

Introduction

I had spent those years materializing Mother's Message and trying to give its Sense, then struggling to keep her *Agenda* intact and free. But the main thing was still to be done: to pick up the thread of the true story, the Adventure of the species in the body's cells, and how can one change all this "human" system? the next step of Evolution before our Earth is destroyed once more by its present inhabitants.

Satprem

October 12, 2000

1982

The True Work begins

May 14, 1982

To bathe in this luminous silence like a million vibrating pistils.

*

Impression that “one” has taken me in hand.

There is like a yes.*



May 15, 1982

To let oneself be inhabited by the Divine.



May 16-17, 1982 (night)

Vision

A first big swell from which three huge, completely black fish sprang.
(The subconscious begins to let its ugly fish be seen).



May 26, 1982

(Personal letter)

* It was that day that I made the decision and began the yoga of the new species.

I am dictating to Sujata.

I wish I no longer wrote at all, but I sense your question and it might be useful to take stock of the situation. What is very obvious and definitive, I think, is that I don't want to start again the round of the scribe, write books and letters and keep human contact. It would be a complete waste of time. I want to go ahead.

What was still a mere "idea" or conjecture (the transformation) has become the only urgent and imperative fact. I don't know how to manage that, I only know that there is an imperious, inevitable and irreversible aspiration, I could say, and that it has become a sort of physical necessity, a need in the dark, and I could not do anything else anymore. I don't know any direction, I don't know where I am going, but somewhere it does not matter, what matters is this exclusive concentration and this unfolding of an almost physical need which contains or must contain its own ineluctable direction. It is a kind of awakening of the aspiration in the physical consciousness and it moves according to its own unknown law (unknown to me). All that I know is that I want to live within that exclusively. All that I know, mentally and almost physically, is the necessity of creating a first terrestrial sample of the new species—so that a first step is taken and a first possibility appears as a concrete hope, attainable by the rest of the humans who are capable of doing it. What is needed is a concrete hope for the earth and an obvious sign of its next path—so that all could say, even if they cannot do it yet: we are going *there*. It is the only obvious thing to do, even if it is impossible. What would have seemed to me in the past a sort of immoderate ambition has become a simple, indisputable fact. I don't care at all whether I am the first sample or not, but it must take place somewhere on earth, in a first human being putting his body at the disposal of... "that." I don't care at all whether I succeed or not, and in a certain way, it is not my business; what is my business is to try up to the end. A few other unknown

people may try and are probably trying the same thing in their own way, with other words or in another form, but the evolutionary push is imperative and ineluctable and it takes hold of all those who agree to “put themselves at the disposal of that.” Whether others do it or not, I feel compelled to follow this path, without any tonality of “I” in all that—besides, one no longer knows at all where the I is in this groping dark in which the only hope is the divine Hand, if it cares to take mine. But since our return from Oceania, one capital and simple fact occurred: one day (it was May 14) I felt something say yes. That and the aspiration in the physical consciousness are the only two driving forces in something that otherwise seems perfectly blind.

But since we are back, and as I was beginning to grope my way in all that, a thing struck me as rather obvious: I must take, or try to take, the first step by myself. A first step is needed, we could say a first breakthrough, and I really think that one can do it only by oneself. At the beginning, Sri Aurobindo and Mother hesitated, wondering whether they had to take the first step by themselves, then drag the others along, but very quickly they dragged everything, or tried to drag with them the recalcitrant mass of humankind. By doing so, they were *apparently* hindered, but they did the Avatar’s work, which consisted in taking everything in their arms and opening the path—and they *did* open the path. Now it’s for us to go through the door. But this old scribe of old feels that he will not be able to drag along were it to be a dozen people or even two or three, without being completely hindered and obliged to absorb the difficulties of the few who would agree to follow him. A first step must absolutely be taken, and if this first step is taken, then the irrefutable proof will be there along with the power to drag a few others. But at this stage, I would only drown myself or drag behind for years. I clearly see how extremely difficult it is for a human being to stop all that makes the fabric of his life—stop his thoughts, stop his action, stop his feelings—and stay hanging in mid-air. Suddenly, it is an

enormous *shakti* [power] that pours into an empty cage in which one might go round in circles like a mad lion. In fact, this is what obliges you to try and find the way out of the cage. But for a normal human being, it is almost an impossible task or in any case a task very difficult to accomplish without going off the rails—in fact, you *have to* go off the rails ... but even so without going off the rails. I cannot clearly see who could undergo this operation without my having at least taken a first step or found a first rift that would enable me to make the others go through. That is, this pretty vision I had of a dozen men that would be like the last cry of the Earth is still valid, but it seems to me that what has changed is the order of the operations. The place too seems to have changed. The Oceanian island was probably an old remnant of my Breton romanticism. The place ... I will clearly know it only when I have taken the first step. Then everything will be clear, imperative and indisputable. I shall know. So it is the order of the operations that has changed, not the principle—and we know nothing of the world conditions that could come and change that order again. The fact is I feel less and less like moving or wanting anything that could divert this occupation within me. Even the Himalayas seem rather vague to me and do not attract me much, except if C.P.N. Singh insisted and called me with you. I no longer feel like disturbing the concentration that seems to grow every day. We'll see.

So I don't know where I am going, but I feel that "one" has taken me in hand and that, God willing, as in that vision of 1973, (I, flat on my stomach across that black chasm, like a bridge, with my bike on my back), two big Hands will come and pull me onto the other side. Then everything else will be clear. For the time being, one is flat on one's stomach across the black chasm.

You can understand that I don't want to write anymore but to live in that until the irrefutable sign—then it will be obvious for everyone and one will

not have to speak or write.

For the moment, this is the picture as I see it, but one doesn't know what the circumstances will suggest. Sujata told me: now that you don't feel like moving anymore, things are going to move (!).

I am *always* with you and with the few faithful brothers and sisters who helped me so much all those past years. Let them have faith and the patience to wait for *the* moment, and meanwhile, let their aspiration grow. God willing, we will meet again to open the glorious doors.

A first sample of the divine species will appear on earth, it is ineluctable. And it can be just *anyone*, the main thing being that our aspiration carries that "anyone" to his divine destination. The enterprise is sure. By withdrawing, Sri Aurobindo and Mother wanted to grant the human being the grace or the graciousness to let him take himself the first step of his evolution and go through the doors that They had opened. Satprem is only one who aspires among others and with or without him the work will be done and a first terrestrial sample will inevitably be born to the divine life.

Why wouldn't we be together to do it?

Satprem



May 30, 1982

It seems that a process is on the way.

*

*The Invincible*¹ has been damaged, well done!

¹ A British warship, hit during the Falkland Islands war, which, at that time, was raging between Great Britain and Argentina.

(The footnotes with an asterisk are in Satprem's own hand, just as they were in the *Notebooks*, while those with a number, like this one, were added when the book was



May 30-31, 1982 (night)

Vision

In the hands of “surgeons.” I must undergo a complete operation¹.



May 31, 1982

I think that I have entered the path.



June 3, 1982

A very unpleasant thing is entering the atmosphere.

June 7, 1982

*(A letter from Sujata to a Tantric from Benares, originally
in English)*

7 juin 1982

Sri...,

Namaskar. It is with pleasure that I remember our meeting at Lucknow
Rajbhavan.

Sri Satprem received today your letter dated 2.6. Sri Satprem is very

published.)

¹ It is the « operation » of the new species.

grateful of the help given him by Sri B. when we all met at Lucknow.

Sri Satprem however is very much interested to learn one specific *beej mantra*.¹ This mantra was once used on him by a reputed Tantric many years ago. By the description of the effect on Sri Satpremji's body Sri B. and yourself may perhaps understand which beej mantra it was. The description (from Satprem) is as follows:

As soon as this *beej mantra* was uttered, Sri Satprem felt that his body suddenly became as if weightless, as if the density that makes the body was unloosened. The feeling was as if his body was suddenly porous and perforated, opened into a million little holes through which air and light were spilling out. The overwhelming feeling of the body was lightness and porosity.²

By this description you may understand of which *beej mantra* it is the effect.

Sri Satpremji will be very much interested if you could find out which *beej mantra* it is and let him know it.³

His Excellency Sir C.P.N. Singh knows of our present request to you and is equally interested.

¹ *Beej mantra*, or seed mantra. It is a mantra that contains but one powerful sound, an essential sound corresponding to a particular element. I remember, for instance, that Pavitra told me that in Mongolia, where he withdrew into a cave, a local Tantric taught him the mantra that makes one able to die at will. He even told me that mantra, which sounded rather impressive. There are many things that people don't know, and so much the better—what would they do with them ?

² This is the experience Satprem had one day in 1959 with a certain Tantric. As a matter of fact, Satprem happened to meet Mother just after that "event" (ten minutes later) and as soon as She saw Satprem, She exclaimed: "But what happened to you?" So, it was not something that was "subjective."

³ Satprem thought that this mantra could help him in the « operation, » but he was to quickly understand not only the illusion but the danger of those external interventions and of any so-called "help," because it is the help of *the old world* ... which one has precisely to go beyond.

Kindly convey to Sri B. Sri Satpremji's and my warm regards and namaskar.

May the Supreme Lord always watch over you.

Yours sincerely,

Sgd. Sujata



June 8, 1982

Written to Indira about the Presidency of India (C.P.N. Singh).

*

(Letter to Indira Gandhi, originally in English)

8 juin 1982

Madame,

Please excuse my audacity, but I feel within that I should tell you what I have seen and sensed in the beginning of May. I have no other preoccupation than my love for India and my constant esteem and respect for you. Now, in short, it seems that you were entering a very “black road” with critical time very soon ahead— “you” means certainly India. All this you certainly know better than I, but recently a feeling grew stronger and became quite clear—I resisted but this is what I have felt: very soon and perhaps for a short time, you will need near you a man with a total devotion and a very great inner strength and wisdom. This man is Sir C.P.N. Singh. I know there is a *shakti* within him working for the future of India. I know that his insight and solidity are something with a divine touch and on which you can firmly rely—you will need him, Madame. It is nothing personal nor my deep personal love for him which makes me speak, but my love for India and for you. He will help you both materially and innerly to cross the difficult period and take the difficult steps.

To say that Sir C.P.N. Singh is an old man and cannot be a President of India, is the human superficial view—there is nothing like age in a man, but

the Shakti and the *adhar* or the capacity to hold the Divine Power and receive the right inspiration; and for that matter, Sir C.P.N. Singh's achievements in U.P. are by no means the achievements of an "old man."

I have not told Sir C.P.N. Singh of my present letter to you, but my heart feels compelled and I wish so much that you and India should come victoriously out of the crucial ordeal ahead.¹

With my deep respect and profound love,

Satprem



June 15, 1982

(Letter from Satprem to his young brother Pierre)

I have delayed sending you my letter. I find it very difficult to write—the last time I wrote you, I got a pimple in my eye that lasted for fifteen days. You must absolutely understand something that is very important and that made me cut myself off from *everyone*.

Of course, I hold your hand and I don't leave you, or will not leave you. But it is essentially an *inner* link, an inner Force that I send you and that accompanies you. All that you are doing and will do will have an inner support—you have the talisman, you have Mother's help. Thus your physical path should be made easier and the doors should open. But please understand, brother, that it would be a mistake to physically look for my support. The physical moment of our meeting has not come yet and it would be disastrous for me and for you to force things. One must have the patience and the courage to wait for the Hour. To come here in distress would be a

¹ After promising the Presidency of India to C.P.N. Singh, Indira, out of political opportunism, would choose a Sikh, who would not help her much. This Sikh = Zail Singh.

complete mistake, for you first—what would you do right in the middle of this forest, without activity, without anything at all? You would go in circles like a lion in its cage, after the first moments of rest and relief. You would become crazy here. As far as I know and understand things, the “passage” *for you* will be found *through an activity*, not in inactivity. Your hands must be busy. There is nothing here. You would be hanging in mid-air. That was also why I saw that the *Anna Maria* could be a help and an indispensable instrument for you—through the ocean, the open sea and the big waves you could find the passage more easily and bear the change of Rhythm.

For me too a premature meeting would be disastrous and that is perhaps what you have difficulty measuring. States of transition are always states of extreme fragility and excessive sensitivity. That is, if you were to come, I would have to “swallow” you from top to toe—my consciousness is no longer shut up in a narrow person; so, it would mean that instead of doing the work alone with my own difficulties, I would have to do it for two or even three people. As a result, instead of six months it could take me *years* to obtain a certain state. It is a precious time that would be wasted for everyone. Let me do the work alone, let me take at least a first decisive step and *afterward* I will perhaps be able to do something effective for the others, because I would then have power and knowledge. That is why I have broken off relations with everyone. Do you understand? As long as I am myself in the ape stage, I can do nothing for the other apes, except continue with the old ape story. That is also why the *Anna Maria* seems a good solution to me, if a transitional one, until the first decisive step is taken. If you want to hasten the process, you muddle everything. We are not involved in a small business but in a vast enterprise, a difficult adventure—we must not selfishly reduce that to a mere problem between two brothers. It is all the brothers in the world who are involved. If I happen to take the first step or the first breakthrough, things will become clear and easier for everyone.

Until then, I must remain silent and anonymous, even for my beloved brother. Do you understand, you stubborn mule?! So, I hold the inner thread of our intimacy, but on the outside don't take short cuts, do your own work, win your own victory aboard the *Anna Maria*, be the "knight" of the rose—and when the Hour comes, everything will be ready and fine. Besides, I'd rather you *no longer spoke of me*. I need silence around me.

There is no point in worrying mama or the others. Truly one never does anything great but in silence.

I love you and embrace you with Catherine.

S.



June 17-18, 1982 (night)

Vision

I was proceeding on a narrow crest, which became more and more narrow and dangerous. I had to get off my bicycle*, but it was dangerous, because there was no place where I could put my feet. It was the void.



June 19, 1982

Consciousness: like a pillar.



June 25, 1982

* The « bicycle » is the symbol of the old yoga or of my old yoga.

The great Descent.

The arid mountain avidly sucks in the flows of light.¹ There, one knows that You are HERE.



June 27, 1982

Mother, may this body become Your dwelling.



June 29, 1982

I: “One wonders whether one is on the path....”

Sujata: “We could not be elsewhere.”



June 30, 1982

So intense and *dense* a Presence, as if one had another body within one’s body.



July 4, 1982

The falsehood of the Earth is glaring.



¹ In fact, this succinct note marks the first supramental descent. It would take me months to recognize it (to label the phenomenon, or rather to dare to label it). The “mountain” in the Vedas is the symbol of Matter or of the material body.

During the night of July 5 to July 6, 1982

Vision

I was climbing up a tree with thin and very fragile branches in order to pick the fruit at the end of the branches. I had to move very softly, without any abrupt movement. It was dangerous. The smallest false move could break the branches. I went very slowly, while repeating the mantra. The fruit was of a very dark shade, as brown as the bark of the mangosteen tree. Sujata was below and gathered the fruit that I held out to her. There was even a broken, split branch beneath me, a little lower down. Sujata told me: “I’ll distribute it tomorrow to...” which meant to “the servants,” or “the people.” Neither She nor I ate the fruit, it was for the others.

It was for the Earth.



July 9, 1982

I looked at my life as at a ship going away.



July 14, 1982

Departure for Naïnital (Governor C.P.N.’s residence). I wish I had no longer to move.



July 15, 1982

Naïnital.

“I was compelled to choose Zail Singh,” says C.P.N., quoting Indira.

The car “pulled” ... by whom? (I had seen Indira’s black car pulled by a black cable.¹)



July 17, 1982

Journey to Haïrkhand across the dried river, in the middle of a burning gorge.

The veiled Babaji.² The kind Shastriji³ predicts liberation to me. Rendezvous at Ranikhet for the mantra.

The “moksha”: that’s all very fine, but what about the Earth?



July 18, 1982

Back to Lucknow aboard C.P.N.’s plane.

I don’t want the “liberation,” but a new path for the Earth.



July 23, 1982

Lucknow. There is *nothing* else to do anymore. Only That.



July 26, 1982

¹ See *Notebooks of an Apocalypse II*, April 30, 1982.

² It was he who would later give me that illusory and dangerous mantra.

³ This kind Shastri was a Tantric disciple of the « Baba. » He is the only “kind Tantric” I

Delhi. The reign of a black, petty occultism. (Indira Gandhi-Brahmachari & Co.)

*

(Letter from Sujata to Micheline for her birthday.)

Dear Micheline,

The 29th is a red-letter day, whence this red on the white.

This is to say to you that we are on this beautiful earth, journeying. In fact, life itself is a journey, from the unknown to the unknown, until everything becomes known and we emerge there where nothing casts a shadow anymore. Everything is recognized.

With this recognition

And affectionate love,

Sujata

We are working. I am near you.

Satprem



July 27, 1982

Arrival at B. Fainting in the airport. Another life that continues just at the edge of ours.

Back home.



July 29, 1982

For everything-everything, to leap into the Lord and say, You Lord, You

have ever met—simple, clear, with a living soul.

Lord, it is You Lord, otherwise life is a grief.

*

(Letter from Satprem to Robert-Anne, dictated to Sujata)

Dear Robert-Anne,

You are far, but you are near. My heart and the little beam within often turn to you with a question. I even saw Robert two or three times, and once he was beaming at my door, telling me in his little secret tone: “What can I do for you?”

I think that the question is: what can Robert do for Robert?

Were we less shut up in our poor material human mind, we would communicate better and you would know that I love you deeply in what you essentially are—the difficulty always lies in knowing what we are. Sometimes it takes us many twists and turns to learn it.

Sujata and I have made a few twists and turns, rather tiring but instructive, in order to better learn the only thing that we have to do.

I wanted to talk you about this only thing long ago, but I needed time to mature a little.

Our long journey put me in front of the obvious fact that before being really able to do something for those dozen symbolical people or even for Robert-Anne alone, first I had to take myself a decisive step. Only then would I have the power to help the others and the necessary knowledge to take the exact steps. “Mother’s Island” remains a reality (even if geographically it does not lie where we thought it did), but this “island,” or gathering of a few people thirsting for a new earth, comes after a first decisive step of (or in) Satprem himself. If it is not Satprem, it will be another one, for the Work will be accomplished inevitably: a first new man will inevitably be born on this unhappy earth.

I also became aware of a very important thing: this first decisive step

cannot be taken (supposing that I can really take it) but in a complete isolation. The Avatar, that is, Mother and Sri Aurobindo, had to absorb everything and swallow all of the poison to open the path. But Satprem is only a human being that thirsts, so much thirsts for a true life on earth, and he has become aware of his not being able to absorb the difficulties, negations and resistances of the others, even the best ones, without dangerously suffering and being constantly drawn backwards instead of taking a leap towards the future with his own difficulties. His consciousness has become too sensitive, one could say too porous, to bear without damage the constant onslaught of human thoughts and reactions, whether they are good or bad. One has precisely to go beyond the best and the worst of humanity to try and get out of this muddy fishbowl and emerge into the great sunlight of tomorrow. One has to have *truly* reached the end of humanity and all its gildings or horrors to be able to emerge into what will come after humanity.

For Robert-Anne, the question is perhaps to know if they have really reached that end. I am sure that they will reach it, but perhaps they still have to walk a little in order to exhaust the remnant of the old world that lingers in their consciousnesses. This old world cannot be left unless one has intimately and totally exhausted its smiles and most beautiful inventions. This old world can be a springboard and a touchstone for our reaching the point of no return. I have somewhat the impression that Robert-Anne could take advantage of the time (perhaps brief) that is left to them to make a few more experiences, enrich their being and develop their creative force a little more, until the moment it is so obvious, so glaring for them that they have reached the point of no return. Then perhaps it will be the time of “Mother’s Island,” even if this “island” is only symbolical and perhaps it will be the moment when Satprem is ready and everything is ready—and if it is not Satprem, it will be someone else: the Door is open for everyone, including

Anne-Robert, and it does not matter who will be the first to get through, but someone has to get through.

That is the burning goal that must stay in your hearts, whatever the outer events may be. It would be very ill-advised to say, “Satprem will do it, Satprem will do it,” as the others used to say, “Mother will do it, Mother will do it,”—and to slacken off.

So don’t resent my remaining isolated and silent. It’s no good trying to know where I am or writing to me, but it’s good trying to know where *you* are. But you will perhaps understand now that this silence and isolated incognito are the best help I can give to my human brothers. I don’t pretend to anything, I only have in my heart a prayer for the earth.

The Grace alone can do.

I love you and embrace you.

Satprem



July 31, 1982

A marvelous Presence
solar
compact
a block of Divine
golden
radiant.
and a joy flowing
everywhere like a golden palpitation.
Why would it not be
sunny forever?



Undated, 1982

What I call “Divine” is not the God of religions, but what a few bold precursory fish of yore might have said: it is the next oxygen or the next sun. In the same way, I adopt Mother’s language, which spoke to my heart, and sometimes I say “Lord,” but it is not the biblical or evangelical Lord: it is the next master of the Earth, or the master of the next Earth.

Mother used to say: “the next Divine”!



August 1, 1982

May That alone be
in each cell
each atom.



August 2, 1982

The mental life: a lead weight over a deep, deep, so deep a need, like a well of thirst in the depths of the being.

That alone.

*

Received this striking vision from L...

(The big unfinished bridge)

July 8, 1982

Do you know what I saw two nights ago ?

(July 6) An immense bridge under construction in India, a bridge

that spanned a turbulent and muddy water, impossible to be swum across. This bridge was immense, built with cement and clay (Indian style), as compact as a fortress and planned for at least ten trains crossing it side by side. I could see the rails already laid. But the bridge was under construction, not finished, only a little bit of it was missing. I was waiting there with a few unknown young people, girls and boys as old as I am, and we had to wait for the train in order to cross that bridge (it was that bridge I came across at the beginning of my “world tour” or at the beginning of the “Adventure”). Finally, getting impatient with waiting for this train that never came, I went up to the higher part of the bridge, on the roof, and tried to cross in this way. It was at least fifty meters above the water, in a pallid and less than inviting obscurity, and I proceeded on this kind of platform hanging in mid-air towards the other bank. And suddenly I found myself on the edge, at the far end, with the water flowing fifty meters lower down. There was no way of proceeding farther, it was the end of the bridge, but the other bank was very close, there was only a little bit of bridge to build to reach the other bank.

The personal meaning seems rather clear to me, but why so big a bridge with so many rails, as if it had been built for crowds of travelers? And in India?

*

(Answer from Satprem)

August 2, 1982

Your vision of the “bridge”: Sujata found the obvious interpretation. This bridge was so formidable and massive because it had been built by Sri Aurobindo and Mother to make crowds of people cross to the other side: ten

trains side by side. But you only saw “a few boys and girls” who wanted to cross, and the trains never came because nobody wanted to cross, except a few. A small bit of bridge was still to be built, because it was the human aspiration that HAD TO build this last small bit. At the end of this huge bridge, we will perhaps be able to set up a very small foot-bridge for the few who will be willing to cross....

Tibi*

Satprem

*

(New letter from L., dated August 14, 1982)

That vision of the “bridge” is striking, now I quite understand. There was also a detail that I did not tell you: at the entrance of the “ bridge,” there were the people in charge of the bridge, the bridge officials, if I may say so, who were saying: “You can’t cross, you must wait for the official train.” And that was why that handful of young people were waiting (going round in circles) at the entrance of the bridge. Then I came up to them and insisted: “But we have no need of a train to traverse, after all, I’ll walk it, following the rails.” And the guy answered: “You can’t do that! You will get lost. If you enter the bridge, you will get lost, because there are all kinds of paths and bifurcations under there.” And he pointed to the obscurity beneath the bridge. That is how I decided to carry on, went up to the roof that covered the bridge and crossed in this way, until I reached the edge and nearly tumbled down into the water fifty meters lower down. There. So, the “guardians” of the bridge impede or discourage people from crossing.

*

(Answer from Satprem)

August 21, 1982

The “bridge officials,” it’s wonderfully right! “Sri Aurobindo and Mother have opened the way, but whatever you do, don’t use it!” This has been the Falsehood since the beginning. In a first interview with some Canadian (I must have kept that in a red file), Nolini said: “With Mother’s departure, the Transformation has come to a stop.” They all want to worship, but above all not to become, it’s too tiring!¹



August 5, 1982

We have to plant our roots in the sun instead of this obscure humus of misery. To really feel that we pump from a sun from below.

*

The impression of living again something I had already lived when I became a Sannysasi in ’58, but this time in the body—a Fire in which everything is consumed.

And something that is sacred slowly emerging.



August 6, 1982

* In Latin : yours (Translators’ note).

¹ It was the « battle of *The Agenda* after Mother’s departure, precisely against these forces of Falsehood, which wanted to swallow *The Agenda* and put “Krishna in gold” under lock in order to build their new Church.

Indira has gone bankrupt.
J.R.D. Tata must take Indira's place.
Only that can save India.



August 7, 1982

(In the forest)

I walk in the folds of Your large robe—very small, very small.
And it is *true!*



August 8, 1982

Written to C.P.N. + J.R.D.
The Divine Plan.

“The present political set-up will be swept away,” I wrote. As if I laid down an *act*.

*

(Letter to Yolande)

When it is possible, please give or convey this letter to our friend. You can read and understand.

Still invisibly, India has entered a disastrous path. If the two men I speak of are ready and know how to pray, they can help create the circumstances by the only fact that they are ready and give themselves. It is like a last chance for India.

Satprem

*

(Letter to J.R.D. Tata, originally in English)

August 8, 1982

Très cher ami [dearest friend],

As you may know, I have completely retired and I live in a hidden place to do my work better.

Instead of writing more or less intelligibly about the future evolution of Man, I try to *do* something about it. My next preoccupation as inculcated in me by Sri Aurobindo and Mother, is the place of India in the world.

Now, in this retirement, something has been brought to my inner vision: Mrs. Indira Gandhi is entering (has entered) a “black road”; she has completely failed in her mission; the corruption will be exposed; some chaos is bound to come; the present political set-up will be swept away through unexpected circumstances.

If this hour comes, I have seen that only two key-men can save India. One of them is you. I beseech you not to shy away from this last great action where all your courage and love for India and sense of organization will be needed—and if necessary to assert yourself and throw your whole being into the battle. For once, the Power must not come into the hands of the politicians, for it is the battle of India.

I am near you always with deep affection

Satprem

*

(Letter to Sir C.P.N. Singh, originally in English)

August 8, 1982

Dearest One,

Some Divine Plan has been revealed to me concerning India. Two people

are the Key of this Plan. One of them is you. A little time and circumstances will show you your part. I won't name the other Key-man, but these two can save India. The present political set-up will be swept away.

Courage and trust,

Satprem



August 12, 1982

In all that obscure melee, to be like a pure prayer.

*

Ô Lord,

no more shadow, no more shadow!

no more shadow.



August 13, 1982

X sick. The black magic of the corporeal mind.

Ô Mother, may Your golden law reign over all the fibres of my being.

The impression of re-discovering Mother's Secret.

The golden magic of the corporeal Mind.



August 16, 1982

Sujata behind her "wall of light."

As for me, I have no walls, even of light.

Shall I have to leave again?

*

Satprem would like to belong only to the Supreme Lord
and to Him Alone.

*

Vision

Now I understand: in the night of August 12-13, I saw myself proceeding on all fours on a slope of sand that slipped and flowed down to a cliff, and lower down, the water or the sea. Each move seemed to make me slip more, when I saw or rather guessed a sort of brown spot in the sands in front of me and I understood that it was a post, deeply stuck in the ground. If I could take hold of it, all the rest around would be stabilized.

The divine Post.

I feel comforted.

*

Sometimes, I have the impression that I am about to pop like a champagne cork, so strong is the density.



During the night of August 19 to August 20

Vision

Vision of Indira in that mob. She tells me: “You are going to disappear.”
Her face is of a greenish colour.



August 20, 1982

(Letter to Sir C.P.N. Singh, originally in English)

Dearest One,

Last night I had a peculiar dream. I met someone whom you know. She was in the midst of a huge human crowd, of which I saw only the heads (probably some mental world). I was near her and a little above her head—I could see everything from above. Then I told her very bluntly that it was a shame that a country like India be guided by a fraud like this “Rasputin.”¹ She immediately replied to me, without a word but innerly and very distinctly: “You are going to disappear.” She didn’t look at me. Her face was of a greenish colour.

I understand that she is under the influence of hostile forces. Nothing can be done to save her—or should be done.

I am looking forward to our next meeting. Can you please enquire from Mr. S. when the Shastriji or Tantrik associate of B. is expecting me in Ranikhet?—perhaps the mantra in question will help the process. I have the feeling that things are developing very fast.

I am very near you with all my love.

Embracing you

Satprem



August 26, 1982

To be reborn from top to toe in this white Beam alone.

*

Let something be changed forever.

*

Afternoon

A white revolution

¹ Let us note that Indira was under the influence of a certain Dhirendra Bhramachari (« Rasputin »), who was another of those countless spiritual fakers endowed with small occult powers.

in a massive tranquillity.

*

Very clear

Very clean

Very straight

at Your disposal.

*

Evening

As if She were telling me:

“Through you, I’m going to try.”



August 27, 1982

Through the fragile veil of Death, I feel Your strong Hand. The task is triple:

The first step of the new species

The change of India

The beginning of the world’s Turning Point.

And the three walk at the same pace.

Really You hold my hand: it *continues*.

The two sides have joined. Now it will be possible to cross.

May 19, ‘73¹—August 27, ‘82



August 28, 1982

¹ May 19, 1973 is the date of Satprem’s last meeting with Mother and of the last *Agenda*.

*(After an exhausting journey to the town. The body is
hypnotized by the material mind)*

The body literally drinks this Light, as if parched.

No more question: it drinks-drinks-drinks this living light.

This is the Divine!

As if one were full of sun within.

Perhaps this is what the Supramental is?

After 45 minutes-one hour, I was more or less full. Such a tranquil and full joy, in the body—yes, like the exultation of a child. It's *that*.

It's amazing.

Glory to You, Lord!

(Now, I understand Mother)

The Divine must be drunk.

I want to live that up to the end.



August 30, 1982

Always the impression that a thread is picked up again. I had spent all that time materializing Your Message, but the main thing remained to be done. Not that I have to try and do what You could not do (!)—but we have to continue together an inexplicable task, in which You are supposedly in that grave and I am outside, and our two hands must join—like the hand of the Earth, which pulls and calls you, and your Divine Hand, which pulls me and makes the impossible become possible. There is something brewing, inexplicably, in that grave, and that something needs *one* man, like a cry of the Earth, to break out into the broad daylight.

As if I were digging a tunnel towards You.



August 31, 1982

An onslaught of pernicious little voices since August 28. One has the impression that the body is very innocent of all that; all that it asks is to drink that Light, then ... it wonders why it is not always like that.



September 1, 1982

Through that hissing, grating, gluey jungle—perilous—I walk to You with the Divine Name.

I walk to you.

Last night, it was almost like a cerebral disorder, all the connections seemed mad or denatured. My God....

You are my only need.

You are my only direction.

You are my only Light.

And You are here. You protect me.

*

Afternoon

I remember Mother: “Be simple.”

Like a fair-haired child lying on the sand in the sunlight, on the shore of an immense sea; all those millions and billions of atoms, spreading like as many grains of sand in the sunlight—so then: but where is the difficulty? where is the danger? But you will be carried very naturally!

And to let her do.

Simply lying in the sunlight.

*

It's magical!

*

When I was drinking the Divine, it all seemed so simple....



September 6, 1982

What is most difficult to “understand” for the body’s ego is that it is not a movement of concentration but of expansion: it is not a question of storing the force but of letting it through the mesh.

A flower would understand better.

The fruit shut itself up in its sweet night and decays.

A solar movement.

*

I think that I have touched a key.

*

The only important fact is that a man, a spot of Matter, is totally, absolutely, purely at Your disposal.

To belong to You

without shadow.

Then all the rest is sure—and safe.

*

And such a marvelous Presence.



September 7, 1982

The encounter of God.

The adoration of the Lord.

All the pearly light of the Bay
gathered into a formless form. I was in it.

No words

I adore—it adores through all the pores.

May the Earth know the miracle of this Love.

*

Afternoon

A torrent of Shakti has taken hold of me, imperious, intolerant, almost bewildering; the substance wondered whether all that was not going to shatter; then a complete Yes: “Down to the last atom, it is Yours, it is Yours—and it is You.”

*

It is a day of Divine realisation.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw a fire or blaze in a matter that seemed to be subterranean (I saw that through a kind of porthole in the depths of the earth).



September 8, 1982

One doesn't know how to do, but one can give oneself, and if the gift were total and radical enough, down to the depths of the body, it is the Divine itself that would come and do.

It is those body's depths that should be touched.

*

Afternoon

In *fact*, one is immersed in the sun, one walks in the sun and everything is the Sun, only one is not aware of it. The “transformation” is perhaps *to become aware that one is full of sun*—that it is *there*. It is not to be “obtained,” it is to be un-covered. There is nothing to “transform,” only to be what is *there*.



September 9, 1982

Divine moments.

The clear “Pipe.”

A prayer: “May the hour of India come.” (and also: may that *Congress*¹ be beheaded).

The body: a way to touch the earth.



September 10, 1982

Suddenly, a grey country, unresponsive (at the level of the knees, the movement gets stuck).

The knees = the center of the corporeal subconscious.



September 11, 1982

Last night, I met the *red wolf* of the Vedas. It was coming up from the depths. A howl more ferocious than that of any dog. It was as if it howled in my very bedroom. I stopped it with my cudgel. (It seems that I meet with

¹ Nehru’s and Indira Gandhi’s party, which presided over the partition of India.

the Vedic experiences: the “seven rivers”: that Light that one drinks. The “arid mountain.” The “dawn” and its disappearances....) So I am on a path.

*

The body’s joy of spreading out in the light. Now that it has tasted that, it is such an intense need, a need that is not an anguish as it used to, but a joy to need and know that it is there, like a naked child running towards the sea.

All those voices which have been unceasingly harassing me for months: “Beware, you will damage your brain (I heard that last night), beware, this is the ego, beware of not “pulling,” you will break, and the ambition and so on and so forth.... “it is dangerous, you’re imagining things....” The body kicks all that out with a laugh—“now, I know.” All the “wisdom” and precautions and hidden fears. A faith of the body: now, I know.

Yes, I can say it: Sri Aurobindo and Mother have OPENED the path.

*

Afternoon

A prayer arose:

to belong to you so totally
that no mistake is possible anymore
that every step is right
that every act is right
that every thought is right
that every will is right
for
what-You-will

Then there was an ineffable white fusion.

Glory to You, Lord
Glory to You, Lord
Glory to You, Lord



September 13, 1982

I don't understand. Yesterday, September 12, as I was trying to push the consciousness down to the tip of the toes and praying to become conscious of these cells, suddenly all of the individual consciousness went up to the top of the cranium and a little higher, and it has not moved from there since yesterday!

What does it mean???

The body is like an empty shell or a little puppet below. I don't understand.

I went to the village this morning, did the shopping at the general store, chose fabrics for the entrance bedroom, and the consciousness remained above without moving, imperturbable, like a rather dense or heavy mass, which pressed on the cranium. I have *not* tried to go up above for years, and now that I want to go to the very bottom, I am pulled to the heights!

*

Evening

That is, now it is You who reign over my life.

And a joy, a joy! That is the "bliss above." It's marvelous!

The joy to be Yours.

PS: On March 13, '63, Mother had told me: "You came to manifest the bliss above".... nineteen years ago....



September 14, 1982

The consciousness has constantly remained above for three days. I wake up and it is there, I do anything and it is still there.

All that the sages and mystics have said is true and millions of times more!

It is the great Source.

An adoration.

The being is *seized* with adoration.

Then it is as if everything were becoming round, without any top or bottom: a block of luminous and eternal adoration.

There is just enough “I” to adore and repeat You—You—Yours, Yours. Then even that is seized into that naked, pure adoration—full.



September 15, 1982

I don't need me anymore ! I no longer need all that I have done, written, created, no longer need all that fossilized identity, neither the best nor the worst—I need this only second *now*, new: You. As if nothing had ever been, but You. The world of tomorrow.

*

Simply a human little man who tries to put himself at the disposal of Your great divine adventure upon earth.

I don't want anything for my personal delight, but to take a first step for my human brothers—to get out of this reign, so ignorant, so obscure, so painful. I can still hear Mother, panting: “Oh! let the reign of the Divine come.... I am in a hurry.”



September 16, 1982

Only one prayer:

a spot of Matter
that would be purely
Yours



September 17, 1982

(Morning at the dentist's + orphanage.)

I understand: from above, the Force and the Light come down and circulate much more smoothly in the body than before (before, I had the impression that it could explode).

A kind of enthusiasm of the body or of the material consciousness in calling and receiving that Light, as if the body were telling itself: "But if I am open, receptive, luminous enough, through this body the Divine can set out to conquer the obscurity of the world, it is like a basis for the Divine."

It is not a "personal" realization. As if the body had not the sense of the "personal" and *everything* were immediately concerned. For Matter, there is no "I."

*

Vision

Last night, I was in a sort of building or subterranean tank, somewhat coneshaped, at the bottom of which there were four black masses and a few beings or shapes that I could not see (there was a kind of shining stick that they pointed at some point of the space or the earth). I looked at that from above and suddenly I told myself or exclaimed: "But they are going to blow up the earth!" It was the intensity of this thought that woke me up.

There was also, on a wall of that tank, some kind of graphics with curves

going in all directions, like trajectories *above* the Earth*.

*

O Mother, to be so totally Yours that the beautiful story, the fairy tale can continue ... there, just as when you held my hands and we went into the future of the earth. Oh, again, again!...



September 18, 1982

The great, white Tidal Wave of Mother.

Where is the “Goal”?

I am in it!

A fullness to bursting. 3 p.m.

*

I went for a walk in the forest, drank a glass of “Ruby,” smoked a cigar, and the experience was still there, compact, present ... like an absolute. 7.30 p.m.



September 19, 1982

Every morning, I have to go through a dull, heavy layer, rather lethargic and sullen, which doesn't feel at all like making an effort, before rekindling this Matter. Each time, the light is as engulfed in that layer—what will it take to change that? All the experiences of the day before ... yes, they go back to the day before. It is the very nature of the substance that should be changed—that is perhaps the “first decisive step.” For all those experiences

* Probably their intercontinental « missiles »—it was that “shining stick” that was disquieting.

seem to be “decisive” when they occur, and yet one feels that it is not the true decisive yet. It is a sticky layer, a bit like quicksand closing over anything that touches it.

The true decisive is in the body.

Nothing is achieved as long as it is not the body that has achieved.

*

In fact, that layer doesn't seem to be a constituent of Matter but something that covers Matter. So, I am hopeful.... (I think of that “opaque periphery” of the cell Mother spoke of.)

*

That sticky layer resembles a little the thickness that Mother's hands have to traverse to come and take mine.

*

Evening

Sujata tells me that she doesn't want to stay until the end. Grief, always.... As for me, I want to stay until the end to wring this old misery's neck! I have old scores to settle with pain.

It is no longer for me that I live.

*

Everything is possible if you keep my hands in yours. It is like the whole earth crying: oh! again, again....

*

But my heart bleeds.



September 20, 1982

O Mother, it is now that I live your departure, as it seems. It had been

hidden to me by all that battle and that work to do, and now....

Everything boils down to that: I am unable to accept that coffin.

And now it is Sujata who wants to leave. I cried this morning like a child.
I am nearly fifty-nine.

I'm looking and looking at that photo of Mother's in front of me....

A cock is crowing, it has been crowing for thousands of years which are the same.

*

Afternoon

Underneath all that, the body doesn't understand very well all those miseries of life and those painful feelings, and why one wouldn't have delights?—the others above do ethics, catechism and yoga, and “no selfishness, no ambition, no personal needs” and so on—but the body only asks to feel that sun again, to drink that divine light again, to adore that again and again, and where is the evil? It doesn't understand very well all that fuss above, it only asks to be bathed in sun and to breathe this sun and drink this sun and live in this sun for ever and ever. And why is it not forever?

*

Evening

Sujata has understood: as a couple, one multiplies the possibility.



September 21, 1982

For the body, the Divine is not a thought or even a feeling: it is a delight, like a flower opening in the sun, like a dried earth drinking the rain. And it

is very naturally simple, as if it were Nature itself.

When the body sunbathes, it is only the bark; here it is sun inside-everywhere.

I was feeling-living that delight, this morning, when suddenly the consciousness (which was still at the top of the head) began to rise and rise and rise, indefinitely, with from time to time big golden nebulas, and it was rising into the infinite with stages of great, white silence, and rising again.... It lasted more than an hour, until the postman's arrival and lunchtime—I don't know if it doesn't continue to rise?

I wonder what it means.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw a strange thing, which must be connected to the experience of this morning: my body was at the bottom of the water, very deep, like at the bottom of an ocean, and suddenly it resurfaced like a cork! and I saw it emerging from the water and rising up into the sky!

Sujata says: according to Sri Aurobindo and the Vedas, the ocean = the Inconscient. The body emerges from the Inconscient.

*

When I say: "the Divine is Nature itself," it is an abstract way of saying it, but it is adorable!

Now, there is no doubt that I am on a path.

*

Afternoon

The impression that the consciousness has remained very far above and that I am enveloped in silence.

A white contemplation, very immobile.

And more than an hour went by like a few minutes.

Only a prayer in this silence: to let myself be remolded by You.

*

Evening

I feel that there is a method in all that. It is a forest, but there is a method in these experiences.

I realize in a very practical way that They have *opened* the way and that a “sunlit Path” is possible for men—if they consent to it.



September 23, 1982

Since that “ascension” of the 21st, I no longer know very well where I am or where I’m at with it....



September 24, 1982

Sad day.



September 25, 1982

This need alone remains, so poignant.

*

Like tears that have not been cried for centuries.

*

Sometimes, I spend hours calling Mother, trying to feel her hands in mine again, and it is elusive, it is painful.

One must go down even deeper, farther than the heart; farther than feelings and representations and forms, descend into that primary Matter,

which has been the same for fifty-nine years and past galaxies, like a tree, a plant, a blade of grass, and seek the answer *there*—what only asks for the sun, without good, without evil, without feelings, only the sun ... forever.

*

It is like the bottom of a poignant night.

A never-ending descent, naked.

*

I no longer understand anything.



September 26, 1982

I wonder whether it is not the whole power of the higher mind that has been “sent out for a walk,” (as Mother would say) during the experience of September 21, for I feel much more passive than before. Before, the higher mind was actively and powerfully involved in the aspiration. It seems that the body is more left to itself, with a mind that is always there, observing and “commenting”—something that observes everything and accurately classifies.

I don't mind becoming stupid in this way, if I become a little more intelligent in the other way.

*

Afternoon

A slow, white penetration-infusion.

May this body become Your experience field of the new species.



September 27, 1982

Spent the morning with the drain pipes of the cowshed. Suddenly, it caused such a revolt in my material consciousness, as if I were in connection with all those pipes in my body and that complication and fixity of Matter—what can you do with all that? It was suddenly *the* problem: what can you do with this Matter? And the intimate pipes and the teeth which fall and the aging? What can the consciousness do with or within that? And I recalled Mother's question: "What if Matter, what we call Matter, was precisely the Falsehood: something that must fall because it is not receptive?" How to *change* that? Is it changeable? A stiff neck or a slightly swollen pipe in the head is enough to put you in front of *the* problem.¹ But what then? Where is that light, luminous, porous Matter? Will this be changed into That?

Yet, that day when the body was drinking the Divine, everything seemed possible.

?

All that one can do is TO TRY. After all, one day a first reptile became a bird, didn't it? It did not happen through millions of years and millions of imperceptible changes that took the plunge in the end—there has been *one* moment when it flew off and a first old reptile became a first new bird in its own skin. There was "someone who."

*

God willing, everything is possible, that's all. And even if it is an illusion, better to die of that.

*

It is the *consciousness* of the body that must change, afterwards we'll see.

¹ It was not a « stiff neck » at all, but the beginning of a long battle between this new Power and Satprem's vertebrae or the physical resistance of the old animal system.

*

Afternoon

Again spent more than an hour with the drain pipes of the cowshed. Then there was such a cry for the light, in my whole body down to the toes, as if there was no difference between those pipes and my own matter.... I don't know.

There was a luminous immobilization in the body with the sensation of a rather crushing Shakti that could not be born but in that immobility—as if immobility = porosity, transparency.

*

I force myself to write these notes but it is really a disturbing job. Something compels me to do it.... These landmarks could help, who knows?

*

If something could budge in the pipes of India, it would not be that bad!



September 27-28, 1982 (night)

Vision

Saw my bedspread on fire (an Indian shawl). Fire in India? (A shawl from Kashmir.)



September 28, 1982

A state that resembles an empty house. A sort of general neutrality with simply the aspiration of the material consciousness to open to the light, and

behind, the strength of the soul which supports everything. But nothing with pretty stories. Which confirms to me that the higher mind must have flown away somewhere and left me on my own with this need for light in the body—something that is very naked and simply aspiring—and the other, with his precision eyeglasses, the “commentator,” who has not much to comment on.

