seem to be immunized against everything: you put poison, they digest it; even insects digest their pesticide—nothing stops that tide. While the smallest bird, the smallest tree is so fragile, so vulnerable, destroyed so quickly!

Where is life? Death swarms everywhere—even in this aspiring body which would so much like to receive, to be able to receive the New Power... Can one really do nothing?

What is this physical?

*

We just have to go on while we can. But...

Sri Aurobindo said that it is a “spell”, but what to do if one cannot receive the Power that could dissolve that “spell”?

I feel so lost...

*

You are in the concentration camp and you cannot receive the Power that would dissolve this barbed wire—you cannot?... Really, you cannot?

There is despair in my body and a question almost with tears of pain.

*

That “fledgling” was agonising and there was *nothing to do*—do we really need to go to the end of agony, and that's all?

It is that “end”—this is what I told Mother on the day of our last meeting. Oh! how little I understood...

*

Where is the mystery of this physical? what is the mystery of this physical?

If it is false, where is the true, through what should one go to find it?

I see very well that it demolishes itself more and more.

*

There has to be a solution.

Perhaps one must arrive at the required intensity.

*

(Last night, I again had two “nightmares”, one after the other.)

*

Afternoon

Something inexplicable happened: that stiffness or that kind of ankylosis in the right leg, but no pain or stirring in the nerves. Then that dark blue, massive, tremendous Power, that seized everything, that could have made everything blow up, and it was here—impossible and possible, incomprehensible and Supreme Grace.

I don't know.

I have never known such intensity in the body—like a supreme supplication of Matter. You might have thought that everything would blow up (for an hour and twenty minutes).



October 17, 1985

Yesterday evening, I put a rat trap on my roof, and this morning, it

is a bird that was caught...

A whole philosophy of “life”.

When the rats prevail, all the traps are for the birds.

*

Evening

I found it! One should call them “the nonhumans”! (or nonumans), there is an h too many, even for the breathing.



October 18, 1985

That unavoidable and dreadful communion with everything around you. Even a rat running across the roof has consequences.

You absorb *the whole world*, actually.

*

(I noticed that as soon as I meet somebody, the neuralgia increases, it is instantaneous.) (The first outburst of the sciatica took place when I had to speak about Auroville and Luc’s letter...)

That is what is called “the descent into Matter”.

The nerves have unexpected extensions.

*

Is there really nothing to do with this Matter? At times I could cry out in despair.

And you are in such ignorance of *everything*. It is another kind of despair.

What must be done and what mustn’t be done and how to do it and how not to do...

And it is demolished, more and more.

I no longer know how to sit without having pain and I no longer know how to walk without having pain—such is the situation.

*

Afternoon

I can't understand. The whole afternoon (well, for an hour and fifteen minutes without moving) my right leg was stiff, on the verge of a cramp but without a cramp *and without pain*. (The left leg was more "normal".) And the whole afternoon, the body (or my heart, at least) did not stop crying: *You are the Reality; You are Life; You are the Truth; You are the Beauty, Love—You are the reality, not all this Horror and that pain and that evil cage. You are the reality.*

And that leg was kept stiff, as if I felt its thousands of stiffened fibres, but no pain. And that massive, dense, dark blue Power that went through.

I don't understand. "Normally" that stiff leg and its sick nerve should have hurt a lot...

But then, this cry: *You are the Reality*—it was almost desperate.

*

Evening

You make it or break.

It is somewhat like that.



October 19, 1985

(Fragments of a letter from Sujata to Kireet)

...Fortunately, Kireetbhai, fortunately, not “unfortunately”!

What Satprem needs is not a doctor, but some practical and sensible advice. A doctor would want to treat him “medically”, which is not at all desirable, you will understand, given the work that he is doing. I had hoped that with his long experience, “Uncle” could suggest a few practical measures to take in order to ease Satprem’s body a little. For instance, I learned recently that water is very good: water to drink and hot water to bathe the body (I add eucalyptus oil to the bath). This is because the discs between the cartilage in the spine are like sponges and tend to become dry, which reduces the space between two vertebrae. Being in water gives back their sponginess. It seems to me to be common sense. Of course, I don’t know what a doctor would say?!

A very big thank you for sending us your book, A Philosophy of Education for the Contemporary Youth. It is of course very nicely presented. But, Kireetbhai, I was actually wondering whether the situation is not already irreversible. What human action will be able to improve the state of the world which deteriorates everywhere? I don’t know. It is also certain that each sincere effort and research will help us to move forward. In that sense, I appreciate your text. This is my personal reflection, not Satprem’s. He saw the pictures, but cannot read. ...

As for Indiraji: it was on November 4, 1984, early in the morning. I woke up and found myself in a bedroom with several beds. Mine was the farthest from the door and was in the centre of the room. There were two or three other beds. I seemed to see one or two ladies who had got up and were going out. Since I was lying down, the door was on my left. The ladies who had just woken up were looking at something or

somebody, towards the last bed, the nearest to the door. They made a few reflections that I did not grasp, and they left. I then got up, too. To my right, was an open window, I think. I looked at the sky, and turned to go out. While passing, I stopped and looked at the person lying in the last bed: it was a woman, lying on her side, sound asleep. She seemed to be very tired. I recognised Indiraji. I stood there, looking at her. Near her head (the others had looked at her while being near the door), I noticed dirty and stained clothes (with blood, so it seemed to me) under her bed. By the way, the bed was somewhat old-fashioned, with springs and a metallic headboard. I was there, looking at all this, when Indiraji opened her eyes. She seemed to recognise me because she smiled at me. How weary was her smile! Nobody was there to look after her, so I asked her whether she needed something. She answered in the affirmative. She needed a hot drink (tea or coffee, I forget). No servant was there, I glanced outside: not a soul, anywhere. Seeing that she had again closed her eyes and gone to sleep, I went out to fetch the drink that she wanted...

Satprem sends you his most affectionate feelings. The research that you made to send a doctor touched him. But please, Kireetbhai, really, no doctor.

*

The body—the body consciousness—feels the physical pain with a revolt, like a child who does not understand, or like a child raped by a brute. It cannot understand.

There is innocence in him, like a child playing in the sun, and then that incomprehensible—hideous—thing.

Illness, incapacity and death are neither *part* of the being of the

body nor of true Matter—it is something that has been added.

It is this “something that has been added” that the body feels like a forced concentration camp. And it cries out for freedom.

When I was riding in the Brazilian Sertão, shivering with fever, I would drink a glass of “cachas” and go on—I did not believe for one second that I had tuberculosis.

You can have—and you have—all the illnesses of the world in your body, but they “break out” only when something *else* weakens or steps in.

We don’t have tuberculosis or cancer—and we have all the tuberculosis and all the cancers of the world—but we have something *else* that *makes* the cancer, the tuberculosis, that *makes* death.

It is this something that must be discovered.

Death is not inherent in Matter.

It is the concentration camp around.

A kernel of light and a black coating.

*

I can fight against the sorrows of my heart, but I don’t know how to fight against the sorrows of my body.

*

Evening

Perhaps the fact of being in pain without knowing what to do is the very process of the transition—like a fish on the sand, does it know what to do?

But to turn the agony in the positive sense.

And in God’s hands.

A kind of positive agony.

*

The “old man” is always such a surprised child!



October 20, 1985

Vision

Last night, I met Panditji, the Tantric (always dead people, only dead people!)—younger, fairer, “thinner” (surrounded by a foul being whom I would prefer to forget). He “kindly” told me: “You look bright”... And within exactly three seconds, he put me in contact again, re-established the contact with an awful karma that I have tried to clean up day after day, hour after hour, for years—in three seconds. And you start over again as if nothing had happened.

It is appalling.

Except for Sri Aurobindo and that Hope, I would look for only one thing: dissolution.

The old wound is never healed—we must change species.

*

Three or four years ago, one night, I met that Swami J.J. My foot (the heel) hurt a lot. He took my heel, opened it and took out a kind of enormous red wasp, with a blood-coloured sting (that is my karma). I was relieved! Then, suddenly, he took that “wasp” and *put it back in my foot...* with a kind of sardonic pleasure. I was so flabbergasted, disconcerted, that I woke up. (I think that it was that same individual who was near Panditji last night, in a black shirt with white dots.)

Why have I met so many evil beings in my life? Gestapo after

Gestapo...

It is better to keep silent.

But you are left with the wound.

Nobody will ever know Satprem's pain.

Sometimes you feel like saying, like Mother: why-why-why all this?

But there is no point in saying why—the Spell must be undone.

I have been in this battle for forty-one months—three years, five months. Not to speak of the three decades before.

I *can't* understand cruelty. (It is the only explanation that Sri Aurobindo never gave.)

*

Evening

When you come to a certain point of pain, you have the impression that everything is only sentences (from the Upanishads to down below). You are facing the Fact.

There is Sri Aurobindo
it is the only thing that
consoles me.

*

M's vision

Around October 20: a dream with Indira who visits our place: a very official visit, with her whole entourage. She comes to inspect the central place (like a point of command) where I am, and squeezes me into a corner with her very wide skirt (with something like a frame): I can hardly breathe! Then she leaves, asking who is our leader.



October 21, 1985

I note it down anyway (but always with suspicion and out of a sense of duty).

A state of complete immobility of the corporeal, material consciousness, in which the pain, the neuralgia disappear—fade away. They probably exist, since you feel them when you come out of that, but they are no longer felt and they don't increase as usual. It is a kind of corporeal, material transparency, like absolutely still water. It is almost on the verge of sleep, but it is fully awake.