One feels very null, without any appreciable difference with any other object. The difference is that one offers oneself to the light in a conscious way. It can last for centuries....

*

Afternoon

A passivity that fills with a luminous Presence. That’s all.

As one doesn’t know the way, one can’t try to imagine it. One only has to open one’s hands and offer oneself to Them. One can imagine the immensity above, but in the body, one cannot imagine: one has to be it.

O Ma, take my hand and lead me.



September 29, 1982

Everything boils down to unraveling the vibratory network (or rather the tight-wound vibratory ball) which imprisons the material consciousness.

*

Afternoon

Mother’s Mantra is a powerful dilator of the substance. Particularly the sound OM—a marvel.

An enthusiasm takes hold of Matter.

I think I’ve got the “knack.”

There is a *way* of repeating the Mantra.



September 30, 1982

This material consciousness is very curious: it doesn't depend at all on and laughs at the "psychological state" of the subject Satprem. As soon as it is quiet, it begins to aspire and make the Power flow, whatever the feelings or "moods," or even the absence of feelings, and whatever the thoughts and quite prosaic mental preoccupations of the subject are (what the psychology or theology of the fish means for a lizard in the sun?) It does not need at all noble flights and psychical and sentimental stimulations: it works by itself. It seems that the Divine is a respiration for it. It has an astonishing stability, like the physical respiration—to breathe, no need to be enthusiastic! Yet, there is an enthusiasm in that breathing.



October 2, 1982

The impression that "one" has let me down since September 21. Nothing is left of that great creative Energy which saw the whole picture and gave you a terrestrial sense, but instead, a very small material consciousness which aspires as it can, but without feelings, without thoughts, a little like the consciousness of a cow, perhaps—but a cow that recriminates or is conscious enough to be aware of its smallness and feel all that it has "lost." It makes for something that is so drab, so grey and dull—that is perhaps what Mother called the "horrible thing," I don't know. When all flights have been removed, all thoughts, ideals and feelings, what is left? And the body wonders why it is no longer the sun—why its sun has been removed from

it? It feels like a punished child, one doesn't know why. The cow has the advantage to be purely a cow, while that is neither a cow nor a pig nor a man—what is it?

Besides my “commentator” I must have a “recriminator.”

I only have to wait until it is over.

I still hear Mother: “One has to accept to be stupid for quite a while.” Now I understand. And She asked me: “Wouldn't you find that distressing?”...

*

Vision

Now I remember: two or three nights ago, I suddenly saw a mouth that was opening and whose teeth had all been pulled out, except a lower one which remained. Teeth = material habits. I've reached the stage of the last tooth (!) There is a last tooth to pull out—which one?

As it was not a wisdom tooth, it must be the tooth of human stupidity.

It is comforting to think that 31 have already gone.

*

Afternoon

We must accept the conditions as they are—it is as You will. And I've started again to follow the rhythm of that aspiration-respiration of the material consciousness—naked, without mental or sentimental embellishments, without representations of any kind, without “asking” for anything—while the Mantra repeated itself automatically. And I felt that there was a secret in that very nudity.

One has to persist *there*.

That nudity began to fill with an intense, white radiance, almost immobile. It must lead somewhere.



October 3, 1982

Before, a sail boat on the sea had such a meaning for me—it is no longer so.

Before, a book of light and beauty had a terrestrial meaning—it is no longer so.

All human meanings have gone. There only remains that will or need to find the path of the new species.

I find myself strangely similar to that child near the window of his little bedroom at *Ker Lise*¹, who stared and stared so intensely at a Bay of light where no veil was for him—what has changed?

One remains alone with the need of one's soul.

*

Such a poignant and naked need in the depths.

A cry so old that it goes back to the mists of time. Ah! what have I lived? Nothing exists yet!

If I died tomorrow, only that cry would remain.

*

I'm trying to repeat to myself what Mother would say to me: "The Lord loves Satprem...."

*

Afternoon

In the aspiring nudity of the material consciousness, the intensity grows and becomes so compact that one has the sensation of being frozen. It seems to overflow the body. It is white-bluish and very compact. No feelings, only:

¹ The house of Satprem's Breton childhood.

to belong to That.

*

Evening

Sometimes, it is so intense that one wonders if one is not going to die.

*

I realize that the problem is, for the body, to be able to bear, without exploding, the rather formidable Power—not human in any case—which goes through it.

I wonder whether what we call “Power” is not what would be equivalent to the open air for a fish.

The “open air” is the next Divine.



October 4, 1982

My head is very confused.

All of the old life leaves me like a coat.

I seem to slowly go away, aspirated by another unknown, and yet material country. It is the channel of this material consciousness that is the place of the passage.

One has the feeling of an irreversible process.

It takes a very strong compass of the soul.

It is extraordinarily silent and soft, with, far off in the distance, in one's ears, that great undulation. As if one were sinking ... I don't know where.

It doesn't matter, as long as it is You.

It looks like something that changes density.

L. came to bring my lunch.

Those notes are tedious and prevent me from going more freely, but perhaps I have to leave traces behind me (?).

*

I've vigorously slapped my "commentator." I no longer want to note anything but the inevitable. The material consciousness does not talk so much hot air—it is so simple in its aspiration. It doesn't need to "understand" the process: it needs to walk towards the sun. It doesn't care at all how things take place, as long as they take place.



October 5, 1982

This morning, an interesting phenomenon happened: the material consciousness has sent packing, almost violently, what comes from the mind. It asserted its aspiration against everything else, without worrying about the consequences, without fearing whether it would crack or not, without any need of formulating—simply to be this aspiration, naked, pure—the Mind seems to be a faker to it: something that distorts and darkens and checks the flow.

There is a victorious intensity in the material consciousness.

This morning, something caught fire in the material consciousness—it rejects the mental yoke and asserts itself, pure.



October 6, 1982

Delhi-Lucknow.

(Satprem was thus called to Lucknow to receive the tantric mantra that, he thought, would "help" him on the way.)



October 9-10, 1982 (night)

A vision of Sujata's

Indira pretends to embrace me and stabs me in the heart, then falls.
Sujata tramples her.

Which means that she stabbed the divine action and fell—things must be close to the material physical. (Sujata must represent something of India's soul.)



October 11, 1982

Lucknow. Such intense a prayer in this material consciousness (after reading the latest vile acts of Indian policy): O Lord, let a microscopic place of this Earth change!



October 11-12, 1982 (night)

A vision of Sujata's

She took a small road. There was a peach-tree in blossom. She held my cape in her arms, then on her head, lest it should get dirty. The road climbed the mountain, Sujata was alone. She was singing in Bengali: "And now the time has gone like the star at the end of the night." There was a great sadness in her heart.

I would like to find the "passage" before leaving.

*

Afternoon

I rediscover the meaning of “transparency.” There are, like that, key experiences that one loses and finds and loses again.

For twenty days I have been struggling in the tunnel of the material consciousness, as if drilling with the Mantra, and this “labor” in itself, I realize, created a thickness. One must “let through-let through the divine beams.” I’ve started to feel again what it means.

But as Mother says: “You think you have found a key—the next minute it does not work anymore.” Perhaps it takes more than one key, or a new key at every moment—the path is never safe, no sooner have you felt it a little under your feet than it vanishes elsewhere....

Let’s see “Tranparency.”

Yet, in August, the experiences came and it was so simple and irresistible. One doesn’t know how it comes or why it goes.



October 14, 1982

Lucknow. O Ma, Your beautiful story for the world.

*

O Lord, it is the man of many lives, many miseries, many mistakes, who pray to You for the Earth to change, for Man to change.

May it be the prayer of man for Man.



October 15, 1982

Lucknow, Hairkhand, Babaji.

Received the Mantra.



October 18, 1982

They cannot bear the Truth unless it is disguised and clothed in a number of lies.



October, 1982

Vision

Lucknow? I didn't note the date and didn't note the fact at once because I didn't understand its meaning. This is what I saw. A great Palace in India. Foreign, Western tourists were visiting the Palace. As they went past, they quietly put precious objects in their pockets, while the "hostess" looked at them without saying anything—and the "hostess" was Sonia Gandhi!¹



October 21, 1982

Back in our place.

I wish I would never move again.

All human relations are built on Falsehood.



October 24, 1982

This journey to the North has been a frightening devastation of the whole

¹ I did not understand because it was Indira Gandhi who was the « hostess » at the time. It was only two years later, in October, '84, that she would be assassinated and that Sonia would become the « hostess. »

work. Life as it is is an unreal Falsehood. There is only ONE thing, one only thing to do, and really until death or eternal Life: to CHANGE this Matter that puts a veil of unreality on the only Reality. Now all of my breath, of my heart, of my being, cries for that change—and not a personal change: Matter has to change, oh! it has to do so. Or else, it is frightening—a frightening futility.

*

Evening

I wonder whether this Mantra is not an old remnant of the man who wants to “do”?

Mother’s Mantra is enough.¹

The Supreme Lord alone.....



October 25, 1982

Now I am alone with the Alone.

There is nothing else left.

I am at the end of life and of all human lives.

That, alone.

It is like a death and like the only possible way.



October 26, 1982

This sticky layer that envelops Matter, grey, neutral, drab, inert. You repeat and repeat the Mantra and you have the impression that you are

¹ So Satprem rejected (or rather let fall) the tantric mantra. He felt that it created a *weight*

hammering cotton wool or drilling some glue. In those cases, you feel that you'd better go angling.

October 27, 1982

Mother is the One who changes all mistakes into victory.

I think that I have an explanation for that disastrous journey to Lucknow and the devastation of the earlier work: it is the “last” tooth to pull out—the tooth of the tantric power. That one had to be pulled out. When one can no longer “do” anything, the Lord does.

Tantric mantras are to the reality of matter what electronic gadgets are to the cell—marvelous, artificial lies. Another Power is needed—the next power. All the rest is tricks of the fishbowl.

The “Lord” is the next Power.

*

The Lord = the soul of the Earth and of everything that exists. The seed of evolution.

Love at the bottom.

*

A page has been turned.

I'm reaching the beginning of the path.

*

All that tries to mechanize “that” is a falsehood.

*

Then, the perfect simplicity of all that.

*

I remember Mother, holding over her heart, for a long time, the small orange handkerchief that she gave me: “Everything is there, everything is

that stood between him and Mother—the true work.

there!”

How many thousands of detours to reach one true second.



October 28, 1982, afternoon

It is awful, nothing responds. As if the golden vibration that came in August were gone.... But it is mortal. Why should I be so cruelly punished? Am I so insincere?

The Lord loves Satprem, the Lord will not let me down like that, will He?



October 29, 1982

Terrible return of the karma.

I am a broken man.

I wish I could do the work.

Thirty-nine years ago, it “was” hell.

What neither the Gestapo nor the camps managed to do, what neither the Ashram people nor the Tantrics nor the pains that I went through managed to do has been done today.

From where am I going to draw the hope, the trust and the love for Earth to do the work? I don't know anymore.



October 30, 1982

Disastrous October 30. Fifty-nine years.

There is such a wound in the depths of my being that if I can't manage to

change it into love, I am lost.

I struggle not to pack my bags once again.

*

It is not even out of love for Earth that one can do the work or for the Earth's sake, but out of love for the Supreme Lord and for the Supreme Lord's sake—nothing else can do or is worth it.

May this disaster be changed into victory.



October 31, 1982

The time of the realization is near.



November 1, 1982

Divine Presence in the body.

YOURS.



November 2, 1982

Afternoon

O Lord, Your Sun

forever. Forever.

May it be the first decisive step towards a divine future on Earth and in a body. Towards Mother's beautiful story on Earth.

*

Vision of Sujata's

This afternoon, during the experience, Sujata was sleeping. For her part, she saw this: she was in the palace of Ravana, the Asura,^{*} who was pacing up and down, as if feeling his end: Lakshman, Rama's brother, was already coming and Rama was about to follow.¹ Then Sujata saw that "Ravana" was Pranab. (Ravana held Sita prisoner, like Mother in her golden dungeon.)

*

Vision of Satprem's

Three or four nights ago (probably in the night of that awful October 29) I had a strange "dream." (It took me long to digest this "dream.") I saw a kind of gigantic space capsule, with a huge porthole. That capsule partially lay on the ground. Then I saw the "admiral": a man, or rather a Titan around three meters tall, clothed in a long black cape, with a sort of black tricorne on his head, whose back side formed like a big, black feather, straight and stiff. That "man" had an extraordinary power, maleficent of course, he had an icy stiffness, with an absolute self-control. He was very furious with a little man who had a light, white complexion, not luminous but very clear; and the little man was obviously dominated and frightened, trying to be respectful with that black giant, whose cold fury, without any gesture, was somewhat formidable. Then the two individuals (the small man and the Titan) got off and arrived in front of a kind of gangway ladder or small, narrow wooden stairs, as can be found in boats (it was no longer in the "capsule" at all, but outside, ashore, if I may say so, or near a quay). The little man wanted to step aside to let the Titan climb first, but the Titan, furious, pushed the little

* I wonder whether the palace of Ravana the Asura does not symbolize the Palace of the Government of India.

¹ In the Indian epic Ramayana, Ravana, the king of Sri Lanka, abducts Sita, the wife of Rama, the exiled king of Ayodhya. The latter, particularly helped by his brother Lakshman, launches an attack on Sri Lanka, vanquishes Ravana and releases Sita.

man to make him climb in front; then, when the little man had climbed a few steps, the Titan gave him a formidable kick up the backside, as if to thrust him to the top of the gangway ladder (a little as if he was saying: get lost on your *old* boat). And he went off, apparently to go back to his capsule.

All that had an atmosphere of “science fiction,” especially that “admiral” with his black cape.

It seemed to me that the small clear man was myself. I felt all that he felt, as if from within, and yet I was looking at him from far.

I really have the impression that that “admiral” with his capsule is the symbol or the “master” of the tantric Power—hence his fury because I had rejected the Mantra. Obviously, “they” prepared to make me create a “superman” in the tantric way. Once a prisoner of the tantric Mantra, I would have created, or they would have created through me a frightening vital world worthy of those of the science fiction: I would have flown in the air and made the whole circus.

They were furious.* (I became fully aware of it during those tragic days of my “birthday.”)

*

The impression of a big jigsaw puzzle which is not yet very clear but whose pieces all fit together: Ravana, the Admiral, and the first decisive step.

Perhaps we will see in the facts.

*

O Ma, ô Sri Aurobindo, I only want to be your child and do your work on Earth: to link with a golden thread your world of beauty and truth to the terrestrial shore.

* Absolutely the sort of forces that would like to take hold of the Earth—and which, in fact, have rather succeeded!)



November 3, 1982

May this child of man lend his matter to Your world of love and beauty.

*

After thirty-nine years of a painful life, I am starting a life of marvel.



November 4, 1982

In the very small acts of life, one sees those sordid and radically cruel forces lurking—the same that create and want wars, kill, torture, shoot and imprison—it is there everywhere, everywhere, behind the smiles and in one's very bedroom. Oh! another creation is needed, absolutely needed, a new creation that escapes that sordid reign and has the power to resist the contamination.

O Lord, this substance has to be changed, it is glaring.

A new *physical* nature.

All “powers” (yogic, tantric, intellectual....) coagulate and solidify the substance; what is needed is the Power that comes from an absolute transparency, but not “transparent” like crystal: transparent like interstellar space.

*

Afternoon

One believes that the Marvel is there, then suddenly one finds oneself in front of a wall. And why is it like that? One doesn't know.

I should no longer say anything.

*

I feel a deep sorrow, I don't know why. I wish I would go out of this old

dungeon.



November 5, 1982

I have drawn my curtains.

I have closed the door of the heart, the door of the mind. All sentiments are deceptive, all thoughts are dishonest, all the perceptions that “that’s it” (or “that’s not it”) are false—that whole world translated by the mind is rigged.

There only remains that old stock ... which prays (for what, whom? I don’t know). And I no longer want to say anything.

*

Simply, to offer this matter to that Sun, obstinately.



November 6, 1982

A very tenuous work in an immobile silence. As if one tried to awaken a billion little consciousnesses like needle points in the whole body, or to spread, very slowly, a big, white tidal wave on a billion microscopic, small white pebbles.

And is it that which “does”?

To try is the main thing.

*

Afternoon

Now I really know what the Supramental is.

No sooner had I sat down than the descent started. It lasted for an hour and a half. Mother would say: “full-full,” your mouth is full of it, your

hands are full of it, it is full to bursting. Then everything froze in a bath of Power: the Supreme.

The Supreme on earth.

A man, a child of the earth, knelt down before You for the whole Earth and for all men.

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord.

*

Only the Supreme can be so simple.



November 7, 1982

What is surprising when “that” comes is that adherence of the body, in the body, so total, as if it cried out yes-yes-yes millions of times through all its pores, Yours, Yours, Yours, and then an intensity of aspiration like a joy tinged with adoration. It seems that the body suddenly *recognizes*—perhaps these billions of atoms recognize their original great Sun.... Or it is You in the depths who recognize You from all times. And this intensity of: Yours, Yours, Yours, it is You, it is You, it is You—oh! none of the realizations from above gives this, they are pale and unreal, hazy, compared to that adoring aspiration which takes hold of the whole body. Never does anything in the world say such a Yes.

The movement of Matter is joy and adoration.

*

Then, when one sees the futility of this minuscule body under the stars, which has a few more months or perhaps years to live, one says to oneself ... but it is not possible that all that, which took so many millions of years

and bodies to find its marvelous Goal, in its very Matter, could go and dissolve, scatter and start again its training in other obscure and ignorant bodies? It is not possible, not logical! It *must* be transformed.

I remember Susie's dream (it was in the night of November 2-3): she saw me "at another level" handling a piece of bark, from which I was carefully pulling out threads one by one in order to weave them into something else. Susie said that it was "a new creation." Mother spoke of that "bark" often enough. With the *same* matter, one weaves another cloth, light, airy?



November 9, 1982

Navajata has lost his case.¹ The supreme Court of India has pronounced itself against N. (Auroville).

A tooth pulled out.

Pierre informs me of his arrival.

It took the supreme Court to declare that Sri Aurobindo was "not a religion"!



November 10, 1982

When one's gaze rests on a leaf quivering in the wind, a tree, a landscape, the gaze is tranquil and free—it can get lost. When one looks at a human being, whoever they are, one feels caught in a sticky net, even if a pretty one, and *forced* to something. It is this contradiction that becomes difficult for me.

¹ Navajata, the chairman of the Sri Aurobindo Society, had appealed against the Indian Government's decision to take over Auroville.

*

It is the big backlash.

The muddy tidal wave of the subconscious has engulfed everything. It results in an exacerbated pain, a suffocation, and always that same urge to go and hide somewhere *alone*—no more humans, an absolute loathing for humans and the human way of being. I clench my teeth. It is painful.

*

Vision

Last night (I understand now), I saw this: there was somebody on a bed and that somebody was completely enveloped in the folds of a brownish bedcover. The room was in total darkness. I tried to switch on lights, but there were no lights. I tried to switch on my flashlight: it gave a yellow light. And I felt that that “somebody” was about to die or was dying. “Sri Aurobindo! Sri Aurobindo!” I called out in the dark. Then a cry woke me up: “Lord, save him.”

And that somebody who was dying was me.

What was dying was this new formation¹, very young and so fragile yet.

It is awful.



November 11, 1982

I feel all wounded within. The wave seems to recede a little, but it leaves behind a kind of general wound. So there will never be any sun without darkness!

*

Vision

Last night, I saw this: I was walking on the bare roots of a big tree that I could not see. Those roots, widely spread and entangled, sank into sand. In fact, I was probably very small compared with something that was gigantic. And there were everywhere invisible sharp ends which pierced my feet. Minuscule, long and invisible sharp ends.

The roots of the subconscious?

The family tree of man?

*

One only has to walk.

When one wants to get out of the human, one touches the total and sharp net.

*

Afternoon

No sooner had I sat down than a river of sun flew down which the body drank in long draughts, while the sound OM repeated itself and vibrated everywhere, in all the fibers, the nerves, the cells—like an exorcism of the Shadow, and something repeated: “Your sun forever-forever-forever.” Forever.... No more shadow. And the OM sounded like a growing carillon that beat with every pulsation of the body. At one moment, it was rather formidable and there was a second of anxiety, then something said in the body: “Since it is You, it can only be good.” And it was finished with fears. Then the river became denser, slower, thicker: it was like honey, but without thickness: a transparent and almost solid honey—powerful. Everything vanished into that: the Supreme. A Presence of the Supreme. “Let it be the Master forever.”

A step that has been taken forever.

¹ In fact, I wonder whether it was the new creation that was dying, or the old one? Doubtless it is like a death.

A supreme experience, of the Supreme, in a human body.

It lasted for nearly two hours.

And it continues on the quiet.

My mouth is still full of it, I am full of it everywhere, everywhere.

*

Something in me wondered whether all that was not going to have its terrestrial consequences? (in terrestrial Matter). I mean that exorcism of the Shadow.

*

Evening

Death of Brejnev.



November 14, 1982

Kâli-puja.

Pierre's arrival.

*

At the end of this long pilgrimage, I simply have to say that I love You.

*

(Letter to Sir C.P.N. Singh, originally in English)

Dearest Companion,

I have just received your letter dated Nov. 10 enquiring about the effect of the Mantra.

Very soon after my return from Lucknow, it became clear to me that I should discard this Mantra, which I have done immediately.

The effect of the Mantra was extremely powerful and almost immediately active, but it was felt as an interposition or a sort of screen

between Mother's direct action on me and myself. When I took the "mala" [garland of sandalwood) for repeating the Mantra, the mala became heavy, my arm was as if feeling a cramp and I felt that I was obstructing the simple connection between Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's force and presence, and myself. The Mantra was a powerful downpour of Force, but as if artificial, something imposed on me and not springing from within the body. I left it immediately. The goal is not to become powerful, but to awaken the consciousness and power of the cells from within—nothing to do with "siddhis" [yogic powers] or "spiritual power," quite another matter. I have understood that only the Supreme and the supreme Power can do the work; a direct contact between the Supreme Divine and the aspiring soul—nothing in between, no intermediary, no gods or goddesses. It is something absolutely new with no connection with the old powers, even the greatest known powers. In simple terms, it is a matter of complete, sincere and simple surrender. To the Supreme alone, or Sri Aurobindo and the Mother—nothing else.

I was wondering why I had taken so much trouble to run after this Mantra and to take up all this journey—it seemed all foolish. Then, the night after I discarded the Mantra, I had a very peculiar and most unpleasant experience, which gave me the clue as to why I had to search after this Mantra and why I had to discard it. I cannot enter into details, but that night I met a huge, powerful being—a Titan. He was three metres high about (twelve feet) all dressed in a black cape, and he was in a cold rage and fury against me. He could not kill me somehow but he kicked me out in cold anger. This was followed the next few days by an avalanche of disturbances and violent antagonistic forces.

Then I understood. The one I was antagonizing, this Titan dressed in black, was simply the Master of the tantric Power on Earth. I have very nearly fallen into his trap and nearly become a prisoner of the tantric Power,

thus jeopardizing the whole Divine Work, and then I discarded the Mantra, hence the fury of the tantric gangsters who practically rule India and the “spiritual world.”

It was a test. I had to go through that test.

Then calm slowly returned and I was gratified with a wonderful series of decisive experiences, with Sri Aurobindo, the Mother and the new Supramental (and supra-tantric) power in the body. This is all I can say.

Now I practically spend all my time in deep concentration, except for my evening walk. I don't write letters anymore, don't meet anyone and I won't move from here till the work is done as far as I can. It is a complete withdrawal. Please excuse me if my letters are scarce—only this explanatory letter was due to you, since you have helped me to obtain the Mantra.

As for the future of India, let us see how things unfold. I have nothing more to tell. My very being is a prayer for India and for the future of human beings. The best I can do is to go *up to the end* with all my strength and heart and soul.

Only the Supreme grace can do.

With love

Satprem



November 18, 1982

In my bedroom the day before L's departure: L-S, M-N, Pierre.

No obstacle. Nothing impedes.

If a handful of beings, only a handful, could want That alone.



November 20, 1982

That day when they put You in the grave.

I throw my whole self into Your divine blaze—body and soul.

Yours. Yours. Yours.

I am game for anything—anything.

All those sensible and critical voices—a determination to the death.

Let there be at least *one* man.

*

Afternoon

“Auropress” and others evade the takeover. (B.T.’s abominable, twisted letter to the administrator of Auroville.) Once again legalities will be at the service of Falsehood. Nothing has been done in Auroville and nothing will be done. Only a supreme divine intervention can save Auroville and the world.

But the plain fact is that nine years ago to the day, men put the Truth and the Light in a box—they did not want them.

So what?

Shall I too have to go and die there?¹

O Lord, let *one* spot of Matter be purely, totally Yours—that is all I can do for the world. And I will do it up to my last breath.

*

Evening

If the Divine did not want the plan with J.R.D. Tata, it was because something far more radical must purify India—and perhaps the world.

One makes us measure, drop by drop, the extent of the Battle and its

¹ Satprem had asked himself if he had not better go to Auroville and fight there. (What an

abyss.

There are millions and millions of Navajatas and B.T.s (symbol of the humain filth) to send rolling.... So what?

*

Vision

Last night, I was in the Ashram. There was a ceremony and all the people were sitting on the ground (perhaps near the Samadhi), and I was looking for a place to sit down. There was just a tiny vacant spot in the midst of the crowd; it was like a small, rather luminous circle, slightly tinged with pale yellow. I wanted to sit down there. They told me: “No-no-no! It’s Mother’s place.” I went further, looking for a corner. The only free place was full of excrement. That’s all.

Since this morning, something is blocked in my throat.



November 21, 1982

That cry of adoration from matter when “that” comes! One is gorged with sun.

Full-full. Inflated with sun.

Something that is so irrefutable, as if it were the living Divine flowing into the body.

What can one say? One says: always-always-always and forever. Take. Take. Take all of that and forever. Glory to You, Lord, glory to You, Lord....

This is the goal of ages.

As if one had not drunk for ages.

illusion!)

It is.

An invasion of Sun.



November 22, 1982

For the umpteenth time, I must struggle against the temptation to leave alone. Oh! Lord, to get out of all this human way, this human relationship, this human way of being and living, to emerge into something as radically different as the lizard in the sun is different from all those fish.

I need-need That, intensely and irrevocably—all the rest....

*

Afternoon

Like an immense gaze that embraces a tranquil and powerful infinite, and a small white shell on the great beach of the world.

*

Night

Lord, I only feel like being at Your feet and not moving from there anymore.

We have got so used to the cruel game that we can no longer believe that it will not continue to be cruel.

*

At the end of the human journey, there only remains that “I love You.”



November 23, 1982

Last night, the blockage of the throat became very intense, like an obstructed vein, and my head ached a lot, as if the circulation did not work

normally. I thought I was going to die. This morning, I have the impression that I have bricks instead of a brain and the circulation is not normal.

This body must absolutely understand that all depends on what They want, and that's all. Only one doesn't know very well if it is for the transformation or for dying—it's stupid to die.

Or is it the pack of poison that those people sent me in the night of November 19-20?

Now is the time to work and learn.



November 24, 1982

Vision

My head is still reduced to a pulp, but last night, as if to make me have confidence, I was shown myself “galoping” on an elephant's back.

How to receive those Energies without their passing through the head?

*

One only has to let oneself be carried by the elephant!!

*

I see: those Tantrics and their filthy magic, those B.T.s and their kind, everything, everything is an opportunity of discovering Your infinite tenderness. All works for You.



November 25, 1982

After that experience of the boiling in my head, I try to let the energies pass directly through the center of the breast and from there to spread them lower down—and I realize, after having some trouble, that I can reach the

body far more directly than when they passed through the head. One feels an inflation everywhere in the limbs and something that seems to blossom. I am not yet used to it and I must constantly make sure that the head is left out, but I think that I am making discoveries.

O Ma, take my hand and lead me.



November 26, 1982

A marvelous Presence. Truly the Supreme, there.

And at the same time, the betrayals in Delhi.

Something must happen before a year, or else Auroville is lost.

It seems that the circle is closing or tightening—like at the kill.



November 27, 1982

The marvelous Presence is constant. It is our absent-minded stupidity that impedes.

*

Truly, They take me powerfully, irresistibly, on the back of their marvelous elephant!

*

Afternoon

The whole body is a hymn of love and gratitude: it is that, it is for that that we have lived those millions of years!

Something that adores.

One must be very immobile for everything not to crack.

I am living the Marvel.



November 28, 1982

The most marvelous day of my life. The impression—the sensation, the being-right-here—that I am being reverted to my first state when I was only that child, aboard the *Bagheera*, who loved the open sea and the sun and the wind running.

May Your sunny sea run in my veins, my heart, my life, forever. Only that Immensity of sunny love. Only that child lost with love and sun and high wind. You alone. And forever.

Oh, Lord, You fill me up.

Between this and That, a long, agonizing aberration.



From November 28 to 29, 1982

Vision of Pierre's

My brother Pierre “dreams” that the Samâdhi is smashed to pieces in front of the disciples mad with fear. B.T., all dressed in black and bending over, brings me back *The Sannyasin*. Then Pierre sees Mother and Sri Aurobindo come out of the forest and come into my bedroom here....*



November 30, 1982

I try to decentralize or decoagulate this corporeal consciousness, to

* This vision is all the more strange as Pierre knows nothing of the Samadhi and of Pondicherry.

spread it like a sunny stretch of water.

*

Evening

At the end of a life,
not yet in the next one.

*

Vision

A few nights ago, probably as President Mitterrand arrived in India, I saw this:

I was on the first floor of the “Government Palace.” All was in the dark. A servant came and informed me that I had to get ready for the reception downstairs. I was about to go down, when I told myself: “I must fetch the “small one.” I returned to look for the “small one” in the dark. I was groping my way, when suddenly the light came on and I saw the President and his wife (a cruel cat, or rather a panther) seated side by side in front of a huge faience bowl full of soup or food. I nearly stumbled on the bowl and put it on the ground. The woman was furious.

So the President and his wife were pigging themselves alone in darkness, while the “small one” was ... one doesn’t know where it was.

The “small one” is the soul of France.

*

Vision

I was too lazy to note down what I saw one night, ten days before Brejnev’s death, that is, at the beginning of November.¹

¹ Not only « lazy, » but uncomprehending, because most of those visions do not correspond with present facts but with facts that do not exist yet, so one does not adjust or measure their value, or one mistakes that for a “nonsense.”

One night, I spent a very long time—at least what seemed long in my sleep—being grilled by the KGB. Those people wanted to know everything about Mother: what she was doing, who she was, what she was looking for.... It was long, serious, methodical, from people who did not want to miss a word and were not joking. As a matter of fact, it was very tiring.

Brejnev died, then Andropov was nominated and ... I hear that this Andropov was the chief of the KGB service. And of the “future” Gorbachev...!

But what is curious is that five or six days after this “questioning” and before Brejnev’s death, one night, I passed through Moscow and they offered me a gorgeous crystal glass filled with a golden drink that looked like cognac....—as a sign of friendship.

What is happening, or is going to happen in Russia? They are interested in Mother.

It seems that I am kept informed of what is happening in the world. (Perhaps because I draw nearer to the corporeal consciousness?—there is but *one* body.)

*

Another curious thing: the other day, I gave Pierre a rough idea of what is happening in Delhi with Indira and the Brahmachari. He answered at once: “Like Rasputin with the end of the tsars.” (!)



December 3, 1982

The Force is flowing, easy, sovereign, solar.

The impression of being like a strainer. A porous nebula traversed by beams.

To let oneself be remolded by “that.”

*

A surprising sentence of Pierre's: "Let's enter the divine cataclysm instead of the human cataclysm."

*

(Letter from Sujata to Sir C.P.N Singh, originally in English)

Revered Uncle,
Namaskar.

I was sitting at my typewriter, so I thought I shall type out a letter to you, long overdue.

First of all, thank you for the telegramme dt. 28.11.82.

Now to relate the dream I mentioned in my last letter. I had it on the 1st or the 2nd of November. It was in the afternoon. I found myself in a huge hall of a palace. A man, a huge man, was pacing the floor; his face exuded torment and fear. I seemed to be able to read his thoughts: He was Ravana, he knew that Lakshmana had already entered the palace and Rama was at the gates. Ravana knew that his doom had come. Hence his feverish pacing.

To the left of Ravana, and very vaguely discernible, was the form of a youth—Lakshmana. He stood still and watching. But Ravana seemed unaware of this presence.

Then the scene changed. It was another hall, smaller and more obscure than the first one. Ravana was giving instructions to his lieutenants for the defence of the palace. He had decided to put up a resistance, in spite of knowing fully well that his time was up.

At that moment it came to me that if I were seen, then my life would be in jeopardy. So trying to hide behind pillars, I stole away. And as I went on, I seemed to ascend. And the more I ascended the obscurer it became. Finally I managed to open the door that led outside. I was on level ground (although I got the impression of muddy ground).

I was underground all this time.

As I awoke, the face of 'Ravana' flashed before my eyes: Pranab.

*

How is your health? Please give us your news.

Your close Companion is engrossed in the task he has set himself.

That reminds me, Uncle, of the dream you had some months back. (Re: Mother & the jelly-like substance).¹ The other day I read in a French magazine (Tintin N°375 of 16.11.82) about the metamorphosis of a beetle, “cetonina.” (Goldsmith beetle?). Anyway, this beetle with bright metallic colours at the end of its existence becomes a cocoon within which remains only a “jelly” of what it was. Gradually this substance gets transformed to give form to a magnificent butterfly. Isn’t that interesting, Uncle?

With my loving pranams to revered Uncle.

Your love-bound,

Signed: Sujata.

December 6, 1982

Pierre’s departure : « the last edge. »

A big difficulty of outer adjustment to people. To write and even to talk is very difficult for me, as if it were no longer natural. The old tools are leaving, but the new ones are not yet here.

How I need Your sun and to spread myself out in the open!

Whenever I have to communicate, I have to get into a periwinkle shell—the I-periwinkle. It is suffocating. I want to *physically* get out of that shell, or widen it until it dissolves into the infinite.

*

Evening

To be purely Yours is enough—everything else will ensue.



¹ See *Notebooks II*, April 6, 1982

December 7, 1982

... ?

O Lord, a hope is needed for the species, or else it is so ignorant, so painful, when it is not perverted and distorted.



December 7-8, 1982 (night)

Vision

Last night, I saw this :

Suddenly, I cried out: “The big mango tree is collapsing!” and I saw, far off in the distance and in the middle of a cultivated field—a wide field—a big tree collapsing. It did not seem to sadden or disturb me and I told someone: “We are going to replant a mango tree here, at the corner of the field, like that it will not cast a shadow and will not prevent things from growing—it will make more room.” And I said: “Only this is a young mango tree and it will need time to grow—the other one was a forty-year-old mango tree,” and at the same time I said to myself: “But why forty years old? that mango tree was certainly more than a hundred!” And I further said to the one I was talking to: “Once placed here, the mango tree will protect the house against the heat of the rising sun.”*

I recounted that to Sujata, who told me: the mango tree must symbolize

* As far as I can judge, the newly planted mango tree corresponds perhaps to the Maharashtra region (Sujata points out to me that the Maharashtra is also Tata’s country). It was an area to the south of Bombay, not on the coast, but on the west side of India and not very low in South India.

someone—who?

Then I understood this: the big field = India. The big mango tree = the Nehru dynasty, who cast a shadow over this country and prevented the good fields from growing. Forty years ago, in 1942, it was the time of the “Cripps propositions”—the time when Nehru-Gandhi answered NO to Sri Aurobindo and the English prepared Pakistan (“Divide and quit.”)

All of that vision gave me the sensation of an action: I didn’t waste my time, I acted—I *moved* things, that shadow in the middle of the field which I transferred into a corner.

When will the collapse of the dynasty take place? The true India?

It was August 8 when I wrote to J.R.D. Tata and C.P.N., four months ago.



December 11, 1982

Suddenly, the body really understood that it was not at all a question of concentrating, but of spreading—it discovers itself, surprised, like a flower.

*

Afternoon

I rediscover, but with a marvelously concrete, physical meaning, what Mother told me: “You are like a garden of light”—oh! to be a garden of light for You! a place that would be purely Yours, where You could come and stroll upon Earth.

*

Always this fear in the body that everything should burst—and this answer that arises: what, am I not the child in the Mother’s lap? So....



December 12, 1982

The smallest shadow within me or within the people around me (it makes no difference) is perceived as something very painful, almost physically painful. O Lord, how I aspire to Your reign of Truth—Truth in the smallest vibration. And if possible, no vibrations at all: only the cry of what one is. Like plants, like animals. Like the soul.

Truth becomes a physical necessity: a question of vibration in Matter. The least dissension is already the beginning of death.

Obviously, we are less and less adapted to ordinary life.

One day, we had to stop being adapted to the ape's life, didn't we?

*

Afternoon

A mantle of snow has been drawn over the clamor and pains of human life; I have opened my dwelling in the vast peace and a softness from the depths of ages, where the body is one with the limitless life.

May I be there forever with my Douce¹, in Mother's tenderness.



December 13, 1982

The material consciousness is as if attached to the grating of life (by the way, one doesn't know exactly where the grating comes from—it is life that is grating) and a whole work is needed in the morning to convince it to let its grating drop and prefer light, vastness, peace.... Each time, everything has been forgotten and everything must be learnt again.

*

¹ Translators' note: In French : my Sweet One.

I have just been informed of one of the sources of “grating”: Pierre had said that he was going to India, so everyone in Paris knows where I am....

Also the very strong sensation of a betrayal in the air (particularly in Delhi-Lucknow).

Also the impression that the Administrator of Auroville has given in to B.T.’s bluff and that the former is once more escaping....

Really, only the Divine can do, because men—all men—are hopeless.

It is as if the substance or the corporeal consciousness were invisibly wounded or scratched, so it gets all tensed up without knowing why—and the whole work is blocked.

*

There we are !

Photo in the *Indian Express* of an Iranian child (5-6 old), in uniform like a little soldier and holding a rifle in his hands—carried at the top of a tank during a recent military parade in Teheran.



December 14, 1982

Nothing is ever truly done or established, except our status of *Homo Imbecillus*. Am I more advanced than when I was seven years old on the beach? It was fifty-three years ago—I doubt it. One has filled one’s time with telling oneself a few stories.

I wait for the change of status.



December 17, 1982

I aspire to the *true* change, not a passing experience.

May the Lord take possession of this body, may all those cells, those nerves awaken to the divine Presence, may this body enter the Law of the Supreme.

*

I am cleaning the medical subconscious: a super-Gestapo.



December 18, 1982

Implacable Ayatollahs affirm to you that the cancer is the Divine Will and that all you have to do is to submit by piously lying down on the medical altar.

Then you go to the tomb too and it is the Divine Will.

Thousands of mortal little memories open up like manholes, each one with its persuasive poison.

But the Divine Memory?

But the sunlit Divine?

An awful Ayatollah reigns over the world and men's consciousness.

The body crosses itself and says: "May Your Will be done." And it is the will of an abominable Devil.

*

Now I fully understand Mother's message to humankind:

"Awake and will."



December 19, 1982

Like a vase.

Something that is very inexplicable and sacred has happened.

*

I don't want to note those "experiences" anymore—I want the Experience that changes everything, irrevocably.



December 20, 1982

Each time, it seems that it is the same labour. The material consciousness is like a net or a gluey and sticky ball—one pushes here and there, pulls and stretches it, then it comes back and sticks in the same position. One tries one movement, then another, an expansion, one calls and calls, and then one remains in the ball with a body that is devoid of noble thoughts, noble feelings, or even of pleasant sensations: a sort of neutral and laborious animal which struggles. It could last for centuries. If there were not Mother and Sri Aurobindo, one would better go fishing. And one feels that the ball doesn't wear out, it is not something that wears out eventually: something must give way and *everything* will give way at once. But what, how, when?... One doesn't know what one has to do! And this body seems so ridiculous, seated there, day after day and for hours—what does it imagine?

But the faith in the depths persists and pushes.

Even if the Divine were not there, one would have to invent it! One day, free oxygen had to be "invented," didn't it?

*

(The phantom of that D.A.)¹ He must have gone to the other side.

O Lord, this human pain and cruelty and perversity.... O Lord, to emerge forever onto your sunlit path, O Lord, only that—only that—Your sunlit

¹ A perverted man who did me a great deal of harm and drove my brother François to

Memory.

I pray to You.

*

The light in the cells, it is the only solution.

The consciousness in the cells, it is the only solution.

The Sun in the cells, it is the only solution.

There is *no other*.



December 21, 1982

That Delight.

Then everything is so *sure*, full, without question—without shadow.

It is the shadowless state.

Death is not *there*.

And nothing to “obtain” anymore: it is *there*. That certitude, so marvelous. Everything is sure.

At one point, I had the impression that I was round like a ball.



December 22, 1982

I was in an intense aspiration, when an immobility took hold of my body. Nothing moved anymore, no vibrations inside, except my breath, tranquil, almost imperceptible. Everything was bathed or immersed in a white-bluish light, very pale. A powerful immobility. Once or twice, I had to change my position because I felt uncomfortable, but it didn't disturb that

suicide.

“immobility.” A sort of eternity. I don’t know what it means. The impression that there is a secret at the end of that. It lasted more than an hour and I moved deliberately, because I wanted to have my walk in the forest. Even while walking, this kind of corporeal immobility was there. An immobility of the corporeal consciousness. Let’s see....

Even the Mantra vanished in that immobility.



December 23, 1982

This morning, I was extremely tired when I sat down. Then the body started to absorb That—that energy, that light, that sun—on all sides, as it were: through the back, the belly, the thighs (the sexual center), like a sponge, and slowly, very slowly, that absorption made it colder, refreshed, as if it breathed on all sides, through countless pores—it was no longer the breathing of the lungs alone, but an innumerable, refreshing little breathing. Then I suddenly “thought” (it was almost as if it were the body that thought, or rather that discovered something): but the next species will have a “nourishing breathing”! It was almost palpable for the body. Instead of that stupid absorption of food and that localized lung breathing, it will be a general, total breathing—one could say a porous and nourishing breathing. A body full of little air bubbles, refreshing and nourishing.

It would not be that bad!

And it would not be only a breathing of air—composed of oxygen, nitrogen and argon, but a breathing of light: we’ll breathe light—perhaps special photons not yet discovered!

I suddenly think of that vision of Mother’s, in which Sri Aurobindo told her of that *translucent bowl gathering the energies from everywhere at once* (I quote roughly) But that’s it! A translucent body pumping the energies

from all sides at once—through all the pores. The other day, I totally felt my body as a translucent bowl.

*

Afternoon

So intense a prayer: O Lord, bring me to Your shore of light forever, free me from this reign of shadow and misery!

I have climbed Your steps of light and I put my prayer at Your feet.



December 24, 1982

I'll consider that I have taken a true first step on the path when this body's cells have become conscious.

At the moment, it is the Force that imposes itself on the body, and the body tries to let it through.

I still hear Mother: "Well, become conscious of your cells and you'll see that there are terrestrial results." That is what the shore of light is.

I pound the body with the Mantra. It is sure to awake in the end.



December 25, 1982

Your Victory over one spot of Matter.

Your Light in one spot of Matter—to hasten the end of that reign of suffocating darkness and rot.

It is no longer the "Iron Age," it is the age of rot.

*

This afternoon, while I was seated (a concentration of an almost

petrifying luminous density) there was something that repeated in the depths of consciousness, behind the Mantra: “The Earth has had enough of those perverted and lying little men.”



December 27, 1982

I was doing what I am used to: to pound this body and let the Force pass through that whole net of alveoli, cells and nerves, when suddenly “one” made me understand something—to “understand,” that is to do. One made me spread this material consciousness in the infinite of Sri Aurobindo. I had the perception of an immense Sri Aurobindo, as if his arms were stretched out in that infinite and he was made of that infinite substance, and I paid no attention *at all* to this body, abandoned like a speck of dust in that infinite space. “I” stretched out, or that stretched out in it as materially as possible—and yet I felt things happening in the body, without my willing to turn my attention to them. My only concern was to melt into the arms of that infinite Sri Aurobindo. I don’t know, but I feel that I have touched a key and have been put in the right movement. To pay no attention at all to the body, but spread in the infinite as materially as possible.

I had to stop, because it was time.

We’ll see.



December 28, 1982

I have touched something that is so deeply wounded, like the root of pain of life.

One feels like crying out: I no longer want to be human! I no longer want

to be human!

*

That's it! This morning, I was feeling that pain, then I found a pan in my bathroom with a note from X....

Will life always sink into stories of badly washed pans, finally? Will I have to leave?

*

I wish I were a tree—but men would cut me.

I wish I were a seagull in the wind—but their oil slick would drown me.

I wish I were a white bear in the snow—but they would kill me to put my fur on their womens' backs.

So what?

As soon as you want to get out of the human, everything joins forces to destroy you. I remember Mother: "It is everything that wages war against you."

*

Evening

All that has to be drowned into a vast impersonality, or else it is not possible.



December 29, 1982

They are killing me with those pan stories.

Human life is horrible—horrible.

*

After this infernal morning and the infernal day before, I sat down and suddenly, without transition, it descended. As if by waving a magic wand. It descended for one hour and a half. A flow of honey, or a flow of balm into

the body, and all the wounds were engulfed, erased, nothing was left but that water of sun drunk and drunk by the whole body, oh! it was drinking as after the desert, as after such a long time of pains. And while it was descending and flowing, something kept repeating in the body: You see, it exists; it is not imagination, it is not an illusion, it exists, it is there (for days I had heard voices repeating: All your experiences are illusions, sheer imagination, it leaves nothing behind, it changes nothing....) But now I was hearing in the body: Yes, you see, it's there, it's true, it flows, it can be drunk—don't forget. Successive descents or flows, denser and denser, with every time like a pause of immobility, until everything was finally immobile, caught, seized as in a divine beam; there was no longer even a prayer, a mantra, a grace palpitating: it was there, it was divine, it was full of what it is. A divine state. The Divine is here, without doubt—not outside: here, a part of the body, merged with the body. A divine immobility. Truly, I had never lived the Divine so perfectly and so totally.

Don't forget.

Don't forget.

Don't listen to those decomposing voices anymore.

At the very end, I had the feeling that a divine hand rested on me, full of sun.

It is like another life in the body.

After an hour and a half, I myself interrupted the state because I wanted to go and walk in the forest. But I have the impression that it stays there, in the background.

*

Last night, I saw myself running *on my knees*—but I was running very fast!



December 31, 1982

This morning around 11, suddenly, “That” took hold of me—I entered a bath.... In the past, they used to speak of a “bath of immortality”—it was a bath of ... I don’t know. It was You-You-You-You-You ... for an hour and three quarters. Not an outside bath: a bath within, everywhere. Oh! that *absolute* Marvel! Everything else is grating life. I bathed in *living* sun. Each pulsation was You-You-You-You....

*

What is very strange, really, is that those experiences, so absolute, marvelous and imperious, vanish without trace (so it seems) like water into sand. It comes without a warning and when it is over, it is over???? You could almost think that you have dreamt. And yet, when you are in it, you have the impression that everything has changed, or that it will change everything.

I don’t understand.



1983

The pivotal year.

There will be a turning point.

January 1, 1983, afternoon

A vast immobility.



January 2, 1983

A sensation like that of the sun passing through the mesh of the ball or of the net—as if the mesh were loosening.

*

The most important, in fact, is to have the perception of the obstacles. When they are materially perceived, they are already on the way to dissolution.

*

Logically, if the beams can pass through the mesh of a body, they must be able to pass through the mesh of the whole terrestrial body—a small divine bombardment on that swarming rot (it would not be that bad!) Above all, I think of the “democratic” rot of India. When will “she” fall?¹

*

Afternoon

The body is submitted to all kinds of trituration and manipulation, which it doesn't understand very well—it tries to be as annulled as possible and

surrender itself. Sometimes, I had the impression (several times for these last months) that in place of my body, there was Mother—as if I were no longer there. Truly, it tries to disappear, or to be only an experience field for Something Else or Someone Else. At times, the whole body acquires a rather frightening solidity, as if the slightest little thing could smash it into pieces—but not a hard solidity: a solidity of consciousness, dense to bursting. And I repeat: I no longer need me!—it is Yours. “I” is pain, ignorance, misery—I don’t need me, I can disappear, volatilize, but let “that” be. In fact, the “I” completely disappears in that: one feels or thinks that one is a sort of guinea pig or experience field for what “that” wants, because in any case one cannot want anything and doesn’t know what one has to want. It is really “in God’s hands.”

And other times too, the body is really kneaded as if it were in a kneading machine, but it is the Force that turns you in this direction and that, make you go up and down—you are as if rolled and stirred. Then everything stops and starts again. Truly a guinea pig.

The test tube BE₂₃*.

*

PS: I think of Mother: “An incorrigible need to be something other than that quite unsatisfactory semi-animal.”



January 3, 1983

I’m imagining a book:

“The Man in the Test Tube”

¹ She = Indira Gandhi.

* BE = Satprem’s initials. 23 = his date of birth.

(supra-genetic novel)

or “A Farewell to *Homo Imbecillus*”

And a drawing on the cover showing Satprem at the bottom of a big test tube, with his arm laterally emerging from the test tube through a hole and waving a black bowler—and a small legend: “Good-bye to men!” The book could begin as follows: “We are perfect fools perfectly learned....” Etc.

There is an absolutely incorrigible Voltaire in me.



January 4, 1983

We speak of a new species, but....

Will I be able to stay?

The ongoing experience is more important than all the rest, or even any person—how to save the experience?

*

I wish I could go and hide....

There is no place to go to.



January 6, 1983

Year One of the new era, my Douce says.

*

Increasing intensities, difficult to bear.

And at the same time, the impression of an almost microscopic dosage, which doesn't give more than needed, not a milligram too much, but stops right at the last milligram before it all explodes.



January 7, 1983

It seems that all the work of the day before is demolished during the night. Every morning, I find myself faced with that consciousness stuck in a layer of inertia, or worse, in a muddy magma of the subconscious. It takes hours to tear oneself from there. It finally clears up, then the night falls and it all starts again. Where is the solution? Can this layer ever be cleansed? The only solution is the awakening of the cells' consciousness, but I feel that that awakening depends on the dissolution of that filthy layer which surrounds and envelops the cells as if in a black cocoon. So then?

And that catastrophic foundation of the human nature. At each instant, and for a mere trifle, the image of the catastrophe springs up—everything is catastrophic. A fear which is like a call for catastrophe—the great catastrophic relief of this painful and agitated life. It seems to be woven in our very substance. So what?

Only the Supreme can do. But in the morning, the Supreme is “hazy”...

*

Mother said: “If only we knew how to teach them (the cells) the splendor that is within them.”

This is my beacon in the night.

The black cocoon has to be dissolved.

The Grace exists.

*

A life that would flow in the sunlight, like a little river.

*

Indira got a slap in the face in the Provincial elections in Andhra and Karnataka. The “big mango tree” begins to collapse. Let's see the big wave now.



January 9, 1983

Lord, Your purifying sun on all those rats!

*

Suddenly, I realized to what extent I was suffocated and assailed by the general blackness—those are not my rats! They are numerous rats....

Is it an illusion? It seemed to me that Sri Aurobindo was telling me: “You are my beacon”—oh! to emit and transmit the divine Beam to India and to the Earth, for that obscurity to be exorcised!

*

I lose 70% of my energies struggling against those tiresome voices: “You are selfish, you are ambitious, you are inhuman. You think that you are so strong, you think ... and who do you think you are?...” For once I could try to listen to a more comforting and positive voice.

It is strange, and very sad, but as soon as there is a comforting voice, like Sri Aurobindo’s, instantly there is something that says: “Oh! it’s sheer imagination.

A little man all alone, with his eyes closed, in a bedroom, day after day and hour after hour, for eight months.... It takes a lot of courage.



January 10, 1983

This morning, I was only that heap of matter and I looked and wondered: will it end up a putrid carrion, and that’s all? I pushed and pushed that question or prayer into the depths of the body. It said nothing.

The mask drops, the garment drops, and you go and play the harp in heaven with the good Lord and his saints, or the devil, as the case may be....

Well, and the next species? To start all over again in a human baby which will take some forty years to get rid of its father, mother and great-grandfather, and of the handbook of biology or of the little Christian? And all the traps, the mistakes, endlessly—then the old decaying carcass again. No.

Mother said: “The body is the bridge.”

It has to take place in the body and as long as this body is alive.

I often look at the butterflies and grasshoppers in the clearing. There is every variety, of an admirable skill, resembling sometimes a blade of grass, sometimes an old dead leaf, or a piece of lichen or wood.... All the same, what is it that started or wanted that? There must have been a will or a consciousness in Matter that *saw* and *wanted* a change, *felt* that a resemblance to such or such element of the environment was useful, and as a consequence, triggered the necessary mechanism. One speaks of “adaptability,” but it is a mere label to evade the problem. Something has *seen* and *wanted*—there is a consciousness in the depths of matter, which determines its own changes.

It is that consciousness and that will that must be touched in the depths of the body. It is that lever.

Or else one starts again the old putrid carcass. The great predator is no longer the shark or the lark, but Death, quite simply. We have to find the mechanism that stops or changes Death. It is the only thing to find, if the body is to be the bridge—and first of all to find the consciousness and the will in the depths of the body.

The body alone can understand in which direction its own mutation has to go—the head understands nothing and knows nothing, it is like the canary’s or the titmouse’s grey or yellow feathers. Our head is only a hat of feathers on something else. André Malraux had a formidable hat of feathers but he didn’t find the mechanism to prevent the carcass.

Awake and will.

*

Afternoon

Increasing infiltrations, in successive waves, with a meticulousness that doesn't pour one more drop than what one can bear without cracking. Like a slow work of "ventilation" and penetration ("permeation," Mother would say). Ever stronger intensities, like a bath of bluish light. I well understand the Veda: "Consciousness has become as firm as a pillar"—firm, and yet supple. A field is being prepared.

When it seems to become dangerous, there is something that repeats in the body: Yours, Yours, Yours ... as when one dies, without resistance.

*

Evening

Hell.

They want to destroy me at all costs.



January 11, 1983

I am at the end of my tether, Lord, and completely powerless.

Take-take all that.

*

At the frontier of—I don't know, perhaps death, I said:

O Lord, to try again

for You and for the Earth.

It was like a beach of white sand, I lay flat on my stomach and was going to scatter in the sun.

In the depths of my being, there was a flower of Divine Love. That was perhaps what called me back.

*

Afternoon

Suddenly, I understood why Mother was always saying: What You will, what You will ... because the only way to go through these experiences, which we don't know whether they emerge into death or something else, is to totally, absolutely say-be: What You will, what You will, otherwise you check the movement for "fear" of dying or dropping out—but if you are to die, it is What You will, What you will all the same. This is what should be driven into the spontaneous reaction.



January 12, 1983

I think that I am beginning to understand the functioning. The curve of these last months is adjusting. There were two movements that I didn't manage to link very well and that seemed to come as two distinct types of experience, and now they are only one, in a complete movement. First, there was that corporeal absorption of the Power, which came in successive waves or floods and infiltrations, with always a certain difficulty in "containing" that massiveness of force without cracking. Then, at times, there was a certain widening of the corporeal consciousness and I always had difficulty in understanding or handling the movement, without knowing what I had to do with that point of the body: whether I had to broaden it or drop it in order to broaden. Most often, the movement ended in a "round" immobility, if I may say so, as if one were quite round. This afternoon, the two movements combined or were rather clearly perceived as a single

movement. First, that methodical filling of the body, as if it were being stuffed with bluish Power-Consciousness, a kind of kneading and filling to the brim, precisely with the sensation that the point of explosion was not very far. Then came, in hesitating touches, a movement of broadening of that too full corporeal consciousness, and then, instead of trying to remain conscious of that corporeal center, it began to spread without worrying about that point, which diluted itself into a space of formidably dense Power. It was a little like a tadpole at the bottom of a fishbowl: a microscopic tadpole which existed somewhere, and an immense water element (or supramental element) which one entered and which spread everywhere, with a round or curved sensation, as if it were an immense roundness of consciousness-force, completely immobile—but a formidable density. One could say that it was round like the earth or spread all over the earth, or that it contained the whole earth, and the body in all that was the microscopic tadpole somewhere, with which, yet, one had a particular but not disturbing link. It was no longer the minuscule body that tried to broaden: it had entered the broadening, it was part of the “element water,” but without being the center of it any more or the only, cumbersome reference point. A round power-consciousness, of a formidable density and very immobile, at it seemed.

So, when the body is full “to the brim,” if one dare say so, it begins (or its corporeal consciousness begins) to spread or enter the roundness of the supramental element. Then nothing is left but dense roundness, immobile and luminous (but not bright: something that is bluish). At that point, I think that we arrive at the beginning. What happens to the small tadpole meanwhile, I don’t know, though you remain aware of its existence, but you prefer to ignore it, or else it all would explode.

All that is probably a very inadequate description. It has to become more familiar.

*

Vision of Sujata's

She had reached a very high plateau, as in the ranges of Himalayas, and she overlooked other, lower ranges, covered in snow. Then she saw me in front of her, much higher, very high, and she saw me climbing the “last peak”—“higher, it was the sky”—very lightly or dexterously (there was also another man, of whom Sujata could only see the back, and who tried to climb the peak before last, very laboriously.) But what struck her the most was that, afterwards, she saw me *climb back down with an extraordinary swiftness* and easiness, as if in the twinkling of an eye and as if I knew all the roads.... All the roads were known to me.

I think that it is a very important vision.

Perhaps it connects with my vision of September 21, 1982, when I saw my body emerge from the depths of the ocean and go up right to the sky (it was really curious to see that!).

These are like “landmarks” on the way.



January 14, 1983

I feel death close on my heels.

Such an intense prayer has arisen from my being: O Lord, is it not time a new being emerged and a new evolution started in the midst of this distressing darkness?

And it was not for me that I prayed, it was as if all those men I have been came and prayed with their burden of miseries and horrors and supplications at the end of all those countless paths in the night of the Earth. Will there

not be a break, a hope, a way out—*one* being taking the decisive step, a hope for the Earth?

A divine Presence came, so strong, as if it were the Divine captive in Matter who prayed to the eternal Divine. Satprem did not exist anymore.

The impression of a minute that counts in the history of Earth.



January 15, 1983

I have the impression that I am continually groping my way in the dark, in search of a minuscule spring which would change everything.

*

Afternoon

A formidable takeover.

Struck by a sort of tempest of light and force that rolls and kneads and stirs me in all directions—and not a second of fear in the body, as if everything-everything wanted to give itself, to open up, to be only Yours-Yours-Yours, and as long as it is Yours, everything is fine, all the rest is none of my business any more. It was formidable, imperative—You, down to the last atom.

It lasted for an hour and a half, then a sort of massive solidity settled in the whole being, as if it were Mother, *the* Mother who was there and I was no longer anything but a small façade. And all that was “me” in all that thirsted for belonging only to Her, totally, absolutely, so as to do what She willed. Nothing else. A block of Her.



January 16, 1983

I don't well understand all that is happening. But the main thing is not to understand—the main thing is to do it.

*

The impression of being like a small photographic image (like the photos of me that Susie sent us), not more real than that, as if I remembered myself through a photo that doesn't fit very well. Then an immense, dense, very immobile "something." "I" seems to have been just tacked on on the surface of "that," flimsy, like a sheet of photographic paper.



January 17, 1983

The test-tube BE23 is practically empty.

*

"To let oneself be flattened until one disappears," Mother would say.

*

Afternoon

The kneading is going on. The impression of an almost exclusively mechanical action that kneads you from top to toe and from toe to top and in every corner, truly like in a kneading machine, almost violently, and with a particular insistence in the sexual center, which seems to be the basis of the action* or the more special field (but that I had seen almost every day for months). In all that, I tried above all not to be obstructive, so that the Force could go through and flow without obstacle, but there was no "person" in

* Sujata has just read me (in a conversation of 1926 between Sri Aurobindo and Pavitra) a passage in which Sri Aurobindo says that the sexual center (*ojas*) is "a help and a very important factor for the transformation of the cells and of the physical functions."

that, it was really like a bag of matter submitted to a number of violent manipulations (not “violent” but irresistible, imperious). Then, little by little, the action slowed down, as if the flow of Force got thicker, like some melted ore (but without heat). The impression of a mass of Force. Then, slowly, everything became immobilized and that whole bag of Matter was like a block of coagulated and immobile Power, vaguely luminous.

A sort of impression that this massive immobility must lead somewhere, if one can bear it long enough.

In all that, no psychological movement—simply some Matter that tries to surrender as totally as possible. Psychologically, a total acceptance with the knowledge that it is You—Mother, Sri Aurobindo. And no fear anymore.

Something is happening.

*

What disturbs the most is that need to note down, to “follow” the movement. And at the same time, I feel that need.... I don’t know what to do. It is the atavistic remnant of the chemist who clings to his observations (I played with test tubes before learning to read—it was in the old laboratory of Boulevard Montparnasse. But since my father was a chemist, I never wanted to learn chemistry—it takes its revenge now!)

*

When it is immobile, there is no sensation of “wall” anymore.

*

I wonder whether the “walls” are not made of the continual trepidations and vibrations of the mind in Matter?

Without the mind, Matter is “open.”



January 18, 1983

This morning (yet the most heavy hour), there was a kind of enthusiasm in the material consciousness, as if it said to itself: “The most marvelous adventure in the world: to lend one’s matter to the experience of tomorrow, to be the experience field of a new way of being on earth...” The body really felt that it was a marvelous adventure and it gave itself with a very sunny joy, like a child who runs, seeking adventure. The greatest adventure in the world. As if my old child’s passion for adventure suddenly recovered its full and *physical* meaning. What a joy it was to discover the submerged rocks of the pass of Conguel one by one, and how my heart pounded while I passed the first black buoy!... I seem to understand why Mother made me a Breton!... Whenever today’s road intersects my child’s path, I am sure that I am in the Truth.

*

It is like a sparkling in the body.

Joy is the key.

All the ghosts and human bogeys vanish as if they had never been.

Human mental life is an aberration.

*

Afternoon

An almost frightening pressure.

Impression of being inflated like a bibendum man, but an inflation that goes beyond my body and encompasses it. Under pressure. And an extraordinary immobility. Like a bursting that doesn’t burst—and can only be borne in a total immobility. One is quite round, inflated to bursting, hanging in an immobility on the verge of ... I don’t know what. I had to reassure my body. I kept repeating: “Don’t worry, it’s Mother and Sri Aurobindo.”

After an hour and a half, I’ve had enough of it. Several steps or stages

were needed to recover my ordinary state, very softly—a return without transition might have smashed everything to pieces.

I don't know what all that means or prepares.

*

What would a fish of the depths say, if suddenly catapulted to the surface?

It is this difference in density that is very difficult.



January 19, 1983

What the Lord does is well done.

*

Dhoum has always walked with courage.



January 20, 1983

The subconscious is full of tragedies.

One would like to close one's eyes forever to that grief and that agony of life. But there is no other solution than another type of life and consciousness on earth—or else everything starts again and everything is always to start again.

The salvation, the liberation is physical!

*

Such intense a prayer to the Supreme Grace in order to change nature.

A great, white “freeze” (particularly in the brain). There, I thought I recognized a state of consciousness of Mother's.

*

All those experiences are like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle of which one doesn't know the picture as a whole. One day, we'll understand....

*

Navajata died yesterday (he committed suicide*).

Mother is on the march.

The signs draw nearer.

*

Read this morning, January 20:

(An article in an Indian daily paper)

BLUEPRINT FOR U.S. REARMAMENT

Washington, January 18

The Pentagon strategy for a rearmed America involves plans to fight a war from outer space and to prevail in a protracted nuclear war against the Soviet Union, says a secret Defence Department document. (...)

The 136-page blueprint for rearmament, involving a significant U.S. policy shift, is peppered with references for the need to “prevail” in a prolonged nuclear war and plans for expanding any conventional conflict with the Soviets to a global scale as “an essential element of U.S. strategy.”

The difference between previous nuclear and conventional strategic policies and the directive of the Reagan administration outlined in the document is the difference between conducting a defensive or an offensive military campaign.

The document, a key component of the U.S. President Mr. Reagan's strategy for countering the Soviets reflects the thinking of the Pentagon and the National Security Council about military policy over the next five years and its general trend through the decade.

* With poison, which is right after all that he sowed—he swallowed his poison back.

It sets priorities in policy, strategy, force and resources planning and forms the basis for Pentagon spending projected at \$1556 trillions for that five year period. As a general guideline for America's defence, it ignores the possibility of accommodation with the Soviets. — UPI.

Mother is going to sweep those subhumans away.

It will be done soon.

Undoubtedly.

They are possessed and insane.



January 21, 1983

After a certain time of kneading-filling (half an hour or forty-five minutes), when it comes to a halt, I have no longer at all the sensation of my body (of being a body) or even of my bedroom or of a body in a bedroom—one is like a condensation of luminous energy, rather considerable and round, as it were, but without dimension; that “roundness” or condensation could spread out down to ... I don’t know where. It could be as large as our place or the Earth or the universe—one doesn’t feel any limitation. And the body is as if nonexistent, or it is like some grain in that condensation of energy. It is only when I try to come back to my “ordinary” state that I feel a pressure or a formidable density that gives the sensation of a possible explosion—that is, I perceive my body again and its limits at the same time, its form, which obviously cannot contain all that condensation of Power, hence the sensation of a possible explosion. One must go slowly. Or else, one doesn’t know where one is—and yet one is perfectly in Matter, since I hear the cock, the birds, the sounds of the house.

I wonder whether the period of “kneading-filling” is not in fact a

mechanical manipulation, as it were, in order to loosen, untighten the mesh of the network or the cocoon (the vibratory network) that encloses the material consciousness?—when it is well loosened, it spreads: there is only a condensation of power without dimension (or without any fishbowl or “container”). As soon as there is the sensation of a container, there is a danger of explosion.



January 23, 1983

The task consists in shaping a tool that would totally, purely belong to the Divine, down to the subconscious and material root. With that, “one” will be able to force open the resistance of the world.



January 24, 1983

Such a strong and physical Presence! At one point, I had the sensation (was it mere imagination?) of Mother towering above our place, immense, higher than the Statue of Liberty, and it was as if She were saying, raising her forefinger: “This Earth is going to change.”

I was as if melted, enveloped in a fold of her robe.

It was pearly.



January 26, 1983

Aftereffect. It is very difficult to be only a body from which all feelings, ideas, activities and usefulness in life and for the others have been removed.

The impression of a rather crushing futility. One wonders what one is doing there—the “next species” is an idea. A body by itself is rather hateful. There is a burning point at the center—as when I was seated on the ground in a corner of my convict’s cell in the Fort du Hâ,¹ while the power saw was endlessly sawing up boards. What?

It is extraordinary how one never progresses. Always at the starting point, but it never starts. It has lasted for almost sixty years. What?

Where is the true change?

All the experiences one has had, all that one has supposedly done in one’s life = water into sand.

Between the Bernard of the Fort du Hâ and the old man of today, where is the difference? What *happened*?

One has walked. That’s all.

*

“A fit of acute selfishness,” Mother would say. There is still too much of the personal test tube that tests itself.

In a corner of its field, the small flower grows for nothing, blossoms for nothing, dies for nothing.

There is only to offer that corner of Matter, without discussion.

*

Afternoon

A laser of white force, almost immobile, trained on the physical (sexual) center for a long time. One wonders how all that doesn’t explode.

Without discussion.

*

Evening

¹ An old prison in Bordeaux (France).

Obviously, there is something that resists. One must not give *any psychological support* to the resistance.

A complete physical exhaustion.

*

Sujata has just read me this.... Exactly what I have felt for months. So, I am on the right track.

Sri Aurobindo: ... When you get to the Supermind you find it is not an abstraction at all. It is more intensely concrete than Matter, something quite overwhelming in its concreteness. (...) Before the Supermind Matter dwindles into a shadow!

(Disciple:) *What is that concreteness like?*

Sri Aurobindo: The sense of solidity, mass. That is perhaps what the Veda meant when it said, “Agni is wider of light, and concrete of body.” You can say that the Supermind is harder than the diamond and yet more fluid than the gas.”

Evening Talks, August 24, 1926



January 27-28, 1983 (night)

Vision

Vision of the “putrid liner.” Everything aboard seemed patched up. A general, nauseous smell of decay. Saw a few passengers, among them Purna in “black mink”—most of them were Westerners (the Western liner?*) All the time, I was on the poop with the captain, who seemed to hardly give a damn about it. Many “scenes” with rather ridiculous living-dead people.

* There was also an American man with two huge cigars in the pocket of his jacket—Sujata tells me that it must have been the liner of the misused Western wealth.

Around the end, a stream of violent and muddy water, like stirred mud, was about to rush in; negligently, the “captain” threw a small bit of board behind him to close the holes (!) “If it keeps up much longer, we are going to feed a kiln,” he said. Then the liner came into a kind of channel or sluice or mechanical gear which led or limited its direction exactly, and suddenly, at the end of the gear or sluice, it opened up and the passengers were hurled into space a hundred meters lower down, into a sort of muddy stretch like the bottom of a port, against which they smashed. I was looking at all that—I was also hurled into space but it did not affect me, as if I were not falling, and I was quietly at the bottom, looking at the passengers who tumbled into that general smell of mud.



January 28, 1983

I found myself this morning with a sort of tranquil certitude: the Lord takes care. One only has to quietly let oneself be impregnated with his sun, let the new life flow into one’s veins. All the obstacles that I imagine or imagined don’t exist—everything is simple, without difficulty. One only has to let oneself go, like a plant in the sun.

“Obstacles” are the ideas of the adverse forces. Mere phantom obstacles. The only reality shines in the sun—simply.

*

Afternoon

A marvelous, thick flow of solid gold, in the veins, the nerves, the limbs, then almost frozen: God *alive*, there.

For an hour and a half.

This time, nothing in me will ever doubt anymore.

The door of sun is open.



January 29, 1983

Truly a new life is there, a new force is there.

One has to let oneself be remolded by that.

A golden life tries to seep into Matter.

One has to soak oneself in that, like an anemone in sea water.

*

The goal of ages is there, concrete, open.



January 30, 1983

The air is full of the Divine! But a concrete, conscious Divine everywhere, like a golden stretch which entered the body from everywhere at the same time, laterally, as it were, or horizontally: the legs, the belly, the physical center, as if the mesh of the web were looser and became almost nonexistent. The impression was (if I truly dare say so): the Divine is touching land!

And the extraordinary adhesion of the body when it touches “that,” it is in adoration before “that.” All the time it repeated: You, Yours, for You.... The body alone can have such a re-cognition!

Really, there has been a change of direction since January 28.

I can't help thinking or feeling that it cannot be a purely individual experience, that it must have a meaning for the Earth.... This matter is not isolated from the rest.



January 31, 1983

A very strong concentration came, on J.R.D. Tata and the change of India.



February 1, 1983

That incurable and endless subconscious.

Like small, indelible photographic pictures that spring up over and over again, each one with its train of poisoned or painful waves. An enormous, infallible electronic memory. You train the light on that and it sinks into the night, even if it springs up again two minutes or two days later, endlessly: Hi, it's me! One doesn't know what can dissolve all that. A wounded world— every picture is a wound of the being, nothing but imprints of wounds. And all that hides in the depths of night, like wounded animals which seem to cling to their pain. What is it that can cure that? It is like the wounded memory of life: all that taught it to retract, shut itself up, defend and harden itself and secrete an impregnable shell. It is distressing. Each time, it throws its gluey tidal wave on the sunfield that was trying to smile. It is the seed of death. It would like to die so as to have finished with that pain of living. One doesn't know what to do—one should lose one's memory! I can see how terribly the Gestapo wounded me ... and afterwards. Perhaps it is because I have known the bottom of the human hole that there is in me such a cry to get out of it.

Om.

To stretch out in the sun.

*

Evening

It is furiously grating.
As if there were a price on my head.



February 2, 1983

Afternoon

Caught in an absolute Beam.
It was so strong. I said: I don't care about losing everything-everything-
everything, as long as it's You—and there is nothing to lose but stupidity,
ignorance, pettiness, obscurity.... Yours.
A formidable, immobile density.
A crystalline solidity (for two hours).
I had never seen-lived that.



February 3, 1983

All human relations are distressing. I want to live for the Work alone.

*

At the least turning point, one finds oneself faced with the mortal
question.



February 5, 1983

When that comes, one has the impression or the sensation that it spreads throughout Matter. There is no “my” matter anymore. Even the sensation of a personal body disappears, it is like a roundness and the “individual” is a pipe, as Mother would say, or a point of emission in Matter, but a point that would be everywhere, not a sharp point somewhere.

Something that says: “Take hold of Your Earth.”

And it is so for-mi-da-bly powerful—so divinely powerful.

The Divine is solid—compared to that, all of life seems thin and flimsy, like paper.

It is this divine sense that is so extraordinary—nothing else is “divine” like that. I well understand Mother: “It’s another Divine!”



February 6, 1983

To be human has become an almost unbearable pain. And one feels that this pain is perhaps a Bliss that one doesn’t know how to seize.

It is so painful that one has almost the sensation that one is going to die, and that “death” is perhaps a new life that one is unable to bear.



February 8, 1983

That living Marvel.

Before, the body was a little anxious, but now it thirsts so much for That! It almost cries out: Lord, may it never be as it was before! Always You!

I have felt a little what the Divine reign is.



February 9, 1983

This morning, I could clearly make a distinction between a *material* mind (a mind of Matter, of the body), which spontaneously aspires with great intensity, whatever the psychological circumstances are, a little like the plant aspires to the sun, very simply, and a thick, recalcitrant, grumpy *physical* mind, which has difficulty in getting out of sleep and covers everything in a sticky and heavy envelop. Left to itself, Matter is neither heavy nor distorted, on the contrary!

This “physical mind” must be the product of the present body: education, atavism, habits. While the other one is Matter, quite simply, with a first awakening to the sun of consciousness.

It is a little as if the physical mind were telling the aspiration of the material mind: “Oh, you’re wearing me” (!)

Naturally, we can use another vocabulary, but the two layers must not be confused one with the other. Perhaps even we take a big step when we know how to tell them apart.

This physical mind, in fact, is essentially a force of inertia. I suspect it of being the “black cocoon.”

*

I wonder whether what I call “the awakening of the aspiration in the material consciousness” is not the first manifestation of the supramental vibration in Matter or the first contact of the supermind with matter. It is of an unmistakable intensity.

One has literally to drill one’s way through the physical mind, unless it is the other that pushes and trains its beams from within through the sticky envelop of the physical mind. It is a glue!

The Mantra is a great help: it is the drill to join the other side (unless it is a drop hammer!)

*

Afternoon

Lord, let me rest candid eyes upon Your world....

Let me be weightless in Your new light....

O Lord, will I be, one day, as simple and straight as a tree? Those eucalyptus trees are so beautiful!



February 10, 1983

I have gone through a kind of horror where I was nothing but falsehood, obscurity, falsity and had not even any right to call the light, any authority to call the light—and I cried out: But You are here! But You are here!... It was awful, something that was so inexorable. But You are here....

I have not yet reached the bottom of that hole....

*

Human life is an agonizing aberration without That.

It is only for Your sake that one can do this work, live this horror.

*

Evening

When there is nothing left in me but You, there will be nothing in me but Ananda.



February 11, 1983

(Back from the town)

Yes, there is another, *physical* life ... so marvelous. Unutterable.

A sparkling, warm, golden sea, each spark of which would be *living*: billions of sparks of love, tenderness; all that perceived by the body but not a body shut up in a skin and which would “look” outwards: a spread body, ONE body and everything would be in it, like its own cells: a delight of golden, strong, dense tenderness—but one cannot say. The body alone can understand the Divine (I was about to say: the Divine alone can understand the body!)



February 12, 1983

Had I not known that horror forty years ago, I would never have discovered the Love of the Divine. It is because there is that horror and that pain that there is that Love. It redeems everything.

The ego has to be *crushed* to discover That.

The task of the Evil in the world is to crush the ego.

The “good” men cannot understand.

In the same way, death is meant to crush the ego that the body is (the fortress of the body). Once uncovered, Love will vanquish the body’s death.

Mother would say: “to decompose forward.” I well understand, now, what She meant.

*

Afternoon

Such a formidable physical presence of Mother—the All-Powerful Mother—in the body: a body like an undimensional ball, of a formidable density. And there not even remained someone who wanted “to have an

experience” or anything—there was only: to be like a little beach for You to land on and set out to conquer the world, the darkness of the world, the cruelty and the pettiness of the world—and for the reign of the Divine to be on earth.

That’s all.

A little beach for His foot.

(A landing beach, if I may say so!)



February 13, 1983

A completely empty shell, transparent, very immobile, in a bath of bluish power. No more Mantra, no more call, no more feeling, as if everything were crystallized, frozen in that blue. The impression was: no one in the house anymore. Except that eye that observes everything. For nearly an hour and a half.

??? Strange.



February 15, 1983

Always that completely empty shell—not a thought, not a feeling, even “divine”—nothing but the intense aspiration of a corporeal consciousness with the sensation that it is quite porous in a sea of bluish power. A purely mechanical action in all that, of kneading and filling, until everything is on the same level (if I may say so, as in communicating vessels). Then it is like the wash and backwash of the sea through a shell, and at times everything comes to a halt: there is not even the sensation of a shell, only a non-centered extent in which one is bathed, or rather which one is part of, which

one *is*. * A great, dense sea. No fear in the body: it lets itself go, knowing that it is the “Divine,” but without any feeling.

When I came back to my normal state, that is, the state of an individual body or individual shell, it was as if all the forces came in through the physical level (sexual center). It was rather curious. As if I were filling with “I” on that level, or spreading outside of “me” on that level??? (It’s not yet very clear). It is not really that I spread “outside of me”: the seawater in the shell is the same as the sea outside the shell. There is no longer any difference inside-outside. It is one and the same bath.

I think that what we call “time” is all the small vibrations in the shell, or all that comes and ricochets off the shell: pleasures, displeasures, wills, desires and what not, all the stories of the shell. Otherwise, there are no longer any vibrations: only a current that passes through. It is timeless.

*

In fact, all these experiences are one and the same Experience with its different facets or degrees.



February 17, 1983

For two days, experiences that are almost unbearable for the body. I’d rather not try and say anything. This habit of always noting down disturbs too much.



February 18, 1983

I am full of cries and prayers for the Earth.

* I was not distinct from the current : I was that current.

All of that obscurity is painfully felt in me as if it were mine.

One would dream of I don't know what divine prayer that would break the seals.



February 19, 1983

A massive, white power, with a little bit of blue in it, which inflated me like a ball—then it was no longer me, no longer my body: it was Mother's body instead of mine, so concretely, so obvious—it was She. The formidable compression and sensation of swelling slowly dilated, spread out, and one had the sensation of Mother seated in her chair, stretching out limitlessly, embracing and encompassing the world, in an extraordinary immobility, almost soft, but so strong. There was no “my body” anymore. It lasted for an hour and a half. I had to come back in slow stages, for the sensation of massive compression returned as soon as I went back to “my” state—stages of successive compression and decompression.

Something has really happened.

(I barely dare to mention it, but at one point, I seemed to hear Her telling me: “Whatever you will do, it's me who shall do; whatever you will look at, it's me who shall look.”*)

During all that time, the only prayer that arose from “me” was: “May the Earth become divine.” I had the impression that Mother was working on the Earth (in the Earth).

*

Evening

Epitaph for Indira Gandhi:

“But thrice woe to them who are strong and ready, yet
waste the force or misuse the moment, for them is
irreparable loss or great destruction.”

Sri Aurobindo
(*The Hour of God*)



February 20, 1983

There must be a profoundly divine root in the depths of that pain and horror and cruelty—it is THERE that the lever has to be sought and found.

I understand, I really understand why Mother said: “The Lord loves Satprem.”

The last hours are hard.

*

There is such a thirst for the reign of *absolute* light.

*

Such intense a prayer for Them to get out of that tomb where men’s cruelty and ignorance have shut them in and to walk upon Earth!

May the law change!

*

Not a vapid prayer that goes up in the smoke of incense: a prayer that becomes a divine ACT.

Everything is becoming very concrete.

*

Afternoon

Almost awesome Powers that can only be borne in a total surrender or absolute transparency.

* This was clearer than the first part of the sentence.



February 21, 1983

Last night, I seemed to see a herd of brown-golden cows (the “herds of sun” of the Veda?).

*

This afternoon, after a time of churning-filling, I seemed to melt like a sugar doll, but every grain of the “doll” remained distinct and it was as if a current of formidable thickness or density flowed between or through those billions of distinct grains. All of the upper part of the body down to the sex was immobilized, caught in that bath: there were no longer any walls, any delimited “body” or “my” body—only that multitude of “grains,” as it were, immersed in a compact element... And a tremendous immobility. All of the force had gone down to the sexual center and seemed to be stuck there or stay and work there (perhaps trying to go lower down?), while the rest of my body (the upper part) was no longer mine at all and no longer shut in a skin. It was frozen—immobilized (and yet “fluid”).

I had much difficulty, I mean I had to make a great deal of effort to get out of that state and then all the force went back up.

The impression of remaining “swollen,” as if my cheeks were full of it.

*

Walk in the hills with my Douce.



February 22, 1983

I presume that what gives the sensation of a “formidable” and almost “unbearable” Power is the mesh of the individual net which resists. When the mesh loosens (or dissolves, if possible) there only remains a luminous,

quietly powerful immensity. There is no friction anywhere. (All that at the level of Matter, of course—“immensities” up above are pale and ethereal.)



February 24, 1983

One wonders how it is possible, but the Power comes with growing densities, and always on the borderline between the bearable and the unbearable. And what is surprising is that, in spite of that tremendous Energy that passes through it, the body feels bereft of strength, on the verge of exhaustion. Mother too had noticed that. The Power must probably dissolve or purify many elements in the body (precisely what made for its normal density), hence the exhaustion. All the same, it is strange.

Our “density” must be made of much filth (!).

*

I remember, Mother asked herself whether she was going towards disintegration or transformation, and she added: “The process is almost the same.” (!)

*

It is almost unbearable (so much so that sometimes one would feel like vanishing into the experience) but the body thirsts for “that”! It drinks that avidly.



February 26, 1983

An important experience, but which I don’t understand.

I could not even say what it is exactly.

It lasted for two hours. It was long and difficult to bear.

*

Evening

At one point, my Douce rested her head on my chest, then, after a while, she took a bit of paper and drew what she had seen “in my heart”: first a white sail boat, then the veils changed into a red sun (the sun was carried by the hull), then two eyes appeared within the sun: a being.

This is perhaps the explanation of what happened this afternoon?

If I tried to describe, the sensation was that the whole material or physical consciousness (not the kundalini, strangely enough) rose to the summit of the cranium, then opened up above the head. Everything was empty in the body. It is how things are when one dies, I suppose. After a long time, something else seemed to descend into the body,* like another being or another consciousness—something that had a different density. And bizarrely enough, the only prayer that sprang from me during the experience was: “May the sole master on board be You.” (!)

I seem to remember that there is an Egyptian symbol of the “boat of the sun”—what is it?



February 27, 1983

Morning and evening: incredible experiences of the Supreme in the body. O Lord ... what a grace! Embraced and invaded by the sun—but a He-sun. As if the Body touched God—no, it was invaded, impregnated by God. In the end, there was like a column of white light, as solid as a rock, which traversed me from end to end: Mother.

I never had the impression of a “personal” experience, but

* Or what had risen went back down, but different (?)

always—always—as if it were a bit of matter that offered itself, so that the whole terrestrial matter could be changed.

But really, what an unutterable splendor—only the body could live that. This is why there is a body.

There, one bows to a supreme Mystery.

What contains death also contains the supreme Power that can destroy Death.



February 28, 1983

Each time, one thinks that the true change has happened, and each time one feels that all of the work remains to be done. A labour to offer this matter to that enigmatic sun—and above all, there is a deeply skeptic layer in the physical consciousness, something that is always ready to doubt and looks at this futile little man, seated there in meditation as if he were going to change the world.... What makes one persist is perhaps the body's faith, far below. But how laborious. I should say nothing anymore until it is really *done*.

*

Afternoon

I sat down this afternoon with the will of being completely passive, neutral, without a feeling, without a thought, without a desire. To add nothing to the experience. Simply the Mantra. Then the “operation” followed. I was like a sponge which was being emptied-squeezed out, then slowly-slowly filled with Mother's Power, fiber after fiber, alveolus after alveolus, before being squeezed out and emptied again.... etc. The operation lasted for more than an hour and a half. At one point, it was so trying and

tiring that I felt like fainting for good and letting the rest happen without my being present (!).

A sponge being squeezed out-filled, squeezed out-filled.... Nothing else.

If there were a prayer in my heart, each time that the sponge was being squeezed out, it was: “Oh! to be reborn without all that old burden that we drag along.”

*

Evening

The ideal of the Buddha was Permanence.

The ideal of the Rishis was Immortality.

The ideal of Sri Aurobindo was the mastery of consciousness.

I think that mine would be Purity or Transparency. No more shadow.

*

(Poem of Sri Aurobindo, copied by Sujata)

“Life and Death”

Life, death, — death, life; the words have led for ages

Our thought and consciousness and firmly seemed

Two opposites; but now long-hidden pages

Are opened, liberating truths undreamed.

Life only is, or death is life disguised, —

Life a short death until by life we are surprised.



March 1, 1983

Lord, it is time to make the mask of Falsehood crack.

It is no longer the “Earth of Men,” it is the Earth of the Impostors.

*

A world where everyone would have their true heads: Mrs. Gandhi would suddenly have a she-donkey's head, Mr. Mitterrand a pig's head with a palm (for services to education), Mr. Reagan a coypu's head—a great fraternity of donkeys and small pigs. Mr. Barun would have a centipede's head. And there would be those with no heads at all. The world would be cured in a burst of laughter.

Oh, I was forgetting: The Mahatma would have a tin box instead of a head!

Nobody could delude anybody anymore.

Many people would die, dumbfounded.

Let the Truth be!

(Extract from *The Apocalypse according to Satprem*)

PS: Mrs. Gandhi would proclaim a second state of emergency in order to restore the Falsehood.

*

March 3, 1983

One doesn't know how it is possible, but intensities or densities seem to increase every day—it's becoming difficult. Sometimes one wonders whether one is going to survive. Yes, the impression of a "boiling porridge," as Mother would say. One has to broaden—yes, but ... it can only be done in a state of total surrender: it is the Divine who does.

And my leg has been hurting a lot for about ten months, as I am always seated. What can I do? I can't stop the work. Yet I must broaden, as I no longer feel my body's walls and don't even well know where its center is anymore, but it is the whole bath that is of a rather frightening density.*

If those densities continue to increase, what is going to happen?

* In fact, my consciousness is not within the body, it is the body that is within the consciousness.

Tonight, I am worn-out.

*

Of course, it is one and the same body (the Earth) and it must act on the rest (?).



March 4, 1983

Krishna.



March 6, 1983

The prayer to Mother Nature in the forest.

I approximately said this, my forehead resting on the moss:

O Mother, you are beautiful and pure and divine, what is perverse and perverted is what men have made of you. O

Mother, give me your simple Nature again, and let it be clear and beautiful to aspire to be filled by the Divine....

There was an answer—so strong and living and soft....



March 7, 1983

For the first time, I had the impression that the Power was going down to my feet. I was completely immobilized, like blue crystal, supple but solid.*

* It was perhaps the result of my prayer to Nature ?

What is extraordinary is that the body recognizes nothing *but* That. All the minor powers don't satisfy it. But as soon as That comes, oh! its is like a recognition, an instantaneous response, and a kind of relief, of liberation after ages of thirst and misery. This is the supreme balm for all the life's wounds. It is the Goal itself. And it prayed: "You, down to the bottom, to the end, to the bottom, to the end ... until there is no longer one atom of non-You left. And a sort of anguish in the background: oh! never to come back to that old consciousness of pain and darkness—no return.

And it keeps shamelessly calling-pulling That down to the bottom-to the end, as if it were its whole salvation. Nothing matters, even to die is of no importance, only That, down to the bottom, to the end, to the ROOT.

In the end, there is not even any Mantra left: everything is engulfed in That—it is the Mantra there.



March 8, 1983

One doesn't well understand the manipulations one goes through, and even when one thinks one has understood, it should be taken warily—we'll not truly know until everything is done. It is like a chemical experiment: there must be a last pinch of "something" that changes all of the content and of the meaning.



March 9, 1983

All the morning, I had the impression of pounding a rock—something that not only doesn't answer but opposes, a mute and irreducible solidity. Ages can wear themselves out with it.

It takes a lot of courage and faith. And patience.

And you have the impression of being alone, like a little gnome with a crowbar pounding that wall or rock at the bottom, I don't know. The Mind doesn't help, the Vital doesn't help—Sri Aurobindo and Mother are like distant “images.” There is only this small body with its crowbar pounding and pounding that, and perhaps the soul behind which supports everything. It's not funny.

Had the Vedic Rishis and Sri Aurobindo not shown the way, one would have nothing to do but give up (or flee to Nirvana). Or perhaps go fishing?

*

I have a kind of feeling that I am only made to touch the obstacles a little in order to be shown what they *were* like. And that gigantic work They did to cut a way into that Rock.... Patient giants. I can hear Lopamudra and Agastya: “I dug and dug.... Age diminishes the glory of our bodies.”

*

Afternoon

There are days when nothing responds. You are like a prisoner in a dark dungeon, pounding the walls. Why?

It's how it is.

It is painful. One doesn't understand.

*

I must not get discouraged.

They don't desert me.