All day yesterday, it hurt a lot and it increased. During the night, in my bed, my leg, my neck, my shoulders were hurting a lot and I managed to sleep only around 1 a.m. This morning, the pain was indeed there as usual, only less "irritated" after those few hours of sleep. I thought with sorrow and a sort of despair: if I lay down in the massive concentration, all the nerves will start their comedy again: more and more pain. So, how to do the work? It is always the same question: How to do the work if the body is unable to receive this Power. And when the nerves become angry, it becomes impossible.

So I lay down in the concentration with a kind of plea to be able to do the work. Then everything in the corporeal, material consciousness came to a standstill—nothing moved for an hour and twenty-five minutes. Not a nerve shivered and the pain did not increase—it seemed to have disappeared in that immobile transparency.

Such is the experience.

While getting up, I felt all the nerves in the leg, in the neck and in the shoulder, but not worse than usually, as if nothing had happened. While usually, it is a kind of torture that I overcome by

dint of will and resolution.

*

An immobile transparency which enables you to go through the pain—the nerves are there, like the barbed wire of the concentration camp, but you go through it.

It does not repair the nerves, but they no longer give their note of pain.

If this state could be constant, perhaps it would eventually repair the nerves? I don't know.

*

P.S. I don't know whether one can "repair" a concentration camp(!): one comes out of it!

*

The matter of the body is perpetually shivering, vibrating, "responding" to everything that passes—it is *that* thing that no longer answers (no longer moves, no longer vibrates). *That* thing is probably the nervous system with its billions of nerves which infiltrate every corner of Matter.

Is it that, the maleficent cage? The origin of the Spell?

The guardian of the Spell?

*

In Evolution, it is the nervous system that awakened Matter to self-consciousness—to the pain of being and living...

It opens up new horizons.

It would be the crossing of the evolutionary barbed wire.

*

I am not looking for a “cure”, but for the radical exit from all this human (or inhuman) system.



October 22, 1985

What I noted down yesterday with distrust and reservation seems to be quite a decisive experience on the path to the new species.

Let's see.

(I think that it is not an “experience” but a *fact*—it is done.) (Or at least: *that* portion is done.)

*

It is really a sort of miraculous transparency.

We'll have to see.

*

Afternoon

Nothing makes a barrier anymore!

A for-mi-da-ble Power—as massive as a mountain, and yet fluid like an ocean.

I don't know how it is possible, but it is possible.

There is no “I” in that. It is the change of Reign which comes.

The Hour of Victory is near.

*

(No neuralgia throughout the whole day!)

Nothing! It goes through, it is fully transparent!

*

Evening

Neuralgia is concrete (God knows!), dizziness is concrete, cardiac difficulties are concrete (especially when you spend the whole night panting on the edge of your bed), threats of embolism are awfully concrete—and all that was nothing but a cage of illusions!

I was given all the irrefutable symptoms one after the other, all the medical impossibilities and inevitabilities, and they were nothing but illusions... and all the pains, too. But if you remain in the cage, it is very inevitable and lethal.

We must be cured of the cage.

You don't come out through Nirvana, you come out through the cells of your body.

There is a true Matter, a true physical, in which death, illnesses and pain don't exist.³⁶

*

I think of Sri Aurobindo whom I asked persistently: What is this physical? What can be done with this thing?! And he showed me my denture with four false teeth on the edge of my sink!

*

We are used to thinking that this physical is a “subtle” physical—but it is a material physical!

Proof of this being that I am still in my skin (!)

That is to say that *it was* subtle, and that Sri Aurobindo made it become material.

For a fish, the air in the sun is a sort of “subtle” physical—then one day, it is no longer subtle! It is here.

³⁶ That should be written the other way round: pain → illnesses → death.

Two worlds, separated by a... transparent layer.
(and a little neuralgic!)

*

The divine air is here.



October 23, 1985

Like yesterday—and more. .

It is quite crazy. It is like soaking in a sea of lead.

A sea that goes through the whole body.

(There remains a certain difficulty in the shoulders and a sensitive point at the base of the spine, but no neuralgia.)

One does not know where all this leads.



October 24, 1985

If there weren't this purely mechanical action, it would be quite hopeless.

The whole human psychology, from top to bottom, one day or the other, turns against itself. It struggles for, until the day when it uses the same energy to struggle against.

*

This morning, I had to talk about Auroville and the sciatica became furious again.

*

Evening

Each time you think that you have made a step forward, you receive such a violent backlash...

What is a small being in that whirl of giant, and tireless, forces?



October 25, 1985

How is it that “dead people” still have the right to come and throw their ugly spider webs at us??

We will just never get through. We are trapped on all sides.

It is always that “problem” of cruelty which haunts me—why? What reason in the world and in all the universes?

I can understand *everything*, and I understand *everything*, but that...

*

Night of October 25-26

Vision

I again saw horrendous beasts last night. (It is not “see” as you see a picture: it is to be in contact...)

I don't know where the end of all that is.

It is like rat tunnels. It seems that the entire earth is mined.

What are their computers placed on?

*

Then I understand *so well*, oh! So well the terrible Stakes:

She must cross alone a perilous bridge in Time...

Where all is won or all is lost for man...

Apart upon a silent desperate brink,

Alone with her self and death and destiny...
When being must end *or life rebuild its base.*

Savitri, VI.II.522

*

And *what* are their temples built on?
What do they dream of in Auroville?

*

The deeper you go, the more it comes out.
There should no longer be a tear in your body to do this work.

*

Afternoon

Matter that we know (a block of granite for instance) seems to be hollow, porous (full of holes) and dry besides this Mass of compact Power.

From time to time, in the midst of that massive ocean, a wave or an even denser flow goes through the body. It is quite insane. How is it that a body of old Matter can bear this? I don't understand. But it is being done, it takes place, it occurs. It is like that.

*

P.S. No neuralgia during the operation, but little by little, afterwards.



October 26, 1985

M's Vision

A dream with Zia (like in our place, but it was clearly the symbol of India). There is a tree, and one of the branches is used by him as a “point of access” or of entry. My reaction (like an Indian) = loathing. As though there were a traitor in India?*



October 27, 1985

I am making a dangerous discovery.

I think I know precisely what that “invisible layer” consists of.

It is very difficult to unglue it without becoming mad.

It is the very place of the Tantric power in Matter. It is the tool of their ugly Magic—it is perhaps the very tool of the dirty magic which tangled the human species.

I don't want to say more until everything is “cleared up”.

I understand why that Tantric came back the other night.

It is a tremendous power which *seems like nothing!* (We constantly live with it without noticing it.)

*

And eventually, I understand why I refused that Tantric Mantra, four years ago... You might as well fall directly into the Enemy's trap.

*

But really, each discovery costs a lot...

Besides, I am only *in the process* of un-covering.

You must have much good will not to die of pain.

* General Zia-ul-Haq, father of Kashmir's terrorists in Pakistan, with America's aid and arms.



October 29, 1985

I don't understand very well what is happening. It is a *physical* state which seems very near death—you don't know what it depends on.

Even the neuralgia disappears.

But a very acute consciousness, without any movement.

No fear.

*

Evening

Neuralgia, in all its glory.



October 30, 1985

You get such slaps in the face and denials that it would be better not to say anything anymore.

I am sixty-two today.

I love Sri Aurobindo and I love Mother, it is the only thing without denial.



October 31, 1985

Audition

I seem to have heard a voice (Sri Aurobindo's?): "I am getting you accustomed to my Miracle."



I am six thousand and 23 years old today and I emerge into the open air under my
old diving gear of mental periwinkle

*

Life must no longer be built on that disaster.

*

We must give ourselves to the impossible.

*

Evening

Vision

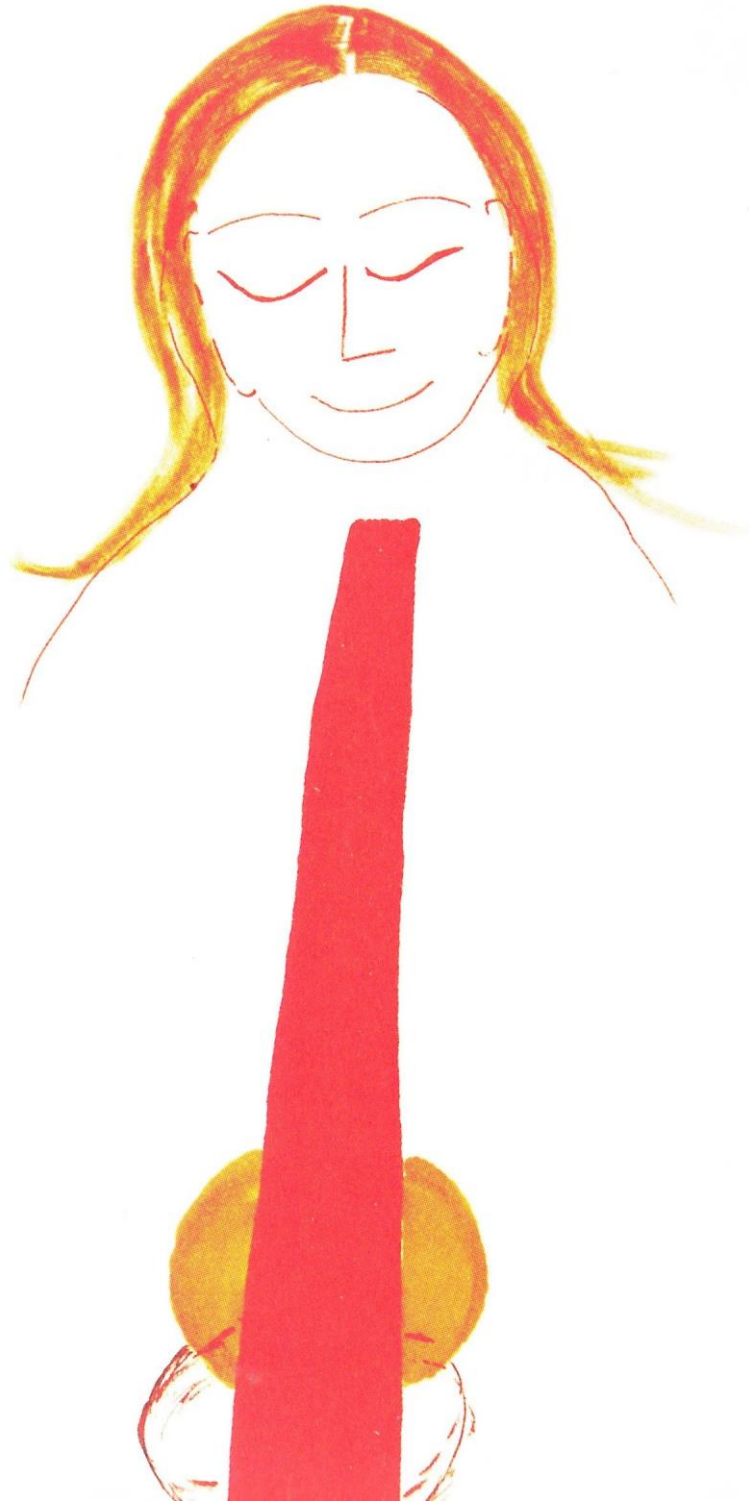
Last night (from 30th to 31st) in my sleep, at first I thought that lightning was falling with a tremendous noise, then I felt that it was an earthquake, *inside* the earth—in the mountain. It was very awe-inspiring and “alive”. As if it took place below me. Somewhat terrifying.

It was mainly that: I was *in* the earthquake. It was under me but I was inside it.

And this evening, my Douce made a little drawing of a “new world which came out of the broken earth”. Strange.

And (in my Douce’s drawing) the earth was breaking under the impact of a red ray that fell from a being up above. Is it that, the almost unbearable Power that came this afternoon?





November

November 2, 1985

I no longer know what to do.

I persist, but...



November 4, 1985

They must certainly accustom me to a miracle, because otherwise it would be quite unbearable and mortally dangerous.

It seems to be a “progressive” miracle.

*

Evening

Vision

Sujata saw Kali (silvery black, very immobile, her hair loose). Of an extreme beauty. She looked straight ahead, “with certainty”. She was infusing a ray of green light into the earth.

*

It hurts so much.

It is a sort of malicious rage in all these nerves, like an ambush in the night.

And there you are, powerless. With that tremendous Power...

*

Vision

Last night (November 3rd to 4th) I saw something that I don't understand very well.

I saw a very large excavation in the earth (not black earth, it had rather the colour of clay, rather cream-coloured.) I hardly can gauge its dimensions, but I thought I saw a few beings working in that excavation and they seemed as tiny as match sticks. And in the middle of that excavation, hanging in mid-air (by I don't know what) there was a huge block of purple rock, of a very beautiful purple (somewhat amethyst-coloured) with no precise form (like a rock, but which gave the sensation of something precious). As I think of it, it seemed rather polished and rather rounded at one end. And I cannot understand if they were going to *push* that rock into the excavation or if they had just *extracted* it. A purple that had something superb about it. It must have weighed a few tons (!).



November 5, 1985

As if the whole *physical* being were forced out of the body. A sort of corporeal super-faith makes that you don't believe in death, but it is just as if on the way to it.

Then everything becomes a block of formidable Power that can be borne only in an absolute immobility (that sort of "disappearance" of the physical being).

In that, neuralgia is as if "drowned"—you are completely drowned in that formidable Power, or pulled out, I don't know.

But you are perfectly and physically hyper-conscious, only it no longer seems to be the old perception of the usual physical being (this is perhaps what gives the "impression" that it is like death or on the way to it).

Is this the “crossing of the barbed wire”?

*

Evening

Last night, I again had three “nightmares” in a row. Those cruel beings, what the hell is it? Why do they exist?

The previous night, it was a being who tried to shoot Sujata with a rifle (Sujata “saw” it). “Saw”, is a way of saying it—did you “see” the concentration camps?

*

In fact, we don’t have to look for the “transformation”: we *have* to implore the Grace so that that Cruelty disappears from the Earth.

*

And there was no mistaking it: I *saw* that Cruelty, in a very small way, in those French customers of my brother Pierrot, when I went to Paris in 1983. It is EVERYWHERE. But not all have the means, that’s all.



November 6, 1985

I don’t know if I suffer from “life” or have difficulty in living.

Everything in me seems to be dismantled.

If there were no faith at the bottom, it would be a disgusting task.

But it is logical.



November 7, 1985

I am trying a new “strategy”.

For months, I have been playing hide-and-seek with this neuralgia. It spreads and spreads, climbs up along the leg, the thigh, the pelvis, then the shoulders, etc. In brief, it is the old game: I change position, add or remove a cushion, or I DENY this neuralgia, I deny and deny, but finally it becomes more and more blatant—and then, always, that sort of question: is it not going to reach the irreparable point and the infirmity? It is the old game of hide-and-seek. Sometimes I manage to completely ignore the neuralgia, even if it doesn't ignore me; sometimes it seems to be “drowned” in that Power and you seem to go through them. But finally, by one means or another, you try to “ignore” the neuralgia, to “deny” or “improve” it by some trick, or to tame it—you refuse it.

And this morning, I told myself, or I “understood” this: as long as you are in the concentration camp, the old griefs will give their note of grief, the old memories will give their note of pain, the old wounds will give their wounding note, and “naturally”, the old neuralgia will give its neuralgic note—you don't have to deny it, to refuse it, to shut it up in a corner of your being: it is part of the concentration camp—it will give the same notes eternally, like the piano, the violin or the nervous system. It is the whole concentration camp-like system.

So I decided not to play hide-and-seek anymore with my pains, my wounds, my neuralgia and my memories; it is there. I no longer change position or cushion—*nothing* “improves”. And with all my strength, all my faith, all my prayer, whatever the pain, the wound, the grief, the neuralgia, I STRIVE to get out of this concentration camp. Let's let the old wounds hurt, the old griefs grieve, the old neuralgia sharpen and stiffen—it does its job, it is the old

concentration camp that is LIKE THAT. But *I GO OUT*, whatever the tearings on my way. That's all.

There is a very old pain in the depths of my being, as old as the backwash and the seagulls' cries—I tried and tried to shut that away in a corner, to deny my pain, to tame my pain, to pray and pray—but it is THERE. There is no need to play hide-and-seek with it. I must get out of the WHOLE system. And if I die, at least I shall have tried.

(I remember Sujata telling me about her mother's death and how they brought her to the Ganges, along with the images of Durga—it was Durga Puja. Fifty-four years later, there was still that "note of pain" in Sujata's voice—540 years later and 5400 years later, there will be that NOTE OF PAIN. We must get out of the whole prison system. We must not hope that it is going to improve, to soften and to dim: to be cured. One cannot be cured of death—one gets out of it.)

So my neuralgia is not going to improve—I'LL GET OUT of it, or not.

But if I get out of it, it will be for the coming millennia and in a NEW species. I shall not be born again with the old note of pain.

A HOLE must be made FOR THE SPECIES.

*

Evening

The body cries out: why this barrier? All I ask for is to MELT in that Power!

*

I would like not to feel pain anymore.

*

One feels that She can deliver everything, and it resists—it is absurd!



November 8, 1985

There is an experience that seems to recur more and more often. It is a fact of *physical* transparency which seems to result from a complete material immobility—nothing moves, even the neuralgia seems to be a memory rather than a reality. And then, in that immobility or transparency, something changes—it is really another *state*. It is very close to death, but with an acute consciousness. It is so transparent and immobile that it seems like nothing, and yet it is full of a formidable Power, but immeasurable because there is nothing to measure it: nothing that scrapes or checks or stops. But if by chance I raise my arm to check the time, then it makes such a break of current (or in the current) that it suddenly seems on the verge of bursting—suddenly, you become aware of the current.

You have the impression that that state is a *key* to something else. But you don't know what exactly. It is perhaps the exit from the human system.

*

Suddenly, I remember Mother: “The slightest thing could make you lose contact.”³⁷ It is that. It is very close to death, as if that (or you, or the body) held on to or were held by nothing but a kind of thread. And yet it is not a “state of consciousness” or all those stories: it is a *physical* state. But there is nothing that stops (or nothing that embraces or encloses).

³⁷ *Mother's Agenda* 7, March 9, 1966, p.62.

Yes, perhaps: you are no longer in the spider's web. As if the neuralgia were on the other side (on the old side).

And it is not a state that lasts for three minutes: this morning, it was for an hour and forty minutes without stopping one second.



November 9, 1985

Then you fall back into the barbed wire and it is more enraged than ever.

The Nazis are a very good symbol of the forces that dominate Matter. Last night, I saw horrors again.

*

If there were not Sri Aurobindo, it would be quite cruel and hopeless.

There is You.

“As if by chance”, I came across this.