*

The world's punchinellos talk hot air in Delhi (the summit of the “nonaligned” countries)—how long? They are “aligned” in stupidity and pretentiousness.



March 11, 1983

The “dungeon” comes from a wrong attitude. The more one hits the obstacle, the more it hardens. When yoga turns into athleticism, one falls again into the Falsehood. One has to make the obstacle melt away by offering it to the sun persistently.

*

Completely disturbed by my leg, which gives shooting pains all the time.... What can I do?

*

Evening

*(About the cement adulterated with cinders and the paint
adulterated with chalk that we have bought)*

I now understand that the “Tata solution” was not enough. India is full of cheaters, from the Ashram and the so-called “spiritualists” to the flour and cement sellers. To cleanse such a corruption, it will take a new invasion—the Chinese or the Americans?

Let’s see in May.

PS: If everyone had their true heads, the world would be cured in a burst of laughter without so many miseries.



March 12, 1983

I can now clearly see that there are two types of experience, which are perhaps the two facets of one and the same Power. A personal one: it is that Delight that the body drinks avidly and that plunges it into adoration—it’s

really the Ananda in the body. And the other, which is not at all personal and in which “one” (“one,” who?) is like a ball of compact power. It is a bath without a center, one doesn’t even know very well where one is, and the “ball” or the “bath” has no dimension, that is, one does not know its limits or how far it extends. One is like a grain in it. It gives the impression of being blue and very dense, immobile. It comes after a period of trituration—perhaps when the mesh gives way. (I have less and less the sensation that I am going to burst). The first type of experience comes all at once, without preparation, really as if by magic—like a spontaneous blooming from inside (corporeal).

The experiences of the second type are not at all experiences from the “higher” areas of consciousness: they are experiences of the body and of the material consciousness (I can even stand up and walk in that state). Probably, it is as for a new-born baby: it takes time to understand what this world is.

*

Evening

Vision

I was seated near Sujata, in front of the fire, telling her (once more) that this old evolution could no longer last because it went against the very meaning of evolution. In the past, evolution progressed through conflicts and discords, forcing people to see more clearly and develop through their very misery, but now they no longer progress through their misery: it is simply a bigger and bigger mass of rats which devours the earth and weighs down on it, and a general contamination by rot—what is valuable is increasingly suffocated and drowned in that putrid tidal wave. Evolution

does not progress any more: it rots, the winners are the rats, so it is going to stop and break in order to free the elements that are capable of going on.

Then I remembered what I had seen one night, about one year ago, in '82, and which was a false Mother, I thought, but... Mother appeared in the entry room and she suddenly told me, in a categorical voice: "Ten years with Sri Aurobindo, it's enough." I was a little stunned. But perhaps it was a way of succinctly saying: "Ten years (in the hole) with Sri Aurobindo, it's enough."

I recounted that to Sujata.

Some time later, Sujata closed her eyes and saw this: Mother with her head bent forward, half seated (Sujata never saw Mother in her coffin, but it was exactly that). Her body was completely formed and she was tightly enveloped in a white cocoon. Then that cocoon began to move away from her body and widen, while radiating or spreading light, as if the cocoon were about to disintegrate.

Is Mother going to come out? 1983 = 10 years.



March 13, 1983

The difficulty in the experience of that "round consciousness," without any center, is that there is something in the being, probably a bit of the mental "I," that no longer knows "where to perch," and that pulls—one should learn how to get lost.

It's decidedly dark blue.

Those manipulations are very difficult to understand, perhaps I am only talking nonsense.

Is it a bit of the mental "I," or of the physical "I"?

It is very difficult to get lost without getting lost (!) or to be an

innumerable center (!).

Sometimes, you lose contact and topple “somewhere,” but you are immediately brought back to the awake consciousness with a start, without your having the time of understanding what that “somewhere” was (!).

It’s really very difficult to understand.



March 14, 1983

I have understood something that is very important....

All the questions I asked yesterday do not exist! (that “I” that no longer knows where to get lost). It was absolutely stupid and showed me where the mistake lay—one could say the impasse.

Here is the explanation: there is something in the being that rushes into the experience and wants to go faster than the experience instead of letting itself be carried by it—so everything is distorted. One has to be completely ductile, passive, surrendered like a flower in the sun and to let oneself be molded with a total acceptance or noninterventionism. Then there is no longer any question! One is where one has to be, at every moment and without “contradiction”!

There is that period of filling or impregnation and it was what I tried to drop in order to rush into the period of expansion—hence the stupid little “I” that flutters about like a scared sparrow and no longer knows where it is or where to land. When one lets oneself be impregnated, things become different. One has to let oneself be slowly-slowly filled like a sponge until the least fiber, the least small alveolus is full, completely inflated with light—it takes time and the operation is repeated over and over again until everything is impregnated. Then it is marvelous: once full, the sponge is in perfect continuity with the whole “environment” and it is a totality of being

where there is no difficulty in being: it is very round and all of the body is round and each point of the body had no difficulty being itself. One is at home without problem—and what's more, it is no longer at a small ridiculous self's, it is at Mother's, at the Lord's, at the Self's! There is no problem of disintegration of the "I," no stupid sparrow gripped by fear: one is very naturally TAKEN, one IS. And one feels very well, very comfortable, anywhere and everywhere, both a totality and each point of the totality. And it *is* Mother, it *is* the Lord.

I have understood. It is a key.

The sponge must have the patience to let itself be filled, cell after cell. One has not to rush into the experience.



March 15, 1983

Golden Sri Aurobindo.

This Delight.

The corporeal consciousness rose above the head (impression that one could die).

The body will understand before the head.

But really it was an experience.



March 16, 1983

It is a marvel of constant and tender presence, which we constantly forget.

*

An awful night with C.S. [a Swiss-German "disciple" of Navajata's]. For

three days, I had suffered from a poisoning that I attributed to new vitamins—now, I know where it comes from.

*

Afternoon

A new type of experience seems to develop.

It is still indescribable and rather incomprehensible. One could describe it as an ascension of the *material* consciousness above the head—not at all the Kundalini: the *material* consciousness. It gives the body a very dangerous sensation and one has to overcome one's instinct of self-preservation and repeat to the body: Don't worry, it's Mother, it's Sri Aurobindo. But all the same, it does not feel at ease. And to endure this for a long time is very tiring (an hour and a half). You don't know what is happening, everything seems solidified up above and at the same time as if evaporated, transparent, immobile. Yet, the body is not in trance, it is very conscious or awake, but as if immobilized, frozen. Everything is caught in a blue density, so strong!—the impression that if you moved (inwardly) or resisted, it would break. And that constant fear to fight, the fear of dropping everything, then pfft! no longer anyone.

I cannot really say what it is, but it seems dangerous for the body.

Apparently, it happens whenever the sponge has been well handled, squeezed-out-filled, squeezed-out filled, then is full to bursting; at that point, that rises (at least, such is my impression).

*

Evening

If I look at all that through the eyes of logic, I say to myself that the vocabulary I use is very vague, when I speak of the ascension of the “material consciousness.” It cannot be the corporeal consciousness itself—the consciousness of the cells, of the molecules, etc.—for if it went

up or out of the body, the heart would stop and it would be catalepsy or death. So it must be another *degree* of materiality. Perhaps it is the *physical* consciousness, that is, the one that formed this body: its atavism, habits, educational reactions, etc.—the net. So, if my reasoning is right, it is the “net” that rises into the light ... perhaps in order to be cleansed or even dissolved (?) And down below, there remains the “pure” body, that is, the corporeal, cellular consciousness alone, without its amiable “education.” (!)

Perhaps I am talking complete nonsense. We must wait and see the effects.

That habit of observing perturbs the free movement of the experience a lot—but what can I do? One always tells oneself, rather deceptively, that it might come in “handy.”

*

I remember now, my body below had the strong sensation of being matter like all the rest of matter. It must have (momentarily) lost its individual mantle. Which seems to confirm that it was the *physical* consciousness that went up (?).

Perhaps it is the test tube itself.



March 17, 1983

I have been aware for some time that I am no longer assailed every morning by that force of cotton-wool inertia which I had to struggle against. The Presence and the body’s aspiration are here at once. Something has become lighter or clearer. As if the body were less “covered.”

*

Afternoon

It was very curious. I was spreading out, or rather the material consciousness was spreading out without difficulty, without that sensation of bursting, as if the mesh of the net were almost inexistant, and it seemed to spread on all sides at the same time; the body was as “one” or “formed one body” with the environment, simply, without difficulty, when all of a sudden this material consciousness (I voluntarily keep it vague because I don’t know, but it is *material*) gathered itself, as if suddenly caught by a formidable Magnet that pulled it upward, above the head. It was a very strange sensation, one felt billions of particles which were attracted, magnetized, like iron filings under a magnet, and rose from everywhere at the same time (from the back, the chest, the arms...). Then it paused and a new aspiration or “magnetization” pulled again the material consciousness or what remained of it, several times like that, through successive magnetizations. But not the least fear in the body, it knew: It’s You. And finally, the body was a sort of blue opening or of a well without walls, and all of the material consciousness was up above, but with ease, joy, in a great transparent and luminous *density*. It was very easy, very simple. At one point, a prayer arose in that blue opening: “Your Truth—simple, pure, absolute, everywhere.” Oh, it was an ease, a peace, a tranquil joy and an absolute trust. And so strong! I don’t well know what it was doing up above. Finally, it went back down. The re-entering was powerful: a dense substance, but without any bursting, without difficulty, in successive stages—it was that same joy, peace and ease—oh! such a great ease. One was full of the concrete Divine.

I had to tear myself away from the experience, I could have stayed in it for hours, despite my painful leg.

I think something is being changed in this body.

But what was really strange was those countless particles which arose from everywhere in the body, very materially, as if attracted by a formidable

magnet above the head. It was really curious—not a vague and general consciousness: particles.

*

I really don't know what to do: there is a kind of mental parrot which is there throughout the experience and observes everything, notes everything—it is very disturbing. Is it deliberate, or a necessity for the “others”? But it's very disturbing. One has not all the joy and delight and freedom of letting oneself go or vanishing into the experience. Is it an obsession to reject?

Is this schema fit for the others or will not everyone have their particular schemas? (probably).

Of course, Mother's “schema” (if I dare say so) helps me a lot to understand what would otherwise be very inexplicable and chaotic, or dangerous and “mad.”



March 18, 1983

A total surrender of the body. Without fear. My life is Yours, my death is Yours.

The great emptying.

“May this bit of matter be completely Yours.”



March 19, 1983

In my opinion, as I understand it, all those manipulations have one and only one meaning: the descent, the infiltration and the impregnation of the material consciousness by the new Power. It is that which does the work and

knows what it has to do—we know nothing.

The effects of that Power:

- 1) Purification of the subconscious and of all the old imprints, reactions, habits of the material, corporeal consciousness. It is the “black cocoon.” It kneads all that sticky magma.
- 2) The more it purifies, the more the net comes off and consequently, there is a widening of the material consciousness which regains its unity with Matter. The “pure” body un-covers itself, shedding its individual mantle—a mantle of Falsehood. It is the false mortal body that little by little lets itself be infiltrated and invaded by the true total body.
- 3) The ultimate (or next) effect must be the awakening of the cellular consciousness: the splendour that is within. What is up above awakes what is down below. Then the work will be automatically done from within, from within the body. It will be the beginning of the supramentalization, with its unknown effects.

The means of the Work:

I only know one way: Mother’s Mantra. And first of all that marvelous, magical syllable OM, like a harpoon of light that rises straight up and goes to open the floodgates of the Supermind or new Power. It is truly the invocation of the Supreme. And the marvelous Answer.

Then a total, fearless surrender: to let oneself be carried away by the Power like a feather—to let things happen, above all to let things happen, never to “orient” the experience. A total passivity, with the intense aspiration of the body: to be Yours. That’s all. If one is purely Yours, everything else follows from it.

Sri Aurobindo’s name is also a marvelous Mantra.

*

Afternoon

I was invoking the Supreme so that He would fill this body with his Delight, when I suddenly found myself under that formidable magnet which pulled the whole material consciousness above my head—it was irresistible, imperative, it went up, so much so that my shoulders were lifted. It kept rising for a long time, through successive suckings up, creating like a dark-blue mass within and above my head. And it continued. I let myself go, but something in me (what “me”? it was that mental parrot, that bird that stayed there watching everything) was telling itself that it was the path to death. The body let itself go, saying: You, Lord, it’s Yours ... but I could feel a kind of anxiety. It kept rising for a very long time, it was difficult to bear. There was only a breath left in the body and everything was extraordinarily *devoid of vibration*, as in a weightless silence, quite annulled. I don’t know what was taking place up above. When it began to go back down, I felt a relief (!) somewhere in my consciousness (or perhaps in that bird). It went back down with pauses between each re-entry. Everything remained very neutral, without vibrations. It simply filled, I cannot say. It was very incomprehensible. I only felt weariness—it was long, it had no end.

We’ll see.

To tell the truth, it is very difficult, one has the impression that one is going to die. It is disturbing.

*

Evening

One remains wide-eyed and a little stunned, as if one were back from elsewhere, but not completely.

(I remember that the “aspiration” or magnetization of the cerebral consciousness was particularly long. The rest emptied out rather quickly, comparatively).

*

Perhaps the act of thinking, for the neolithic man, represented a dangerous “magnetization” which projected him or evaporated him into an uncertain and vertiginous world. Now it is the new act. Instead of an act of abstraction, it is an act of concretization. One has to learn how to spread out one’s matter and know everything, exactly, by becoming the matter of everything. It will be direct manipulation. “Precise down to the atom,” Mother would say.

We must not be afraid of the next act.



March 20, 1983

The “beautiful story,” the most beautiful story would be your coming out of that coffin with Sri Aurobindo. Then it would be the reign of Truth, I would listen to you again; it would be you who would do and everything would be simple, you would come everyday to tell me the Earth’s new beautiful story—no?

It was so strong that I felt like fainting.

Had They come in through the door I would not have been more surprised and overcome with light.

Oh! again, again.... You will tell me again?

*

There are moments when one no longer knows whether the intensity is that of the call or that of the answer.



March 21, 1983

It seems so derisory, a little man all alone in his bedroom, calling for the change of the Earth ... It takes a lot of faith not to be overcome by this futility.

There is a “galactic” perspective that is rather crushing, but at the same time one tells oneself—feels—that the Divine is as much in the most microscopic point as in all the galaxies put together and that if *one* point can change and call for the pure Divine, everything can change. And it is true.

*

Afternoon

YOU HERE

I CAN NO LONGER DOUBT THAT THE WORK WILL BE DONE

(Spring equinox. With my Douce, we planted a “Divine Love” and poured some water from the Ganges onto it. In fact, it was three shoots of Divine Love together).

It lasted for two hours. My leg did not hurt in the least.

*

Vision

I remember that two nights ago, that is, in the night of March 18-19, I saw something that now makes sense:

I was aboard a rather big ship (not a sail boat, it seems) and we were about to land and berth, when the boat moved and I saw the big steel cable fastened to a “bollard,” but that cable unwound and the boat left the wharf without casting off its moorings and moved away from the coast. Then we passed a beautiful white building that emerged there, alone in the midst of the sea (on reflection, it was perhaps a temple, but very clean, very white and harmonious, it was midway) and the boat reached the opposite shore or side (of what, I don’t know, and I can’t say that I could see a “shore,” but it was “opposite” the first wharf we were still fastened to). And there we

berthed too with a big steel cable and I told myself: “Well, we are doing a double mooring.” I can’t describe the boat, as I was busy maneuvering, and I could not see who was aboard either, but it seemed to me that there were a few individuals, but not many people. It was on that side that we landed. What predominated in my consciousness was that “double mooring,” and that big steel cable that linked us to the first wharf.

If I well understand: the two sides are linked by a big cable and one doesn’t cast off one’s moorings on one side to go to the other. It is a double mooring.*

*

Vision

The night before last (19-20), I also saw something that might have a meaning: we were on a sort of big square, in the air, with a kind of railing around. It was a little like the poop of a boat, but it was square and “in the air.” Sujata was with me and I told her: “Look at the bird.” She could not see it and ran to the railing to see, I even feared that she might fall overboard. And the bird came and nestled in my arms, I clasped it to my bosom, it was a delightful contact. That bird looked like a seagull or a swan (bigger than a seagull, much bigger, almost a duck, but perhaps smaller than a swan), and it had like yellow spots on the sides of its beak—its feathers were white (a bird means the soul, doesn’t it?)



* With this vision, the experience of March 19, afternoon, takes on its full meaning. Obviously, it was the junction between the first wharf, which represents the Earth, and the second wharf, that is, the supramental world. The white building midway must represent the world of gods and religions. Perhaps this vision was also meant to reassure me, as I sort of feared to let go of the Earth’s moorings (!).

Now I remember again (really!): two or three nights ago, I saw a tooth in my mouth and it fell out by itself, I was very surprised. Is it the last tooth of human stupidity that is going off? Please God!

*

Obviously, we are reaching the true beginning.



March 22, 1983

Curiously enough, I was offering all of this body to the Sun, when the material consciousness began to rise again, as it did the other time, through successive suckings up or magnetizations, but no fear at all this time; on the contrary, there was a *joyous* assent of the body, which let itself go with such a conviction or obviousness or sensation that it was the Divine and that the Divine was *there*. It eventually formed a sort of dark-blue mass just above the head, then it stabilized and one felt that that mass of material consciousness was bathed in Sun, impregnated with Sun—it was blissful, tranquil. Everything was blissful in the body down below. And it was rather obvious, the operation became clear: it was the junction of the material consciousness (I was about to say “corporeal”?) with “the other side.”

Then that material consciousness went back down, in stages, and it seemed that it had not the same quality as that which had gone up: it was solid, massive, slightly luminous and above all full of a beatific joy, very tranquil, as if the body were filling with Divinity. (Really, the body’s mode of expression is joy; its way of saying its love and gratitude for the Divine is to be in joy, but a quiet and so strong and blissful a super-joy—it was indescribable.) And in the end, all of a sudden, this Supreme Delight descended. Really, it is the Absolute Divine. I had to slowly wrest myself from there, I had been immersed in the experience for almost two hours. But

now it is clear, everything is clear, as if the path were opening up widely, obvious and simple. It is He who does. And it is marvelous. It is *the* Marvel, that's why there have been all those bodies. It is the Supreme Divine—and it is only *there* that it can be found.

One finds it difficult to believe that it can be so simple and easy, so marvelous.

Truly, They opened the path, royally, marvelously: No obstacle, Nothing impedes.

*

Evening

I remember that conversation of 1954 at the Playground, when Mother read a text of Sri Aurobindo: “That mysterious and powerful [...] Ananda which flows from a supreme divine Love, the Ananda that alone can heal the gulf between the highest heights of the supramental spirit and the lowest abysses of Matter, the Ananda that holds the key of a wonderful divinest Life....” (*The Mother*) And Mother commented by saying this: “The cells that can vibrate when exposed to the divine joy, receive and keep it, are regenerated cells on the road to becoming immortal.”

*

I think of my vision after Mother's departure: I, going down on my stomach across that enormous chasm, in order to join the other side with my bicycle on my back.

It seems to be done.



March 23, 1983

All the psychological crust has gone, there hardly remains more than physiology under observation. This, seen from outside. From within, it is a

mass of matter that needs sun and aspires to sun, as would a rhododendron, I suppose. It is more similar to the vegetal than to the animal. It is a very larval state, except when it is touched and seized by the Sun.

Of course, we are far from Victor Hugo and Lamartine....

All the same, I can well imagine Voltaire and Rimbaud in white lab coats, bent over the test tube. A funny team.

I can hear Voltaire say, while looking at the cells and molecules: “To think that it is French and that it is perhaps already committing sins!” And Rimbaud, rolling his sleeves up: “By Jove, my dear, they are Abyssinian and we are going to pull them out of the human hell.”

*

Let's not lose heart.

*

Evening

The body is weakened.

I wanted to check the landmarks of the house, then walk a little in the forest. Could not walk, I had to fight off fainting in order to come back home.

The charming voices don't fail to say: You see, you're ruining your body with your experiences.



March 24, 1983

In a way, the path is very easy: you can do nothing (!). You don't even know what has to be done. You only have to perfect the surrender. And the pure simplicity of the call.

What is most difficult, perhaps, is to forget all previous experiences and be completely new, innocent, in front of the new day. We are inclined to

perpetuate the curves or expect....

Really, one understands nothing.

*

Afternoon

Again that rising of the material consciousness, but very long, more complete, if one may say so. It was very easy at the beginning and fearless, even enthusiastic. Then, when it gathered above the head, there was like a new ascent of that consciousness—it was slow, cautious, we could say. There was a long, immobile silence, as if everything were suspended between two worlds. I felt the need to say: “My life is Yours, my death is Yours,” it was necessary to consent to that too. It rose higher, I don’t know where. I had the impression that all that rejoined the Sun, or Sri Aurobindo, or That—in short, the Source. But I can’t say. The first part of the operation lasted for an hour and a half.

It was very long, I was already tired. Then it went back down for three quarters of an hour, with pauses. It seemed to descend from center to center, slowly, down to the very feet, or so it seemed (I cannot exactly say, for I was disturbed by my leg, which had sharp pains). The whole body was like a transparent block, somewhat bluish, solid, but without walls, as it were—there was no “I” in all that. I was too exhausted to bear the movement any longer and I think that I “skipped” through the end—two hours and a quarter in all, it is very difficult to hold out. The only prayer: “Yours ... Yours ... May this Matter be Yours ... May this earth receive Truth and the divine reign arrive ... May it be Your prayer in Matter”

I have the impression that the experience comes in small doses and that perhaps it is not yet absolutely complete. But it is a key, I think. Things are running their course. It is the material junction of the two worlds, without one losing the moorings of the earth (Let’s hope so!).



March 25, 1983

All those experiences of the material (or corporeal) consciousness are of an extraordinary concrete simplicity: it is like a dried soil that aspires to the rain, or a young shoot rising towards the sun. The Mind, the Vital, the heart, the feelings and the moods, whether they are good or bad, have nothing to do with that, the body does very well without them—not only it does without them but it tells them: Let me alone! It is a consciousness that is really independent of our superb superstructures. One could say that “I” have (has) nothing to do with it. It is beyond any “person” or “individual,” so it seems. And the less the individual interferes, the more effective, direct, simple and clear it is—automatic. That marvelous independence is more and more obvious and tangible daily, when I sit down every morning without any particular inner heat—the body *has* heat or thirst. It thirsts. There seems to have been a complete role reversal: the body, which all its life has been under the thumb (or the yoke) of its mental, vital, sentimental and sexual masters, and at the mercy of their successive whims, asserts its independence and almost its “superiority”! A little as if it were saying: “It’s between me and the Supreme.” And it is perfectly true. The body understands only the Supreme, not that whole fuss in between, even the spiritual and “divine” fuss. It’s interesting, Mother would say!

In short, the body is clean. It is all that covers it that is equivocal and dubious.

*

It seems that the whole evolution is a love story between the body and the Supreme, or between Matter and the Supreme.

*

I am beginning to understand why I was born a child of the Western

materialism. Born in India, I would have been bogged down in intermediary zones.

*

Everything is becoming clear. As if I had touched a key.

*

Afternoon

I don't understand.

The body was in a state of intense aspiration, calling for the Sun, and I (almost) expected this material consciousness to rise or something to descend into it—nothing. It was only a corporeal aspiration, more and more intense. And I “thought” of or remembered that photo that I had recently seen, of a village under the Arctic Circle, in Norway: a crust of frozen snow; then the sun appears and within a few days there is an immense green-green meadow with billions and billions of little yellow flowers coming out—oh! I told myself, how wonderful if that Sun appeared and made the crust melt away, and if the whole body with its billions and billions of cells blossomed like so many golden little flowers.... And the aspiration of the body was so strong! Then everything seemed to become a homogeneous block of aspiration (but not a solid block—a “flexible solidity,” Mother would say, transparent and immobile, under the pressure of an invisible Sun. Everything was still, transparent, *under pressure*. I had the impression that my head was fully open, without any top of the skull and that that transparent “block” had no walls. It remained like that for a long time under the pressure of that invisible sun, completely immobile.

Then nothing.

Simply, the body was offering itself to that invisible Sun.

When I tried to get out of that state, which seemed very “normal,” I had literally to wrench myself from it and had much difficulty, it took me a long

time—surprisingly enough. I didn't think that I was "far" or "up above": only that density of immobile aspiration; but probably the body was as if very spread out in that transparency and it took time to gather all that (?).

I don't know. I don't understand.

But the meadow has not blossomed in the sun.

We'll see.

This watching mind is very-very disturbing. And at the same time, I cannot resolve to banish it....

*

Night

Descent of the divine Love.



March 26, 1983

I, who am always inclined to doubt everything, am being given very irrefutable and unexpected experiences.

Last night, I was doing a little "japa" as every evening before sleeping, when, all of a sudden, a Power fell on me, literally, seized hold of and spread into me, imperiously, irresistibly.... I had heard of "Divine Love," but there.... Of course, it is indescribable, but I can at least say the effects. First of all, it was an incredible rapture (I didn't know I had a tendency to ecstasy!) The body stammered like a dumbfounded child filled with wonder, saying: But how can I deserve this? What did I do for it? It was so surprised, it felt itself as a mere grain of sand, nothing at all, really, and it was so choking with this love. It could only stammer out: Oh! Lord ... Oh! Lord....

One cannot describe that living Marvel in a body. There was also Ananda, but as a side effect or behind that Love, and it was more powerful than Ananda—yet this Ananda is already a massive Marvel. And little by

little, the Power of that Love grew—it became almost unbearable, my head was boiling hot and there was a sort of fever in my body. And it kept going on, I felt that I was going to burst like a balloon or be reduced to a boiling pulp. Then I called for Peace and tranquillity. It came at once, but (as Mother would say) the splendor stopped. I gave up. It's surprising how the body is immediately afraid when something is new. But it was mainly the brain that had difficulty in bearing the experience (the rest of the body put up with it rather well) as if the brain were less receptive than the body in general, or more crystallized and individualized, less capable of fluidity. In that case, it was boiling. But I think I have learnt the lesson and next time (God willing) I'll know better how to behave.

But there, one understands that that Love, that Power, has the power of transformation—That can do. Mother used to say that the supreme divine Love alone could bring about the transformation. One only wonders how the body will be able to follow without bursting like a balloon. Yet, I can see that for months my body has been accustomed to growing intensities of power. Those intensities, which at the beginning gave me the impression that I was going to burst, don't give me that sensation at all any longer. I can see that this material consciousness has been kneaded and widened a lot. Logically, it should continue to widen and become more “fluid” or supple. It is like the evolutionary preparation of the amphibian.

No doubt, experiences multiply and something is in the making.

But the splendor of that Love is beyond all human imagination. And it is not at all “subjective”—is a tidal wave of fire subjective? It is incredible. I stammered in front of that like a baby.

It had lasted for an hour when I gave up.

One feels one is faced with a great Mystery.

The body alone can bear that without going mad—if the other parts of the being, the mind or the vital, were given That, they would go completely

mad. In fact, the body is the oldest thing in the world. It has seen many things. It even saw the first explosion of the stars—it was the Lord who exploded. Perhaps it remembers that.

I remember that when I wrote *The Mind of the Cells* and quoted *Mother's Agenda*, I used to feel ill at ease whenever Mother said: “The Lord ... The supreme Love ... etc. I used to tell myself: How will people understand that? Like another kind of God of religions? Or some Asiatic mysticism? I (impertinently) wished She had used a more Cartesian or scientific vocabulary. But I understand now! And I also understand how our vocabulary is impossible. God exists (!), but it is so far from all that we believe—really, we are like pickled sardines trying to describe or name a first sunrise over the world. A sunrise is material, but for sardines (even wriggling and nonpickled), what is it?

A new sun is rising on Earth.

It is time we moved to a new materialism.

*

Morning

Something has changed in the body's consciousness (or in its receptivity).

Like a smile behind.

The impression of being “taken in hand.”

That cotton-wool mattress is no longer there.

We are under a perpetual sun.

*

To think that I went to get that Tantric Mantra! It is exactly as if you interposed an iron mechanism between you and the sun! The outcome of it all is the metallic and grimacing supermen of science fiction. It is what the vital world would like to create on earth—a frightening horror.

*

Afternoon

I was spreading out in the sun, it was such a light Ananda, the body was as if dilated with ease and well-being and sun (but not a “general” body: all kinds of things in it) and suddenly I felt a sort of imperious beam on me. Then my whole material consciousness began to rise and rise along that beam, through successive “suctions”^{*}—no fear at all. Then, after a long while, all that material consciousness entered a mass, a dense body. I didn’t know whether it was high up or below: it was *there*. I stayed in that immobile mass and again, there was a sort of “suction” or “sucking” upward; I heard like an ironic but kind voice say, amused (I think it was Mother): “You are not going to enter the Supreme with your little notebook?...” There were still several “suctions” within that mass, like successive ascents on increasingly higher peaks. And strangely enough, it was my *material* consciousness (I could hear the birds outside, all the noises, I moved my leg). I don’t know exactly what happened during those ascents, but there were several prayers, as at every stage (I could no longer say exactly): “the simple truth ...” “simple-true ...” “to be a pure tool,” “to do your work....” What disturbed me was to still feel an “I” in all that, so I said: “To annul myself in you.” But it was very material (I remember that “dream” I had several months ago, in which I emerged from the depths of the ocean like a cork and my body rose up right into the sky).

All that lasted more than two hours. It was tiring. In the end, I was very surprised: it took me ten minutes or even only five to come back, as if it were right there. Strange.

I don’t understand all that very well.

^{*} I don’t know what word to use, it is like a magnet or a rather formidable “aspirator”—one is sucked up.

What I still wonder is whether this “little notebook” is part of the work or impedes it?

*

All that work is possible only because my Douce is here—it’s my basis.



March 27, 1983

An onslaught of wicked and raging voices.

These are not only “voices,” but forces.

*

Afternoon

I had this simple prayer all the afternoon: “Plunge me into a bath of Truth.” And it seemed so simple: He soaks me in that, from top to bottom, down to the tip of my toes, inside and outside, through all the cells, everywhere—and one gets out of it: everything is simple and straight and true. Done with the miserable story. The decision is true, the perception is true, the action is true, the movement is true, the reaction is true, the thought is true, everything is true!

Why would it not be that simple: a bath, one gets out of it and it’s over. It is clear, clean, straight. It is divine.

So be it.

*

(Letter to a young Indian lawyer who had just joined Auroville, originally in English. It was about the first official meeting of the trust “Auromitra,” which had been founded to protect Auroville and which J.R.D. Tata and Satprem were members of.)

I don't believe much in the Unesco people. Anyway, I am of not much use for Auromitra but my inner prayer and support are very actively turned towards Auroville—not really as an "Institution" but the people there. I wish so much a few could understand that we are there not even for a better society but for a new being, a new species, a change in the human *nature*. A change of nature. I have stopped all contacts with the outer world and hardly write any letters, please excuse me. Instead of writing letters, or books, I have found that it was more urgent to concentrate on one's own change and *hasten* the time.

If we were truly one-pointed, a handful of men, we would hasten the time.

It is urgent.

With love to you

and all my brothers and sisters,

Satprem



March 28, 1983

It is surprising how the body's consciousness resembles that of a meadow in the sun with all its blades of grass and a very soft, very innocent joy: to be in your sun, and that's all. And it drinks that sun with such a gratitude!

Who said that the body was "ill"?! It is *we* who are totally ill. And it suffers our "illness" until the day it dies of suffocation.

Our "Divine" is very sophisticated—with its churches, popes and sins ... my God! how is it possible!

I am discovering the sunlit life.

I suspect the supramental Divine of being somewhat of a Pagan (if He were a nudist, that would beat everything!)

*

Afternoon

“Descent” of Mother.

A white, imperious passion.

Or rather successive descents, more and more material. Prayer for a total purification.

To be annulled in You.

At one point, she told me (in order to tease me, I think): “I give you my power.” I answered: I want *You* to be able to do in me, *You* to decide in me, *You* to perceive in me, *You* to think in me.... (It lasted for two hours). Because by myself I can only do silly things and don’t know what is to be done.

Quite in the end, I said: “May the Earth change!” like a prayer. She replied in a categorical, absolute tone: it *is* going to change, it *is* going to change—you’ll see.



March 29, 1983

A state that resembles stupor and numbness. Mind: blank. The material aspiration is very intense, then it seems to dissolve into an immobile luminosity, completely emptied of sensations or perceptions.

I don’t care at all, as long as it is You.

*

Sixty-nine years ago to the day, Mother first met Sri Aurobindo ... Sujata says.

*

Afternoon

I was powerfully and very materially at Their feet.

*

The more I am in contact with that formidable Power, the more my vital strength ebbs away, so much so that I feel exhausted almost every evening. Strange. There is an equation there that is not well balanced. Unless it is a new equation that has not been found yet.



March 30, 1983

I notice this: once the great flaws have been closed, the very small and quite minuscule ones too become mortal, since the enemy falls on those tiny points with increased force and makes its concentrated venom pass through this or that insignificant wound. If you scratch your skin by catching yourself absentmindedly on a thorn, the wound festers immediately; if you twist your neck in a bad sleep, your stiff neck keeps worsening for ten days—everything is disproportionate and intensified, so much so that you can die of a trifle as much as of a cancer. You must be totally invulnerable.... Well.... It reminds us of that yogi who lived for two hundred years and caught death while distractedly stepping on a nail.

The Enemy's task consists in compelling us to be invulnerable—that is, perfectly pure. Well....

The more minuscule the flaw is, the more virulent and fatal the attack.

*

This morning, I am exhausted as if there were some poison in the air.

*

In fact, the only way to have no longer any flaw is not to build a concrete tower around oneself, but to have no walls anymore—not even cellular

walls. That is, a total widening—to plunge everything into the infinite....

What has to be dissolved is that famous mortal cocoon of the physical consciousness.

But as soon as you get out of the concentration, you fall back into the net.... What can you do? The net or the cocoon has to dissolve down to the cellular consciousness. Well.

*

I bathed in that sun and everything widened, calmed down and rested. But now that I have come out of it, I fall back into tiredness. One should be able of never getting out of that bath.

*

Afternoon

Again the material consciousness rose, this time more completely, but not yet totally. Now I am sure that it is the *material* consciousness (not the physical consciousness) the consciousness *of the body*, which makes sense: “the body is the bridge”—it is not with the Mind that one reaches the Supermind, or with the vital, it is with *the body*. It is actually said in the Veda that Agni’s extremities are hidden, that it is “headless” and “footless.” It is the two extremes that join up. And the whole operation consists in making the junction between the material, corporeal consciousness and the Supermind.

The first hour was relatively easy. First, that astonishing Magnet which imperiously pulls the material consciousness—it falls on you, without preparation and instantaneously, you cannot resist. At the beginning, the consciousness rose in long draughts, if I may say so, through long “suctions,” and the body adhered to it. During the second hour, the body began to be tired and that material consciousness took ages to withdraw from the body; the “magnetizations” or “suctions” were slower, more

measured, as if it were more perilous—in any case, the body began to feel in danger and I had to constantly struggle against that stupid instinct of self-preservation. However hard I tried to make it feel that it was the Divine, it felt a little as in the dentist's chair for a never-ending "extraction." It went up more and more slowly and uneasily and I felt that at one point there would be a tumble into ... what? Logically, into the Sun, but logic, you know.... After two hours, I nearly gave up, then I had a burst of energy and told Mother: "If the time has come, well, let it be done at once." There was a new ascent, but obviously somebody up above must have seen that the body (or I, or the resistance of the body) was exhausted and after a quarter of an hour, the descent started, very quick. Two hours and a half later, I landed on my feet.

Probably I'll have to start all over again until I land in the Sun, God willing.

Lord, put a little more faith in this body.



March 31, 1983

When I entered the experience, I insistently repeated to the body (and to myself): "You have GIVEN yourself, you have given yourself, and whatever happens, you have given yourself...." For almost an hour and a half there was a movement of kneading and ascent—it rose and rose (but with a kind of feeling that something also went down, I don't know). There was no reticence in the body, it was only a little out of breath. Then there was a long, immobile pause, with the impression of being on the borderline between life and death (but perhaps it was simply the impression of a subconscious fear of the body). It seemed to me that Sri Aurobindo and

Mother were there. A sort of prayer arose: “May this earth belong to the Supreme Divine.” Then something changed, as if the individual (and the remnant of fear) vanished and it was only: “May a bit of this matter belong to the Supreme Divine, totally, absolutely”—it was like the Earth or someone from the Earth that was there, praying to the Supreme. All fear vanished. There was a new ascent with long moments of immobility and I had the impression of a Transcendence smiling above me. Several ascents, but curiously enough, I no longer had the sensation of being “up above” or “far”—I had the sensation that it was *right there*, without any top or bottom.* Finally, the consciousness or Power “descended back” into the body by successive waves, with long pauses: it was dense, powerful, with growing densities, so it seemed, and it went from center to center, down to the sexual center, then (but less obviously and strongly) lower down towards the feet. All that last phase of descent was very long, with many waves of re-entry. I began to feel exhausted. It lasted for 2 hours and 45 minutes in all.

I feel that these notes are “temporary,” if I may say so, and that the body is slowly being prepared and accustomed to a more complete experience. It is only a provisional description. But it is certainly the slow junction of the Supermind with matter.

Above all, I notice that everything has been made easier when, all of a sudden, it was the earth that spoke in me and the individual disappeared or moved aside. It was only: “May a grain, a bit of this matter belong totally to the Supreme Divine.” And it *was* like that. It was the Earth or a bit of the earth that prayed to the Supreme Divine as a grace.



* I heard the cock crow, someone played the pipe.

April 1, 1983

This morning, it was a true battle. I saw to what extent this physical mind—the mind of life, which organises and governs life—TORTURES this poor matter. Problems of visa for Pierre, problems of deposit, problems of check, problems of coffee pots with L.—it was hateful, the whole false and artificial life, and under all that I felt this poor body which recalled its sun, wanted its sun and desperately struggled against that stupid life and that mental torturer. It was like a coat of mail or a straitjacket which was put on it and it fought to find its sun again, it remembered that sunlit meadow. The other tightened and tighened its links and did not want to lose its grip, its problems and solutions and reflections, oh! it was sheer torture. A false life, a life of falsehood and artifice, stuck onto the true, sunlit life. But the body did not want it anymore! It was a battle.

This is what kills, suffocates and strangles matter. Humans are not aware of the prison they live in!

All that I had known and seen for a long time in me, but I knew it from *outside* and pounded that coat of mail unsuccessfully. Now I can feel it from within, from the side of the body, which is my ally to struggle against that plague and hypnotism—the body is no longer hypnotized as it used to: it struggles, no longer wants; it has tasted the sun and *knows* what it is.

We have to get out of the Artifice and rediscover the direct power of consciousness over Matter or in Matter.

We must absolutely rediscover the power of consciousness in the body's cells.

This is what is at stake.

*

Afternoon

Strange.

All at once, the material, cerebral consciousness began to rise, interminably rise, sucked up from above, and I let everything go with a kind of iconoclastic joy—for this whole brain, this torturing physical mind to go into the Divine. I don't know how long it lasted, and it also seemed to me that something, a bit of the body's material consciousness followed, but it was less perceptible—it was mainly that interminable emptying-sucking up of the brain (without a pause, continuously). Around an hour later (or an hour and a half), it seemed to be over, and then, there was another interminable period which was like death. I was completely empty, annulled, and from time to time I moved the tip of my toes to see if it was still alive, as in an act of effort. It moved. But all the rest was annulled—really a kind of living death or on the threshold of death. It was accepted, given, but it was long. I stayed around three-quarters of an hour in that state of semi-nothingness, moving my toes at times (!), then there was a sort of intense and quick vibration and I knew (with relief) that it was going to go back down. But strangely enough, it seemed to me that the Supermind, perhaps, or my old consciousness, but changed, transformed, was about to go down. But only a few little breaths of life descended, rather in the area of the heart. And that's all. I don't understand anything. So much matter or substance or cerebral consciousness had gone up, and almost nothing went back down!

We'll have to see.

But my body moves. The observing mind remains. I don't know what is in there. I'm going to walk a little. I have a vague headache or a strange empty sensation in my head.

Perhaps I went up above to have my brain washed! “Oh! Lord, take all that”—such was my prayer all the time, insofar as something was expressed, since in reality it was a sensation of prayer rather than anything else.

It takes really a lot of courage and faith to go through that. (It lasted for

two hours and a quarter in all).

*

It suddenly reminds me of my (paternal) grandmother on her deathbed, tapping her bedsheet with her fingertips: “It takes long to die.”

*

It’s very difficult to uproot the habit of dying from the body—it has died for millions of years!



April 2, 1983

This morning, the unfolding of the phenomenon was rather clear (though rather incomprehensible in its meaning).

All of the material, corporeal consciousness, I could really say, let itself be sucked up and absorbed from above. It rose very slowly, without a pause, continuously, and the body let itself go absolutely, without fear, without tension, quite “neutral,” I could say, and willing.

I could not say what happened “up above,” but it was the impression of being absorbed into something. Down below, it was completely empty and still. Then, all of a sudden, there was that intense and powerful Vibration, then it was *right there*, that is, I had not at all the sensation of being “above” or “below”—it was physically, materially right there, immediately there, “I” was there. And that intense vibration produced like a gathering of power in the being, as if a formidable (at least powerful) “drop” of power embraced the being and immobilized it in a sort of completely clear transparency, perhaps slightly golden and above all perfectly immobile, without a vibration. Then again that intense vibration and a gathering of power which immobilized the being in that kind of “drop”—and so on, about thirty or

forty times,* as if I were filled drop by drop (but rather enormous drops, as they encompassed the whole being). One vibration and one “drop” of power followed the other with a sort of total immobility between two vibrations. And that operation unfolded very “mechanically,” if I may say so (I could open my eyes, look at the bedroom, and the filling went on with a sort of rather mechanical regularity, without a hint of feeling or sensation, except that one was immobilized and caught in a drop of transparent and perhaps slightly golden drop of power, until a new intense vibration arrived, “condensing” a new drop, and so on).

That’s it. ????

(The other day, I felt something like that and translated it as successive “waves”—but these are gatherings of power which embrace and seize the being, immobilizing it as in a drop).

I say “drop,” but they are perhaps successive pulses with a time of immobilization between two pulses (?).

Yes, I forgot to note that those drops or gatherings of power which embraced my being did not “descend” from above, they were as if *right there* and entered me horizontally, if I may say so, through the neck, the shoulders, the back (not through the top of the cranium like a “descent”).

*

Vision

Ah! I remember now: last night, I clearly saw a rather incomprehensible image, but which makes sense now: I saw my body, naked and as if transparent (it was very white) and the inside of my body was filled with small, round and transparent beads, slightly golden and luminous in themselves (very small beads or bubbles or pearls which were about 3 or 4

* In fact, I dragged myself out of the phenomenon because there seemed to be no end to

millimeters in diameter, half a centimeter maximum). There was no space between the “beads”: it was full of beads or pearls which were piled up as in a bag (the bag was my body). But I mainly saw the lower part of the body (trunk, belly, sex, bottom, top of the thighs), I could see neither the head nor the feet (or I don’t remember).

*

Afternoon

Same rising of the material, corporeal consciousness, through successive suction, as in an uninterrupted flow. The suction seemed to become slower and slower, but powerful, irresistible. There was a golden impression and the sensation of a sun up above, towards which it rose.

I curtailed the experience (I had to wrench myself from it, because it continued and would still continue, endlessly), and I was very surprised to find myself *here* immediately, with my feet on the ground.

The experience seems to follow a certain automatism now, from which all fear has vanished.

Perhaps it is the “bag of beads” that is emptied from its old substance and slowly filled with a new consciousness or clear cells.... But of course, there are billions and billions of “beads” to change....

Now everything is clear. Last night’s vision is the first tangible sign that something is changing in the body’s content.

*

It’s funny, one rises higher and higher without leaving the earth!

Perhaps we could say that one rises to heaven without leaving the earth!



April 3, 1983 (Easter)

it—perhaps it is continuing without my being aware of it.

It takes me a superhuman effort to note this.