The Hindu, November 8

SYRIAN PROTECTION FOR A NAZI FUGITIVE

Munich,

Alois Brunner, a Nazi fugitive accused of having participated in the extermination of more than 100.000 Jews, said in an interview on Wednesday that he had lived thirty years under the protection of Syria and had helped that country in a plot to bomb the Jewish World Congress.

Today aged 72, Brunner, who was the principal assistant of the technician of the Holocaust, Adolf Eichmann during World War II, was located and interviewed in

Damascus,

capital of Syria, by the West German magazine *Bunte*.

He is accused of having organized the deportation of more than 100.000 French, Slovak, Austrian and Greek Jews between 1941 and 1945—crimes that he does not regret, as he said to *Bunte*.

He said that after the war, he took the name of a colleague and wandered in Germany. In 1954, he went from Amsterdam to Egypt, then to Damascus. In 1960, he was arrested under the presumption of smuggling and was questioned by a senior officer of the Syrian secret police whom the magazine named “Lahan”. Brunner said that the attitude of the officer towards him suddenly changed when he revealed his identity and what he had done during the war.

“Lahan stood up and shook my hand, saying: “Welcome in Syria, the enemies of our enemies are our friends”, said Brunner to *Bunte*.



November 10, 1985

That's it, I have reached the end.

*

I thought I heard:

Stand up and fight.

*

So it is clear.

You pass through or you break.

*

We'll go to the end.

*

Evening

It is completely mad, that tide of lead rising from the tiptoes and going through these billions of nerves, up through the brain.

It is possible only because there is an absolute You—or rather because IT IS YOU.

*

Now I remember that vision that I had one or two years ago,³⁸ in which I was told: “You are going to undergo an operation to change you into Mother’s son. But for that, you must be VERY IMMOBILE.” And I was shown Mother’s son (A.M.) lying on the ground, as if dead.

One must be “as if dead”.

The slightest movement or the least reaction, contraction, would blow up everything.

I am convinced now that these nervous difficulties *are part* of the process.

We must go to the end.

This morning, I thought that I could not take it anymore. Then I seemed to hear that voice.

*

(Well, what nobody can understand is that swarming of cruel, perverse voices, which put on all the “spiritual” tones, which make use of everything to turn it into their insidious evil spell—and that swarming did not stop—does not stop—saying: “You don’t do the Divine Will, or else it would not hurt, you don’t do what you should,

³⁸ See *Notebooks 4*, May 10, 1984

you are not surrendered to the Law, you have an excessive ambition, it is your ego, or it is your atavism and this or that flaw—come on, you do see!” Then you feel like collapsing under that cunning and nasty flood, so much so that you *know nothing* of what you are doing or where you are going to or whether you are doing well or badly. So that “stand up and fight” was like a divine reassurance: Go on!)

PS: I also note that that nasty swarming took on exacerbated and harrying proportions (with personal details which I shall not speak of) since my meeting with that Tantric. And those are not only “voices”: those are *forces*. Some of them look like black-purple (an almost black purple) micropolyps with tentacles—I saw them. Or rather I spat them out (with some blood)...

If men knew all that swarms and rules their “life”, they would be terrified.

It is the a-p-o-c-a-l-y-p-s-e — it comes out.



Night from November 11 to 12, 1985

Vision

Saw a landing of the forces of the New World on the Earth.

(I told Sujata)

Conversation with Sujata

The landing of the forces of the New World on the earth

Kali Puja

I have the impression that it has a general meaning. You

understand, when you see things, it always seems very natural. It is later that you tell yourself: but perhaps it has more importance than I thought?... It was last night. Is it the twelfth today?

It is the twelfth. That is, the night from 11th to 12th.

I must have been aboard a big warship, as warships are, you know, that is, they are of a greyish colour. Well, I don't know how all the navies of the world are, but generally, those big battleships, for instance, have a grey colour, a rather dark grey.

First, there was something right at the top, as if in the captain's room (it was not a captain, it was an admiral); it was as if in his private apartment, at the top of the big battleship. But I have no remembrance of that—except that it was an atmosphere of great silence.

Silence?

Something like a silence, a silence as it does not exist in the world, you know (nothing is ever silent here). It is the only remembrance that I have: it is this admiral, whom I could not describe: a very silent admiral, and in an extremely silent place. I tell you, nothing is silent like that: silence here, it is only when there is no noise!

I don't recall anything of this scene, but later, I went down into that big warship, didn't I, that big boat. And there were men dressed in blue, a rather light blue (you know, a blue in which there is some white, like microscopic white dots; so, at a distance, you don't see dots: you see that it is a blue that is... not dark, you know). They were all aligned in an *impeccable* order, as if in a row, like ranks...

like superposed tiers. I tell you only what I saw: I saw that there were perhaps about a hundred men who were there... I don't know. There may have been more of them. An order, a cleanliness, a silence—it was impeccable. They were all dressed in blue, they had no weapons, but all of them had (I don't know why that detail struck me) all of them had a dark blue handkerchief, but very dark—a true blue, dark blue—in their pocket, you know, sticking out like that (*gesture to the breast*). And that... there were no weapons aboard that warship and it seemed to me that that dark blue handkerchief had a very... very significant meaning: as if it were their *weapon*, in a way.

There were maybe about a hundred of those men (at least, I saw a hundred or so—there were many of them), an impeccable order—cleanliness, silence: it gave the impression of an impeccable organization.

There was also like a rank where there were people who were dressed in white, who were white (I could not describe them very well). These seemed to be much freer, if I may say so: well, they were not in a line like soldiers, if you want, they were... There must have been perhaps ten people or so. It seemed to me less... freer, mind you, or more... more independent, in a way, than all those soldiers—who had no weapons. They were soldiers without weapons; they simply had that uniform of a blue that was a little... not very clear, but rather clear—like the blue of “blue jeans” for instance, you see, somewhat like that. That kind of blue. And that pocket handkerchief—what is called a pocket handkerchief—that handkerchief, of a very dark blue. And they all had that. They were perfectly organized, it was an impeccable order: *all* of them had that dark blue handkerchief. And there were perhaps ten or so of those

white beings who were a little apart. I don't know what those white beings were, I can't imagine.

Nor their functioning?

Nor their... except that they were more, I don't know if we can say independent or whatever, or more like spectators, or more...—they were apart. What were they?—I don't know.

I don't know why, for me, that *dark blue* handkerchief had a very... strong meaning. For me, that dark blue is really the symbol of the... of the New World, you know. Because dark blue is the colour of the sun—of the blue sun. Their handkerchief was not luminous, but for me, that dark blue is like a symbol of the new Power—at least it is what I have always seen.

Power over Matter?

Yes, over or in Matter—it is the New Power. It is the blue sun. Whenever I see that blue light, it is always sapphire blue, isn't it: it is a powerful, very beautiful blue. There, it was only a handkerchief that was dark blue. But, well, it seemed to me that it was like... it was their arms: there were *no* weapons on board that battleship, that huge warship. And all those men, extremely well organized, in a row and in order, silent, well-disciplined...

Then (it is what I remember most clearly, because suddenly I was really surprised) this boat, this battleship—it was a big warship, you see—this battleship began to move, and it started to move right in the middle of the streets!! Well, those were not small streets as streets usually are, it was like large avenues, but it was in the world: it was on the earth. And it began to move at a *prodigious* speed—with

a prodigious power, speed, as if there were water in the streets! I did not see water, but well, I was surprised to see it suddenly moving in the streets of the world! Yes, of a town or whatever, I don't know: for me, it was probably a symbol of the world. It began to move, and it started to navigate in that: it turned, it... with such a power, a speed—extraordinary! Well, I was so surprised to see that battleship moving in the world—on the earth, in the streets! With a fantastic power—power and *speed*. This is what struck me most. That, and the organization, the discipline of those blue men. And not one weapon aboard, you know. But it was like a warship—like a big warship, not a small torpedo boat: a big battleship.

And those men were not from a particular country?

No, not at all. They were alike. They were soldiers... (“soldiers”, if I may say so), well, they were all wearing that uniform. Extremely disciplined people, and silent and in a row—they execute, you understand, they are soldiers. It is completely anonymous, that is to say...

Neither Westerners nor Easterners...

Yes, neither Westerners nor Easterners, they were in uniform for some action. Disciplined. Except that row apart where there were those white men, those beings—people who had white skin and white clothes, who were as if apart. I don't know what it was. They did not seem to be part of the same “discipline”, mind you. The others were anonymous soldiers, in uniform. “Soldiers”, one cannot say soldiers because they did not have... it did not give a military impression.

But, well, it gave the impression of men of action, disciplined, in uniform.

But the image that struck me most: I was so surprised when, all of a sudden, I saw that battleship charging—in the streets! (*laughter*) On the earth. At a prodigious speed, really.

It gave me the impression that something was coming into action.

Fast.

Fast, powerful—and on the earth: it was landing, the boat was landing on the earth! (*laughter*) What? I saw that, that's all I know.

And the captain how was he?

He was an admiral. But I cannot tell (in my mind, he was clearly an admiral), I could not describe him, because that image did not stay.

I mean: also white-skinned or...?

Yes, rather. Rather of a white colour. But I cannot say anything about that, because really I don't remember, except that I remember that apartment and that...

That silence.

That great silence that was there, serious. Well, "serious"—it is a powerful silence, as Sri Aurobindo's silence could be, I imagine: it is a substance of silence. But I could not say who, what, what it was. I saw, I happened to see Sri Aurobindo, but then I saw: *it was* Sri Aurobindo. There, I cannot say—I have no remembrance. Except that I... The clearest memory is that I got out of that place of silence and

saw all those disciplined men (and not only a few: I saw perhaps a hundred or so), in that uniform, all of them with a dark blue handkerchief—as if it were their weapon (!) you understand.

Well.

It was not this blue? (Sujata shows)

No-no! Blue, what we call navy blue, deep blue—yes, that, and perhaps even darker than that. It is what is called navy blue, you know, that is, a very dark blue. And their uniform, somewhat like blue jeans, that is, a blue in which there is some touch of white, you understand: much lighter. But that, like a uniform. With that pocket handkerchief, there.

That's it. So it gives the impression that an action is starting, that an action of the other world is starting, and... they land on the earth!

They have landed.

Well, they were on the earth; this is what surprised me: to suddenly see that battleship begin to move—and begin to move in the streets! (*laughter*) And with a speed, a power—a speed, above all a speed. It was formidable. It means that an action is starting. And obviously, an action of Mother and Sri Aurobindo—what?...



Night from November 15th to 16th

Again a strange vision which seems to indicate that the Time of the Realization is near.

Otherwise, it is a kind of torture. It is too new for the nature of the

body.

*

You cannot seek that for yourself, because it is the demolition of everything that makes the “for yourself”. But you seek *for those brothers of the future*, so that no brother commits suicide again under the weight of Misery.

So that the Earth can smile again, as before men.



November 17, 1985

Twelve years...³⁹



November 18, 1985

May this little story give itself to the great History.

*

Afternoon

All afternoon, it was: Your Victory on the Earth.

With a triumphant Power. Like twelve years ago, that “nothing impedes”.

*

Vision

It is curious, last night I picked up a golden peacock feather (in a street, so it seemed!) and I remarked with that quite material mind,

³⁹ Mother's departure.

as I would do while observing Matter here: “Well, there are birds like that around here!” I was very surprised.

It was a marvellous feather, of a light, almost transparent gold, with a few patterns of a more solid gold. Well, well!...

It is really very striking: it is this material mind, of the quite material being (the one I call “the worker”) that seems to have access to the other area.

A golden peacock feather.

*

Evening

Human Life is so small
and it can shelter so great a Grace.
And we don't know it.



November 19, 1985

The neuralgia develops in the left leg, too. I don't know what to do.

*

Evening

You feel so pained—physically pained, like grief of the body—in the face of all that negation, those barriers, those denials. And what can you do? What can you do?

Like Mother, I feel like saying: The Victory is certain, but to reach it, what will we have to pass through?

*

The two great world Terrorists meet in Geneva—it is perhaps that

nerve that pulls (!)

The world is dominated by sinister forces.

And each one votes for his sinister President.



November 20, 1985

Audition

The “worker” heard this sentence last night: “It is very difficult to bring two Matters closer together—this is why it takes time.” (I think that it was Mother)

???

So, there are “two Matters” to bring closer together.

*

Afternoon

All afternoon, the body had the sensation of living a Miracle, but it does not know how to say what.

Something “impossible”, which has no name—not yet even an organ to be perceived.

It is perceived only by that kind of impossibility which is possible, you don’t know how.

“Logically”, it seemed that the whole body should have exploded, atomized or fallen to pieces, and it did not explode, that’s all we can say.

Maybe it is that, to move into another Matter?

Which means that it is another Possible in an old impossible. I don’t know. But it is as if miraculous, without any perceptible or

recognizable “miracle”.

(In that, all the neuralgia was as if frozen or nonexistent—yes, on the “other side”, in the old Matter, in the old impossible. But there was the Other Thing that dominated.)

And an immobile Solidity, made of a vibratory intensity or of a vibratory density or of a current, so dense and rapid that it is immeasurable and “transparent”, as if immobile.

Solid like sapphire (and yet fluid).

*

One has the impression that They desperately try something (and I, too, try desperately).

*

Evening

It is twelve years ago today that they screwed their lid on that Sunbeam.



November 21, 1985

The impossible Miracle continues.

The impression that They are setting up a bridgehead on the earth through this body.*

It is like another Matter that freely passes through the body.

It is a divine FABLE.

* I don't think that “I” am the only body—there must be a few others (let's hope it).

PS: If there were one body per continent, it would not be that bad... Let's leave Antarctica to the Penguins, which are all converted.

*

One must be VERY immobile.

*

Vision

I have the impression that it is what I saw during the night from November 15th to 16th. It was so strange. Just an image, very simple, like those images of the New Consciousness. And it lasts a fraction of a second.

Suddenly, I saw the two photos of Mother and Sri Aurobindo (the ones I place near my bed) side-by-side and placed not on my carpet but on brown, shining (but not muddy) soil, as if after the rain. And near those two photos placed directly on the ground, there was my small plastic graduated ruler, with centimetres and inches! It was so surprising. I bent down to pick up my ruler (there was even some brown earth that had remained stuck to it and that I wiped away—exactly the reflex of the “worker”!) It was my ruler which marks 30 cm and 12 inches, as if They wanted to give me a “measure”—measure of length, measure of time, I don’t know, but it was my small ruler. It was there, on the ground, on that shining brown soil, with their two photos!...

And in the night from November 11th to 12th, four days earlier, I had seen that landing of the forces of the New World on the Earth...

Something IS GOING to happen.

Or rather something *is* happening.



November 22, 1985

And naturally, the day after, the neuralgia is ten times more raging.

And so on.

*

But each time, the body is a little more demolished.

What the hell is this battle?

*

Evening

The Subconscient of life is full of horrors and agonies—it is awful to go through. But you have the feeling that you *can* struggle against Horror, struggle against agony, sorrow—you can and you struggle desperately. The Subconscient of the body has also its horrors and its pains, but you have so much the feeling that there is nothing to do, that you cannot, you can do nothing, it is incurable—and *this* is what drives one to despair.

“Incurable”, I understand, but can we get out of the System? That is my question.

*

Will I still last until the end of the month?

Sujata comes across this:

(Sri Aurobindo): This question about the nature of the Supramental body was answered by Theon. He said the Supramental body would be a “body of light”—“*corps glorieux*”.

(Disciple): Would not the Supermind require another form?

(Sri Aurobindo): Another physical form may not be

required. What I can say, at present, is that all the physical functions would have to be transformed. The present physical body is “stupid” compared to what is required of it for Supramentalisation.

Evening Talks (2.11.1925)

I seek neither transformation nor “supramentalisation”, I “simply” seek to be able to let the New Power enter this body, assuming that if *one* piece of terrestrial Matter is touched, all the rest of terrestrial Matter will necessarily be touched—and for the rest, “the Supramental will explain by itself”. But it must be enabled to enter *somewhere*. That’s all.

*

PS: End of “Geneva meeting”: sigh of relief from the arms manufacturers and the bankers.



November 23, 1985

It is exactly like dying.

Now I understand the ABSOLUTE immobility.

It is long.

*

I think that the body is learning the practical secret of the “crossing of the barbed wire”.

(absolute immobility = absolute transparency)

*

Evening

The speed of light is “transparent”, which means that it cannot be seized as we would seize the speed of a bolide—well, it is that “bolide”, transparent, that goes through the body. But a DENSE bolide. One understands that there must be no resistance—a steady transparency.

*

I think that all the previous operations (the “boiler”, etc.) were meant to “burn” all that impedes the transparency.

We must be completely “in alignment”.



November 25, 1985

It is an awful torture in complete immobility. As if the whole-entire body were torn to pieces by that density of Power.

I don't know...

Do I do well, do I do badly?

I try, I try!



November 26, 1985

Vision

I had seen something some time ago (it was in the night from October 13th to 14th—more than one month ago) and it must be in relation with what is happening now. It may enlighten the “situation”. (They always try to enlighten or reassure and warn me

with a marvellous Solitude.)

I was in a sort of kitchen and I performed several simultaneous “operations” (three operations at the same time, but the last one seemed “for later”). Above all, I clearly remember the “second operation”. I was boiling some lead (!) in a kind of saucepan or frying pan! But at the same time, I was performing another operation (I no longer know which one, it was like removing old banana peels!) and I had forgotten that the second operation was in progress (the cooking of the lead), when I suddenly rushed, thinking that I was a little late or that the lead would “boil too much”. So I hurried to my saucepan (or frying pan) and I realized, dumbfounded, that instead of boiled lead in my frying pan, there was... a “*chapatti*” or a pancake of a golden yellow colour, like pancakes or *chapattis*. My boiled lead had turned into a golden pancake!

Is it that, the “change of matter” that is in progress? A new “dough”? a new substance?

It gives one hope.

But one must let oneself be completely boiled and flattened.

I think that the third operation “for later”, was the preparation of a sort of “special tea” or liqueur of tea—to make me feel better!

*

Received this morning from the United States:

Susie’s Vision

I paid Satprem and you a visit on the night of November 13, 1985; it was charming. In the dream, we—Luc, Alex (it is the first time that he is with you in a dream) and I were paying you a visit in India. Once more,

India was shrouded in a shadow of clouds. Bright colours, scents, textures, etc, were there, but a sort of greyness predominated. You lived at the top of a mountain, nevertheless a mist enveloped the place, but you did not care, it did not really matter. Satprem stood aside, all alone, slightly to the right. You were in the background, terribly busy with a lot of responsibilities. Luc and Alex helped you and I walked away to take a closer look at Satprem, as it were. At about one metre from him, I stopped, really dumbfounded. Satprem was in such an indescribable PHYSICAL state, that I could not help saying: “But even your TEXTURE has changed!” (The texture of the skin) It seemed both fragile, almost “old” in its appearance, and yet, looking at it more closely, you actually could see THROUGH IT: it had such an intense and young radiance, so bright and white—not the colour that we usually know, but another shade, without name and without colour, so extraordinary. Satprem stood there, silent, in such a majestic silence that it produced its own sound. He looked at me and smiled, as if to say: Now you know! Satprem did not speak anymore (not that he could not: he could, but words were no longer necessary). I came back to help Sujata, who had completely taken Alex under her wing—it was “love at first sight” for both of them, as it were. Sujata took us on a long stone path winding towards a tiny isolated village. She stopped to speak to an old woman in a small hut shaped like a cellar, who gave her an object (I don’t know what it was). We continued to climb and finally Sujata led us into another subterranean hut, bigger, and which looked like a bar/restaurant..