The magnetization started immediately, imperious, powerful, irresistible. But this time, the whole material, corporeal consciousness rose in floods, as it were, under an irresistible suction—it kept going out, rising and rising interminably and profusely (one wonders how so much substance can be contained in a small body). There was no fear whatever: the body felt itself in the Divine's hands. But it was long: perhaps an hour. After an hour, the magnetizations became slower, longer—it became more difficult. There were pauses between those periods of slow sucking up. Finally, everything came to a halt and then a long, very long phase began, which the body could not help feeling as perilous, in any case very difficult to bear—it lasted for nearly an hour. Everything was empty, but of a rather crushing emptiness, like a well, very straight and open, which rose right from the sexual area to up above, directly. And within that well (which was not felt as enclosed with walls: a kind of transparent well), it was completely empty, immobile, almost lifeless—I tried to move my toes, but I did not manage to do it. And it became very difficult even to pray or invoke. I kept repeating: “Yours Yours Yours ... but everything tended to vanish or freeze. Finally, I stood in front of the Lord and said: “The man has done all that he could, now Satprem puts himself at Your feet....” And it was still that sort of powerful, crushing void (yet I obviously felt a presence in that void, the power of the void was divine). I put myself at Mother's feet: “To be Your consecrated tool ... what You will....” I could no longer manage to “say” anything, I was like an immobile or immobilized block, transparent—a block of powerful void, if I dare say so. There was *no longer any personal will*. It was difficult. I wondered a little whether I was going to hold out or what.... An hour like that, it's long. Something moved at last, like a little bit of life entered the body (yet I was not in a trance, I could hear the dog

howling—yes, I remember, at one point I said: may everything be annulled in You. I was truly ready to anything-anything, it was the end of a life). Then it came back in waves—big *massive* waves which followed each other rather quickly (not “drops”: waves, so it seemed.) A long series of waves descended. I was rather exhausted. The impression that those waves were blue (perhaps dark blue) with a tinge of gold—a dominant blue with a bit of gold in it, but I could not really say. I was too nonexistent, annulled, crushed and worn-out. That’s it.

*

I remember that at the beginning of the experience, when all that material substance rose so imperiously and irresistibly, I recalled Mother’s words: “It was as if the cells were *projected by force* into an unknown and dangerous world—dangerous, but marvelous.”

*

This morning, I had to write to L., I wanted him to know the experience of the “double mooring.” After that, I had to struggle for more than an hour to free myself, it was as if a lid had closed on the Experience. All mental activity is against “that.”

*

But I clearly see: there is no possible retreat—it is either the transformation or the end of this life. The magnetization is irreversible.

No regrets.



April 4, 1983

This morning, as soon as I sat down, there were a few magnetizations indeed, but it was as if I perceived things “from the other end,” from the

end of the body, and I could feel all its joy to offer itself to the sun, spread out and give itself, and that whole matter that adored the sun and rose towards the sun—it was not an “individual,” not even a “body,” I could say, but something like a field or a landscape—matter, in short—which aspired, inflated and gave itself to the sun with perfect joy. There was no “I” in that, any more than in a meadow. At times, there was a more perceptible magnetization, but it was not so distinct from matter’s own joy to rise towards the sun like a shoot. Then there was a powerful magnetization, that time, something that seemed to take everything out of the individual body, and I had the sensation of emerging into a blue space in a sun that one did not see. There, the body was like a point, not really different from the small terrestrial ball, and there was a curious sensation of being sometimes this point, sometimes that whole space, of both being bathed in that space (physically bathed) and containing or being that space. It was very vast, light, blissful, very immobile and transparent—one could be there or be “that” for centuries. And I was not “far” at all: the bedroom here was as if immediately there, with the sounds and the movements of people around, but it did not disturb and did not prevent from being spread out in that blue space under a sun one could not see. It all seemed material or in any case was not outside of Matter as we know it, and did not prevent me from being in Matter as we know it. Finally, I wanted to move, “come back” to the normal state, and it was simple, it was right there, there was only to “gather” the consciousness a little. When I “came back” (if I may say so), there was the sensation of a dense mass which re-entered, quickly assimilated, then I was here as usual.

But in the experience, there was above all that sensation of being both a minuscule, quasi nonexistent point, and all of that whole blue space without particular (or measurable) dimension, it was as if one moved from one position to another *of the same thing*, and the most natural position was to

be spread out or be all of that space (without the least sensation of “I-me”—there is no “I-me” at all in that, “I am” has no meaning: you could rather say: “It is.” The Earth too seemed to be a point in that, not very different from the point of the body—in fact, I don’t know whether there were any “differences.” All that seemed to be the same thing with different positions. In all that, you cannot say that you “see” and “look at”—you rather *are*. Nothing is external. Nothing is “object.” You are all of the object (whatever it is).

It takes me a considerable effort to note all that—to move from space to a feather means rather acrobatic changes of position. Then, telegram from Pierre and complications.

*

Afternoon

I sat down with so intense a prayer: “Lord! I don’t want to get out of this false and limited Matter to see spectacles, but to be Yours and to do what You will.”

I felt that I had remained in an intermediary zone this morning and that all that was not complete or not absolutely pure. I said: “O Lord, I don’t want to build anything, I want to be Yours, Yours.” To distort nothing.

There were some magnetizations, and when all of the material consciousness seemed to be “out,” or to have risen above the head, it began to shoot straight up, higher and higher, higher and higher, like an arrow or a rocket, straight up, without a pause, without “suction,” it shot up all alone, and there was no end to it. A vague fear began to gnaw at me: am I not going to explode or burst in the end? It was stupid, but it was how things were. And it went on higher and higher, when finally, I (that rocketlike material consciousness) entered dense layers, denser and denser—it was a

little crushing and I was exhausted. I wanted to go back down and that whole dense mass was there, as if it could not manage to re-enter my body. Surprisingly, I could open my eyes and I was here at once, which made things easier. I looked at Mother's photo and I felt that dense and warm mass around my head and me. It was trying to re-enter smoothly. I curtailed everything because I was worn out and wanted to go out for a walk.

O Lord, I don't want stories, spectacles or amazing visions: I want to be Yours purely, simply, absolutely, and do what You will—that's all. Yours.

I still feel that dense mass around me. I'm going to walk.

*

Evening

The only salvation is to want the supreme experience alone, nothing else, no intermediary theatre. That, pure.



April 5, 1983

This morning, after the period of magnetization and ascent high up towards a sun that I (one) could not see, I could clearly analyze or observe the descent and it was completely as I had already felt and described it: "drops," formidable drops of a slightly golden power which went down, embracing the whole body: then slowly, slowly, one felt that those drops were being absorbed by the body and resorbed in the body, and as soon as the adaptation was finished, a new "drop" descended with a particularly intense and fast vibration, dilated, embraced the body etc., etc. I let it happen about thirty times, then I stopped the experience (or I came out of it—it is probably continuing behind the external veil). What I felt once or twice as "waves" is an incomplete description; one actually feels the wave

of that formidable drop that descends, but that wave condenses, if I may say so, forms into a drop and embraces the body, and so on.... The phenomenon is clear.

Each “drop” is made of a mass of dense power, somewhat warm and golden. It seems to “be resorbed” through all the body’s pores (it’s an interpretation, but the drop is resorbed on all sides at the same time, not through a single “orifice”).

*

Afternoon

I HAVE EVERY REASON TO THINK
THAT THE JUNCTION IS MADE

There was that magnetization and it kept rising endlessly, straight up. I was like a hole that was turned upwards. Then that material or corporeal consciousness entered denser and denser layers, it progressed more and more slowly and with increasing difficulty. There was not even any prayer or invocation left: it was the body that was *the* prayer. I “told” myself (rather a sensation) that it was perhaps going to tilt over when up above and we would enter.... But there was no tilting over, no explosion at all. It was as if suddenly, without one’s understanding how, at the end of those denser and denser layers, it was *right there*. All of a sudden, it was *there*, physically there, all around me, without any “ascent” or “descent.” Suddenly, there was no longer any “above,” there was only a *there*, physically there, around me. The whole body was immobilized and a dense mass, formidably dense and feeling almost warm, began entering the head (not brutally, rather progressively). My head was like a ball, as if very inflated and full-full to bursting—the whole body was full-full, as if there were not a millimeter of void therein, not an interstice. Everything was as if

rigid or solidified. It entered the head not “from above” but from everywhere all around. That was when the infiltration lasted the longest and was at its slowest. There was no fear. One had a little the impression of a boiler and it was bearable only in a total immobility (or transparency)—besides, the head was as if very big, swollen. Then it slowly infiltrated the chest, the heart, the belly, the sex. A very slow infiltration; it seemed to wait for every point to be saturated, until saturation point was completely reached. It all lasted for almost three hours. All the time, I was perfectly conscious of the physical world—if I had wanted to, I could have undergone all that with my eyes open. It was *there*. In the end, I became, or the body became like a rock, but a big one (the form seemed to have vanished in all that) and I had the sensation that it was Sri Aurobindo there, instead of this body. I prayed to be “Yours, Yours, totally, purely, simply” and for “the Earth to change, for the Earth to become divine.”

All that was very simple, very smooth, with only the sensation of being inflated like a balloon and solidified. But what was surprising was that sudden *right there*. It rose and rose, then it was right there, one didn’t know how, physically there, no more high and down, ascent and descent. One was there. And it infiltrated on all sides.

It probably means that the supramental consciousness and the material, physical consciousness were together—on the same level, if I may say so. It was there!

That’s it.

Yes, it is a “double mooring”: one does not leave the earth to touch the Supermind.



April 6, 1983

Now, no sooner am I seated or simply quiet than I feel the Power that goes directly to the physical (sexual) center, as if it were open from top to bottom, without obstruction. That physical or sexual center seems to be one of the main bases of the work.

*

If I look at the curve of the last ten months, I can say this:

First, the awakening of the aspiration in the material consciousness—that is the key. The need leads to the river. Then, as a result of that aspiration, the descent of the supramental Power and of that Delight (this is the pure Grace), which together knead and churn the whole material consciousness, widen and make holes in the net of the physical consciousness, accustoming the body to bear increasing densities. Then, that Supramental Power makes the whole material consciousness (Mother would probably say the cells' consciousness, but I don't have the sharpness of perception she had) rise to the Supermind. In fact, I suppose that it must be the awakening of the cellular consciousness.* And finally, the Supermind “descends,” or the material consciousness enters the Supermind, that is, the junction between the supramental level and the material level is done. Which means that now it must be a direct work of the Supermind in and on Matter.

In fact, my discovery (if I dare say so) *is that material, corporeal consciousness* which rises to get the supermind. Yes, it is truly the body that “goes up to heaven”! and as soon as it has touched the Supermind, everything is there. (This is still a kind of mystery).

One might say, but I don't know if the comparison is valid: as soon as the first amphibian managed to break through the layers of its aquatic bowl and touch the open air, everything was there—it was not “in heaven”: the earth was there, physically there, on the other side of the bowl. This “ascent” is

* I remember that day when I felt countless « particles » suddenly rising.

the crossing of the bowl (???). The Supermind was always there, but on the other side of the net or of the crust of the human physical consciousness.

But of course, it is the *body* of the fish that must go out of the bowl, not its “thought” (if it has one)! With thought, one only goes out in one’s own head.

There is a logic in all that.

Now, all we have to do is to build new lungs!

*

This morning, I sat down and that Power was immediately there, as if embracing the body and slowly infiltrating from everywhere at the same time, with that kind of very intense and fast vibration (like a tuning fork).

I think that I got the key.

Glory to You, Lord.

Glory to You, Lord.

Glory to You, Lord.

Glory to You, Lord.

For that open air is You.

*

Any sincere man, thirsting a little for truth, must be able to make the experience.

*

I feel like saying: end of the first episode!

*

I see Voltaire in front of the test tube, removing his wig and scratching his head: “We’ll have to break it to the pope cautiously.”

*

Afternoon

Everything has become so simple and marvelous!

One only has to let oneself be permeated. Yes, it is like a formidable drop

that envelops the body and infiltrates from everywhere around: one has a golden sensation (but it seems that it mainly invades the whole area between the head and the sexual center, one doesn't feel that it goes lower). And little by little, that "drop" or roundness of consciousness grew dense, as if the body had no limits or no limit other than that roundness—oh! some love, it was really to be bathed in the Divine, but concretely bathed! And the body or that whole roundness of the body felt like kneeling and bowing down to that Marvel and uttering its gratitude—it was an ease, a joy, a bliss of the body, as if it had struggled, toiled and fought under threat for millions of years, and suddenly it was at Ease, it entered its *true element*, oh! with a gratitude, an adoration! An ecstasy. That roundness grew ever denser, powerful, formidable and warm, and it was only Love, nothing but Love, Love everywhere. In the heart of my heart, I bowed down to Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's feet. I was bathed in That, but more concretely than in the sea! It was a bath inside, outside, everywhere—one *was* that bath through all the fibers and the cells of one's body. One cannot say. It is unimaginable. If this is the new life, then, then.... Oh! Lord, oh! Lord.... My body kept repeating that "Oh! Lord," as if seized with an incredible wonderment. It is not only Power or Consciousness, it is pure Love. I was caught in that like a bee in a flow of honey, and at the same time I was (I? The body?) all that honey and conscious of all that honey and touching, tasting all that honey through the countless fibers of my being—yes, that is why, that is why there was a world, there was an evolution, for that Matter one day to kneel and cry out in adoration: Glory to You, Lord, Glory to You, Lord, Glory to You, Mother. That is *why*. It is the very goal, what else?

An hour and a half went by like a few minutes.

And it is directly *there*.

The universe is a drop of love.

*

Evening

I sit down near the fire with my cigar and a drop of “Ruby,” and instantly, that so particular vibration and that density of power are there, around me....

*

This mental observer disturbs a lot, it has not stopped disturbing me for months, but I wonder whether its task is not really to note, instead of letting all this experience and process vanish like a cloud? After all, other men have or will have to follow the process (even if they put other words on it), the new species is not going to be made with one sole man!

*

And at the same time, I am exhausted.



April 7, 1983

I was a kind of nonexistence kneaded by the Power. As if there were no person at all anymore: only matter, totally willing and offered. And one had only to let oneself go absolutely like a child who knows nothing, can nothing, understands nothing. It was an imperious kneading; the Power seemed to come in from everywhere at the same time (without any particular ascent or descent). It became denser and denser, almost crushing. Finally, I was (I?) like a block of dark-blue crystal, but a block that was not separate and distinct from the “environment,” as if that block were both a certain whole of a matter that was apparently “I,” and all matter around. I don’t know how to put it, there was no borderline between “I” and “something else.” It all was a dark-blue crystal, solid, immobile. Then, in that, there began to be like flows of a something that was even denser (and

gave a golden sensation), but a rather formidable density (though it was bearable; the “body” seemed to have no frontiers or concrete walls). At the end of each flow, within that dark-blue crystal, there was a long pause, then it started again, and at the beginning of each “flow,” there was that so particular vibration, like a powerful tuning fork; then that flow went through the crystal and was slowly, slowly resorbed—in fact, it is exactly the experience that I described some time ago: those are enormous drops, each of them announced by a particular vibration, which invade and embrace the whole being, then are slowly, slowly, resorbed. The “flow” is the sensation of those formidable drops invading the whole being. And they are slowly absorbed. Then it all starts again with a new vibration like a tuning fork. And it continues, as regular as clockwork, almost automatically, as it were, until each drop or each flow is completely absorbed into that kind of dark-blue crystal. And it starts again.

I stopped the experience because it was getting late and I wanted to go out. No difficulty in getting out of the experience—it was right there (!). And a sort of impression that it is going on behind the external veil.

When I say “flow” or “drop,” it is not something that traverses, then goes away—no, it is absorbed. Each drop or flow is absorbed by ... that crystal (or body, I suppose).

And above all, there was the sensation that there was no “person” in all that, no “individual”: it was a totally given, offered *matter*, surrendered in the Lord’s hands (without feelings, without will or anything: it was offered; the only known act of that matter was to give itself as totally as a child).

Perhaps each drop fills my bag with one more bead?

In the end, there will be a new being.



April 8, 1983

The new world is perceptible.

Since April 5, there is a difference.

In the past, I had always the feeling or the sensation that I had to cross layers, especially in the morning, as if I were surrounded by gray cotton-wool layers. Now, the body is immediately here. No need of feelings, thoughts, prayers and concentrations—it is right here, the body is here, very simple, direct and with such an intense, simple aspiration—it is prayer itself, adoration itself. As soon as I sit down or the body is simply a little quiet, there is like a call, a vibration of the soul (but there, it seems that soul and matter are identical) and instantly, there is a sort of condensation around the body, such a strong and warm and soft envelopment, and the body begins to spread out. It is no longer at all a kind of hard object at the center of things, looking at everything in relation to itself—quite the opposite! It melts, stretches and spreads out with a kind of unspeakable ease, as if it had been a prisoner shut up in a shell for centuries, and there is no longer any shell! There is a sunlit softness of stretching and spreading out, and everything is so flexible, so smooth, as if one spread out in the very Softness, the very Tenderness, everywhere at home, and yet without losing oneself! One does not lose oneself at all and at the same time one is as if everywhere; one does not “look” at things—one has not to “look”: one *is*, one is very simply and deliciously, and it is like the softness of a sunlit stretch. This morning, I had quite the impression of groping my way like a new-born child, in an unknown but perceptible world, oh! that ease, softness and infinite relief of stretching and spreading out. And it is divine. It's the Divine! And it is material, not spiritual, unless matter is spiritual. And easy! Everything is so easy, so simple: matter itself is an act of love and tranquil joy. No feelings, no thoughts: *it is*. It's love, it's joy, it's spontaneous adoration, like a spontaneous breathing. The way of being is like that. Yes, for once, one has the sensation of a formidable NATURAL. I don't know where we are groping

our way to in all that, but there is no need to go “somewhere,” the “somewhere” is everywhere and is absolutely delicious at every second—without a goal, the goal is at each second! And it is the body directly there, simply the body, without all its blind and right-thinking layers. Oh! I think that we are nearing the simple and marvelous life—the divine life.

When I say that the body spreads out, it is not like a kind of octopus which inflates and absorbs everything into it—quite the opposite! It melts and yet doesn’t lose itself. On the contrary, it finds itself everywhere. Matter has no center and yet it doesn’t lose itself, it is itself everywhere!

The I-shell is a formidable artifice, false and illusory.

New organs are needed.

*

In fact, it is the mind that needs a roost to perch on and to look at “things” around it, and the place where it roosts is “I-me.” Without the mind, one is perched everywhere—one *is*. It is simple and immediate, without gaps.

The mind is the shell itself.

I suspect that even the hermit crab’s shell is not as hard as ours is.

*

Afternoon

2:30 P.M. A kind of heart attack. Very brief and painful—always worrying.

I sat down and was instantly caught in a torrent of power: it was those “drops,” but concentrated, warm, tremendously powerful, which invaded me—pure love, really, but so imperious and formidable. It lasted quite a while, then something happened that I don’t understand very well.

Little by little, I felt a kind of dense, scorching mass form at the top of or

just above my head—the sensation of a sun. It was burning, to bursting. At one point, I opened my eyes to reassure myself a little. Then I let things go on. It became more and more massive and burning. Then it seemed to me that all of my body's consciousness rose towards that scorching mass at the top of or above my head—with somewhat the sensation: This is how one dies. I opened my eyes again, then let the experience continue. It seemed that all of my body's consciousness entered that scorching mass, and at that point there was a succession of very intense and fast vibrations in my head, and those very particular vibrations began to go down *in unbroken series*,* down to the sexual center (I was reassured that it went down after all!). Once down, all that body's consciousness seemed to rise again up to that almost burning, scorching mass and be absorbed into that mass, then again that series of very intense and fast vibrations, which went all the way down. And so on. I stopped because it was getting late and I was tired.

I don't understand very well.

A powerful, formidable love.

The body kept repeating: To You, to You, To You ... without knowing very well whether it was towards death or towards another life, but it was to You, to You, to You....

It lasted for two hours in all.

I don't know where my heart is in all that (it's best not to know it!).

*

Evening

(Two nights ago, I saw Pournā—it may be linked to that heart attack attempt. She stood lower than I was, there was a kind of green edging ribbon on her dress, around her neck. It was very aggressive. At one point,

* A little like lightning or electric discharges following one another.

she told me: “It will backfire on you” (what? I don’t know), and she had in her hand (unless it was I, I don’t know) a sort of green or greenish cloth which she was waving...???)

*

We are nearing the critical world point.



April 9, 1983

I don’t understand what’s happening. This morning, I wanted to sit down and the whole body was like an empty rag—a kind of stupor. It seems that all the material consciousness that rose yesterday into that sort of scorching mass at the top of the skull did not come back down. It was as if there were no longer any aspiration in the body, nothing left. But at the top of the skull,* one feels a kind of rather heavy or compressed pack, as if the whole material consciousness had taken refuge there or remained blocked there, I don’t know. I don’t care if I become dazed or stupid, but I worry a lot about my no longer feeling that aspiration in the body. What is happening?

Curiously enough, it seems that all of my conscious life has gathered in that cranial pack and nothing is left below—that is, the exact opposite of the goal or of the development of the body’s consciousness...???)

One only has to offer this “cranial pack” to the sunlight somewhere, then we’ll see.

If I had not faith in the Lord leading things, I would be very worried. Besides, you are always wondering whether you have not made some mistake.... So I also offer the “mistake” to the Lord. What else can I do?

*

* I mean the cranium.

A curious sensation of not being myself anymore.

*

Vision

I remain a little haunted by something I saw two nights ago and which is perhaps linked to the present state, but I don't understand either what I have seen!

It was at home and I was going out of my bedroom. But instead of the lawn and the garden, there was the same yellow, slightly golden carpet as in my room. The house was surrounded by that carpet I was walking on. Then I went towards the western bedroom (outside, always on that carpet) and, so it seems, towards the rear of the house. There were several small alleys that I did not know and suddenly, in the place where should have been the great trees behind, a little above the house, I found myself in front of a tomb. First, I thought that it was Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi, and I was going to bow down, but it was a single tomb. It seemed to me that it was surrounded by big arum lilies in blossom. The vision stopped there.

My tomb?

Truly, one knows nothing and navigates in an incomprehensible and disconcerting unknown!

In any case, we'll have tried.

*

Afternoon

It's almost sheer torture to go through that.

Not ten times, but fifty times you have the impression that you are about to die. I don't know if I'll be able to say. It lasted for two hours and a half.

That material consciousness gathered at the top of the brain began to aspire or be sucked up above, as if the cranium were opening up, and it rose and rose (I wondered what would remain in the body, since all the rest

below seemed to be already empty). That ascent was very long, endless, then I seemed to enter denser and denser layers or a denser and denser mass, and several times, I felt again that the consciousness was pulled out of my body, truly as if I were wrenched from my body (that charming picture of a tomb was there in a corner of my consciousness) and it was interminable. I discussed with my body, I tried to tell it reasonably: “It’s a double mooring,” but it did not have much weight when everything seemed to leave. I tried to appeal and appeal to the faith, to the Divine, but I felt I was left very alone with the body. That interminable little death lasted about an hour and a half. I didn’t give up. And suddenly, I had the impression that a dense body entered mine, or that those dense layers from “above” were entering. I felt reassured—for a short while. Then it came ... it was really quite awesome, it entered from everywhere at the same time, so it seemed, but mainly into the head: a mass of fire, as it were, or matter in fusion, or solid fire, I don’t know—these were not “drops” this time, but like the very body of the sun. I really felt that I was about to explode or disintegrate—I tried to widen as much as I could. In the rest of the body, it seemed to enter more easily. Then there came an immobility as I had never known, something that does not exist on earth, it was of such a formidable, total, mute and bare immobility that it still resembled a death—in that, one no longer was. I had never seen or felt that. Then a second wave of sun (if I may say so) entered, and again that so formidable a sensation that one was going to burst-explode, I don’t know. Then again that immobility of fire, as it were, in which the body and everything seemed to disappear, and one more wave of sun—I don’t know if I was in the body of the “sun,” because after the experience of those “drops,” I tell myself that the thing comes perhaps in small doses and what seems to be the sun itself to me is perhaps only a slightly bigger drop.... I don’t know. Perhaps it proceeds gradually until I move into the sun entirely!/? But each new wave of sun seemed more

bearable, less stunning, less crushing. That's it. After two hours and a half I stopped the experience. I was in a kind of stupor. I went for a walk.

But if I reach the end, it will really prove that one can go through that without dying from it—ah! yes, at one point, I heard something or someone tell me: “It's the old animal that is afraid to die.”

Of course, absolutely nothing of the old animal should be left—a whole heritage. (But why on earth have I seen that tomb!?)

Perhaps we'd rather say it will prove that one can traverse death without dying from it.

*

Evening

If only, once for all, the body could understand that the Divine makes him have an experience and does not want its death in the least....

To think that Mother had to go through all that (and infinitely more) while at the same time facing that daily mob.... The only quiet place where she could go through those experiences and faint in peace was her bathroom.... For how many years?



April 10, 1983

This morning, the phenomenon was very clear. No sooner had I sat down and begun to call than it came: that so particular, quick and intense a vibration, like a tuning fork, as it were, and instantly a sort of big, dense “drop,” of a slightly golden luminosity, came in and filled the body from the head to the sexual center (it seems that nothing ever happens in the feet—or perhaps I'm not aware of it?). Then the “drops” followed each other at a rather quick rhythm and became bigger or more powerful—they were rather like waves, each of them with that vibration. I really had the impression of a

little port closed by a bottleneck and filling when the tide comes in, wave after wave. Each wave became denser, stronger, slower too—and it was ever more difficult at the “bottleneck” (the head). It was very progressive. And in the end, it was like a tidal wave (but without violence) which overflowed the bottleneck, went over the piers and invaded the port from all sides. It was full to the brim. Then came a sort of immobility: there was no “port” anymore, no bottleneck, no walls—it was the ocean, but an ocean that was swept by a heavy, powerful and rhythmic swell, or a dense wave. One was bathed in it.*

All that seemed very measured and progressive. One might say that it came as if drop by drop or wave by wave, very rhythmically and progressively. It was quite bearable (but I must have been treated gently, or perhaps the body is getting more accustomed to it).

But when one has described the whole mechanism of the phenomenon, one will not have said that it was He and this love like a well-being, nor the gratitude of the soul.

Probably the experience has to keep “densifying” more and more. It is the first wave that is difficult to bear (yesterday).

The body should be totally convinced now of its being quite stupid to be afraid (but it will start again on the first occasion! All that which is new for it is a mortal danger). The first archaeopteryx which took off must have felt dizzy, didn't it?

I can hear Voltaire discreetly coughing: “Did the archaeopteryx have a pope too?” And Rimbaud, sniggering: “Of course, my dear, it was dethroned in 1515 BS* by the first shrews.”—“Student Rimbaud, you are an irreverent pagan—you'll be the pope of the next species.” And Rimbaud

* Not like an « object » : one was part of it, without distinction.

* Before Shrew I.

throwing his white skullcap out of the window: “I’m going to commit suicide immediately!”

*

Afternoon

The phenomenon continues.

Denser and denser waves.

One has the impression of a fever (not an impression: one *has* a fever). But I saw-felt to what extent each wave was measured, with a divine compassion—there, I really felt that it was He—giving not a drop beyond what was bearable. Then a period of immobility, like an assimilation and a widening. Then again a denser wave, but which each time came and unfolded more slowly (like in a film in slow motion). Then there was only a boundless ocean, like a burning bath—truly hot—in which one was immersed, with from time to time a great swell of power flowing through. One was swelling with the swell, it went through all the pores.** It lasted for a long time. I was about to come out of it because I was tired, when suddenly, my whole being was gathered and pulled upward, truly pulled, as if my head were pulled by the neck—there were several very quick “pulls,” like a golden, tapered rising.

Then something descended, I don’t know: a massive, divine Presence. I said: “May the earth be Yours, may my earth be Yours.” I had the sensation that it was Mother and Sri Aurobindo who were there, massive. (If I dared, I would say that I had the impression of a consecration).

All that is a very terse schema of something that was a power of living love, concrete, physical, and so formidable!

I went for a walk, telling myself: it is impossible that all that should have

** In fact, there were no « pores,» no “body”: one was “part of.” There was one and only one body.

no repercussions on earth, or rather, should not be part of an accelerated movement leading the earth to the radical point.

Really, the sky has descended on earth, so it seems. A sky that might well burn all that is not transparent enough....

Each day counts.

*

Evening

I recounted my “dream” to Sujata: the carpet outside, around the house, and the tomb. She says that that carpet, outside as in the bedroom, means that the outside world has become like the inner world or the physical plane like the subtle plane (yes, it is “all-there”—that’s a little what I thought). As for the tomb, she reminded me of what Ludmila had seen: that gigantic golden Buddha which covered the whole place (indicating a protected place, where the divine work was being done, according to Ludmila) as if a yogi or a sage had done his sadhana there centuries ago. Sujata tells me that it must be the tomb of that yogi or sage or Rishi (adding that it was perhaps I who had done the sadhana there a few centuries ago!—it’s all fantasy.... All the same, I’d rather it were an age-old tomb than my next tomb!)



April 11, 1983

Lost contact.

Since this morning, I call and call—nothing answers.

As if I had fallen back into the prison. Why? What have I done? I don’t understand.

It is painful. Again this life of pain? Will there not be an eternally sunlit path? If one understood at least....

I'm going for a walk.

*

That love that I have felt must be somewhere.

Probably there is another door to find.

But I feel an incomprehensible grief.



April 12, 1983

The body has simply gone back to the one and only movement it knows well, that of the child seated at the bottom of the *Bhagheera*'s hull and slowly moving away into the open sea with the breeze, space, and the lapping of the sea against the skull, then there was no Bernard-point anymore, only the lapping of the ocean, the open sea, and space. Simply, I offered myself to that sunny, wide-open sea, like a swimmer on his back, arms outstretched in the vast sea.

And that's all.

Oh, how I understand Mother: "To undo oneself forward." To undo oneself with the millions of little waves into a great ocean of sun and quiet love.

*

Afternoon

I simply repeated the Mantra for a long time, then that Force came and enveloped me, warm, powerful—then there was such a gratitude and a cry in my whole being to "be Yours, absolutely Yours, totally Yours, so much so that not a sole corner escapes Your light, it is the only salvation, the only goal, the only certainty—to be Yours." Slowly, there was an infiltration in the body, from all sides at the same time. The infiltration was repeated in waves until the whole body was like a solid mass, a single block of divine

Power. It seemed to jut out from the body, as if one were a round block. It was very warm. The body surrendered totally, it wanted so much to be only Yours, Yours—without fear, no harm could be done while He was there. Between every infiltrating wave, there was a long immobility. The waves became very slow, or the global movement of infiltration slowed down.* And in the end, all at once, the moment that whole block or dense mass seemed to have reached its full maximum, something seemed to try and go out through the head (perhaps the overflow!). I heard a crack in the vertebrae of the neck. Something tried to go out or up, I don't know. My head was like a radiant balloon. This attempt at rising (for in fact, nothing seemed to rise above) reoccurred about twenty times until I stopped the movement, rather tired, in order to walk. I don't well know what that "rising" was, or that attempt at going out which resulted in a swelling of the head—it overflowed the head rather widely, truly like a balloon.

I have the impression of recovering life. I don't understand what happened yesterday.

In any case, the body seems to have aspired a total, trustful surrender.

This "Yours" has become like a cry.



April 13, 1983

I find myself this morning with an unusable head. Incapable of functioning. An empty and dazed hole. Fortunately, the aspiration of the body is here to lead the movement. This observing mind still remains, but I feel it, since the beginning, as a kind of an independent entity outside of my head, if I may say so—like a parrot perched on my shoulder (the right one),

* Each wave seemed to make the mass ever denser.

without wanting to be disrespectful to that precious tool.

It will take me some time to see what is happening there. Perhaps it is the continuation of these last days (that golden pointed rising two days ago, then the lost contact, then that kind of “going out” yesterday??).



I’m realizing to what extent nothing matters to me, except the contact with “that.”

*

Afternoon

I have touched the secret goal of those millions of years of evolution. It is too simple and too great to be said.



April 14, 1983

Since the day when I “lost contact,” I feel that one tries to make me enter a new movement and I don’t know how to tune in with that movement—It is trying.

*

Afternoon

This thirst in matter. A need for absolute, down to the atom. Suddenly, I seemed to understand and hear in my own flesh the cry of the animal on the edge of the primeval forest. And all that long, blind quest to arrive *there*.

I think I have understood the “new movement”: it is not a question of jumping overboard and over the quays in order to melt into the ocean of sun, it is a question of going down to the bottom of Matter, down to the atom. It

is there that the two poles join.

This afternoon, it was a formidable, immobile and golden pressure on the body's matter. It was crushing. At one point, I was doubled up. Like an immobile explosive.

It is in that direction that one has to go.

It's difficult to withstand.

*

Yes, this is the "other door to be found."



April 15, 1983

Afternoon

Since this morning, there was an intense aspiration for the Power to descend down to the bottom of matter, to the atom, and suddenly, this afternoon, the material consciousness began to rise and rise higher and higher, through denser and denser layers, then that reversal occurred and a dense mass or wave or a dense "drop" began to slowly "descend" through the body, all the way down (at least down to the sexual center). There, there was a moment of immobility, and probably of absorption, a sort of immobile pressure on matter, and I could more completely and clearly perceive that phenomenon of the "drop by drop"—then the material consciousness rose *a new time*, higher and higher, then a reversal, then a new wave descending ... etc., etc. The phenomenon reoccurred dozens of times and I now understand that there is a double movement of ascent and descent, and that each time, the material consciousness seems to rise *higher*, while with each reversal a new drop or wave descends, *denser* than the previous one, and which seems to go *deeper down*. Now, I understand.

There is a moment when one no longer knows whether it “rises” or “goes back down,” it is as if equivalent.

I understand what Mother calls the “gropings of the experience”! It’s like looking for North in the virgin forest.



April 16, 1983

(Letter to his young brother Pierre)

Despite my weariness, I have to answer your letter and try to make you understand some indispensable things, particularly if you want to follow this path.

I had asked you not to talk to the family, and you talked once more, because it was convenient for you—people always do what is convenient for them, with the best reasons in the world, naturally, it is the law of the selfish world. You listen to Satprem too, whenever it is convenient for you. I won’t make any comment about this money.

Of course again, because it is convenient for you, or for your feelings, you paint me an idyllic picture of our mother crying out an alleluia because her two sons were together again. You have a pronounced tendency to project your own feelings onto others, very strongly, and of course it does not always correspond to reality and your own feelings fall back on you. This way of being must have caused you many disappointments and misadventures—I don’t want that to start again with Satprem. I am a frank man, Pierre, a simple man. What I say corresponds exactly to what is, no more no less. It is perhaps brutal, but it is better than a dialog of the deaf.

So I don’t approve of your speaking to our mother, in spite of what I had told you. As for the two brothers who are supposed to be going to “help”

and “protect” each other—no, Peul-Peul, I’m not of that type. I don’t need anybody to “protect” me—before long, you will say that you came here at my request ... and that I begged you to do so. I well know your propensity to reverse the roles and mistake your own wishes or feelings for reality. I am not about to forget that letter in which you wrote to me that you had “thrown away sixty millions of francs for my love.” (sic) Satprem is not like that—he has even thrown away the name of Bernard that you persist in giving him. Satprem has thrown away everything from the past, including his family, Saint Pierre and all the rest. So the scenario of the “two brothers” is not exactly as you think and feel it. Satprem is a fiercely independent being and a loner—I have always walked alone (along with Mother, of course, and with the exception of Sujata). It is not at the age of sixty—I’ll be sixty in a few months—that I am going to change and have myself helped and protected by Peul-Peul, whom I have “begged” to come and join me because I could no longer be alone. You must get it into your head that if, contrary to you, I followed and cherished my own feelings, I would instantly disappear without leaving a trace to *anyone whatsoever*. Satprem has one and only one need, his divine work, one and only one feeling, a divine life beyond all human sentimentalities, which are an untruthful, though temporarily useful porridge. I feel love for people, because it is in my nature to give to the others. And I give. But I have no attachment to anyone whatsoever—my only attachment goes to the divine work. I love Peul-Peul, and all those who thirst for truth are my brothers—but only *because* they thirst for truth. That’s all. The physical fact that you are my brother doesn’t give you any particular right, as I have already written to you. Pierre, you will understand nothing about Satprem until you have get it into your head that I am a lonely cormorant and above all that I aspire to get out, but *totally* get out of humanity as it is (to “get out” means of the best as

well as of the worst). So, let's leave brotherly sentimentalities aside and let's speak of the work.

Here, too, is something that you must understand. There are two things to understand.

1) The Satprem you saw in November and the Satprem of today are not in the same "state" anymore. My body is very tired and infinitely vulnerable to all disturbances and all the whirl of the mind (it will take me hours only to "cleanse" myself of this letter, for instance, it is extremely tiring for me). I am doing a very difficult work—no one can understand what it means (except Sujata). It is not only difficult but dangerous, and I extremely need silence, quiet and solitude to digest the forces that come and are no longer commensurate at all with our little human bones. That was why I told you several times that I would like to take the decisive step before dealing with the others. If I have to take care of you materially, and above all mentally, discuss with you, I'll not be able to progress in my work—it is not possible in my present state. I well understand the urgent matter that hastened your departure and I did not discuss it, but you must not expect me to be able to take on your whole load. Not that I want to let you fall, but some material conditions have to be respected for me to be physically able to continue my true work without biting the dust. For example, when I have spent two or three hours in concentration (and what a concentration!), I need to go to walk alone and *relax without* thinking and swallowing all sorts of problems and difficulties. For example again, if I begin to chat by the fireside in the evening, I have a sleepless night. This is what happened during your latest visit and I did not complain of it because it was useful to you, but I cannot do it indefinitely. There must be some happy medium in all that. I think that we'll find that medium, but you must understand in all simplicity. I HAVE TO progress in this difficult passage, or else it is a waste of time for everybody—everybody, I insist on this point.

2) There is something even more difficult to understand. To put things simply: I am neither a schoolteacher nor a “guru.” All my life, I have fiercely refused to do that. This place is not an “ashram” and I don’t have and don’t want to have “disciples”—not even Pierre. The only “Master” and the only “Teaching” are the inner need or inner thirst which leads to the Source naturally, and it is the Source itself that gives you all the “explanations” and directions to follow. The only “teaching” is the one that you will find in *The Agenda* with the great Force that lies behind and will lead you, if you are *sincere*. First of all, “sincere” means that you don’t mistake your own feelings and ideas for reality, or else you will not find Reality but only your own feelings and ideas. So there is a whole work of purification and clarification to do. You have to shed the old intimate skin before perceiving anything else. For that, you don’t need a “master.”

What I can do for you is first to give you the best possible material conditions, according to my means. Then to see you from time to time in order to give you a word or an indication. But the main part, if not the totality of the necessary Help, lies in the atmosphere that exists here. It is a very special atmosphere, where one can draw all that is needed—it’s for you to know how to draw. This particular yoga only depends on the individual contact with the transforming Force—this contact must be established, all the rest follows from it.

I have written too much, I am tired. All that doesn’t in any way detract from the love I feel for Peul-Peul—the only fact that I let you come shows proof of it. But you have decidedly to learn to look at things and beings without the veil of your own feelings and ideas. In this very difficult yoga, if you are not absolutely SINCERE, if you exaggerate things and listen to your own fantasy, you head for ruin. It takes a formidable objectivity not to let yourself be led by flattering and seductive voices—which destroy you.

That’s it, have a good journey

Satprem



April 17, 1983

There is another sort of phenomenon that occurs rather often, especially during the morning's concentration. After the rising of the material consciousness, there is a kind of immobility and dense consciousness, and all of a sudden, I topple into something that resembles sleep, but an awake sleep, where ... I don't know what happens, I don't have time to become aware of or remember it, because I am brought again to the normal consciousness with a start. It resembles a little what happened when I fainted in the airport of B.: suddenly, I found myself acting, right in the middle of an action ... and it went on until I gave a start to wisely come back to my seat in the waiting room.

It is not really a sleep, since I can still hear what is happening in the house, and yet it is no longer the ordinary consciousness—it is another state of consciousness, material, I would say, or in matter, but which has no longer the qualities of ordinary or usual matter. In sleep, one sinks into something that is dark or distant, but there, it is not distant and it always seems to be an action or something that is happening.

Is this the “other matter” within Matter? or the “other world” within the world?

It is always a kind of surprise—you are surprised—that makes you start and brings you back to the normal consciousness. I remember that in the airport of B., I was so surprised to suddenly find myself in the middle of an action that it made me jump and instantly brought me back to my chair.

There is obviously a sort of screen which vanishes suddenly.

That state takes place, generally, after the rising of the material consciousness, that is, when you go out of the “net” or black cocoon or usual fishbowl, I suppose.

When I say that I “topple” into that other state, that is not the exact word, for I don’t topple but *enter* very suddenly—in fact, really as if a screen were abruptly removed.

One could perhaps call that the overwaking state, or overmatter?... It must be what Sri Aurobindo called the “subtle physical.”

There is a screen *in* matter.

Let’s stress that it has nothing to do with inner “visions”: you don’t “see” something: you *enter it*.

*

Afternoon

Always that rising of the material consciousness, first very fast, as if in one uninterrupted stretch, straight up, very high, then an immobility and again an ascent, as if one climbed higher and higher, steeper and steeper peaks, in an increasingly denser atmosphere; but with each new ascent or rather before each new ascent or preceding it, it was as if a new quantity of material substance were being extracted from the body in order to rise: one had the sensation of being squeezed out like a lemon, doubled up, and pulled by the shoulders; then it rose and rose slowly, and again that sort of extraction or squeezing out, and it slowly rose, as if higher and higher—there was no end to those extractions, which had a kind of mechanical side. It had already lasted for nearly two hours (!), I was tired, and I wanted to “go back down” or recover my ordinary state—in five or ten minutes it was done, with the sensation of a dense mass that re-entered the body. That’s all. I don’t well understand what it all means (of course, these are uncompleted experiences since I stopped them, but one felt that those

ascents and extractions of substance could have gone on indefinitely—though, of course, there must be a point when something topples... ?) But what is strange is that no wave or “drop” seemed to come down.... But I stopped the experience too soon, probably?

In the body, there is no longer any fear of being suddenly “dropped.” It makes the operation far easier.

Probably, each ascent must be followed by a deeper descent into matter, that is what gives this sensation of “extraction,” like an excavator extracting a new shovelful of earth. I think of the Vedic Rishis: “I dug and dug...”

Mother would say: “The deeper you want to go into Matter, the higher you have to climb into the Consciousness.”

*

Is this Sri Aurobindo’s “mathematical formula: “Peak after peak and shovelful after shovelful,” until the highest meets up with the lowest? The sun and the atom.



April 18, 1983

Whenever you think you have seized or defined a movement, it seems to elude you, while thumbing its nose at you.

This afternoon, I expected that rising of the material consciousness, as usual, and nothing came, but slowly, I was enveloped in Power, a massive Power that pressed the whole body and began to infiltrate from everywhere at the same time. In the end, I was as if caught in a ball of warm, massive, golden power. And it was not that my body was like a distinct “object” within that ball: it was completely traversed, impregnated and as if dilated by the content of that ball—it was like one and the same dense mass, the body had disappeared into the mass or was caught in it. Then, slowly, that

ball seemed to be recharged with a new dose of Power and light: it formed a kind of drop (but a formidable drop) which entered and went down throughout the body, from top to toe, a drop of the same substance as the rest of the “ball” but more massive, warm and clearly golden when it went through the head. The moment that ball arrived below (towards the sexual center), a new drop or a new dose of luminous power entered and went through the ball (or the body), and so on. One was nothing anymore but a mass of That, without anything else, without a person, an individual or a self—only That, massive, warm, powerful and golden. I stopped the experience after 1 hour and 45 minutes.

*

I often think of the poor old apes that have no dentists!



April 19, 1983

Afternoon

No sooner had I sat down than the whole material consciousness rose as if thirsty (I had a wisdom tooth out this morning). This ascent from peak to peak was endless—more than an hour—and tiring. It became denser and denser. And suddenly, as it had been already felt, that dense mass was there and tried to enter my head. But a heavy mass, of a density that I had never known, like ore. It had much difficulty in going through the head and it proceeded very slowly; one had the impression that it was going to explode, and it was scorching (probably because of the resistance). Then that solid mass went lower, slowly, and I was literally (physically) doubled up under the weight. At times, there were moments of great immobility and then, curiously (or not), the “weight” seemed to vanish. When the mass reached

the lower part, the sexual center, another massive “drop” formed and entered the head.... etc. It was the phenomenon of the “drop by drop,” but with a massiveness that had never been felt before. The second and the third “drop” were easier to “digest.” But I was exhausted. After an hour and forty-five minutes, I stopped the experience in order to go out and walk.

There was no “feeling” at all in all that: it was only some kneaded matter. But what a kneading!



April 20, 1983

This afternoon, I had the impression of witnessing a miracle.

There is an intensity of aspiration and a *power* of aspiration in Matter It is formidable. And a capacity for adoration. And it doesn't budge, it is stable—like a rock of fire. And what is extraordinary is that it doesn't need any of the tools that have been invented by evolution—neither the heart nor the thought, nor the vital nor anything: it is pure, in itself, independent. It is direct. It directly seeks the Supreme and nothing else. I had the impression of witnessing a miracle: like an absolute which catches fire in Matter. All the other parts of the being, the mind, the heart, the vital, all that, were as if seated in a circle, at a respectful distance, looking at that phenomenon, or rather that MANIFESTATION. An Absolute in Matter. One did not even know anymore whether it was the aspiration that was rising or the answer that was descending, it was like ONE AND THE SAME THING, as if the answer were IN the aspiration. Yes, the divine in Matter, invoking or receiving the supreme Divine. A divine phenomenon. I had really the impression of seeing Matter, pure, raw, naked and caught in a divine fire—yes, like some rock bursting into flame. And all the other parts of the being, the old tools of evolution seem so pale and insipid compared to that! It is solid, absolute, it is

unalloyed. It is uprightness itself.* It goes directly to the only Thing. It is like the beginning and the end of Evolution. And it adores ABSOLUTELY, without needing a “person” in order to adore: it is adoration itself.