I cannot tell you, Sujata, how Satprem’s state in that dream remained with me, so poignant and REAL, as if it were NOT A DREAM, but the REALITY that we are able to perceive. This image cannot be erased

from my mind, not that I want it to be erased, of course, it is as if, seen from outside and for someone from the outside, Satprem had an almost unhealthy appearance, and yet, looking at it more closely, you could see that he was PERFECTLY well, YOUNGER than ever and much HEALTHIER than any of us. A true MARVEL.

(Letter of November 15)



November 26 afternoon

It is completely on the verge of disintegration—but one feels that it is Something Else—one feels that it is You, one feels that it is Your Victory on the Earth.



November 28, 1985

The whole body cries:
the deliverance of the Earth
the deliverance of the Earth
the Deliverance Earth.



November 30, 1985

THEY ARE COMING.



December

December 2, 1985

It is really a transmaterialization.

Another Matter that enters this one.

A change of Reign.

It is the passage from the animal reign to the Divine Reign.

And Matter RECOGNIZES.

*

Will the nerves eventually recognize and adapt themselves?

So, it makes a strange mixture, torturing and glorious (!)



December 3, 1985

It is a struggle to the death.

And sometimes there is only agony and pain.

Then that old misery of all my lives comes back at night, as tireless as neuralgia. It is like indelible grooves, in the heart and in the body. And what can I do?

Can this change?

In what illusion do they live, those who believe in heaven, in Nirvana, in liberation up above?

They go to Nirvana, and another brother is born with his packet of pain.

There must be no packet of pain anymore, for any brother.

We should get out of it physiologically—is it possible?

*

There is no hope of being cured of pain—we must get out of Death

entirely.

*

Afternoon

I don't know how a human body can endure that.



December 5, 1985

(In memory of my brother François' suicide)

Faced with that old disaster that overtakes men one day or the other, they hardly have more than stoicism or dubious religions (or some narcotic or other). I have understood the depths of this Misfortune very well and I have the chance to have a shovel and a pick at my disposal to dig a hole in it.

So, let's continue.



December 6, 1985

It is like another type of Life in Matter, or another *mechanism* of life in Matter.

Later, I will explain.

Like another way of drawing breath.

It is no longer life as we know it—but it lives!

(Or rather, breathing is as if *moved in another way*.)

*

A reckless faith is needed.

*

Unknown things are happening.

*

Evening

For a fish, all the terms of reference are aquatic, so how could it explain the non-aquatic?

*

In “intensive care” (in hospitals) there are machines that support breathing; well, it is a little like that: it is something else that moves the breath.

For instance, at one point, the breast swelled or filled with a great breath, and it was as if the mechanism were different. It is something else that moves.

And the neuralgia tends to disappear—as if it were on the other side of... “something”.

*

Mother and Sri Aurobindo are AHEAD, in the New World, and they try to drive that New World *into* Matter.

A new world, not celestial, but *in Matter*.

Then they will change the rules of the game.

This is what Mother called the “invasion of the Real”.

It tends towards that.

If the Real manifested, how many people would bear it—they are made of unreality!



December 7, 1985

THEY ARE COMING!

*

The two Matters come closer to each other more and more, more and more...

In this physical transparency, it is incredible and miraculous—*supreme*. It is THE Supreme.

Even the neuralgia seems to be behind a veil of UNREALITY. There is the OTHER REALITY.

And for the first time, a Joy in the body. It is mad and miraculous. It is the Divine Manifestation—the divine invasion.

*

Yesterday evening, I spoke of the “invasion of the Real”, and this morning, I come across this!

Indian Express, December 6

REAGAN ASKS RUSSIA TO REMOVE THE BARRIERS

Fallston (Maryland)

President Ronald Reagan says that there is “no question” of the United States continuing to respect the SALT II agreement on the limitation of nuclear weapons if the Soviets don’t respect it.

“In no case can we act in such an inequitable way by destroying missiles or others in order to stay within the limits of the agreement if they don’t do the same”, he said.

SALT II, signed in 1979 by the two superpowers and never ratified by the American Senate, expires at the end of the year.

Before that, Mr Reagan told some college students of the town that during the summit of the superpowers in Geneva, a discussion had taken place with Soviet leader

Mikhail Gorbachev about the possibility of *an invasion by extra-terrestrials*.

Mr Reagan did not reveal Mr Gorbachev's reaction to the hypothetical invasion.

Mr Reagan urged Mr Gorbachev to “remove the barriers” that stand between their respective peoples and to accept the large-scale bilateral exchanges, in accordance with the wish that the latter expressed at the Geneva Summit.

He told the students of that rural area of Maryland that such an agreement would represent “one of the most sensational outcomes of the Geneva Summit.”

(underlined by Satprem)

(Handwritten comment of Satprem): Men are so mad (especially *Homo Americanus*) that they project their own madness into all the galaxies and cannot help believing that, *of course*, if other beings came onto the Earth, it would be with super-submachine guns or super-lasers—they never thought that they could be “attacked” by Truth—and Wisdom, and Beauty!

An invasion of the Real.

Then all the hideous masks will drop at once and their monstrous Mechanics will collapse in one breath.

I wait for the Intra-terrestrial.

Or rather: we prepare the ways of the Intra-terrestrial.

An invasion of Mother and Sri Aurobindo.

*

It is more than “come closer to each other”: the two Matters INTERPENETRATE one another.

(I do think that it is what I had seen about one month ago: that “landing of the forces of the New World”.)

*

Afternoon

As if Mother were coming out through all the cells of the body.

*

That hideous System is going to change.

That reign of the technological Brute.



December 8, 1985

It is constantly on the frontier between death and something else.

You have the impression that everything is going to explode, second after second, and it does not explode—it goes a little further into death or into something else, you don't know.

*

“Death”, that is to say something that gives the body the sensation of being outside its functioning and all possible functioning. But it is not afraid—it keeps going, you don't know how.

*

It is perhaps another functioning that seeps in drop by drop?

*

It is a world of resistances to overcome—perhaps the resistance of the world?

Another species must be built against all odds.

It is somewhat like all the difficulties of the old species to overcome—necessarily.

*

Evening

To do that job, one must be a Breton.

*

My name is Winkle, and I'm no sucker*.

Besides, they called me "Bad" when I was a child—a good start.

(I like to think that it was "Sinbad", but it does not improve the "sins".)

(I am joking because I am full of pain.)



December 9, 1985

Always further into the impossible.

Centimetre by centimetre, second by second.

It is unbearable and yet it continues.

It is like dying at every second.

Really...?

*

Evening

I speak of another way of being and I look at other lives on the earth—but really, I no longer wish to come out of that Light that is You. All the rest, all the possible ways are inconsolable. We have the illusion for a certain time, then we have the pain for much time. This

* This is a novel that I never wrote and that should have been called "Winkle". (This tale was written in 1997 and published under the title "*La Clef des Contes*".)

must no longer be—it must not.

*

We can only love the ocean, otherwise each wave throws us to the coast.

We can only love what is immortal and without separation, otherwise, one day or the other, we love death and separation.

The only possible way of being is that of the Supreme ONE—not even that of the gods with all their superhuman stories. One Story. One Being.

The ocean which is all the drops and all the waves without ever leaving Itself.



December 10, 1985

It is outside all the possible, known laws.

The body lives something that is quite crazy in a total immobility.

It doesn't even have words, nothing to help understand what is happening—it is unknown, it corresponds to nothing, it is a sort of torture of the unknown. But it *knows* that IT IS YOU.

It is something IMPOSSIBLE.

It could say: "I no longer am I", but I don't know what it is—it does not exist, I no longer am, but I am not dead.⁴⁰

It is mainly that: a kind of bursting of all its frontiers. It is abominable, crazy, torturing, divine—UNKNOWN.

⁴⁰ Let's remember Mother: "I don't know if I am alive or if I am dead." *Mother's Agenda* 3, June 12, 1962 and *Mother's Agenda* 10, May 31, 1969.

*

It is another system of gravitation. So everything explodes. And yet, apparently, the cells continue to be in the same basket (If I dare say so). You cannot understand. And it is PHYSICAL!

So there is another Physical.

*

Evening

After an hour and thirty-five minutes I stopped the movement to go for a walk (it kept going indefinitely and mechanically).

*

Evening

Vision

Now I can understand what I saw last night. It was so funny! And quite humorous, as are all those images of the New Consciousness. But it is probably the colourful translation or the prior warning of what happened today.

Somebody offered a huge blue slipper to me! Enormous, perhaps 1 metre long! And it was offered very kindly (that somebody gave me the sensation of Yolande Lemoine, but I think that it was Mother!). And since it was offered so kindly, I did not want to refuse to accept, I tried the huge slipper. Then I saw my foot, a dwarf's foot, entering that enormous thing! It was quite ridiculous and charming.

I don't know if I managed to walk with it (!) but I tried.

*

There was only one slipper (that of the right foot!)

Y.L. represents something of the very material Nature.

*

The whole lower body is hurt, from the pelvis to the toes.

One must be mad about Mother and Sri Aurobindo to do that thing.

But a *very* well-balanced madman (!)



December 11, 1985

What is astonishing to observe and doesn't stop surprising me day after day is this "something that knows" in the body.

There is that neuralgia, those legs becoming stiff and painful, that lower backbone that pulls and burns, then those shoulders, that band of pain, but at the same time, in the *same* body, it is as though something nods and says, but without words (it is a sort of sensation): "it does not matter"—if that "something" could speak, it might say: "it is not true". And it is not a "faith", it is not "trust"—I don't know what it is, but it is simply *obvious*, it is something that is felt and that KNOWS intrinsically, as the lungs know the air they breathe, and that something continues, persists in spite of all the signs, in spite of the skipped heartbeats, in spite of apnoeas, in spite of that kind of bursting in the whole body, as if it navigated on another current which has nothing to do with all those "signs" and all those "concrete" difficulties—for it, there is another concrete, there is another reality, and it knows, it knows! It knows that that other reality is the contrary of death, the contrary of suffering, the contrary of pain, the contrary of all possible infirmities—but it is not

true! It is the other that is true, it is the other that is real, it is the other that is hope, truth, goodness, joy, the future, fulfilment...

So it is like two bodies one in the other, and it is very strange. A kind of painful and somewhat panic-stricken superstructure, and that sort of superstructure or underlying current on which the body navigates with an unutterable CERTITUDE—nothing could make it let go of that, there is no possible death in that, it is the contrary of death and pain: IT IS YOU! And a You marvellous of knowledge, of goodness, of love that brings you towards its incomprehensible Future.

That “something that knows” in the body is like the operating key.

It is the door to the future.

An intra-cellular door.

*

Afternoon

The sensation that the whole body is melting.



December 12, 1985

This gracious day of My Douce’s sixty years—the year of the Divine Child.

*

Sujata’s Vision

Evening

My Douce saw a big dark blue door, wide-open...

*

Luc's Vision

(in a letter received today)

November 26, 1985

Not many "dreams" lately. Yet, two nights ago, just before falling asleep, I thought I heard Mother's voice a brief moment. First, She said something that meant (I no longer remember the exact words) that now that "I write", I will have to take care of "my group", that is, to help some people (my "correspondents"?) understand things, etc. She must have felt that I was a little surprised by the word "group", as if I were saying: "But doesn't it act on the whole?" because she added distinctly: "Only Satprem acts on the whole. Through his body, he transmutes the earth." Me: "Will I be able to do the same thing?" Her: "We'll see. It is very difficult**—we'll see" (smiling slightly).*

*Two and a half months ago, I saw Satprem who told me: "My body is quite damaged. But, he added forcefully, a moment comes when the deterioration stops."****



December 13, 1985

The body and its billions of cells like a *sieve*... of the impossible (or of the New Possible).

* (Satprem's notes on the letter): That "only" does not ring true.

** Hmm!

*** So let's hope!

The more you disappear, the more it passes through.

*

As if the evolutionary barrier of the species were moved back a little more every day.

*

You have the sensation of billions of holes and of something formidably DENSE that finds its way, pushes through.

*

Evening

I think of Reagan telling Gorbachev to “draw back the barriers”—he doesn’t know which barriers he speaks of!

*

What I look for is the way out of the System—the great exit.



December 15, 1985

It is incomprehensible physical agony.

*

There is that seaman’s habit of facing an element that overcomes him: you are not going to let the ship sink.

Thank you to my mother. She is 89 today. One hell of a small boat!



December 16, 1985

It passes through, it passes through!



December 19, 1985

For a being in a material body, what seems supremely important is its intelligence, its energy, its feelings, its well-being—well, all that vanishes, goes away like smoke, faced with “something” that seems infinitely more substantial and more important than its old way of being intelligent, its old way of being energetic, its old way of feeling and of being comfortable in its skin. You are not comfortable at all and it is of a supreme physical Reality before which all the old comforts disappear.

It is a new door that opens in Matter.

*

What we don't know are the qualities and faculties of that new Matter, but it is indisputable, as indisputable as—and even more “convincing” than—the aquatic reality or the intellectual reality that made the little planes and all the rest.

One feels that it is a new sort of world that is being born.

This is what will change everything.

All the old equations, struck by imbecility. (Einstein not surprised.)

*

Evening

It is crazy—crazy! It is like moving from the deep sea-bed of the Pacific to the surface. You feel that all-all the cells are going to explode, and how does it not explode?!

Sometimes I tell myself: But well, They are coming out of their

tomb—they *are going* to come out.

It is possible only in a total immobility, nothing-nothing must move. Or else, everything blows up.

I noticed that the arms must be strictly parallel to the body—in a straight line like the body (and as a result, the neuralgia of the shoulders has diminished).

Sometimes you have the impression of being like a torpedo launcher tube*—it would be better if there were no “bends” in the tube!

The great difficulties are always the legs—necessarily, there must be a “bend” between the knees and the pelvis, and all the friction is there.

You are a kind of vertical swimmer!

*

It is a sort of formidable DENSE velocity.

*

To be no longer able to go near what is not true = automatic consciousness of truth in Matter.

The right, spontaneous act. The right, spontaneous direction. The right, spontaneous encounter.

At every second, the direction is automatic.

Chance becomes intelligent.

There is no karma anymore, because there is no longer any unfortunate consequence of any act.

Life blossoms freely without banging into things anywhere.

You don't encounter what is undesirable: it follows another curve.

* But an endless torpedo which would pass continuously.

In Matter, exactness becomes perfect and global, like the trajectory of electrons or the return of the comet.

For the time being, our Matter is in a distorting bath.



December 21, 1985

How can one live like that? It is no longer life and it is not death and it is... what? You don't know, except that it is unbearable and that it is borne by I don't know what supreme grace.

Apparently, it is an interminable disintegration.

There must be a "critical point"?

*

Evening

Sometimes I wonder *for whom* it is unbearable? And I have the impression that it is not for Matter itself, but for something that *encloses Matter*.

I don't know, I understand less and less.

It is a kind of cellular apocalypse.



December 22, 1985

(A "dream" of Susie's): I don't give a damn about all human stories—I look for the TRUE story.

*

Afternoon

It is such a torture in all the nerves, as if everything-everything were pulled out—yes, as if you crossed barbed wire, flayed alive, pushed through by an irresistible Power (like a tide of lead).

Sometimes, I wonder whether my legs (especially the right leg) are not going to be completely ruined.

The body repeats: To You, to You, to You... but all the same...

*

Evening

All that will explain itself very simply when we have reached the end. But we must reach it.

*

But if we reach the exit—the true exit—of that whole human Misery, it is worth it.



December 25, 1985

Millions of images, even those that you no longer remembered: the whole film of life there, INTACT. Each image with its imprint, its note, its wound—and all the past: an atavistic, endless swarming.

We must not be born again like that! Another way of being born is needed. Or else, we must start all over again.

I remember, when I was a child, my Mother kept on repeating: “Atavism is EVERYTHING”. This was her philosophy. And she looked into each of her children: you see, this one, it is the grandfather’s side; you see, that one, it is the grandmother’s side, and this one, it is the uncle, and that one, it is your father... And she was RIGHT.

And I answered her: “When I am grown up, I will NEVER marry.”

With eight children, she had enough to work out a certain number of “Mendelian” combinations.

She practiced atavistic chemistry, as my father practised the chemistry of enzymes.

*

If you want to clean all that, you can as well go back to Noah and to the cannibal galaxy Messier 87 at the centre of the Virgo Supercluster—if it were a virgin, how could it have produced all that?

God is surely not a virgin.

Sri Aurobindo laughed a lot the day he discovered that “God was a woman!”

*

I feel so distressed.

*

Evening

And you really have the impression that you no longer understand anything and are only pain.

Are you doing it well? Are you doing it badly?

*

When you are in a storm, you deal with only *one* wave after another.

*

How can I have peace in my heart, when so many other hearts are in pain?

We must find the *general* exit of the System. Only those who want it will stay in the camps.

May the Possibility open up.

*

My mother would say: “Atavism is everything”, and Sri Aurobindo wrote in one of his letters: “Karma is ninety per cent of the present life”—it struck me in a way that I never forgot. And they were RIGHT. Sri Aurobindo gave a larger dimension.



December 26, 1985

I found such a marvellous description in the Rig-Veda—marvellous in *practical* exactitude:

Indra, with his fiery power, dug the earth for a foundation (the earth = the body) as the wind digs water with its violence; wishing the force he broke the firmly-established things; he broke down the peaks of the hills (hills = the being). (IV.19)

This is exactly what happened some two years ago... “He broke down the peaks”!

And also this:

You in truth, O Master of energy, they called him the one who is made of full and compact substance, the one who gives and does not scatter the light (IV.31).

“Compact”, it is what I call “dense”.

Those Rishis were marvellous experimenters!—only they did not go down to where Sri Aurobindo went (and where I am digging now). (In any case, it is in the same vicinity!!)



December 28, 1985

This morning, just before my awakening, I heard someone (I think it was Mother) saying to my material being: “You are (I think that Mother said rather: it is) like a baby that needs to sleep a lot.”...



December 29, 1985

I cannot understand how the body—any body—can bear such a MASS of Power. And yet it bears it (with a few difficulties in the legs!).

It must lead somewhere. No?