This is the key.

It is the driving force itself.

On the way, we have fabricated all kinds of tools, but this is the Tool itself.



April 21, 1983

All the same, it is rather surprising to see that kind of automatic flame rising from the depths of Matter. The mind, which liked to think it was the king of the creation, looks at that ... puzzled: that donkey which all its life obeyed Men’s passions and marvelous ideas, and then.... I imagine Darwin was identically puzzled when he realized that Queen Victoria too descended from the she-apes.

In fact, Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s discovery is infinitely vaster than the first fission of the atom was; it opens up an age of direct and conscious handling of the energies contained in Matter, instead of an artificial and mechanical one, leading to destruction. Strangely enough, *all* the discoveries of Science are a perverted caricature of another natural power of consciousness. But *who* knows what the true natural of the world is? Our scientific age will perhaps turn out to be the greatest imposture of the evolutionary eras, though the suffocating and nauseating detour of that imposture was perhaps necessary to arrive at the true thing. That Sri Aurobindo worked at the same time as Sir Rutherford was not entirely

* I now understand why the Vedic Rishis called it *Ritam*: the Upright one.

fortuitous.

*

Afternoon

There was no sensation of a “rising” of the corporeal consciousness, anymore than of a “descent” of something else. The intense aspiration of the body—an almost massive intensity—seemed to stay in the body, then came (not “descended”) a kind of “drop,” which seemed to form at the level of the head, but not from above: as if horizontally, on the same level as the body or on the same physical plane as the body. And one had the impression that that drop, and the following ones, were as if of the same quality as the aspiration of the body, or made of the same substance. You could no longer say what was the aspiration or the fire of the body and what came from “elsewhere”—it was all there. The “drops” followed one another, thicker and thicker—it was of such a thickness! massive, like a liquid which coagulates slowly or becomes increasingly thicker, a lava which congeals. And yet the “drop by drop” was going on, very slowly, as if each drop were thicker, heavier, denser (it has always more difficulty in going through the head than through the rest of the body). At times, I had the impression of being caught in a solid beam or traversed by a solid bar, as it were. And all the time, continuously, there was that kind of intense and very fast vibration that ran through the body, except when everything seemed to freeze. It was so thick! a warm sensation, at times golden, at times dark-blue (but “visions” and I are not very intimate). The body was or had the sensation of being simply like a plastic container at their disposal, to do what They wanted—it has no idea of what They want, but it doesn’t care in a way, provided They do what They want, without obstruction.

I would have liked to rest my head in her lap, then let her do.

This observing parrot is very disturbing.



April 22, 1983

What has most difficulty in undergoing the operation is the brain (the cerebral organ). One has the impression of a constant cerebral weariness or a kind of stupor. I think of Mother: “as if hammered into stupor.” It is the sensation that a constant insomnia would give (months of insomnia). All the rest of the body seems to drink the new Power avidly. Of course, the old tool defends itself!

But where is the new tool?

Everywhere?

We are perhaps like the higher ape looking and looking at its various muscles while scratching its head and wondering: “But where is the new tool?” It is here and we are not aware of it.

Where the need is, the tool takes shape.

The deep need of life is not to improve life’s tools, but to abolish death.

Perhaps what is sought is the tool that will abolish death.

It was so simple when I could put my hands in Yours.

*

Afternoon

It was like a very deep prayer in the body, something that took place lower or deeper than the sexual or physical center, as if below, in the foundations of life, one could say (I had not chosen: it came just like that, by itself). It was beyond words, beyond feelings, a sort of immobile prayer or immobile intensity, something that perhaps resembled the mute call of a first man under the stars or of a first animal in the forest. There was no “individual” there, no person. It was a sort of fact. It was bare. An immobile intensity. As if it rose from the depths of centuries, perhaps of millennia.

At one point, I said: it is Yours.

Nothing answered (apparently).

It was an immense silence (not a dead silence: a silence that went into eternity under the stars). But no answer.

Strange.

It lasted for an hour and a half.

*

Without Mother, I have the impression of being like a first man lost under the stars. Everything is a mystery. Humans think that they have resolved the mysteries of the world, and everything is still as if they had never thought anything.

Will we have to relive the whole past of the earth down to the primary cave?



April 23, 1983

No answer.

Really, we understand nothing, we know nothing! Nothing.

*

The impression of being like a crying hole.



April 24, 1983

I don't understand what is happening.

Always that sensation of being like a first man under the stars, in an almost mineral landscape, so small in this wide world and who doesn't know his steps or his sense, all surrounded by the unknown—simply an

almost purely material and animal sort of consciousness which is there, like a prayer on two feet, perhaps a prayer for knowing and being—a prayer. The aspiration was very intense, but it seemed to bump into walls, as if I were enveloped in rock: nothing went out, nothing came in or seemed to “answer.” At times, the aspiration was so compressed that one felt it could break.

Yesterday, I had really a sort of grief in my heart; today, I keep telling myself that all that must be part of the process and have a meaning—not to get discouraged.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw something that is perhaps linked to this situation: I was in a kind of passage between two houses or two bedrooms, I don't know: a big and wide corridor; and suddenly, I realized that the passage in front was closed by a door: a big, white sliding door, which closed everything; I turned round: the passage behind was also closed by a big, white sliding door. I was there in the middle, stuck, without being able to walk forward or backward.

What is happening?



April 25, 1983

THE OLD STORY IS OVER.

A PURE DROP OF YOU ON THE EARTH

It was such an intense and *total* prayer.



April 26, 1983

Nothing answers.... It's distressing. And one has the impression of such a pathetic futility, there, with one's eyes closed, a little man in this bedroom.... What? And one hears such wicked voices.

One doesn't understand. One cannot understand, surely there are excellent reasons, which our human way cannot understand. But it's a hard process.

They cannot have led me that far only to leave me there....

So one is always wondering: What mistake have I made? It's an awful game. One is full of mistakes, sure, but one precisely wants to get out of it!

One only has to be patient—not to give up hope.

Or else one tells oneself: You don't have the true attitude. And it's an awful game too.

To put things simply, one feels full of grief.

*

Night

A frightening Pressure on matter or a compression *in* matter.

As if one were *in* an explosive.

Man in a rock?

It is not the "answer" that is missing, it seems, but something that has difficulty in going through.

Sensation that the head is going to explode.



April 27, 1983

The formidable compression continues.

*

Very straight and quiet
under the Lord's
simple eye.



April 28, 1983

No answer.

The impression of being walled in.

Prayer, call, mantra, create a kind of intense radiation which bumps into walls.

It's as if one were in a tomb, alive.

Let's not give up.

*

The only reality is "that," that's all. There is nothing else. So one only has to be patient, that's all.



April 29, 1983

Impression that my whole being is like a laser beam and that I am drilling a rock.

This morning, it was awful. I had the impression that I had lost my way and was bumping into everything like a butterfly. Suddenly, I remembered a scene, more than fifty years ago. I was very small, in the Luxembourg Gardens, near the orangery, I was playing with my mother, when suddenly my mother disappeared. All of a sudden, I found myself among a strange, huge, hostile world, as if the ground caved in under my feet. It was sudden hell. I cried out, cried out a long time, it was really such a huge, deep

despair: everything was collapsing, I was alone. I still remember that despair: I turned to the right, to the left, ran into one alley then another—and nothing. I had got lost, everything was lost. I think it was atrocious.

This morning, it was a little like that. I knew nothing anymore, everything was lost. So I desperately gathered my whole being into a kind of beam and I began to bore into ... I don't know what—the wall of the world. The hell of this earth deprived of her divine Mother.

*

Afternoon

It is a double boring, both upward and downward.

I think I have perceived the movement. It seems that my “drill” or “harpoon” rises or dashes upward, penetrates somewhere above, then goes back down with the force it got and sinks somewhere below, towards the sexual center or even lower, then it bounces and the harpoon or drill goes back up.... Etc. It is a quasi-mechanical operation. Like a tireless, but slow shuttle.

Things are better since I seem to have understood the movement and don't make it my own business, between Satprem and the Lord—it's not a “blockage” of Satprem's: it is a spot of human matter which calls for the Divine, for the Truth to be embodied on Earth. That's all. It is much better like that.

The Earth is in a round tomb. One is drilling at the two poles.

It is perhaps what the Vedas call “digging the Earth.”

It is the “black cocoon,” but a cocoon made of granite, or rather of basalt.

*

When it used to come in “drops,” it descended by itself, majestically, imperiously; now one has to use one's muscles and really bore.

*

Just while their famous film “Gandhi” is triumphing in the world, they are about to leap at one another’s throats. And they won’t see that it is *not* because they did not follow Gandhi, but because Gandhi was an impostor and a false god. Blind they were born, blind they will die.

He replaced the true power of the Shakti by the small lollipop of Christian morality. They will do their own Holocaust christianly (and gandhianly), God permitting. In fact, they are lazy people who recoil from doing their human job.

*

Evening

I have the impression that those “drops” went through the body itself and that what has to be traversed now is the foundation of the body or the “shell”? Then everything will communicate.

*

The Agenda XII in English has arrived in Auroville and Pondicherry. Only the *pralaya* will be able to convert the Ashram.

*

(Letter to Sir C.P.N. Singh, originally in English)

29 avril 1983

We do care for you, even though you didn't accept Satprem's love and rejected him innerly with doubts. We cannot force our love on you, but it is there all the same. Doubt is the great killer of the soul. Whatever your disillusion, a place is reserved for you in the Divine's Compassion for the help you have brought to the great Work. This will never be forgotten. Whatever your disappointment with human beings, something greater than our petty human nature is being prepared day by day—and the Divine Superman will come, the end of this age of Falsehood and Fraud. We are working for that, there is no other goal. And India too will change.

Whatever help you may still give depends entirely on your own inner attitude and faith.

As for the one who likes to remember you as his Companion, he treads obstinately on a lonely path, with no human ambition except to make grow the seed which She planted in me when She held my hands for so long. May we pray that at least one human representative has the total faith and will to realize.

Satprem.



April 29 to 30, 1983

Vision

X gives me a water pot with rusty needles to drink...

How far will men's cruelty go?

*

For the first time, this morning a thief broke into this place, as far as the next room, but found nothing to rob.

The onslaught is getting closer.

May is drawing near.

*

Afternoon

Yes, it is really as within a tomb. I hammered and pounded, then I dropped my drill, my crowbar, my prayer, and I sat down, my forehead resting in my hands, as in the heart of the night's womb. Nothing moved. Nothing answered. One was perfectly alone, enveloped in one's own compressed energy. And I wondered: But why? Why-why-why? What have I done? Why do you punish me like that? What have I done?

Is it what the tomb I saw meant? All that journey and that pain to be

reduced to that?

And I feel that to pick up my crowbar and my drill and my mantra in order to pound that rock would only make the rock harder.... So to sit down and wait? Where am I? Where is the path? Is there a path?

And outside, the cruel world gains ground every day.

And in the depths, this old sorrow. Yet there had been that Delight and that Love and that Sun, and why? Why? Cannot one *always* run in the sun like an innocent child?

Of course, you can tell yourself, stoically: "One only has to continue."
But continue *what*?

It has lasted for eight days.

*

Went for a walk in the forest. I can hear axes on all sides.

*

There is the god of the Sikhs and the god of Mr. Khomeini, the islamic god of General Zia, and naturally the Chinese god, the biblical god of Mr. Reagan and the evangelical God of the pope and the Poles—all those gods with submachine guns and excommunications.

If one did not know that there is another Divine, one would wish the next era to be atheistic and anti-idealistic.

Here, Voltaire winks at us: What did I tell you?



May 1, 1983

The sole cure of everything: Yours.

*

Afternoon

It is an extremely slow movement, like a cinematic super-slow motion.

The consciousness is tremendously compacted and compressed and it traverses (it's the very concrete sensation) a compact mass of rock. It infiltrates there I don't know how, but under a terrible pressure and so slow that it is almost immobile. Yes, it is like a tomb, but not completely so: it is not that one is in a tomb with some void around and the walls, no; it is as if one were *within* the rock itself. One doesn't know whether one is repeating the mantra or is like a prayer—it is such an inexorable, deep *need* for... may it be Yours, the Truth, the Truth, the simple, pure Truth, true and sunny. It is like a question of life and death. Truly, one traverses the rock. One is *in* the rock.

I did that for two hours this morning and an hour and a half this afternoon. It seems that there is no end to it—one could go down through kilometers of rock in that way. As soon as I concentrate (anywhere, any time), I find myself in there.

*

Evening

At the end of everything, in the wicked night of the earth, there is only: I love You, simply.

At the end of everything there is: I love You, simply.

Twice Sujata, with her eyes closed near me, saw a white horse galoping.



May 2, 1983

I feel so exhausted.

*

Afternoon

I was as if in the depths of a cave, very deep underground, repeating and repeating the Mantra, but without being able to advance. Then I cried out: OM desperately, a call to the Supreme, as if through a “chimney” rising vertically to the surface. I repeated and repeated OM. From time to time, some vibrations of force came. But I was stuck there. The day before, I was still advancing in that rock, but now it was like a wall, an immutable and inexorable thickness, like an absolute of pure basalt. There is a terrible compression in there. It is exhausting. Only a grace will pierce that. One cannot climb back up through that vertical “chimney,” obviously—it is downward that one must go, to the bottom. But it is an absolute Wall. It seems to be the Obstacle itself. But for one’s faith and Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s example, one would have nothing to do but give up—to give up means to die.

It resembles that vision I had of the Sannyasi’s suicide: that black abyss, without any answer. It is the hole of death. Perhaps it is what “death” is?

When people die without consciousness, they must fall in that....

*

There *has to* be an “on the other side” of death.



May 3, 1983

Just before sitting down, I told myself: Even if it must last for ages, there is no other Reality.

This afternoon at last, no sooner had I sat down than it flooded down, a river of uninterrupted power which filled me and filled me, oh! after those twelve days in the cave it was almost like a miracle, and such a deep relief. Then my whole being began to cry out, to implore: oh! never again, never again, may this human story be over, may not a sole corner, a sole atom of

my being escape Your presence, Your power, Your reign. It was a supplication. At one point, I even said: if there were a stake in front of me, I would throw myself onto it, so that there would be nothing left but You! This “Yours, Yours” was like a thirst. That river flowed for more than an hour nonstop, I wondered where that whole flow sank into my ground, through what “rift” or “chimney,” but it flowed and sank I did not know where, without a pause. I was gorging myself like a thirsty land (by the way, it began to rain after three months of drought). After an hour, or an hour and a half, I was filled, inflated, and became like a block of solid power—a block of You. It remained like that, perfectly immobile, for an hour. From time to time, there was like a wave or mass of power which came and traversed that block of crystal. It was massive, warm, like some melted sun.

In all that, I don’t know what has become of my cave—swept away, dissolved, I don’t know. It is very mysterious. Oh! never to fall into that hole again.

And after having so much, so much repeated and hammered with the Mantra for those twelve days in the cave, there was no Mantra to repeat anymore! It was the Mantra itself in action—everything was taken from my hands, the crowbar, the drill, the Mantra: it did everything, swept everything away, invaded everything—what a respiration! One only had to let it do.

*

Vision

Last night, I was walking on the water—very easily, I was gliding along, effortlessly. Is it connected with that golden river?

And by whose grace did it come suddenly? Everything is a mystery. Just this morning, I was in the hole.

Sujata says that this walk on the water means “something that is established,” the “mastery of a movement or of an element”...

*

Night

That marvelous Delight.

One can only adore.



May 4, 1983

A relentless fury of cruel forces, like the very essence of perversion.

For two hours I struggled against their snakes' hissing and their blaze of pain.

It makes you so absolutely thirsty for getting out of the human.

One must not get out through the wrong door.

*

Pain too is part of the human falsehood, there is no reason for us to welcome it or grant it a particular nobleness.

It took me four decades to write this little sentence properly.

*

O New Reality

I call for Your presence

and Your power

and Your Light

upon Earth.

*

Evening

For no reason, an almost unbearable anguish, as before dying, or being born perhaps.

True, for a year I have created such a concentration that one cannot

emerge from it but into a new life or into death. It is of an explosive or implosive mathematics.

And they will say these are mystical daydreams....

The first man was a mystical ape, I suppose.

It did not know it was a man and no longer knew it was an ape.



May 5, 1983

After a rather hopeless morning when I had the impression of being left to my own efforts, with a swarm of minuscule, baleful voices, this afternoon, the material consciousness suddenly began to rise, as if sucked up. It rose for an hour at a stretch, without interruption. Then it entered a dense atmosphere or thick and dense layers, and one no longer knew very well whether it was going up because it was *there*. The “ascents” then slowed down, through successive magnetizations, at a regular but slow rhythm, as if a certain quantity of substance were taken each time, seized or wrenched from the depths of the being, then rose. It was very slow, very dense. It lasted for more than another hour, then I stopped the movement. And the body wondered how it could have been afraid at the beginning: it rose with such a fervour and a thirst! It seemed to be the same movement as before—much to my relief. It is so horrible not to know where you are anymore and to feel yourself left to your own derisory efforts. I implored the Lord: Don’t release your grip on my hand anymore, I beg you! It was really the sensation of an ascent from peak to peak, but a material ascent, of the material consciousness. What remains rather mysterious is how it is that it suddenly rises again, while you have the impression that it is right there, at the level of matter (?).

In all, more than two hours of ascent.

*

Vision of Sujata

She was in a big bedroom, kneeling at Mother's feet, when suddenly my brother Pierre came in and rushed to Mother's feet (like a madman, as it were).



May 6, 1983

Again that fire in matter.

The whole body is like countless grains of something that is under pressure—a formidable compression. As if the body were an explosive.

Then a massive immobility. It reminded of what one felt in front of Sri Aurobindo in his armchair.

At times, that immobile mass of the body was run through or traversed by a wave or a swell of dense power.

There is no fear left in the body. It knows. And it has reached the point where to explode and die is better than this blind and ignorant life of an animal in a human skin.

*

Evening

The Barbarism is rising (with loudspeakers).

Barring a divine intervention, we'll come off the losers.

One day, they will come and say: "We are going to take your land for our babies. We are the sacred Harijans, you are non-reproductive, useless people. And on top of it, we are going to cut off your heads in order to make room for the populating, eternal and reproductive races.



May 7, 1983

Lost the path again....

I don't understand.

It's a grief in my heart.

*

Evening

The human species is rather often venomous. Its affection and tenderness easily turn into claws. I aspire to a non-affective and non-personal new species. I understand better and better why Sri Aurobindo and Mother were impersonal in the end.

A simply truth-ful species.



May 8, 1983

I am like a cry.



May 9, 1983

No answer.

One feels as if in a tomb.

Such cruel voices

which would like to make you believe that everything is the work of a cruel and inexorable God. It's quite awful.

It is absolutely like the Death's voice in *Savitri*, oh! how exact.

And you feel you are such a derisory, almost faltering point, in that enormous Rock on all sides.

*

It's no use wondering about the reason for this "organization" or cosmic trap—all you have to do is to get out of it.

An irremediable faith.

*

And I love the Lord, that's all.

It's He who is imprisoned with me.

It's He who suffers with me.

And it's He who loves in me.



May 10, 1983

I have so much looked, in my life, at a small wave powdered with sun which runs over the white sand and melts into a breath of ease and a murmur of shells; and this morning, it was as if living in my consciousness, with such a strong and soft aspiration of this body to become like that, to melt into a delighted murmur of sun and sand and foam. I felt that! I cried out under the shock of that delight—I remember. And I prayed for that, as if it were the only worthy, true, pure and absolute thing, and so simple in this world. As if Matter alone held the secret of simple, unalloyed felicity, of simple, absolute divinity. Then I heard the dog howl—in three seconds (not more) the Mind unfolded its small wave of mud: the telegraphist, "Pierre dead" (my brother, in difficulties). Then one understands, one really feels to what extent everything is corrupted, fundamentally and absolutely, and that there is one and only one hope, a new mind in Matter, a new vital in Matter, which will live and feel and express that so simple felicity alone, that so simple a truth alone, that pure and unalloyed divinity, and which will know the true truth, simply, as the seagull knows where the current is and the

silver little fish under the wave.

I no longer believe in anything but in the Divine in Matter. Matter is our ultimate salvation. All the rest is corrupted Falsehood.

A mortal coating imprisons the felicity of the world.

*

Afternoon

The movement was very clear.

The whole being was like a hole which rose very high, very high (I was probably at the bottom) or a well, and with so intense an aspiration of this whole matter, the consciousness climbed towards that so marvelous Source, then it went back down slowly, massively, imperiously, down to the bottom of the hole: a slow and irresistible mass, like a super pestle. It seemed to work or pound or dig at the level of the sexual center (perhaps also a little lower?). Then the whole consciousness rose again, etc. and so on. What went back down seemed to be each time denser or more massive. And this whole hole or well of being was such an intense thirst for completely belonging to That, down to the bottom, to the end, to the last atom. This is exactly what the “digging the Earth” of the Vedas must be. It’s very clear.



May 11, 1983

When one sees in detail the way the Trap is organized ... it is rather frightening. *Everything* is a trap: the good is a trap, the evil is a trap; Tapasya is a trap, non-tapasya is a trap (!), liberation is a trap, slavery is a trap. All-all is a meticulously organized trap, down to the ultimate molecule of DNA—just you try and get out of it! One accumulates all the forces that are needed to conscientiously destroy oneself. The best bursts in your face

as well as the worst. If people knew.... So to free yourself from the two poles.... It takes a supreme miracle to get out of it. That is what I can see in detail.

And we are told that it is “God who created” all that ! It’s a rather frightening God.

Well, it’s no use doing metaphysics, but the fact is there. I am in front of *the fact*.

If you are indifferent and stoic, it is also a trap which bursts in your face some day, and if you are vulnerable, it is another, obvious trap. So you can clench your teeth, close your eyes and go into concentration, but the concentration also bursts in your face. It is even a perfect explosive. It’s very difficult, we must admit.

Probably, one has to keep digging the tomb (or digging in the tomb) hoping that there is an exit hole on the other side.

In fact, it is in Death that one digs.

*

What did the fish say in their dried pond? That it was a cruel trap, a cruel God?—they had to be *forced* into inventing a new breathing.

We are always behind with a God.

I am ashamed of my protestations of small Voltairian fish.



May 12, 1983

Still digging in the tomb.

Curiously enough, one has the impression that that kind of “chimney” climbs higher and higher, but not the sensation that it digs more deeply! Or else it is totally imperceptible. You feel stuck there, at the bottom of “something.”

Sometimes, what descends through the chimney is extremely dense, thick, almost a paste of light or a fusion of light, and very slow (but that “light” is hardly perceived as a light, it is rather perceived as a power).

I repeat the Mantra stubbornly. It is the only tool.

*

I see the increasing destruction of the forest as a symbol of the state of the world. We are reaching the hopeless point.

Lord, I pray to You for the Earth.



May 13, 1983

They have put my brother Pierre in prison. It was on May 6. On May 5, I was released from the concentration camps. The concentration Camp continues. The Gestapo is everywhere. In his last letter, found on his desk on May 5, Pierre wrote to me: “There are little Hitlers in every heart, the world is full of concentration camps.”

The very last sentence of Pierre’s uncompleted letter said: “We are at a mad time of the history of mankind.”



May 15, 1983

Departure for Paris.

Aboard the plane, I open the newspaper, a long article: “Quietness is a sort of death.” (!)



May 17, 1983

Arrival in Paris.



May 18, 1983

Pierre in his cage.



May 19, 1983

J.N., a lawyer, sixty years old, a childhood friend: “I have been robbed of my life.”

A piece of graffiti on the walls of the Boul’Mich’* : “Students are angry. Spring will be hot.”

Ten years ago to the day, I met Mother for the last time....



May 20, 1983

Saint-Pierre.*

In the train, I feel something very unpleasant, I turn round, my neighbor is opening a voluminous book: *Adolf Hitler*. From Papeete to Auray, the Führer’s ghost dominates.

La Trinité: the boat parks ... the “supermarket” of the “Druids.”

My little mother. And the sea all the same.

I don’t belong to this world anymore.

* Translators’ note : Boulevard Saint-Michel, a famous avenue in Paris.



May 21, 1983

It's a good thing one can put oneself at your feet with so much gratitude, because *You are!*

*

My little mother, eighty-seven years old (we were speaking about tolerance and my father's intolerance): "We are intolerant not because of what we miss, but because of what we are not."

*

La Côte Sauvage (the Wild Coast): the rock of the Lion. The cormorant flapping its wings. It is like a past life that I am looking at. I belong to what is forward. They have even uprooted the moors to build a road—which of them is worst, Gengis Khan or the tourists?



May 22, 1983

Saint-Pierre–Paris. Farewell to my little mother. Her intense, golden eyes.



May 23, 1983

Paris. The prison.

Perhaps I simply came here to pray for the Earth's sordid misery?

I sang the Mantra in the freezing-cold corridors of the prison.

* Translators' note: A small Breton town on the seaside.



May 24, 1983

In front of the pack (the eight customers of Pierre's who have had him sent into jail). I had not seen a more horrible humanity since the Gestapo. Good "average Frenchmen." *Homo homini lupus** (It's Plautus who said that, two centuries before our so-called Christian era).



May 25, 1983

Last visit to Pierre. His soul is crying.
Twenty-four years with my Douce.



May 26, 1983

Paris-Delhi.



May 28, 1983

Back in India.

I've learnt from that journey that that Force (which I call supramental) is as much there in the plane, the street, the train and everywhere with me* as in the silent concentration of my room. And it comes without my calling for it—massively—at each rather difficult moment.

* Translators' note: "Man is a wolf for man."

From Europe, this is what retained my attention: a systematic, organized and general force seeks to drive consciousnesses stupid with the “marvelous” means of technology. The Earth is possessed.



May 29, 1983

I have the impression of having been very ill.

*

Will this human degradation continue for a long time, or will there be a divine intervention?

*

My prayer comes down to this: to do the right thing, to become what You will.



May, 1983

(Letter to Micheline, further to our journey to France)

Dear Micheline,

I was well in your house. Without that haven of silence and your discreet help, I would have had much difficulty in going through that trial. I don't only want to thank you but tell you that your role in this difficult and great story has been counting for ten years ... already. And it's not finished.

I'm going back to my work as best as I can. I feel as if I had gone through a long illness and I don't know very well where I am. Later, I will understand. I am still under the shock of all I have seen and felt. How long

* Even in the car with Catherine [Pierre's wife].

will this human degradation still last?

It is good and reassuring that people like you and Carmen exist in this world of unfaithful people—when the requirements of your work will stop, the old mantle will fall and that will be it. Mother is preparing everything for you.

I take your hands, Micheline, and tell you my deep tenderness.

Satprem

PS: I think of Carmen a lot. In fact, you are *all* very present in my heart, but I *have to* remain exclusively concentrated on that thing that is so essential. In any case, I'm trying.

*

(Letter to Carmen)

My Carmen,

You are very close, very close to my heart and have never stopped being so—you know it. But circumstances led me to break that circle and dedicate myself to an essential work; it was difficult to choose one and not the other, to communicate with one and not with the other—I had to cut everything outside, or else I could no longer do my true work. But it is a transitional step, and if I manage to take this step that is so essential, so urgent for everyone, then the present circumstances will change and I will be able to usefully see again those who look for Mother's path—I will see you again. I am with you, I love you, you know it well, and I am trusting. We must call Mother—she is so concrete, so *right here*. Everything has a meaning!

I wish I could clasp you to my heart.

I never leave you.

Hold on.

We have still to do.

With my deep tenderness

Satprem

Carmen, my Carmen,

How I wish I were near you.... Even if I cannot be so physically, I am with you in another way. Very close.

Regain your strength quickly.

May Mother's Force smile at you.

With my tenderness and love.

Sujata



May 30, 1983

I have the impression of coming closer and closer to a point of mystery which will burst suddenly like a soap bubble. And everything will be clear in the broad daylight.



May 31, 1983

From the West, I came back with a crying need for the reign of Truth, almost a supplication.

May at least one man offer himself on behalf of all the others, so that the Power of the new species, the Consciousness of the new species could infiltrate among us.

To be a pure transparency for the Beam to directly act here and there and everywhere—without our needing to know what it is doing.

Perhaps the time of the personal experience is over and we simply, purely have to be that “nothing,” praying-crying-aspiring for the whole Earth.

I so well understand, now, Mother's "open hands."

*

In Williamsburg, the Americans have extorted from the Europeans permission to install their missiles in Europe. They want to drive the Russians to war. But as Mother doesn't want the war, something will have to happen and change all the data.... Humans' falsehood is crying.



June 1, 1983

Something seems to have very deeply changed since that journey to the West—I don't know what. Before, whenever I sat down, I used to wait for something, there were "experiences," now I feel that I am very simply, very obviously in a Light that I call supreme. It is simply there, I am in it, and it is completely material, corporeal—it is there. Without any fuss. It seems that one only has to let oneself be in it, and it is as if forever. There is nothing to seek, nothing to try or want: one is so simply and obviously there. A very white, straight, simple little path.

In fact, I wonder whether this "change" does not correspond to that kind of amazement I had in the *Lufthansa* plane, when it took off in Delhi for Paris: suddenly, a formidable Power seized hold of me, without my asking anything, and for those ten days in France, that Power was there at any moment, as soon as I had a bit of physical tranquillity (that is, nobody I had to speak, discuss with).

It seems so simple!

One only has to let oneself be in that. And that's all.

It is a solid (and material) light. And imperturbable.

*

Indeed, I saw something last night which is an explanation—I can

understand it now:

*

Vision

I was looking for my path and did not manage to find it. It was in a bare, desert landscape, which vaguely reminded of Arabia. That is, there was nobody (and no vegetation). It was very mineral. Over there, on my right hand, some mountains stood out in the distance, and I told myself: “Oh, I’ll have to make that long detour,” then just below me (I looked down at that from above) I saw a small, very white path—it seemed to have been painted by somebody (like tennis court marking!) And that very white little path sloped down a soft and bare hill and disappeared into a declivity that I could not see. I was seeking my way over there, behind or through the mountain, and it was just before my eyes, clearly marked out, as with a paintbrush!

It’s very reassuring.

Decidedly, the steps are always shown to me (and I am always complaining, so ungraciously, of not seeing anything!—I am given all that is needed to understand!)



June 2, 1983

This morning, immigration police. I am fed up with that world.

The earth is wounded, all that one sees and feels is a wound for the soul.

*

Afternoon

It’s a light which quenches your thirst.

Mother is so present!

*

Evening

I met X and asked him just like that, rather mechanically: “What’s new?” Then something in me stopped, looked, smiled and said (but it was not I who was saying): “The New ... but here it is!”

And it is here indeed, but so transparent that we could be unaware of it! And so formidably powerful. But I don’t yet know how it works.



June 3, 1983

I have the impression of being a constant, silent and powerful (concentrated) question that can be translated as follows: what to do for the collective human consciousness to be seized by a glint of Truth instead of being seized, twisted and constantly alienated by the voice of Falsehood?—books are not enough, they are obsolete means.

To be? Very simply?

To become the next species....

And what would its means of action be on the darkened human mass, whose poison is contaminating the whole earth?

What haunts me is this urgent need of a collective action.

Of course, I don’t understand the functioning of the new Power—perhaps it can very well do without my understanding (!)

Europe left me under the shock of a black horror. But we could say as much about any country—the blackness changes its dressing, that’s all.

*

I only have to BE, more and more, and if necessary, I’ll be made to do the right act.



June 4, 1983

Since this morning, a creative formation has been turning around me. However hard I try to get rid of it, it comes back again and again.

The scenario of a film?

I keep repeating to myself that it all belongs to the old consciousness and that if I plunge into that again, I'll be veiling the new consciousness. But...

Where is the truth?

The true scenario would be to become the next species.

But something insists: wouldn't to make the suggestion of the "great passage" enter human consciousnesses help open that passage?

They are always after "extraterrestrials"—what if we told them a little about the intraterrestrial?

*

Vision

At the end of last night, I saw a kind of porcelain cube, blue with white drawings or lines, a white lattice or a sort of white flowers. It looked like a chinese porcelain (that kind of blue). And it seemed to come out of my mouth (!). Is it the creative formation that is bugging me?

To fall into that again?

That it comes from my mouth and not from a pen may indicate that it is rather something that is spoken: a film?

Is it a trap of the old consciousness, or is it part of the work?

*

To realize a film like that, it would take perhaps two years—has the Earth so much time?

A tool for Mother? to work on the collective consciousness—is there enough time?

*

I spent my day seeing pictures of the film (it was pretty, interesting and perhaps even useful), then I told Mother: “I only want to do what you will, I have no personal desire.”

I really think it was an old “formation.”

To become is more urgent. This is what can really change things. Everything else is ... cinema (!)



June 5, 1983

I spent all morning seeing pictures of the “film” flood in despite myself, organizing sequences.... Two hours like that. Will I have to give in?

I must have caught that illness during the journey in Europe.

And impossible to concentrate: everything is immediately covered by this flow of scenes and pictures.

I can clearly see all the negative part of the film: the exit from the “web,” but I can’t see the positive part: the beginning of the new species and its presence in the world.

Perhaps we should live it before filming it! And when it is lived right here, we will not need any film!

But those who should be dragged into the movement? The film is meant to drag others into the movement.... Others are needed.

I think that I am contemplating the wrong means. It is not the appropriate means.

*

Afternoon

After that invasion of cinema and special effects, there was a cry for two hours this afternoon: O Lord, a terrestrial body that would be *purely* Yours.

There was such a supplication in that “purely”: purely true, purely Yours, purely pure, absolutely, totally.... Oh, to get out of this reign of ignorance, approximation, incertitude and battle for knowledge—oh, TO BE TRUE—to think the truth, feel the truth, act according to the truth ... purely, purely, purely.... You alone, at last.

*

One can be trapped by the most sublime ideas—oh, Lord, *no more ideas*, but You.

Perhaps one must be able to die in order to erase all the imprints of the body and to come back to life, virgin (*Babah!* Indians would say).

Doubtless, a certain memory has to disappear—in fact, the memory of the Falsehood.



June 6-7, 1983

Vision

Mother gives me a gold chain: “To give you the strength to fight against the Asura.” Then I see U. (one of the Ashram businessmen). Is the Ashram going to try again and take *The Agenda* to court in India?

Since my return from France and for the first time in those ten years of battle after Mother’s departure, I begin to feel or notice that this terrestrial life is heavy.

They want to disturb the work at all costs. (It is also a sign that we are drawing nearer).



June 7, 1983

Afternoon

Each time, I note with a sense of wonder how this Power quenches one's thirst. It is a balm that flows throughout the body and cleanses all the pains of life.

One is bathed in that like an anemone in a bowl of strong and nourishing water—embracing too. One really has the sensation that the body is blossoming.

What am I complaining of!

Mother is so concretely here! All that I can't do is to see her with these physical eyes. Everything else is physical.



June 8, 1983

Things so much used to be difficult for me that this smiling easiness surprises me, as if “the thing” were here, simply, and only asked for blossoming, like a flower. “God” was a kind of serious thing before which you had to take your hat off (or put it on if you were a Muslim), then ... oh! it is so simple and smiling. It is the natural air itself.

I remember Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri*:

When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast
And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp [...]
The Truth-Light [shall] capture Nature by surprise,
A stealth of God compel the heart to bliss
And earth grow unexpectedly divine.

Savitri, I. 4



June 9, 1983

(Personal letter)

I feel the necessity of taking stock of the situation—too bad if it is a stock in suspension points. You are so good (I think of Micheline too) that I have to make this effort, rather difficult, without always leaving it to your imperturbable faith. To mentalize things is an act that sticks you in the mud, it is as if you put a lid between you and “the thing.”

In fact, I could reduce my whole speech to a little fortuitous experience which seems like nothing and happened on my return from France. I met X and asked him rather mechanically: “What’s new?” And at that very moment, something in me stopped, looked and said, smiling (but it was not me who was saying): “The New... but here it is.”

This is the fact.

So I have spent a year in concentration. It was on May 14, '82, when one day I sat down and told myself: “We are going to try.” And it was in May 13, 1983, that I was brutally dragged away from my concentration because of my brother, who had been put in prison. It was an acrobatic feat and a “test.” I’ll tell nothing of the awful things I saw and touched during that journey; in his uncompleted letter, which was found on his desk after he was put under arrest, Pierre wrote to me: “There are little Hitlers in every heart, the world is full of concentration camps”—and that’s true: I had a meeting with eight customers of Pierre’s, whom I wanted to ask to withdraw their complaint—I spent an hour and a half among wild beasts, never seen that since the Gestapo: “Good average French people” (!). There is a great human degradation, which is not on the “wrong side” of the bars of Fleury-Merogis Prison. By the way, I sang the Mantra in the freezing-cold corridors of that prison. Why did Mother want me to touch all that?

It is a world Prison.

But the fact, the other fact, is that, at the very moment the plane took off for Paris, a tremendous Power seized hold of me—the one I knew in my lonely concentrations—made me literally double up and did not leave me anymore: in the train, the street, in Catherine’s car and everywhere. It was so formidably dense that, in the plane, I said to Sujata, seated next to me: “But don’t you feel?” (I felt that it could have made the plane explode and flatten anything). And curiously enough, Sujata answered: “Yes, I feel a relaxation in my whole body”! I was a kind of high-tension pylon and she was relaxing! (now I also understand why). What is most extraordinary is that nobody seems to feel it: for the human normality, it is quite a formidable and unbearable Power, but it seems to be as transparent as air. I don’t know, but if that Power were transposed to the vital level, it would make all that it traversed explode (transposed to the mental level, it would make the brain burst). And it is like air! But what is supremely interesting is that that Power is bearable (humanly bearable) only at the level of *Matter*—but a purified matter, or else it explodes too (that is, everything that impedes and covers explodes—there is a whole “adaptation” and purification to do; this has been the work for a year). The supreme intensities of the Spirit are only tolerable at the level of Matter ... as if they were one and the same thing. All that which is in-between is the Falsehood.

It opens up horizons.

So the fact is that that Power is *established*. This was the acrobatic feat.

In two pages, I cannot tell you all that has happened for a year. But I had the courage to keep a diary, where the daily steps are objectively noted down—it might come in handy one day, unless the Experiment is carried out “in vivo” and physically, in which case “it will be visible,” Mother would say, and we won’t need any “notebook”! But it is in the making. How far will we go? I don’t know, but it is on the way.

The only latest fact that I want to point out to you is a very surprising something that recurred hundreds of times and is a real discovery. It is truly “my” discovery. I don’t know how to say it in simple terms because it is new (except Sri Aurobindo and Mother, and perhaps the Vedic Rishis, nobody ever saw that, and even Sri Aurobindo and Mother never said it explicitly anywhere—in any case, I didn’t know anything about it). To make you understand the “fact,” I’ll go back a little:

The first stage of that supramental journey is the awakening of the aspiration in the material, corporeal consciousness. I don’t need to describe it to you. Under the effect of the aspiration, “That” descends, the Supramental descends—and it is a rather frightening Marvel, at the beginning, but an unprecedented Marvel! It takes months to accustom the body to bear that cataract a little (it is rather like some ore in fusion). That is, the intermediary layers have to be purified: anything that obstructs explodes or is in imminent danger of making everything explode; the least speck of dust has “bursting” effects. It is long and difficult to bear, and quite marvelous. So “That” descends and kneads (whoof!), churns and purifies the whole intermediary magma. It is the first “thread” that is established between the human material consciousness and the supramental Consciousness. Then, one day, you enter a second stage (or rather a third one) and that is where my discovery takes place:

Under the effect of those repeated “descents,” one day, suddenly, the whole *material, corporeal* consciousness begins to rise! Nobody has ever seen that!—we know of (or experienced) the “Kundalini” that rises; it is an experience that I’ve had thousands and thousands of times since umpteen years; it rises up above and blossoms into a great extent, very pleasing and luminous and so on and so forth. But there, one day, suddenly, it is as if (not “as if”) the body were under a formidable magnet, and the whole *body’s* consciousness begins to rise (one feels millions of small *particles* which are

sucked up by the “magnet” and start rising from everywhere at the same time). The first time, you have quite the impression that you are about to die—it is the way out when one dies—And for a very long time, every day, the body feels that it is going to die. It is difficult to endure, difficult not to “give up.” And the higher it rises (really peaks upon peaks, one after the other) the more one feels, instead of a rarefied air, that one goes through dense layers, denser and denser and rather unbearable—it becomes almost dazzling, as if that material, corporeal consciousness, “up above,” entered an atmosphere in fusion. And that’s when, after days and weeks of “adaptive” experiences, something that was very unexpected happened: one was rising and rising under the effect of that Magnet and it was denser and denser, when all of a sudden, one didn’t know how, it was *there*. One no longer rose, no longer went down: it was *there*. It was in the body, at the level of Matter, without a top or a bottom, that same density of atmosphere or Power was directly, immediately *there*. Like a sudden reversal: there you are. As if you had spent days and days rising to the sky, then suddenly, that sky was before your eyes, in your bedroom and your everyday body! You feel rather stupid. You stare, wide-eyed, but it’s a fact.

I can give explanations afterward, but the supremely interesting fact (what I call “my” discovery) is that it is the *material, corporeal* consciousness that rises and makes the junction with the Supermind.¹ I had

¹ After this letter came out in a book in 1985 (*Life without Death*), several readers observed about this sentence: “Mother and Sri Aurobindo never explicitly said it anywhere,” that Mother described a similar experience in her *Agenda* of January 24, 1961, where she said in particular: “The body’s consciousness rose and rose and rose...” Satprem then wrote the following answer, which I think is interesting to quote here for a better comprehension of the “phenomenon”:

“Yes, later, a long time later, I remembered that experience of Mother’s and wondered whether it was not the same thing. But what people don’t understand is the enormous

always been surprised by that supramental consciousness that one went to fetch “up above” and that supramental plane that was to be found “up above” and I often asked Mother: “But why up above and how up above? It should be found down below, while going down, not climbing up ?” And in fact, I did not understand how the Kundalini or the mental consciousness or the vital consciousness or the “spiritual” consciousness—in short, everything we know as consciousness—could make the contact with the Supermind? I found it illogical that the Mind, even in its higher layers, should make the junction with the Supermind—you could as well ask the

difference that exists between the pupil who learns of the Amazon and the one who finds himself suddenly propelled onto the bank of the Oyapock—you can tell him: “Ah, but it is just what you read on page 372 of your geography book,” he will shake his head and say: “Yes, it’s possible, but it’s not the same thing!” One doesn’t truly understand until one is on the spot. And it is then very new. (...)

“To be more precise, when Mother recounted that experience to me, I had not well understood what it meant, I thought that it was the Kundalini, as she further said that “it” went back down from center to center. But in the experience I had (for weeks, day after day and for hours), it was *the whole body* that went up, there was no “Kundalini,” or else it was the whole body that was the Kundalini! It was a total Mass. And that *mass* which rose from the whole body did not “go back down.” It was very curious. It rose and rose as if one went up to the sky (!), then suddenly, without any “going back down,” one found oneself with one’s two feet in Matter as if it were *right there*—as if that “sky” up above were under one’s feet and before one’s eyes, right there. It was bizarre. And I went for a walk in the forest on my two feet, as usual. (...) You must understand that the experience of the one who follows is not the same as the experience of He or She who *opens the way*, necessarily. There is a before and an after the Niagara. There is a before and an after Gangotri [the source of the Ganges]. It is still the Ganges, but just try to make it descend and break the Rock open!

“One day, a little lower down in time, there will be a great Benares for everyone ... and perhaps one will no longer understand the gigantic Work that They have done. It all will be ‘myths.’ That’s the way of the world.”

old fish to make the junction with the lizard without getting out of its fish higher and spiritual consciousness! But Mother never clearly answered my question: she used to tell me (like Sri Aurobindo) that one had *first of all* to go and fetch the Supermind *up above*—what she did not tell me was that one had to fetch it up above with the *material, corporeal* consciousness! Have you ever seen the corporeal consciousness rise!... Well, it is a fact: it rises. You have even the impression, below, that you are about to die. Mother said indeed: “It is the body that is the bridge,” but has one ever seen a body climb up above to fetch the Supermind?... Well, the contradiction has been solved (for me).

My explanation after the event is perhaps awkward, but nonetheless I’m going to try. There is that sudden reversal: all at once, it is *there*: what you were actually seeking up above, that interminable ascent through denser and denser layers, abruptly ends in a small window, deceiving and incomprehensible: it’s there, there you are, as if you had never gone up! You climb up to the sky for days and hours, and you find the sky on earth (on two feet)! What does it mean? (truly, I stared wide-eyed, that is, I opened my eyes right in the middle of the experience so as to touch my body and see that I was not dreaming or “spiritualizing”). Finally, I think that I have understood this: one “goes up,” that is, the corporeal consciousness rises *to traverse the fishbowl*; it goes through all the layers that cover matter, and things become denser and denser as you draw nearer to the most external layers of skin or the more external crust, then all of a sudden, *it finds itself again*, it finds itself in the Supermind as if it had never gone out of it! The sky is in the Matter that is at the bottom of Matter. It is all the intermediary layers (mental, vital, etc.) that form a gangue or a cocoon of Falsehood, heavy to traverse. And when it is gone through, Matter is *itself*, that is to say, it is Divine! It is perfectly divine, without a top or a bottom, it never stopped being divine; only that “plug” of mental

and vital filth prevents all of the Current from being totally itself and divinely itself. The corporeal consciousness “rises” through the layers and suddenly finds itself again!

Then everything is permitted and everything is possible, we can understand it.

This is exactly my vision of the “double mooring”: one doesn’t leave the terrestrial, material mooring in order to moor on the supramental quay. It is a double mooring. The “journey” consists in traversing the layers. When you have traversed, there is but one quay and one earth—but a true earth!

The “New” is *there*!

All that remains to do is a long, slow (?) and detailed cleansing of all the cells and atoms—for “That” to flow without obstruction. Then EVERYTHING WILL BE POSSIBLE.

But the Passage is made. It is open. And it is open for everyone. Mother’s “web” is a total reality: if one point opens up, everything opens up for everyone. They made a hole in the web. I can testify to it. Who wants to go through?

So I understand why Sujata felt a “relaxation” while I was like a reactor pile! She found herself again! The acrobatics in Paris shows that it can also happen among the Barbarians and in the black confusion of the world.

Satprem

PS: You can communicate this letter to Micheline, but to her *alone*. Those things must not be said, they are too sacred and there should not be any “person” in all that—let’s wait for it *to be* for all those who show willing. It would be very awful and a terrible muddle, a terrible personalization, if these things happened to be known. That’s all. It will be such a relief when there will be no longer any small persons, but the smiling Person everywhere!

Am I speaking Greek or does it all makes sense for you?



June 11, 1983

It is a work of transparency, so it seems.

A work in white light.

Impression of feeling Mother almost physically within me.

Yes, the small white path in Matter.



June 12, 1983

I find the world strangling.

I have to share Pierre's prison too.

Catherine, her claws drawn in.

The fakers of *S.A.'s Action*.¹



June 13, 1983

An intense, almost formidable aspiration in the body: “the *only* relief:
May You *alone* be, everywhere, in all the cells and all the atoms.”

A physical divine Presence.

*

Vision

Last night, I was in an immense, profound grotto or cavern in the depths.
I saw myself very small close to enormous rocks. But it was not black, there

¹ *Sri Aurobindo's Action*. A « tabloid » published by some people of the Ashram (mainly businessmen) who attacked *The Agenda* and Satprem: I had “falsified” *The Agenda*.

was some light, and the beautiful rocks were like granite, and not basalt. I had a sort of fear of the water invading that grotto from on high and trapping me.

In fact, I find myself in the very middle of Matter or in the foundations of Life.

(Compared to my body, which I saw as something very small, those huge rocks placed pell-mell within the grotto were perhaps eighty meters high and I could not see where they ended.)



June 14, 1983

I no longer at all have that sensation of bursting that I used to have, though the Power can be of a formidable density at times. Nor do I feel that “descent” or ascent of the material consciousness anymore, one could say that the Power seems to penetrate horizontally. The sensation that prevails is one of a dense white light, and everything seems to occur smoothly. Probably, it is a slow work of “thinning down” of Matter or of impregnation of Matter and transparency.... I don’t know very well. One only has to let oneself be manipulated.

Also that dominant sensation that “my” body is not totally my body but a small material thing, or formed of Matter, in an environment without dimension, which would be composed of waves of Power or of a dense sea of Power (according to circumstances).



June 15, 1983

Oh, may all those old black roots of the human subconscious be burnt and

dissolved! That old solidarity with night, fear and the severed head.



June 16, 1983

Quite the impression (sensation) of being physically immersed in a bath of white light. Not a bath that only touches the skin: a bath within, which touches and envelops each cell and perhaps each atom—like a sponge.

When one lets oneself completely go, it's Mother.

She seems to smile and says mockingly: "So you see, the story goes on!"

If one could forget oneself completely, there would simply be Mother.

The impression that she is telling me: "You are in the process of being built up anew."

*

(Letter from Sujata to Catherine, Pierre's wife)

This time, France (at least Paris) smiled at me softly, like Mother's tender smile. Your presence (the presence of you and Micheline) made that even softer.

I felt your affection, you know, even through your "bubbling head" (as you say)! And as the escalator pulled us away from you, I "saw" your soul that was looking at us.

Has the new judge got hold of Pierre's file? When will he be released? So far, it has lasted for one month and a half. It's a long time. Obviously less long than Satprem's concentration camps, where he spent one YEAR and a half.

Your message of June 6 gave me lots of food for thought. Pierre composes poems ... I assure you that Satprem did not compose poems in the camps—he "became." Sri Aurobindo,

when he spent a YEAR in prison, “became.” But is Pierre still in the process of deluding himself?

You know, Catherine, if one wants to be with Satprem, if one wants to become something else, well, one has to BE.

You say that you would so much like that all that “theory” that you know descends into your skin. But do you accept reality? Look at yourself honestly: you need to be in rebellion—not to BE. You don’t even seem to understand that to become impregnated with the words of those who ARE can help us, for their words carry the force of truth. For you, they are still only “theories”!

You say: “Finished with that thirst of thinking and knowing, today I thirst for being”—not true. Well but not truthfully said. You are young, Catherine, you don’t have all the experiences of life that are necessary for us to widen, to comprehend, and most importantly to make us lighter. You are pure—life’s monstrosity revolts you—and you are limited in your purity. I almost feel like saying that you are “limited.” In order to BE, one first has to be wide, to be light.

Sorry, Catherine. I have found in Catherine a familiar and very elusive “being”! Become, so that I can recognize you at last!

But BE.

Sujata



June 18, 1983

Divine, physical experiences—of the divine Presence—in the body, so tremendously powerful and concrete that one wonders how it doesn’t burst or begin to melt.

But no fear, just the opposite: a Delight.

The body begins to wonder how it will mutate and change. There must be a moment when *a change* happens.

And at the same time, one feels: It is the Hour of God.

*

Suddenly, I tell myself: but if Mother and Sri Aurobindo came into my room, it would be a bit of a shock for my mind, my vital and my feelings—but my body would find it very natural! Simply, it would jig for joy.

That is, all that live in illusion would get a big shock. And it's the body that "must" die—it's unfair!

*

Always the impression of a Great Mystery that will burst one day like a soap bubble—then we will be really dumbfounded. Perhaps dumbfounded by the simplicity of it all.

Perhaps an invasion of the real.

Not extraterrestrials, but intraterrestrials!

*

(Letter from Satprem to Catherine)

Little Catherine, strong Catherine, I wore myself out writing the following pages for Pierre. I don't have the courage to write to you much more. But I much appreciate your courageous strength in taming your "lion."

Read the enclosed letter. I don't think it is possible to convey it to him in prison. But *one day* it will have to be shown to Pierre. Wait for the right moment.

I can tell you that the "Passage" is being opened up. But those are not subjects for speeches.

I embrace you most tenderly, you are a courageous little sister.

Satprem

*

(Letter from Satprem to his brother Pierre)

Pierre,

Listen carefully, please. I have certain things to tell you and will not repeat them twice.

The New World is not an escape—it is a conquest. A difficult conquest, more difficult than that of the Sahara or the ascent of Everest: those are child’s play. I don’t have the habit of exaggerating. And if you are not able to wage *your* battle right now, there where you are, you will not be able to wage it in Brittany—it is now that you must pass the test (or not). That was why I never invited you to come and join me—it is too difficult. You tried to force my hand and throw yourself on me: “Hello, it’s me!”, but one does not *cheat* with the New World. It pinched you immediately and put you exactly where you *had to* be in order to pass your test (or a part of your test). Believe me, it is not a joke. I had written this to you in black and white (but probably you didn’t pay attention): “When one draws near to me, *everything becomes dangerous.*” You thought those were fine words, but fine words are for you—as for me, I say what *is*. And it is actually becoming dangerous, for the New World doesn’t tolerate a second of cheating, not a speck of Falsehood—otherwise, you don’t pass, it kicks you out and it knows how to be perfectly brutal. In the past, we spoke of “dragons” and snakes guarding the “Treasure”—it is an imaged translation of a real fact. You cannot cheat the dragon: if you are not pure, it burns you. So your battle for purity, sincerity, honesty and true and divine simplicity *must* be waged right now, or else you’ll be kicked out, and the second time might be worse than the first one. One does not approach these grave and serious

things without danger—but the danger is only for impurity and insincerity. You have spent forty years of your life telling yourself stories—let the mask fall, sonny boy, now you can no longer cheat. So don't think that you are going to take the train or the plane just like that to come and join me breezily—you will not be allowed to do that, even if I wanted you to do so. I know what I am speaking about.

What does this battle consist of? It is very simple. The general, world System is something we know well (that is, it is known by a few: those who have tried to get out of it). This System is cruel: implacable and very wicked forces are there at every corner of the street, tracking down the “offender,” and if you are in breach of the law, the Sordid begins to bare its teeth. But as long as you march in quick time, the Sordid smiles and puts on airs and graces: it's called Justice, it's called Poetry, it's called Religion or Idealism—it uses all sorts of masks to hide the true story, the sordid story. I was brutally released from all masks at the age of twenty—It's been forty years now since I've been in breach of the law. I know what it takes.

So, when one is courageous and rather obstinate, one gets out of the System. That is the easiest and most “amusing” part of the Battle. One is “against,” it's very simple. One “gets out of it,” it's very simple (though it is not always simple). But then, if one is honest and sincere with oneself, one realizes quickly (more or less quickly) that the System has its roots *within*, in one's own skin. The Sordid is perfectly within and holds you with a thousand invisible little threads which make you dance here or there. It starts being far less fun and far more difficult, because the Sordid, the System, begins to bare its teeth within—there, I assure you, is where you have to be very heroic not to let yourself be eaten. You can let yourself be eaten while telling yourself nice stories. And you realize then that it is no longer little policemen on your left or on your right, very pleasant in their

familiar uniforms, but universal and cruel Forces which imprison the entire human world—we are the first jailers of our own prison. There, I assure you, we have to be very strong, that is, very *pure*—purity is the ONLY strength. Purity *alone* can bring down the Dragon, no other arms.

So the New World consists of uprooting the System *within us*. And finally, the System has roots down to the genetic code and the bottom of each cell, because we are the son of the father who was the son of the great-grandfather, who was... the whole Holy Church and the whole Holy Horror are there. Do you understand the dimensions of the Battle?

So if you are still stuck at the point of pulling out a submachine gun, pounding the table with your fist, writing poems and saying: “I-me,” you are completely missing the point and are totally the puppet of those cruel Forces—you will compose the poetry of the Rebellion and the novel of the glorious “I,” who is a small ridiculous puppet. For those forces, Revolt is as good as submission, Evil as fine as Good, Love (so-called love) as tasty and delicious as Hatred. Those are the two masks of the Sordid. And the “I” is the succulent little puppet of these Forces. The way out of that awful System begins when you kick out this famous “I,” as in any case, this famous “I” is only the “I” of the grandfather, the great-grandfather and the whole holy Family—you have to get out of THE Family, radically.

They stuck you in jail to help you find the true way out. If you go on with making cinema with yourself and others, you could stay for twenty years in prison, and even if you get out of it physically, you still will be in *the* Prison.

I could tell you a little story. It was more than twenty-five or thirty years ago. I was in Ceylon (but it was another world), in the South of Ceylon, in a village on the edge of the jungle. I was living in the temple, slept in the temple and begged food every day with my copper bowl (it was in the period when I *believed* that I had got out of the System!). They usually gave

me some rice mixed with green pepper chopped up into small pieces. This pepper was so spicy that my fingers burnt whenever I ate my rice. At last, as I already had had typhus in the camps and amoebic dysentery, I began to evacuate blood every day. I was very sick, but I carried on, because I am obstinate. And one day, as I was cleaning my copper pot on the riverbank, I pitied myself a little, telling myself: “You see, here you are, alone at the end of the world (for in those days, there was still an “end of the world”), you have nothing left anymore, you are kicking the bucket.” In short, I was telling myself pitiful stories, but all the same, I was in a bad state. Then, all of a sudden, on the bank of that river, as I was cleaning my copper pot and tightening my damaged guts, a Force came on me, seized me and literally shouted to me in my ears: “But *what you think of it*, what does it matter?” Then a mask fell, Pierre. Suddenly, I was no longer the same: what I thought of it had no significance at all. All that one thinks of it is fantasy, a fake, a Falsehood. Falsehood. Falsehood. Dysentery is a Falsehood, typhus is a Falsehood, Cancer is a Falsehood, everything is a Falsehood—one only thinks fake and false things. There is SOMETHING ELSE.

That is a first mask that falls: the mask of the Mind.

Then there is a second mask: the mask of the eternal and marvelous feelings that live in men. This one is a far more deceptive and sticking mask: one “loves,” “feels,” oh! the whole holy tribe of passions, desires and sensibility and *me, I feel*—and they are nothing but sordid little threads pulled by the same cruel Forces. So there too, we have to reach the point where we cry out: “But what can it matter, what you feel about it!” And it is a whole theater that comes down.

Not easy.

When this second mask, the vital mask, has fallen, one is very close to what I could call the “burning Zero.” That is to say that there is nothing left, everything is broken, *unmasked*—one is annulled and ridiculous and

nothing-at-all. Then it begins to burn within. That is, it begins to BE something that is neither the grandfather, nor the great-grandfather, nor poetry, religion nor idealism, nor anything of the whole damned sordid story—something that IS wordlessly, pure and simple like fire or a child. One is the child of fire. One is the nothing that burns. One IS.

That is the beginning.

Afterwards, one has to go and uproot the other Falsehoods in the body's depths, in the cells—which is the last part of the Battle.

Get it?

So, no stories, please, but the Truth.

THE TRUTH.

I embrace you and Catherine too.

Satprem

For the New World is the world where the Truth is powerful.



June 19, 1983

There must be a fundamental notion or perception that is false and because of which all the rest cannot be understood.

The impression of looking into a minute unknown. A point where the old balloon tears apart.

One cannot “try” to know, because it is the old organ that tries; one has to become the new organ—then one will know.

I recall Tagore: “The more you call the unknown, the more it becomes known.”

*

One only has to *live* the Truth; then, of necessity, one will know the Truth.

*

Afternoon

For months, an experience has been taking place, or rather has tried to take place dozens of times, but I never managed to grasp it up to the end. Again this afternoon.

First the general current or general environment the body is bathed in seems to grow denser (or rather a sensation of *condensation*) right at the point that is occupied by the body in that environment. It is not a “descent” but a kind of densification, as if the body were being filled up with a thick power, extremely strong, and it becomes almost solid. The whole body is a sort of dense block of Power. It is very immobile. And it is there that occasionally this fleeting experience takes place: all of a sudden, you feel that something spins in your head, very slightly, and you feel that you are about to pass on elsewhere. Normally or generally, I suppose, one goes into sleep, but one feels that it is not sleep, but something else—I was never able to know, because I could not follow the experience up to the end. It is like a sector light. You are in a sector and you feel that you are veering into another one; a very slight shift and you move, shall we say, from the green sector to the white sector of the beacon (like the beacon of Quiberon). But there, you are not the navigator who moves from a zone that is scanned by the green sector to a zone that is scanned by the white sector, you are like the beacon itself—the beacon of consciousness, I suppose—which slightly veers and shifts from one sector to another. And the moment you change sector, you feel something that slightly veers in your head, and you give a start which takes you back into the old usual sector.

I don't know if I am not on the verge of madness, as Mother might say, but ... all the same, something is happening, or trying to happen.

Perhaps human consciousness is like a beacon which is used to sweeping

a certain zone (in green or red), but there are maybe other sectors and instead of the usual “filter” colored in red or blue or green, perhaps there is another filter—or no filter at all!

There is a change of sector. But what is it? I have not yet managed to lay hold of the other sector. Perhaps the world would then be quite a different matter.

I am not afraid of going mad—one cannot be more mad than man at present.

One has to solidly hold on to the Divine. To be pure. No stories.



June 20, 1983

The cuts of *The Agenda* in their “S.A.’s Action”—it’s really a pure stench that is emanating from that Ashram.

It is my vision of Mother exactly, with her twisted backbone, blackened and skeleton-like, crying out to me: “Go and get me a safety belt.”¹

To think that she suffered all that, all those people, every day, with her eyes wide open and her unprotected body.... I don’t know if there has ever been a similar horror in the “spiritual” story of humanity—even the Christ’s crucifixion seems a mere theater show compared to that.

*

Mother, when will you make that Samadhi burst in their fakers’ faces?

*

The only—the *only*—solution is a grain of pure Matter among this general decomposition.

And then, such an absolute thirst!...

*

Afternoon

Divine experiences, so strong that one feels like fainting.

And yet, one feels that there are still veils between the purity of “that” and oneself.

One would like to plunge into that as into an absolute abyss of fire and love—forever.

Absolute Love. It is that.

*

Evening

I begin to understand why Mother referred to “trance.”

Yes, you don’t know whether it is “a pain or a bliss.”

I have the impression that I am being made follow Mother’s path, but in wonderful conditions, without the horror of her entourage.

*

(Letter from Satprem to Catherine)

Catherine,

Forgive my telegraphic insults! They were said with tenderness.

But there is a thing that you *must* understand for Pierre. To “hold his hand” is very well, and it is perhaps your role, but truth demands stronger things, or else Pierre will completely miss the chance of his life. For once, Pierre must have the courage to face himself instead of telling himself stories and looking for sympathy like a child. He is a child all right, but he has to know if he wants to stay in the old world, a child of the old world, or move to the New one—a “son of the Fire,” not a box of stories. A time comes when we have to be NAKED and on our own. If we miss that moment,

¹ See *Notebooks of an Apocalypse I*, April 2, 1976.

we have definitively missed our life.

It is that serious, and it is very secondarily the story of a boy who is “unjustly” kept in prison on mere presumptions. *I* think that it is Mother who kept him in prison, because he must at all costs learn the lesson, or else it will be NO USE at all coming here. As he is, Pierre is not ready and not capable of passing anywhere. If one is not able to face oneself in all one’s crudity and simplicity and to give oneself a few good smacks instead of always blaming the others and the “bad luck of the draw,” then one only has to stay in the general puree. In truth, rebels and “innocent people” are the mere claptrap of an outdated age. We are *all* in a certain intimate rot that we must have the courage to get out from. Get it?—without forgetting your smile.

Satprem



June 21, 1983

Any hint of Falsehood becomes unbearable and so painful, even when it is felt in “the others,” who appear less and less “others.” So this makes for a suffocating and painful world, physically painful. (For example, Pierre’s Falsehood).

To tend towards You alone.

All else is a pain.

*

Afternoon

A letter from Pierre says that he wants to commit suicide on June 30.

Why do I feel this so deep a sorrow?



June 21-22, 1983 (night)

Vision

Here is what I have noted down in my “bits of visions”:

Sujata hanged. Mother attended the hanging. As if she sentenced everyone to death. It was in the Ashram. All the ashramites were consenting. Pranab went by with a sardonic smile: “Oh! no, *he* (Satprem) will not be hanged.”

Once more a false cruel Mother who sentences everyone to death, Satprem and Sujata first of all.



June 22, 1983

This afternoon, I felt that the body was being undone completely—not melting (!) but becoming totally porous. And the more porous it became, the more it was traversed by waves of an extreme velocity and power. A sensation of diffuse, white luminosity. And I (the body) felt very steadily that instead of himself the occupant, there was Mother’s body.* Up to the point when I said: “Oh! how fine if Mother could physically continue her little divine bombing of the world!” (a small supraelectric rain which would come and pierce all those little human carapaces!)

Also the sensation of “breathing” through millions of spots in my body. Strange. As if it were no longer the usual coagulation.

As long as it is You, that’s all that is needed.



* I even felt her smile *in* my face (while probably looking as serious as a pope).

June 23, 1983

Constantly the impression of surrounding or tracking down a fundamental secret—as if I were pushing and pushing against an enigmatic and crucial point: once it is known and detected, everything else becomes clear—changes.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw a strange thing, which I cannot explain.

I was next to the ocean, but above it, as if on a cliff, and there was a huge blue cube (perhaps 15-20 meters high) overhanging the ocean, but it was a cube of ocean! I could see the very straight angles, it was water without a doubt (blue like the ocean) and it held itself together as if it were a solid mass of water! It was as if posed on the ocean or on the edge of the ocean and I was looking at that from the top or the side of the cube, but above.* And I told myself: but how does it hold together?! And it was the same “matter” as the water, just like water, but shaped like a cube.

What is this “cube of ocean”?

It is obviously made of the same matter as the ocean, but a matter that does not obey the same laws.

I was taught that there were three states of Matter: solid, liquid and gaseous—a fourth state of Matter: liquid-solid or solid-liquid?

Would this be the supramental Matter? which is, or gives the sensation of a solid block, yet is fluid. It is a solidity that seems to come from a vibrational density (as if the vibrations were “thick,” or so dense, so strong

* No, I must have been lower than the « cube » since I could see its « edges » going upward.

that they give a sensation of solidity). Mother spoke of a “flexible solidity”.....

That “cube of ocean” was not constituted of a plain and dull blue, there were like stains of a silver (or white) glittering in it, as on the surface of the ocean. One could feel a shifting movement.



June 24, 1983

I am not asking for the moon or the powers of heaven—I ask for WHAT IS TRUE.

The truth of the world and of the being.

*

I can feel Pierre crying.

My God, when will we get out of this pain everywhere. When we have reached the end of ours, we have all the others.



June 25, 1983

I wrote to Carmen, and all day I had a great difficulty, as if I had to lift a weight in this corporeal consciousness, which is usually so ardent.

It allows you to get the measure of things.

Everything is immediately here.¹

*

Evening

After that day that I had spent lifting a weight in the body, suddenly

¹ Carmen had just been operated on for cancer.

aspiration came back, and this aspiration was so Divine and marvelous, this need, this flame and thirst in the body—we forget it—that all of a sudden I told myself: but *this* is the Goal, there is no other! And *this* is the Divine in Matter—it is not “our” aspiration, “our” thirst: it’s He, it’s That which thirsts in Matter. I had never so much measured to what extent this aspiration, this thirst, is a Marvel in itself. It is self-sufficient. It is the delicious breathing of Matter.

And finally, I wonder whether this is not the famous “cellular consciousness” that Mother spoke of? I was always waiting, expecting: “If we knew how to teach them (the cells) the splendor that is within them...” And it is there! And I didn’t know it! I used to feel a “corporeal” or “material,” general consciousness, but it is a lack of acuity in perceptions: the corporeal consciousness is made up of cells! For one year I had been waiting for what was before my eyes! The Marvel is there and perfectly there! I had to be deprived of it for a day to become aware of it! Of course, experiences are not labeled when they come. It’s quicker to label the experience than to verify it!

*

(Letter to Carmen)

My very dear Carmen,

I am so happy to know that you are back in your Observatory nest with the blackbirds and the regular sounds of the bells of the nuns. I don’t write you very often anymore, but you are with me. The more one goes on, the more life is a fabulous mystery—we also feel that there is a skylight somewhere, very close, and that all of a sudden, we will topple into a life so simple that it is unthinkable. The old ghosts are struggling, but they are really ghosts. You know, Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s discoveries are not something for Avatars and future times alone: it has to be lived, or rather we

have to become it. Step by step, I am verifying an incredible possibility and I have no longer any doubt concerning the worthlessness of all our laws of existence and our wisdom. It is a Fact, which is completely concrete and ... I was going to say miraculous, but it is not a “miracle,” on the contrary, it is the great Natural of existence. When “That” flows in our veins, we no longer have any doubt about everything being possible—it is only the old habits that stick. We are trying to become unstuck. That’s all. And Mother is so present! For a year, I have galloped, or rather she made me gallop—I don’t want to fall back again into outdated literature; I want TO BE, I want TO BECOME—to incarnate that Marvel. It is the very best possible change in the world. We have to put “that” in our skins, then ... we shall see. But it is THERE. A few people and a few Carmens must call and pray: OM Namō Bhagavate.

I hold you in my heart.

Satprem

You can write to me when you want.



June 26, 1983

Afternoon

An experience of the Supreme Lord, here on Earth—IN MATTER.

The impression: a divine hour on Earth.

The impression: the first time in a human, terrestrial body.

It lasted for almost two hours. I still feel it.

All the time, it was: Earth, Earth ... the divine change of Earth.

And Mother, smiling, supreme.

*

O, Transparent, Supreme Simplicity.

*

In the forest

One cannot help oneself say: but what will the repercussions be? Will there be repercussions?

A great Moment of simplicity on Earth. And all hearts would melt....

The small white path in Matter.

*

Night

It is an unutterable ecstasy, in the body, with one's eyes wide open.

O Mother, O Sri Aurobindo, you fill me up beyond all imagination.



June 27, 1983

It is a new *Life* in the body.

I have touched a new *life*.

It is another *type* of life on Earth.

Truly, something that is unknown amidst men. How could I describe it?

It is a LIFE, a mode of life, a vibration of life, a state of *life*, not a state of “consciousness.” A different way.

There is a type of animal life, there is a type of vegetal life, there is (I suppose) a type of mineral and atomic life—well, there is ANOTHER type of LIFE. And it is material, corporeal, cellular, in a human being which is made up as all human bodies are. But it is DIFFERENT. It is no longer the old life which flows along with blood, nerves, veins—a whole mechanism which seems “hard,” dry, brutal, and above all very primitive. It is SOMETHING

ELSE, which nonetheless takes place in an animal body.

Mother spoke of it, said it, but ... to feel it, to live it is miraculous.

It is MIRACULOUS.

Nobody can imagine—it has to be LIVED, DRUNK, EXPERIENCED, tasted....

What would a peach say, if it had to describe its own peach's succulence?

And curiously enough, it has more to do with vegetal life or sensation than with animal life and sensation—animal life is very brutal, excited, nervous, palpitating and turbulent.... This is... I don't know, an invasion of succulent sun: it is tasted innumerably, in a billion cells at the same time, as if each cell were tasting its particular delight.

It began this morning instantly when I sat down quietly, and it came very-very softly: a swelling in the whole body, a kind of blooming, as if all that, which was rather hard and closed on itself, swelled up everywhere, innumerably, as if under the effect of a magic sun. A delightful and "swelling" softness, like an innumerable currant bush, if I may say so, of which every berry would fill up with its own solar juice. Then it was like an invasion, but very soft, delicious, charming and warm, through all the pores of the body, as if it came in from everywhere at the same time and were felt, tasted, lived innumerably in the body: a juice, truly a nectar, the body and each cell felt gorged with sun, but a sun that would be composed of food, smile and joy at the same time! It was nourishing, just as honey can be nourishing, but at the same time there was like plenty of smiles and joy and love in that sun flow. It is MIRACULOUS. And it is of LIFE—not a nervous, sanguine and beating life, but another type. It flows, fills up, breathes and gives out warmth in the whole body, it is a superlife—it is DIVINE. It is the DIVINE that flows. One is gorged like a fruit. Oh, it is an unimaginable delight.

Then, that innumerable invasion—as if every cell, *each* of those billions

of cells were being filled up with delight—that opening within, that blossoming of ease, that swelling of sun and smile, slowly became stronger, denser. It was a kind of full solidity, I don't know, a dense beam, of a solid sun. One was seized in that and one only had to adore it. Adore and adore. An adoration of the body. That is the Divine life. Living God. It is THAT.

It is Life that is coming.

It is nourishing and miraculous. An hour and three-quarters sped by like a few minutes—I was astounded when I heard the siren ring at noon. And not for a second had I been “elsewhere” or “in another world”—I was HERE, perfectly in my body.

It is a *quality* of life as different as the life of an ape may be different from that of a peach.

It is really a new life on Earth.

It remains to be seen how all that will harmonize with the old system or be attached to the old system and transform it. One well understands that death and illness simply don't exist in that type of life. They *cannot* exist.

*

Afternoon

A great, irreversible current is taking me towards a new world.

*

I have the impression that there is no longer any “I.” It is all open.



June 28, 1983

Sometimes, it is so painful, as if the body were under black tons, praying and praying with an almost unbearable intensity—a prayer for it all to cease, to change. I feel as if I were in prison with Pierre, but in fact, I feel as if I

were in the prison of the whole world. The body has become ... I don't know, like a point of the whole sorrow of the world. A kind of symbol. It is as concrete as possible.

It is the *body* that has the true consciousness of the world. All those “cosmic consciousnesses” are poets' daydreams.



June 29, 1983

I am constantly assailed by the same adverse voice: “All your experiences are merely subjective—where is the material, concrete proof of the slightest change (in vision, audition, perception, knowledge...)?”

But this morning, all the same, it occurred to me that the first mental experiences of the apes or even of the first human beings, must have been completely “subjective”—who then might have said that that little vibration was to revolutionize life on earth?

One has to learn how to handle the new vibration (or to let oneself be handled by it).

One has to BECOME, we cannot escape the fact—it's no use trying to know.

If there is a change (not a very pleasant one), it lies in the widening of the material field of perception. The body's limits are or seem to be artificial and uncertain. A sort of “magnetic” field (or I don't know what) seems to link all of matter and all bodies, without taking much into consideration Mr. Whatshisname and Mrs. Indira Gandhi, or “French” Paris and “Indian” Dehli. It is one and the same sauce bound by immediate fibers. The individual consciousness is only used for selecting the zone or point of perception—in fact, it can touch and must touch everything and be linked to everything, from the most minuscule to the “greatest” things

indiscriminately. It is a constant contagion of *everything*. Not one single point is “unrelated” to the other, unknown to the other or “innocent” of the other.

So if we have to wait for the last Ayatollah to leave in order to draw a breath on Earth....

I would be very curious to know how the small supramental laser beam functions in this terrestrial conglomeration.

One single cancerous cell is sufficient—perhaps one single supramental cell is also enough.

And all those cells of Mother which twinkle in Matter’s night?

*

I got a throat ache since my letter to Carmen....

*

Catherine: her claws out.

Pierre: heading for the accident.



June 30, 1983

A sort of white nothingness “at the disposal of....”



July 1, 1983

I feel a deep sadness in the air.

I think that my brother, Pierre, is lost.

*

Evening

O Lord, there is nothing else in this life than to discover that Love.

That's why all this terrestrial life has been invented.



July 2, 1983

It is the individual center that seems to evaporate.

This concentric habit.

But one doesn't know by what it is replaced. A moving and uncertain geography.

The only reference point is this intense aspiration in the body. Apart from that, it is as if nonexistent, except through the existence of the entourage which "reminds you that"—or through the very individual grief that you feel because of this or that. But even that grief is as if general, even when it applies to a specific individual (my brother—yes, it is a little like all "brothers").



July 4, 1983

Always the impression that a triggering somewhere, on or in one point of the consciousness, would be enough for everything to change—it is not a "great" change to effectuate, it is something that is very small, but unknown. And it is as if the entire consciousness, like a white beam, pushed on or towards a point—that point.

*

It seemed to me that Mother was telling me: "Don't become involved anymore!"

*

Afternoon

The being has to become like a wide beach of white sand where the wind of the infinite blows. And at times, it draws strange signs and ripples on its beach. At times, it erases everything, except a small backwash of tenderness which says: forever-forever....

And that is Sri Aurobindo.

And each little grain of sand of the wide white beach repeats: Yours, Yours, Yours....



July 5, 1983

I spent the whole morning as if I were reaching the point of death.

Yours, Yours, Yours....

What You want.

I don't know what is happening.

*

Afternoon

A very important experience. No sooner had I sat down than I felt that same feeling-sensation of death, as if an unusual something were nearing. As soon as there is something new, it is like death for the body. And I struggled against that, repeating: Yours, Yours..., I kept telling the body: "Don't worry, it's Mother, it's Sri Aurobindo," but I felt, in the body's subconscious, a kind of trepidation and swarming underneath, like a silent fear, with all kinds of small lightninglike "thoughts" or feelings, or muted sensations (in particular, that "idea" or memory of Mother that one had to be capable of traversing death.... Etc., etc.). For an hour I struggled against that whispering, which did not dare to really show itself but vibrated and murmured below. I kept repeating the Mantra, calling Sri Aurobindo, and it was even like a fear that he would make me die—oh! all of a sudden, very

suddenly indeed, there was a sort of force of revelation or a power of revealing truth which entered the body's consciousness and said:

“It is the Falsehood that is afraid of dying.
It is the Falsehood that is afraid of You.”

Truly, as if by magic, in a second, in a flash, everything was DISSOLVED. Like in a burst. All that swarming: pulverized, disappeared. And I could hear:

“It is the opposite of Death,
It is the DIVINE LIFE that comes on Earth.”

Then an immense tranquillity, stillness, seized the body, a vast, luminous immobility, powerful and smiling. Then a solid luminosity. And an ineffable Presence, like a swelling of power—I could not say what happened. But the capital fact, really astounding, is that the fear of death in the body was swept away, dissolved, as if by magic. IT IS FALSEHOOD that is afraid of dying.

I don't know if it is vanquished and dissolved only this once or once and for all, but the body will remember that.

As if death were *first of all* the fear (or the habit) of dying in the body. That is, the Falsehood in the body.

But it was astounding, so much so that that corporeal swarming, underneath, kept telling itself: It's the Divine who is going to make you die, it's for the Divine that you are going to die—oh!

Well, the Divine WANTS life divine.

*

I even wonder whether “to traverse death” is not to traverse the fear of dying (not in the head, of course, but in the body).

*

Evening

I feel that the *basis* of life in me is in the process of changing.

*

(Letter to Yolande)

I can feel your grief as I felt Carmen's grief and the grief of all those who are close. I also feel your disappointment, as if I had let you down. But it's not true! Do you think it was pleasant for me to come to Paris, knowing that you were there, and not being able to embrace you? My heart is neither so unfaithful nor ungrateful. I had to take the decision to withdraw because I was no longer progressing in my true work; I simply went round in circles—the world has no longer the time of going round in circles! If Mother during all those years had sowed something in me, I had to attempt, not only to speak of her adventure. If at least one human being tries, endeavours to walk the path that she, along with Sri Aurobindo, has opened with so much pain, she will not have wasted her time and men will not be as pitiful as those of the Ashram. At least *one* human being had—has—to prove, to show the world that that path of the new species is POSSIBLE for men, or else what is the use of all that Sri Aurobindo and Mother did? Even if it is a mad and reckless undertaking—and I now know that it is not mad at all—I had to try and prefer to die like that than while piling up books and interviews. And I can tell you that what They announced is *there*, that the Path is possible, and that a new Life already exists on earth. One day, you'll see it, God willing. I love you.

Satprem

PS: The possibility of change that I had seen in India with our friend [J.R.D.Tata] was not carried out. Such potentialities happen to graze the Earth, then evaporate—I don't know if it has evaporated for good, but I think I have understood this: a man, superb though he is like our friend, would not have been enough for that task; the damage is too deep, too gigantic to be repaired or mended by human means. Something else is

needed. A divine intervention is what is necessary. Unforeseen and “shattering” general circumstances are needed to shatter this rot and awaken India’s soul. You cannot change or transform evil with technical improvements or a better order—another “order” is needed. I am *sure* that the change will come and is on the way, but it eludes our human control. It is for that other “order” that we are working with all our heart and being.

S.

Tell our friend, if you see him, that he is very dear to my heart.



July 6, 1983

Truly, only the body understands what the Divine is. All the rest is philosophy about the “Divine,” sentimentality about the “Divine,” but it is not *that*, that marvel of a Nectar.

One feels a great clarification in the body since that day with “death” yesterday (which is only the death of Falsehood).

In this Nectar, death seems a sort of invention.

If the body learns how to believe in its divine truth, it is the end of the problem.

*

The greatest perversion is to believe that death is wanted by the Divine—it is not a submission to the Divine, it is a submission to the greater Devil.

*

Death is only a provisional evolutionary mechanism in order to reach that point where Matter is conscious of its own divinity.

*

I don’t know why I recall that Parisian professor of neurology

(presumptuous and aggressive) who reminded me that the cerebral cells are not renewable—they die—and that he had performed enough operations to have seen that with age, there were real “holes” in cerebral matter (besides, he worried a lot about the holes in store for him!). But it seems to me that the weakest point in a given species is also the point where the evolutionary breakthrough or mutation stands a better chance of occurring: what is “perfect” cannot evolve (it is true at all levels). If our precious pyramidal cells die, it is the sign that the evolutionary push has to discover a “supracerebral” state, where that infirmity will no longer exist. Is it not precisely the “supermind”, or the cellular consciousness, that will grasp hold of the lever again?—the brain is everywhere! “intelligence” is everywhere! It was a sort of bad habit that swelled up our heads and monopolized a small condenser which can be found everywhere, and “coordination” takes place automatically and infallibly at the level of the universal consciousness and its cellular relay or of the total consciousness of the great earthly Body which encompasses all those hesitant little bodies (hesitant because they think that they are outside of everything, and have forgotten the great Rhythm.)

The “supermind” is also the great Rhythm.

I remember my mother, who is eighty-seven and must have many “holes” in her head since she does not remember anything, but who told me all the same two months ago: “I’ve been very bad in my life, but ... (and she laughed like a little girl) that allowed me to become good again as I grew older!” In short, we don’t need a brain to “become good again”!

Perhaps we will say one day: The human species was very stupid and bad with its brain, but it allowed it to become supra-intelligent and good again...? Had it been “perfect,” it would have made for a world of small professors (argh!) or small pastors (argh again!) ... and hundreds of Mother Teresas who would have encumbered the world with small retarded

Christians.

*

Afternoon

Nobody-nobody can imagine the Marvel, the Splendor of that new life. It lies beyond all imagination. An almost unbearable Delight. Mother said that the Mantra should be a way of saying “I love You” to the Divine, but that “I love You” is like “He loves me,” it’s He who loves. And it is the body! the body! It becomes a sort of luminous, massive roundness, the limits melt away, it is all kneaded with love-joy-delight. And it is not that it “descends”: it enters from all sides, everywhere. It is the cerebral matter (precisely) that has the most difficulty in bearing that formidable invasion of Delight. But we can see that it only comes progressively, and it is marvelously measured, or else it all would explode—it is really like an impossible possibility!

No, we have to be silent and adore. But it is Matter that adores! It is unbelievable, unbelievable, unbelievable.

And I understand why yesterday there was that “purge” of all the little fears of dying—that small trepidation of anxiety would have made everything burst.

Oh! Lord.... Glory to You, Lord, Glory to You—EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

I stopped after an hour and forty-five minutes because I could not bear it anymore (!). I’m going to walk.

*

Evening

I can almost hear Mother laughing: “You see, we continue!”

And I quite understand this “notebook” now: one has to absolutely testify to that Marvel. It is new, completely new on earth.

And I well understand that there has to be a new LIFE *first*; it will invent its own organs *afterwards*. This is tomorrow's great mystery.



July 7, 1983

I really don't understand, or not well, what happened today. It was bizarre and I could not even say what was bizarre about it. I could try and describe the sensations, but it might be something else altogether (!).

All morning, I had the sensation of being ... not really in my body, or that it was a small point in "something," and a kind of sensation that all of this material, corporeal consciousness felt like going out of its individual net or passing through the mesh (or tended to do so).

This afternoon, that tremendous Current of supramental Life came—it was very formidable—invaded me like a little cavity in a rock is invaded by the rising tide, engulfed me literally and the whole body (that little cavity of rock) became absolutely porous and let that formidable Current pass through, until that Current became as if immobile or almost nonexistent and without any "formidable" or "great" or "small," because there was nothing left to measure the Current, no "I" or resistance by which things could be measured. It was a kind of immense nullity, but one felt it was full! because "null" still means something or the opposite of something—it was a Current without measure or dimension. IT WAS. That was all. Even the shape of my body seemed dissolved within all that or non-perceived, as if spread out everywhere or I don't know what. There was nothing that could retain anything any longer—it passed though, but through what, one did not know very well. But then, in that kind of immobility which was nonetheless still a Current, suddenly something began to be condensed and fill the place where my body should normally have been, and while filling the place, it took

shape, the body took shape, or formed again and became then of a massive, compact density, as if the empty or null form filled up with a solid light which all of a sudden made the form appear. It was like a condensation of the great Current in a point. Then, once the form was completely filled with that dense, compact, luminous Power, everything seemed to stretch out again, spread out and become immobile, as if it had no longer any form, nothing that could retain, only that great, as if immobile Current, which one knew WAS. Then once again, that Current seemed to condense itself, fill up the form, make for a solid corporeal “I,” dense, compact, powerful and luminous, and when it was utterly full, well formed, again it stretched, spread out and got lost in the great Current and all seemed like “nothing,” then again another condensation, etc., etc. The operation recurred and recurred, as if the body were only a *rhythmic* condensation or a sort of pulsation or rhythmic swelling of that great Current. It vanished, then was recondensed, then vanished one more. The moment “it” was condensed, it was clearly and *massively* “my” body; what was as if invisible and nonexistent lit up suddenly and became a form *by* that light or condensation of current. I really don’t know how to say it. It was bizarre. But that rhythmic, pulsatory condensation, we could say, seemed ready to reoccur *ad infinitum*. It reminded me a little of the phenomenon of those tremendous “drops” which slowly filled up my body. I don’t know what all that means.

When I say “rhythmic,” I mean: “at regular intervals,” as a “pulsar” emits at regular intervals (I imagine). But there, it is not that it “emits”: it *is condensed* (perhaps it also emits at that moment). Maybe a scientist would know what I am trying to say and I am incapable of explaining (unless he thinks I am mad!).

In fact, it is as if, in the ocean or in this current, a micro-swell, or micro-dilation or micro-condensation occurred in a point at regular intervals—and as if that micro-swell or micro-condensation formed the body—a body.

Perhaps all bodies, all types of Matter are, like that, a luminous condensation of the great waves or the great Current of the Lord! It is the repetition of the condensation that gives the feeling of a continuity. Perhaps we are reborn every “second”! (it was more like every ten seconds in human time?!).

Perhaps Matter—bodies, all bodies—would be a form of rhythmic or pulsatory Energy. Each form would have its peculiar vibratory or pulsatory rhythm.

What would be amusing would be for us to become invisible during the period of “spreading out” (we could extend the spreading out at will!).

Perhaps “death” (according to men) is a period of “spreading out” before a new “condensation.”

But this condensation is a marvel: it is as if one slowly filled up with nectar.

*

Evening

Sujata reads to me from *The Agenda* of 10.26.1968: “Since you have conceived of it . . . it means you must try to do it.” Which is comforting.



July 8, 1983

It seems that a new state has settled in the body: something that is very vast, very soft, very rhythmical, as if the body were part of a great ocean which sometimes rocks it with its swell, and it is a swell of tranquil delight, powerful, with no closing up anywhere.

And the body is not in that as if it were a cork doll rocked by the sea: it is really completely stretched-spread-out-melted into that—at least all of its

consciousness; as for the form, still delimited and apparently hard, it is like a point that is bathed in an immensity and is hardly perceived as a “self,” except through the necessities of daily life or certain forms of tiredness. I don’t at all have the impression of being in my body or even that the body’s consciousness is confined to the body: it is a sort of general consciousness which at times concentrates itself on this point. It is a great body, tranquil and rhythmical. All that disturbs this rhythm is very tiresome, as if you suddenly returned into a mousehole or a wrinkled mask.

Mother’s experience becomes alive.

How will the “mousehole” change? And this mask which is full of wrinkles?

That is to say that the experience that I had earlier in the Mind of a very vast (and “musical”) Mind with this particular, individual mind as a mere translating-point, is now an experience of the body and it is not at all mental anymore: it is very concrete and quite delightful. In short, instead of hearing the great Rhythm up there, you are bathed in it!

*

Afternoon

I was not very happy with my notes of this morning, and this afternoon, I understood why! How can one call this body a “mousehole”? It is truly a splendor! And this afternoon, all of this matter, this corporeal consciousness, these cells and atoms, were seized with such an intense adoration, such an ABSOLUTE love—truly, it is in Matter that you can touch the absolute Absolute, it is of such a pure, simple, unmixed Totality; nothing-nothing can be compared to that absoluteness of simple love and total giving in Matter. Like an abyss of absoluteness. So really this “mousehole” conceals an unequalled Splendor, it is even the greatest mystery that is in the world: how can this mousehole shelter That?

Then, in my whole body, such an absolute, pure and total prayer rose up: “O Mother, O Lord, may this body, this corner of Matter be a stepping-stone for You, a bit of physical land where you can set ONE foot on and force this obscurity, this ignorance, this rebel smallness into the Splendor of Your Divine Truth.” It was really as if, materially, the body were offering itself as part of a divine landing field for Them to reconquer the Earth.