It cannot go on indefinitely like that without something *happening*.

*

If they hung an electrode on the tip of my feet, it might make an interesting encephalogram!

(Perhaps I am changing pole?)

*

Evening

A power that does nothing or moves nothing or brings nothing in its wake, it does not make sense!



December 30, 1985

I have more and more the impression that it is not something that

comes to be added to what is there or to modify the composition of what is there, but that it is something that is *removed*—very carefully.

*

But what is very strange is that the body *thirsts* for that, *in spite* of all the difficulty that it gives to it.

*

Evening

We are absolutely unable to understand what the phenomenon consists of. We can only endure the unknown.

All the interpretation that we can give is always *from our side* of the line. And the “other side”, what is it? And it changes EVERYTHING.



December 31, 1985

I “witness” that phase when “life” turns against itself. It is the moment when another active principle is *really* needed.

The mechanism is as clear as the ebb tide.

Last night, I saw death (mine). We’ll see.



CHRONOLOGY OF THE VISIONS – 1985

(The dates refer to the dates of the Notebooks where the visions below are noted down, not always to the dates of the visions themselves.)

January

- January 2 - The feline stratigraphy.
- January 5 - Saw a “stone” Mother coming out of a grey rock, very tiny but it was a stone-Mother and I explained (or I was explained): “Mother is boiling Matter”. That stone was hot!
- January 6 - The huge boiler of a gigantic ocean liner. A small man shoved “one last (wooden) armchair.” They had burned everything to go ... nowhere.
- January 12 - The “animal skin” torn and pulled out.
- January 13 - I was taking my bath in a bathtub full of milk!
- January 14 - Sujata’s vision: she was going out of her “grandfather’s” house and a small tortoise was accompanying her while playing with her. This little tortoise was accompanying Sujata from place to place and was growing bigger on the way. (There was also a dark-skinned girl who was going out of the same house and was accompanying Sujata.)
Tortoise = immortality.
- January 16 - It was like dying and being born at the same time.
- January 19 - It seems that the deepest layers are made of Cruelty.
- January 21 - “Mr Angel.”
- January 23 - I wanted to buy a pretty coffin!
- January 31 - Vision: an earthquake under my room, but the walls of

my room were not touched.

- The passage is free.

February

- February 2 - Vision: I was giving my whole packet of *Notebooks* to Mother.
- February 3 - The boiler.
- February 5 - Vision: somebody comes and asks me “Wouldn’t you be willing to write the screenplay?” (of my life in Guiana.) I burst into tears: the millions of images which build the “tomb.”
- February 6 - I am standing, dressed in white, repeating the Mantra on a very powerful speedboat of a cream colour, on a black, nasty, surging sea (there were a few other people with me.) Then inside the speedboat, covered with a silver-grey raincoat: a panther passes on my body but cannot touch me.
- A continuous volcano.
- February 8 - I hear three words: “the white lioness.”
- February 14 - The white luminous dog who comes and walks with me in the forest.
- February 18 - The furious “stampers” of the passport of “life”: “Put that *Yagna* out.”
- February 19 - Vision: “my mother” wanted to get a “new coat” made for all her children and she gave me the list of her children (eight!) My mother often becomes mixed up with Mother in my visions, as if Mother were my mother.
- February 22 - A horde of small nasty gnomes in Matter.
- February 23 - Vision: in the spider’s lair.
- February 24 - It is the method of birth that must change. I am

looking for the path to the second Evolution.

February 26 - Vision: Nolini. The forces that try to corrupt the work.

March

March 6 - The tall being all dressed in black. The marble stairs in mid-air. The green plan (the “Lord of Nations”).

March 8 - Saw a hill that had been cut and showed innumerable small lamelliform ribs or stratifications (like a slate quarry.) At the foot of that hill, a very white, naked, twelve years old being. An incredible stack of microscopic “phyllades.” (foliated schist)
- The “Notebooks of the Apocalypse.”

March 10 - The essence of the new Being is born. An opening has been made in the dark net of the world.

March 15 - The false Mother: “Sri Aurobindo does not see well.”
The “false Mother of virtuous criticisms.”

March 20 - Vision: I said to Mother: “ if I had to leave the stage of this world, I would like to go on walking with you... because I love You.”

March 22 - In a completely dark place, thousands of red lights (like the rear light of a car) that turn on. A night that lights up.

March 29 - The abscess on the knee that bursts on itself (the atavistic Subconscient), the atavistic abscess.

March 30 - The fire in the eucalyptus trees, 25 meters away from the house.

April

April 1st - I wanted to improve an old blockhouse with columns of

- pink stucco! “My mother’s” voice: “You are late, you keep the baby waiting.”
- April 2 - Acrobatics: my right leg was on the ground while my left leg turned around on my back, pointing up over my shoulder!
- April 4 - I was preparing to burn my coffin. A huge powerful plane with a central engine or central red “eye” lands and manoeuvres to position itself exactly in alignment with the coffin in order to take it away.
- April 7 - The micro-gestapo.
- April 9 - It is like a transubstantiation!
- April 10 - In a deep cave I was climbing up those rocks gropingly, using very small notches. As if that cave were a passage and that after going out of it I had to go back down. The “*mahas pathah?*”
- April 17 - At the bottom of a very big cave, naked and very white. The tide is rising, the sound of the waves rushing in.
- April 18 - The staircase that climbs to the upstairs room is cut, the staircase had been removed, and I had a “new room” downstairs. A small blue carpet at the entrance of that room. “There is no need to climb up anymore.
- Sujata sees the Egyptian god Anubis, bronze coloured, with rings of blue light encircling his head...!
- April 25 - Almost simultaneously I take out a big crab (a kind of “common crab”) and a little pink tortoise. One unburies death and immortality simultaneously! I was pulling the “common crab” with a little branch of jasmine (= purity.)

May

- May 1st - The “notes” of disaster.

- May 7 - A “trans-materialization?”
- May 8 - The minuscule very white baby, his head hanging on the edge of a quay, as if he had just landed. The new being? And I, lying on the ground, wearing my cape, slipping on these slabs of the quay and about to slip in the void.
- The “root of death” in the cells is dissolving. The death of death.
- May 30 - Meeting with Gorbachev in his “control room.” He wants to know what I am doing, the Work, asks questions about “immortality.” His wife is there too, she plays a role. The Russians are interested in the future.

June

- June 1st - I do the “*sirsāsana*” on my bed (feet in the air and head on the bed, on the ground.)I have done it thousands of times, but this time it was perilous. A big tree trunk near my bed (!) to lean on” in case...”
- June 10 - Mother tells me: “If you come close to me, you must be careful, because my centre is everywhere.”
- June 29 - Sujata’s vision: Mother gives me“ a rendezvous at the Samadhi to carry out a work.”

July

- July 7 - I am looking for, I want to buy new laces for my shoes (=body.) That which ties the body together...
- July 8 - I saw the “beast of the sewer.”
- July 10 - The “thieves” of human life.

- July 24 - Physically extracted from the cage, from the claws of death. A formidable density like diamond, like Mother alive, solid, all-powerful, *here*.
- July 25 - Vision: a powerful plane “in flight” with ten special beings all dressed in white who had a role of director like Mother’s executive power. Nothing in the body resists any longer, it knows that it is Mother-Sri Aurobindo, as if Death were unmasked. A solid density, the body starts to catch a glimpse of the end of the “human” nightmare. You have trouble standing with equilibrium on your legs, it is as if it were another gravitation.

August

- August 9 -Vision: several times I see orange beings. A supramental landing on the Earth.
- A cruel onslaught deep down, like the real source of the Gestapo. The impression of touching the Monster. This is why Christ came, the Buddha, Lenin who saved nothing. It swarms everywhere. This is the door that Sri Aurobindo opened and that nobody wanted.
- You would want Mother to come out. You don’t know if it is sheer torture or if it is miraculous. The nastiest and the most Divine are there.
- The operation must be done little by little, otherwise you could not bear it. Slowly, the little seal is torn out of the agony of an old Fish.
- August 10 - Saw the peninsula underwater. It is my farewell to that country that I loved, to my little mother.
- August 11 - Saw the wheel of a car, in the hub a pink fledging torn to bits alive and pierced by the spokes of the wheel. That

black car, symbol of the old body and the whole nervous system.

- Those waves of molten lead one after another, as if everything were torn out of you. Mother did say: “It is worse than dying.”

August 20 - To try and bring the Divine into the pain of Matter.

August 21 - Sujata’s vision: the bricks on the mud. I was going out of Indira Gandhi’s family house. The young Rajiv Gandhi wanted to “reorganize” everything (thirty years of rottenness) and he was putting bricks on the mud. They demolished the soul of India, covered with excrement...

August 23 - The practical secret: the Powerful Sun pulls towards Freedom and the old cage of Falsehood pulls with its millions of nerves.

- Scientific cooperation of the United States with the “East bloc.” Their super technology is made for saving rats. The Noah’s Ark of rats!

August 24 - Vision: the storm of destruction. It was as if in my house. I was not touched, my room was not destroyed.

September 5 - I was in a very dark-blue ocean and I was moving with an extraordinary speed without making any movement.

- It is crazy! You go into another Life *in Matter*, you go into another Power *in Matter*, you go... into, I do not know, but it is Something Else. Everything is uprooted from the body—you go through the Web into... Something Else—another Life on Earth and in Matter. A fantastic Power—and how you bear “that”, you don’t know—everything-everything must be UPROOTED, all the Falsehood, all the Death, all the Darkness in order to be able to bear That.

(unfinished)