And there was such a tremendous Descent—I don’t want to say. One could have thought that the Earth was being shattered down to its foundation.

There is NO OTHER experience: You are the ONLY experience.

But now I *know* that if a spot of Matter is touched, it is the WHOLE of Matter that is touched. It is only one body.

*

Evening

In fact, the hardest crust of earth, the true basalt of earth is the Mind. It is the very shell of Falsehood.

*

I remember Mother: “Become conscious of your cells, and you’ll see that there are terrestrial consequences.”



July 9, 1983

Same phenomenon of invasion of that great, formidable supramental Current of life; the body swells up as if it filled with sun, like a fruit; it feels gorged, rounder, as dilated as possible—it is divine. Then, when it is inflated and filled to the maximum, there comes a spreading out, as if the body lost its limits and spread out with that Current; finally, one has the sensation that everything becomes immobile (or beyond all the sensations of

movement and immobility) as if *infinitely* in all directions, completely spread out or “dissolved.” That’s when that sort of “change of sector” sometimes happens: the beacon of consciousness turns slightly and you move into another sector, but I never managed to seize what was exactly happening (it is not sleep, it is another state* with activities, words and sometimes people—I cannot say, I have not seized it yet). Then after that period of spreading out, which seemed rather long this morning, the rhythmic phenomenon of the other day reoccurred: the body slowly “re-swelled up” or re-condensed itself, as if it re-gorged itself with sun, and when it was full to the maximum, it stretched out again, spread out with the Current, and so on. What I could call the phenomenon of the “pulsatory body.”

I hate to take these notes, it disturbs everything and one feels that it is never perfectly “that.” Well.... Besides, it seems that to mentalize or mentally translate the experience crystallizes it. Almost as if it distorted the movement or took it into a groove. What can be done?

The Mind is that which keeps tracing grooves to imprison things (and the world, which is perhaps completely fluid and devoid of all the laws that the Mind attributes to it, unless it feels obliged or is unfortunately so kind as to follow the grooves drawn by the Mind, cancer included).

An extraordinary honesty is really required to go through this experience. And a bit of humor.

Perhaps the supreme honesty would lie in being silent (like the Supreme!); in that way, we would traverse every possible mesh.



* Another *material* state, since I can still hear and perceive what is happening in our usual matter. I am not asleep!

July 10, 1983

The most sublime experience of my life.

An abyss of ecstasy and absolute presence in the body.

They are there.

*

Vision

Last night, Sujata saw this: Mother dressed in a sari that was of a very tender pink (like the *surrender* flower¹), She was being chased by a pack of hounds. She was not walking: she was rolling or crawling on the ground, rolling faster and faster to escape from the dogs. She was hunted by the dogs. Then the “head of the dogs” appeared: he was dressed up as a man and stood on two legs (Sujata had the impression of Pranab?) Then, finally, Mother stood herself up to face the human beast.

Mother IS GOING TO FACE UP.



July 12, 1983

Whenever “that” comes, the sensation-feeling is the same: it is the Divine taking possession. Immediately, Matter recognizes it. It is indisputable (more indisputable than the Himalayas or Niagara Falls). A solid flow. It is another *state*. It has nothing to do with the human state anymore.

It is a divine state.

And this body, which is hard and closed like a bud, feels that it is swelling and opening up like a flower. An innumerable flower. One feels the *push* of an invisible (golden) sap, a swelling everywhere. Truly, each

¹ A particularly fragrant rose which Mother called “surrender.”

time it is a miracle.

After some time, a new “invasion” came, but a much “larger” one, if I may say so, and more powerful, and it was then that the phenomenon of the “pulsatory body” started. Each invasion or swelling (or “drop”) seemed denser (if that is possible), more powerful than the previous one—the body really felt like a balloon. Then, when it was full to bursting, there was this kind of immobilization and spreading out, and it all started again. But that time, the “pulsations” or “swellings” began to take on a faster and rather formidable rhythm, like an irresistible tide that rose-filled and ebbed, faster and faster. It took on the rhythm of a breathing, that is, every swelling-unswelling took three to four seconds. Really a “breathing.” It could have lasted for hours. I opened my eyes, checked the time, then I remained with my eyes open, and the “respiration” or pulsation continued: I could see my body as if swelling with an irresistible breathing, then un-swelling, and so on. Really, the body was SEIZED by a breathing, or SEIZED in a pulsation, a pulsatory movement (I don’t know how to say it). It was not only the lungs that swelled up, as in the ordinary breathing: it was *the whole* body that was seized by that kind of respiratory or, to be more exact, pulsatory movement: swelling, un-swelling. It completely eludes all individual will: it is “a phenomenon that takes place.” Like the flow of a tide.

One is led very quickly to something radical.

*

Evening

That inrush of the new Power is very difficult to bear in the brain; you feel (almost at each minute) that you are on the verge of the brain exploding. The rest of the body takes it on very well, is more flexible and widens better. But this brain is a problem. One could say it is far more rigid and coagulated than all the rest of the body. This evening, I gave up in the

middle of the experience. Really, I felt my head was like a Champagne cork ready to pop at any minute. What should I do?

*

Is rational man a mad ape?

He is certainly “mad” for an ape (but it doesn’t mean that all mad apes turn into men!)

One has to plunge into the “madness” of the other species, without becoming a madman for all that.... Not easy (but possible).

Absolute sincerity is the only safeguard. No imagination. In *all* madmen, there is somewhere an insincerity.

To offer oneself up, like a flower in the sun, then come what may.



July 13, 1983

For the first time (this afternoon) the Power came down to the tip of my toes, strongly. I was standing in front of Sri Aurobindo’s photo and it descended imperiously, without obstruction and with an amazing force. It is usually in the evening, or rather at night before my going to sleep, when I concentrate, that I feel the Power that tries to descend beneath the sexual center (it descends directly and instantly to the sexual center, it’s like its “basis of work”), but as soon as it tried to reach the knees, or even the thighs, I felt a pain in my legs, very difficult to bear, as if all the nerves were pulled. This afternoon, it descended in one go, imperiously and without the slightest difficulty. But it is Sri Aurobindo.



July 14, 1983

Truly, this material, corporeal consciousness (I suppose Mother would say: “cellular”) is a natural marvel. It needs nothing in order to be, no thought, no idea, no feeling, no sensation: it is an automatic fire, and what a fire! A fire full of love, a spontaneous ardor for being *only* for That, belonging to That *alone*. It is truly a power in itself—yes, it is the Divine in Matter. And all that human psychology, those noble ideas, ideals, religions, that great music of mental or sentimental life, all that which makes up the golden web of our existence is like NOTHING for this corporeal consciousness. It is a kind of crust that suffocated it for such a long time, but which has *no* reality for the physical consciousness, except that it is a strangling suffocation. It is amazing. It is as if it told this superb mental human life: “Now, leave me in peace.” As simple as that. All of this human life, this great civilized and spiritualized and scientized architecture = zero. It IS (this material consciousness) and it is really as if it wanted to build a life for itself (that is, a life for the Divine), independently and outside of all our marvelous, painful—and untruthful stories. A new life. And it is so pure, so *absolute* in its adoration, in its fire, in its way of offering itself—oh! everything else seems a formidable device. In fact, the only merit of our human cage is to have allowed us to become *individually* conscious of that divine marvel of Matter and in Matter. And now, it is saying to that whole golden “culture” (which is not so golden, as we are beginning to realize): Let me alone! Go to the graveyards of the old monuments of the past. And most of all, don’t involve yourself in any of this.

Yes, it is a *new Life*.

Now we almost see the utility of that black, perverse and cruel gangue which is like the black reverse side of our golden culture: without it, we would never have had the courage to break our fallacious marvel, we would have remained forever the prisoners of a golden Falsehood.

How well I now understand Sri Aurobindo's work!

I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song,
A home for the deathless fire.

You did everything.

*

O Lord, may I testify to what You did.

*

He patiently kept correcting the disciples' small pretentious poems, while building a new life which they did not want.

And in the end he wrote:

A little more and the new life's doors
Shall be carved in silver light....
In a great world bare and bright.

A God's Labour

*

Afternoon

A *mass* descended, but such a soft one! All the time, I was repeating: "But it is not possible, not possible, unbelievable," and I stammered: "O Lord, O Lord...."

It was Sri Aurobindo.

The only thing that remains of me is a vast canticle of gratitude and joy and liberation.

One cannot believe it.

At one point, I said: "May Your work be done on earth."

*

Evening

Six years ago to the day, I wrote that letter to the trustees, announcing the publication of the *Agenda* and the creation of the Institute.

*

The Voltaire-Rimbaud team has been dissolved into a smile. The test tube BE₂₃ too.



July 15, 1983

I am exhausted.

I don't know what's happening in my body, but it seems that there is no longer any captain aboard. I "feel" like letting it drift, as it were, while I shut my eyes. *Tamas?* [inertia] or what? I feel completely "undone." And I can't manage to concentrate, so the other force is not there either. I am reduced to zero.

That is to say that all of the old control is disappearing.

I think that I am being cleansed from tip to toe.

*

I wish I would not delude myself.

*

This afternoon, I received a Divine flow like water flowing down into a pipe. That cannot be doubted!

Then began the phenomenon of the "pulsatory body" or the drop-by-drop—each "drop" corresponding to a swell or pulsation—formidable drops which seemed to become increasingly thicker, denser or more and more compact, but this time, the denser the drops or pulsations became, the more the rhythm seemed to slow down, with longer times of spreading out. Really, one is gorged with the Divine (!) at every new pulsation. That gives a golden sensation and it is like a "juice," a marvelous and divine superjuice

which swells you up at each pulsation. The spreading out is like a solid immobilization (though it is flexible at the same time) like something that is devoid of limits and becomes lost in its own density.

I would like to stop taking notes, and each time I am as if obliged to do so (!?).

*

Evening

I have less and less the impression of being an individual, but a sort of soil or rather compost, that is exposed to the rain and the sun, to special phenomena or a special atmosphere, so as to see what is going to grow in it. The body truly, concretely feels as if it were soil. Which is actually what the Vedic Rishis called it, I think. When those drops come, it sucks them up avidly like dry soil. It's delicious for it. And it feels penetrated, as if every grain of its substance dilated and gorged itself.

“Logically,” that is what should replace food and even make breathing function—a nourishing breathing or pulsation.

I am well aware of the enormous difficulty that would exist in continually maintaining that pulsatory state, night and day. It would amount to change our *physical* nature....

Probably, we will have to be “amphibians” (in the Greek sense of the word¹) for a long time.

The new species will probably be first of all the evolutionary appearance of the second amphibians: from the terrestrial to the new air.

We are of good lineage, after toads, seals and tritons!

Voltaire wakes up to tell me that if he had the choice, he'd rather be a mystical triton than a religious anthropoid. As for Rimbaud, in any case, he prefers the superseal to the superman.



July 16, 1983

I think that the greatest mystery (or the greatest astonishment) is this so poignant need in the depths of Matter and this cry of delight (or rather of gratitude) when “that” comes to quench its thirst—there, truly, it is like millions of centuries of thirst that cry. And it is not “poetry.” It is a dumbfounding fact. Dumbfounding each time.

Matter is the greatest of mystical stories.

I finally think that Matter will decide to bypass and overtake man.

And those learned asses imagine that *they* are making Matter evolve! They are only evolving their own stupidity.

What’s the use of *all of* Science if it doesn’t reach that supreme key, or supreme knowledge, of thirst in Matter?

They *imagine* Matter at the end of their microscopes. And they invent the twenty-five thousand laws of their own imagination.

*

So much so that I am wrong when I say that the first stage or step of the yoga of the new species is the “awakening” of the aspiration in the material consciousness—I should rather say: is the “discovery” of the aspiration of the material consciousness. That well of thirst. It has been fully “awake” for four and a half billions years (this time).

O Lord, we have been thirsty for so long ... and in what service do they put us?

I’ve touched the very heart of the Mystery.

*

Afternoon

¹ *Amphi* = on both sides, *Bio* = life—which lives on both sides.

I don't know what's happening, but it seems that they are accustoming my body to a divine presence or a more and more powerful and concrete sun. It is a Mass. It is a Marvel, a Splendor that is difficult to sustain.



July 17, 1983

I feel the painful hell of man's non-divine life more and more physically.



July 18, 1983

This morning, a “change of sector” suddenly occurred; it only lasted a few seconds, but in few seconds, all of a sudden, I no longer knew whether I was in the morning, in the afternoon or in the evening*—exactly as after a deep sleep. And it had only lasted a few seconds. Yet I did not have the impression that I “was falling into sleep.” Simply, I went elsewhere. But where, elsewhere? It was a little like my fainting at the airport of B., where I suddenly found myself *in the midst* of an activity which I knew continued when I grabbed myself and came back to this side of the barricade. There, one “falls,” or moves into a state which is outside of time. Or in any case, it is not the same time. In a few seconds, it was as after hours of deep sleep.... Strange.

I wonder whether there is not a barricade in the *physical* consciousness of the usual anthropoid who knows that he is an anthropoid or has got used to thinking that he is an anthropoid, sixty years old, living in....

As if a whole segment of reality, or of another reality—another sector of

material existence—was hidden from him, or veiled by his habit of being Mr. *Homo Sapiens* in habitual Matter, where one takes the subway and quarrels with one's wife. That is to say that one is constantly navigating in let's call it the green sector of existence, but there are other sectors—what difference is there between sleep and those shifts into the other (or other) sector(s)?... For one has not at all the impression of shifting to “sleep”; it is simply as if one traversed a barricade or suddenly shifted from the 270 degrees of the green sector to the 271 degrees of the white sector without going out of Matter or stopping navigating in the marine element.

But I haven't yet managed to seize what happens in the “other sector.” The passage is too abrupt or sudden. In any case, it is radical enough to completely alter the notion of time.

There is a habitual barricade in the physical consciousness.

I remember some train travels in the past, when I used to “grab a nap,” as we say, while remaining seated—but there, I well knew and felt that I “was diving” into a hole of sleep. While now, one “dives” or passes into something that is not at all a “hole”—it is living, it is life that unfolds. What life?

Would it be the “other shore” of the new amphibians?!

*

Afternoon

After breakfast, I remain lying for an hour: I don't sleep, I only relax. No sooner had I lain down than I saw a very fast, fleeting picture: I was climbing a kind of very high stepladder at the head of my bed in order to drive in a plug above, near the ceiling!

*

I spent the whole afternoon in an immensity of Mother, or within Mother,

* I knew at least that I was not in the night : I was in the day, undoubtedly.

immense. I was all surrounded, taken, almost disappeared in that, but “present” enough or sufficiently “still in form” to feel completely as before, at her feet, and I was speaking to her, telling her all sorts of things—at one point, I told her: “The only thing I wasn’t able to accept is that they put you in that box and interrupted the story.” And that marvelous story was so intense.... Then I felt as if truly surrounded, absorbed in Mother and it was as if, instead of listening to Mother and being an individual, exterior to her, I was within and she made me become the story. But it was not even *made* “me” *become*, it was her who continued—it continued.

And then it was so simple.

Truly, I don’t know if I have ever been as “with her” as since her physical disappearance. I hear her telling me, as before: “I’m taking into the experience,” but now it is so concrete, so total—so *here*. O Mother....



July 19, 1983

This afternoon, I was in a great white tide, or I was immersed in a bath of white light (rather milky), which completely penetrated me, like a sponge—it was Mother. I let myself go as totally as possible, I tried to be completely passive, knowing that she alone knew the movement and knew what had to be done. I prayed to be completely surrendered to her. Then, suddenly, I felt that all of my material consciousness was drawn upwards, but imperiously drawn—it was so strong that I had the sensation of having my neck excessively stretched upward, truly pulled as if by powerful hands. Just a few seconds, I felt or remarked: “It is a dangerous experience”—immediately, this sensation was dissolved: it was Mother. Then the body let itself go without the slightest fear anymore, but still a bit anxious, and I felt all that material consciousness (truly material, like

innumerable, small dense beams, which were rising up from all sides: from the belly, the back, the neck, and which gathered themselves into a mass), it rose, and then that mass of material consciousness was densified between the area of the throat and the top of the head, and then it was (I don't know how) as if I had a hole instead of my head, as if the skull had gone! And all that dense mass of material consciousness made for a sort of column between the throat and "up there." It was like "a luminous hole pointing upwards" (exactly) and all of the material consciousness was irresistibly drawn into that luminous hole, forming a dense, luminous column. After a while, everything became immobilized: it was a solid column, immobile, dense, luminous. Then a second "sucking up" drew all of the body's material consciousness upwards into that hole. Same sensation of countless small dots of consciousness or beams of dense consciousness which rose from all the corners of the body at the same time and sped upwards into that hole—truly, one no longer felt the skull at all or anything that closed the head (!). After a certain amount of time of "sucking up," once again, everything immobilized itself in a sort of column of dense light which went upwards (I don't know where it stopped nor if it stopped). And so on: new sucking up, new immobilization into a dense column. And all the time (the more the experience developed or repeated itself, the more the remnants of anxiety disappeared) the observing consciousness looked at and noted the phenomenon, truly like an exterior observer looking. I even opened my eyes several times during those "suckings up" to see if everything was as usual, but I was perfectly "normal," except that all of that material consciousness was absorbed upwards into that luminous hole. And the suckings up kept on being repeated. Then the postman arrived: I got up while still in that state! And I gave him two rupees (!).

This luminous hole (once the first anxiety was over), it was truly Mother, one felt Mother's light and something very sweet but formidably

powerful—one only had to let oneself go.

There you are.

I don't know where that leads. But towards her surely.

That absence of a skull was completely surprising indeed, since for a number of weeks, I had been feeling that overcompression in the brain and I often asked myself if it wasn't going to explode. And then a hole instead of a skull! (Nothing to do with Kundalini experiences, nothing at all—it is something else altogether).

I don't know what difference is to be found between this present experience and those “magnetizations” I experienced a few months ago?

I remain with a strange sensation, a bit floating and drunk.



July 20, 1983

The most harmful of all the vibrations for the body (strange to say) is the tiny vibration of displeasure or bad mood (how I understand Mother now!). When it is there in people who surround it, it catches the contagion instantly and tightens and tenses up. All day, it was there trying to untighten that, but nothing to do, it was stuck, tightened, stiff—the Power was not passing through anymore. And then, in the evening, there was a very interesting experience: the Power returned and the body began to drink “that” with such a thirst everywhere-everywhere, and it said—really said: “I no longer want to live without that.” It was as if it had lacked air and light throughout the day and then suddenly was breathing. I say “Power” but in fact it is a new air, it is a new life, it is something that can be breathed and drunk and nourishes—the body no longer wanted to live without that, life without that seemed impossible to it: a suffocation.

But for the body, all the “big” vital vibrations: anger, great feelings,

violent reactions, are like zero: it is the “artistic” life of the superior mammal! It does not affect it. But it is immediately affected (at the throat, for instance) by the tiny vibrations of annoyance and bad mood. Strange. It needed the whole day to untighten that whole network of nerves and cells, as if suddenly it were captured and tightened by a spider’s web. That sticks.

And: I don’t want to live anymore without “that.” It was truly a declaration.

Those small tiny vibrations are like a poisoning for the body.

The old life compared to the new one seems to be mechanical, like a mechanical doll that one rewinds compared to a living baby. The difference is as considerable as that. Our life is not living! Our “normal” body is a tomb or a box (with a few holes within it for “breathing”).



July 21, 1983

I wonder whether the new life will not remove (or atrophy) organs rather than add some other ones (?)

I have a vague impression that the main organ will be a “porous respiration.”

We are going to simplify ourselves—maybe refind the small blue algae of Greenland of 3.8 billions of years ago.

The first country that I almost left for after the war was Greenland! A return to origins, in other words!

We will bathe in the supramental nectar instead of the Arctic Ocean and will absorb the nectar through countless small lungs.

*

Afternoon

O Mother, why do you fill me up so much? I have never-never lived such a Wonder, such a Splendor, such a True, Pure, Absolute Totality—You. It is inexpressible.

At one point, I said: “May you lay a *physical* footstep on this Earth.”

It is not possible, something is getting ready—a Manifestation is preparing itself.

*

No one can imagine what it is.

It is un-imagin-able.

*

Really, I am the living witness of something that has never occurred on this Earth.* Oh!

*

The times are ready.

*

Night

Almost every night, rather regularly, the Power tries to descend as far as the knees and below. It manages to do it quite well down to the knees and touches the very bottom, but there is still that insidious little pain in all the nerves of the legs and after a while I am stupidly forced to stop because I begin to twist my legs in all directions (!).



July 22, 1983

The characteristic of the body is that no experience of the previous day matters unless it becomes constant, no matter how marvelous it was—it

* Of course, I don't speak of Mother and Sri Aurobindo ! but of a human little man.

does not get in “stocks” of experience, any more than it gets in stocks of respiration. It has to breathe at every moment. In a way, it is completely new at every instant. But once it has acquired the experience, it doesn’t let go of it and tends to change it into an organ, but this organ has to function at every instant. The Mind can live on its old ideas a long time (alas!), but the body cannot live on its old breathings very long.

And since the body has found that this nectar was the most delicious fodder there is, it will have to invent the organ that will allow it to feed itself constantly on that nectar or to adapt and transform old functions for this new fodder or new air. One can rely on it. The Mind can live on chimeras—not the body.

*

It seems that the body is beginning to understand what is expected of it and that it *can* become, as Sri Aurobindo said, “the conscious agent of its own transformation.”

All “spiritual” experiences resemble a daydream compared to “that,” almost a counterfeit.

God is the greatest materialist of all times!

I’ve never been so mystical than since I became an atheist! Lord, You are marvelous!

*

Evening

Vision

I saw something last night (from July 21 to July 22). Habitually, the different parts of the being are symbolized by rooms (of which the state or arrangement are very revealing). The “bathroom” represents “the place of the body.” I entered what seemed to me to be a bathroom and I was surprised to find two brand-new installations there: one of them was a big

basin (much larger than they are habitually) in blue faïence (a sea blue, darker than sky blue, but less dark than what is called “ultramarine”). And beside (a little beside) that basin, there was another bizarre installation, in blue faïence as well, brand new, which had an oblong form, longer than the large basin but much narrower. It was *lower* than the basin—I don’t know at all what that bizarre thing was for, which could be like a micro-bathtub (but it did not touch the ground, it was only lower than the basin). And those two objects had just been placed there, it seemed, they were brand new, in a beautiful and sea-blue faïence.

I don’t know what that means?

One, or rather two new installations in the body?

It was very clean, very bright (“flaming new,” as one says). It was the color that surprised me the most (through taste, I would not have chosen that blue!) but obviously, it corresponded *exactly* to something (what?). A vibration? A state of matter? One could say, perhaps, “peacock blue” (but it was clearer than that).

We shall see in *facts* if something new springs up in the body (or in the consciousness of the body).



July 23, 1983

(Pierre in his prison, Carmen within her cancer...)

I make the offering of this body
so that the misery of the Earth
can be changed.

*

If *someone* changes, maybe all the rest will be able to be changed?

*

To become a total point (representative of the whole).

*

Everything depends on the perfection and the simplicity of the offering.

*

You alone can do.

*

We don't know what the change consists of. So? You alone can do.

*

It is not *my* personal change that counts, is it?

*

Evening

Mother said there was “a *secret* of attitude to be found.” I understand well what she means (but naturally it is not to be found with one's head but in one's body).



July 25, 1983

Two days of grating.

The pulsatory body, on a very slow rhythm.

I think that I have learnt something.

*

Evening

I understand more and more and better and better why Sri Aurobindo and Mother were impersonal in the end....

One has to spread out like a meadow in the sun, blade of grass by blade of grass—it is those blades that are difficult.

All difficulties contract the material substance.

One should no longer notice the difficulties!

Material separations are illusory. There is only *one* body. There is not “your” difficulty and “my” difficulty! It is that.

My difficulty is that I continually have the Sannyasi’s reaction: to leave—to leave. I am an old cormorant. I have to perpetually fight against that—Immediately I feel the old wound open up as if it had never healed.

And at the same time, it is this old wound that makes me sympathise so much with the human condition.

One only has to be silent and carry on (spreading the blades of grass).



July 26, 1983

I’ve received a mortal blow.

Last night, I was telling Mother: “I don’t want to be reborn into this life of ignorance, obscurity and pain,” with such an emotion that it woke me up.

Will there ever be an end to this horror?

If I don’t go beyond that, I am lost and all is lost.

*

Evening

I don’t want to harm anyone.

I don’t want to hurt anyone.

*

I want to be like a blade of grass.

Without a reaction anymore.



July 28, 1983

I have the impression of being in an arena, assailed by ferocious dogs which lacerate me on all sides.

I think that I fully understand what Mother meant: “Days of horror.” It seems that everything is but cruelty.

If there were not something deep down, one would become crazy. Or one would commit suicide.

It is more cruel than all one can imagine.

Human frontiers are guarded by ferocious beasts.

*

(Ceylon. Violence.)

Violent forces have seized the Earth everywhere.

What I live resembles the general situation (but in a concentrated way).

To notice it relieves me (in a certain way). That makes the problem larger.

I have come to this because the Earth has come to this.

*

Afternoon

The Mind and the Vital—that is to say, all thoughts and feelings—are locations of human consciousness that are so rotten that I no longer want to use them. All that goes through there seems stained with falsehood. As if that lied continually.

*

Might those two “blue installations” in my bedroom not be a new mind and a new vital under preparation? And that latest attack meant to break the last remnants of the old human rascals?

*

The body might well be the last hiding place of Truth. In any case, it does not trick—if it lies, it becomes sick or it dies. It is simple.



July 29, 1983

(The body said:)

One would dream of being a bowl of sunlight. That everything be sun-sun-sun.

No more shadow!

Oh, to be Reborn as a child of the sun who has not yet been touched by the pain and the ugliness of life, with only a memory of sun and joy and love....

At that moment, Sri Aurobindo's *translucent bowl* had a meaning for the body.

*

I'm not mad enough to believe that the body is going to transform itself "like that," as if by magic, but the fact that it feels like that in its material, corporeal consciousness, signifies perhaps that it is already feeling the "other air," like the first amphibian, that it is no longer a strange, hostile and asphyxiating atmosphere but a substance which it thirsts for—so.... One must start somewhere, a first point of contact with the other element.

Obviously, one must let oneself be "permeated" and infiltrated by the new thing.

*

The truly miraculous fact is this aspiration, this thirst in the material consciousness. That is a miracle of each and every day.

Of course, one is no longer startled by the lungs breathing—but that breathing....



July 30, 1983

I am exhausted.

Spent the whole day pushing against a wall in the very depths, or a rock. Something that is completely blocked. I am totally exhausted.

And at the same time, there is this Power, dense to bursting, and I don't have a gram of vital energy!

Those are two different types of force, obviously, and the body no longer seems to absorb the old vital energy, without for so much nourishing itself on the other one (?) or without being capable of transforming it to its own use. (The old fish doesn't know how to transform free oxygen into ... fish energy?!)

Not an amphibian yet and no longer completely a fish.

I remember Mother: "A formidable Energy that men cannot sustain, and weaknesses that they scorn" (!).



July 31, 1983

A very difficult nothingness to traverse.

Neither a grass nor a stone nor a man—one doesn't know what it is.

"An existing nonexistence," Mother said. How I understand!

How easy it is to take a pen and write a book—at least, one has the impression that one is useful for something!

*

There is THEM. That's all I have.

*

Afternoon

They came.

I think that it was very important.

*

Evening

There is no longer that exhaustion in the body.

Since the experience of the “hole in the head,” there is no longer that cerebral overcompression either.

Perhaps we are heading towards the beginning of the body’s adaptation to the new Power....

*

Ever since their “visit” this afternoon, there seems to be a stability in the body, a sort of frame.

*

There are difficulties on this path, but there is a marvelous grace for each difficulty.



August 1, 1983

I’ve made a discovery! Something I had never thought of nor ever asked for in my life.

There was a supplication in the body and such a burning thirst everywhere, asking for the truth, the truth, and a kind of drowning in Truth at last! The body felt this Falsehood everywhere, in everything, this Matter that dirties itself and decomposes (I had seen, touched unclean places around the house), all those inexact vibrations down to the depths of the body, as if everything were a tissue of Falsehood, an inextricable and gluey mess from which nothing came out clean, clear, exact. It was truly all of human life that was perceived as a hell of Falsehood and inexactitude, never a pure, exact, simple, divine vibration—only a gluey magma. And the body

prayed, burnt, truly in order to drown itself in a little bit of pure, simple, true Truth.... Then a Peace descended! But a peace unlike any that exists anywhere on Earth; something that seized the whole body, all fibers, all the cells, and everything became a block of peace, but not a hard and closed block: an immense Peace, all open and ... IMMUTABLE—something that doesn't move. No vibration anymore, no longer that rattling of worry in the body in front of threats, ignorance, doubts and inexactitude, that anguish of not knowing, of not doing the exact thing, of not being purely pure; and suddenly, it was PURE. The purity of the Supreme Presence which drowns everything in its solid peace, stops everything, it is a solid eternity—a relief! At last—at last—at last: those thousands and millions of years of anguish and torment of the body, of Matter besieged by life, by death—all that had stopped. And suddenly, it was like a revelation: but it is because of that that death exists! It is because of that that everybody dies! It is in order to find that Peace!

It was a revelation.

Words are lacking—the “peace of the mind” is a ridiculous small leaf of cigarette paper compared to that massiveness of concrete and so vast peace, so much THAT, absolutely and quietly THAT. It is the Supreme that is there, so there is NO LONGER any problem!

One even felt that if the body could remain in that, it would become young again like a child. It was all the years and wrinkles, all the painful and anguishing this and that of the material existence which were... annulled. Nothing was left. Simply That, tranquilly, absolutely. It is That, isn't it, so it is perfect peace, perfect SAFETY, everything is SURE. Everything is SAFE.

If the body could keep that.... One can build up eternity on that.

I think it is the consequence of their “visit” yesterday. I had felt a sort of unknown stability in the body—and then today that PEACE! Oh!

And I had never thought of peace in my life! I had thought of everything: joy, love, knowledge, but I had never thought of peace! But that peace, no one can understand what it is—it is anti-death! Or rather it is not “anti,” no: it is the very negation of death, which does not exist in there, its place is taken by that! No need to die since there is that!



August 2, 1983

(Letter from Satprem to his brother Pierre)

Forgive me if I reply laconically.

It is a relief to know that you are out of that place—I shared your difficulties a lot more than you can believe or understand it (that’s why I hesitated to let you come here—I have a rather “extensible” body). It was perhaps unreasonable to fly to Paris, but I have lived such inthinkable horrors* that that gave me a sort of incurable compassion for those who struggle in this savage world. Well...

There is a very simple thing that you must understand. I telegraphed you when you were released: “Everything depends on the purity of each step.” In this awful and disgusting world, you have navigated for forty years with a false idea: you thought that it was necessary to be “more clever than...,” more skilled at fooling than those awful people and that there was no reason to be sincere and honest with those general scoundrels. It is a complete, dangerous and disastrous mistake. Either you had to get out of the System, or if you cherished staying in it, you shouldn’t at any cost have fallen into the same garbage as all those awful bourgeois. You thought that concerning

* The camps (among other things).

garbage you had to be more clever than the garbage. It is a falsity that could have destroyed your life. The truth of life is that what is true is *always* true, and even if that truth seems to fail or to be derisory under the attack of the sly ones, it always ends up imposing itself. The true Law of existence goes from within (from the soul, the inner being) outwards, and not the opposite. If one is TRUE, one has to be true *in all cases*. By example, when I went to see your eight clients, not only was I unable to do anything, but not one word could spring forth from my mouth! Yet I'm not bothered or embarrassed by this type of little men—I can face anybody down and I have proved it. But *always* for the sake of truth. Now my Pierrot was all entangled in a spiderweb of lies—Truth *cannot* defend Falsehood. It is that simple. This new Power is a *formidable* Power, you cannot imagine, but it can do nothing to help, even a brother, if this brother is not pure. What you don't know is the "occult" law that governs the world. You fool around with Falsehood, play with it, you seem to win and succeed, but every impure act weaves a microscopic little spider's thread which sticks to you and finally you are caught in the web. I like Pierrot a lot but he has (or had) a sticky atmosphere of spiderweb (with a golden heart beneath, under the web). Well, I hope that it *was* like that and that now you are going to change this way of being. Understand the purity of each step and with that you can traverse everything. It is even how one can get through the fearsome ordeals that guard the doors of the New World.

Practically ... it's for you and Catherine to understand what is the best path. Yes, "to walk together" is so much better than all those sentimental porridges (another type of spiderweb). One goes towards what one is not yet but what one is deep within. One becomes. One grows. One widens. And finally, one discovers the path of the New World, there, very deep within the being, unknown, under all the old webs and all the old untruthful coatings. There is quite a way to go. I don't think that it is the moment for

you to come here, you still have a long path to cover on your own. One day, the moment will come—one doesn't force the moment. If you could (if *both of you* could) read *The Agenda* and even my "Trilogy" on Mother (*The Divine Materialism, The New Species, The Mutation of Death*), that would help you understand the path. It is an unknown path, you cannot invent it! I lived twenty years near Her which the future centuries will talk about, while all the rest will sink into futility (Christ and Einstein included). No, you cannot imagine what it is nor who is Mother, who is Sri Aurobindo, nor what they have done. So try and don't miss it. But I *don't want to write anymore*: you have all that is necessary to progress. I will answer your letters inwardly, silently, if you write to me.

Finally, I would prefer the countryside for you, but not too far from a city where you could sell the "fruits of your art." If you could take back your workshop and truly live as an artisan, without "industrial" ambition—you sell your stairs as others sell their chicken!—and a "linear" life wherein slowly, with Catherine, you will discover your path, through your hands [...].

With my tenderness to you both.

Satprem

PS: The "high pressure zone" between your Mind and your inner deep being, which caused those cyclical perturbations, came simply from the Falsehood that was ruling in your outer life and created a disharmony with your innermost being—resulting in a depression. "Depression" is the typical and paroxysmical expression of a Falsehood that you cannot get rid of. Truth is *never* depressed! As for "devastation," one must have the courage to wait for something to slowly emerge from the very depths of the silence. Don't start to weave a new web.



August 3, 1983

This blind walk (or rather non-walk) in nothing is very-very difficult to bear. It is more difficult than anything, a sort of living death. When the old human animal has no longer any intellectual support, any creative, aesthetic, sentimental or vital support—nothing left but a skin of an old useless man, it is of an almost crushing difficulty. The body aspires, yes, but it seems so futile, so vain, seated there in a corner of its room.... If these “notes” which I forced myself to keep weren’t there, I would tell myself ... : “But what? What have you done for fourteen months, seated there?—It’s an illusion. What sign, what trace, what proof have you that you have done anything whatever—it’s a dream.” It is a bit scary, this end of the old ape, without anything of a new species which surfaces. It is truly the great nullity, except for this obstinate, derisory aspiration, in the body.

I should shut up.

It is perhaps that that Mother calls “the horrible thing”?

To fight against lions is not bad, but to fight against nothing?

*

It is the old vital that is grating, obviously. There remains just enough of it to grate.

To endure.

If one could accomplish this transition while sleeping, it would be good!
(Sleep it out).

*

Afternoon

It is only bearable if one annuls oneself completely in You, Mother.

It is You who must do, You who must be there.

*

Evening

One has the impression that a thousand small painful threads links every corner of the being to a base of pain, obscurity and desire. At every moment, it makes for lots of small things that pull, react, vibrate and struggle—an I which is terribly I. No, “liberation” is not yet there. I well understand Mother who said: “Salvation is physical.”¹ It is very sad to notice and above all to feel. It vibrates and vibrates and pulls and grates—truly a state of suffering. That’s why we want to die.

And it is strange, because two or three days ago I saw Mother at night and she was holding very small scissors with which she was cutting I didn’t know what—now, I know what she is cutting.... There are thousands of them.

It is a disgusting and distressing task.

I understand why nobody ever wanted to try this path, except for Sri Aurobindo, Mother and a few unfortunate Rishis.

It seems that all the nerves are exposed.

Finally, without wanting to be impertinent, Mother described the path perfectly! (I don’t know what I add to the story.)

*

Well, since she suffered all that (and how much more), may at least one man (I mean one human being) be capable of going there where she wanted us to go.



August 4, 1983

I realize that nothing is acquired unless everything is acquired, that is to say that the work will always have to be redone as long as one hasn’t gone

¹ She did not say « liberation, » but *salvation*.

beyond a certain critical line where one will cease belonging to the old world—it remains to be seen where this “critical line” is and if it is not made of a thousand small critical lines! And one day there will be the final small critical line (!). Well ... courage.

That is, a microscopic obscure point is enough for us to be re-engulfed into the human—”down to the last atom,” Sri Aurobindo said. Well.

There are also voices that don’t miss the chance of assuring you that the task is impossible.

We are thoroughly surrounded.

*

It seems that there is a microscopic central point of exasperation that chooses no matter what banality, no matter what trifle to exasperate the whole being and make it tense up—then everything has to be done again. It is totally stupid and totally detestable.

Today, there are claws everywhere.

To endure.

It spreads out in a few seconds like a poison.

Will we ever get out of that human idiocy?

This testing test tube of all contradictions and perversions. Will there not be a supreme intervention which will cut once and for all through this knot of misery?

*

Afternoon

This afternoon, something happened: what I could call the “descent of the Absolute.”

There was such an intense supplication in the material consciousness to get out of this reign of human obscurity; then, slowly, a Power approached—it was almost terrifying (I mean there were reasons to be

terrified). And the body, the material consciousness simply said: “I have no human ambition, I am not even seeking to be ‘the first man who,’* I don’t want any power, any supernatural gift—I simply ask to get out of this human reign of ignorance and obscurity, I simply ask to enter this ‘new evolution’: simple truth, simple knowledge, simple peace, simple love—the SIMPLICITY of what IS. Divine life.” And the Power came nearer and nearer. One felt that if there were the slightest insincerity in the slightest part of the being, the slightest ambition, the slightest vibration that would not be “that,” belong to “that,” one would pop like a cork or burst or dissolve. It was absolutely intolerant of all non-truth—only that which is true could survive the approach of “that,” or in “that.” And all the material consciousness said repeatedly: “I want You to be the only Master on board; I know nothing, but You know—Yours, Yours, and no more shadow! Then a great transparent, luminous immobility seized the whole body—as if it were air, as transparent as air, without limits like air. And within that nothing moved anymore, no longer a shiver of anything whatever, not even a sensation of “Power”—the slightest thing that would have stopped “that” or wanted to limit “that” would have made everything explode. I then understood that it was the Absolute—only the Absolute can be so “aerial,” if I may say so, without a shiver, without even an expression of “power”—it IS: immense, transparent, luminous, without a “grain” of anything whatever that would make a shadow therein. The “Power” is when something creates limits. The only thing that I felt in that immense, aerial and tranquil immobility—sovereign—was that it purified everything, freshened

* Can we have an « ambition » to get out of asphyxiation? In fact, it is adverse voices that ceaselessly whisper this in my ears: You are ambitious, you are ... and you are not and you are not Oh! it is a nasty jumble (and very “moralistic”! Nothing is more moralistic than the Devil).

everything, lightened everything.

We shall see.



Undated, 1983

(A note separated from the notebook)

We are in the impossibility of understanding what must be done. We don't even have the slightest idea of what we must do.

So TO BE is all we have to do.

It is perhaps what is the most difficult, this passage from “doing” to “being.”

We always have the impression that something has to “happen.”



August 5, 1983

No sooner had I sat down (or even a little before) than I felt that something unusual was being prepared and the body began to wonder what would “happen to it.” And the fact is that all of the mental, corporeal consciousness began to feel itself drawn upwards, but imperiously, irresistibly. The body felt completely like a child in the dentist's chair, expecting that they would “hurt” it—it is ridiculous and absurd, but that's how it is. I tried to convince it, to reassure it, and felt that the higher Power went “carefully” with it, if I can say so, through small “pulls” or “extractions.” But it was very difficult at the beginning, mainly in the head: I could feel the vertebrae of the neck cracking, then something also made a noise and cracked at the top of the skull, and the material, corporeal

consciousness started to come out and rise and rise.... After half an hour, seeing that it was not dying of it, the body began to more or less participate and adhere to the movement, then, joyfully or in any case tranquilly, it let itself go. It was like successive extractions of the corporeal consciousness—I truly had the impression of a snail that one took out of its shell, but through the higher part of its back, not the mouth below (the snail was me!). Imperious, powerful and irresistible extractions, as if in one continuous go at the beginning (I wondered where all this material consciousness was going up and what was happening to it, but I know nothing about it). Then after an hour, the “extractions” or “suctions” (or “magnetizations”) became slower and slower and each extraction ended in a period of immobilization “up there” or spreading out.

I don’t well know what was happening “up there,” but I had the impression that all this material consciousness was absorbed or melted or spread out in a *dense* bluish atmosphere. The “suctions” or extractions continued at a very slow rhythm and each time the periods of spreading out or immobilization seemed to last even longer. Then, strangely, towards the end (that is, after an hour and forty-five minutes), the period of spreading out in this bluish atmosphere seemed to spread out as well and it was as if there were no more difference between the inside of the shell (the I-snail) and the “outside” atmosphere, no more difference between the “above” and the “here”—I opened my eyes: it was all on the same level, without anymore “up there” at all, without any “outside,” without any ascension, without really any “shell,” as if it were all the same thing, in the same everyday body, and as if there had *never* been any ascension or any extraction ever!

It is nonetheless bizarre.

I don’t know in what way it differs from the experiences of ascension and “magnetization” that I have had before. But what was striking and truly

very concrete was that extraction from the shell, really like a snail that one plucks out of its shell (but through the top of the shell, not through its “mouth”). And I must say that for quite a while the snail did not feel at ease at all, with always this kind of fear that the head was going to explode or that there would be a “cerebral lesion”—and the sensation is very concrete, one feels that the danger is not completely an illusion. But one also feels the Divine Presence that does that with a minute, almost microscopic precaution, in that labyrinth of cerebral nerves, but energetically all the same!

What is happening?

*

I forgot to note a very concrete and clear sensation that I had at the beginning of the experience of “extraction.” I absolutely had the feeling of a force that pulled me, as if to escape from the force of gravity or terrestrial gravitation, like an astronaut (I presume) who is torn away from the force of earth’s gravity. It was absolutely this sensation. That is to say that one shifts into another atmosphere (or another air?). And yet one remains with one’s two feet on the ground.

*

Evening

I remain with the sensation of something that is very dense, of a dense atmosphere around me (as much as within me).

*

Vision

I wonder if the experience of this afternoon does not correspond to something that I saw four or five nights ago (and which I did not understand very well then), the same night when I saw Mother armed with her small scissors and *immediately* after. Suddenly, after this vision of Mother cutting I don’t know what (those threads—ha, maybe the threads of earth’s

gravity!), I found myself lying on the ground, flat on my stomach, in the grass, and it was as if I were “very high” at one “end” of the world map, with the roundness of the earth which descended or curved around and beneath me. And it was like a bit of the earth in an immensity of *violet* sky, it was very strange: all of the air was of a clear amethyst color, with a few streaks of “clouds” of a darker violet. But the air was “violet” (a light, very light violet, like amethyst). So I was lying on the ground flat on my stomach and next to me, there was like the wheel of an aeroplane: I saw the big black tires (but it could not have been a big plane, because the tires seemed to be less tall than a man), and I was making desperate efforts (it is even that which woke me up and made me remember everything) so that that wheel did not crush my head!... It is perhaps the image of my fear of a “cerebral lesion” or of that Power so strong that one fears an accident to the brain (?). Above me (I was lying flat on my stomach, as at the “summit” of the earth), there was a sort of cabin of a plane, which I could not see very well and from which it seemed I had just come out—would this “cabin” not be my “snail’s shell”? But that violet air, that atmosphere that was all amethyst was very strange (this afternoon, it seemed to me that it was bluish, but I am worthless for the vision of colors with eyes wide-open: it was a sensation rather than a vision). I remember that Mother once had told me about “that beautiful violet of Power in Matter.”

Is it the new atmosphere? the new air?

So it was *after* having cut all those small “threads” that the material consciousness found itself in this violet atmosphere, this new atmosphere, as if having left the earth’s gravity.... (or the horrible human subconscious).

I did not note it, but this morning, for the first time, I found myself physically in a state without any vibration, without any trepidation and everything was as if very smooth, unctuous, as if I were a sort of sea anemone bathing in a flexible and smooth environment, as unctuous as oil.

It was a state of *physical harmony* that one doesn't know on earth, where everything imperceptibly vibrates and vibrates all the time, without a pause. I then understood what Mother meant when she spoke of the "state of harmony." It is so supple and open, without jerks, without anything that grates, and it bathes in a world or an environment which is all made of the same Harmony. I immediately thought that it was the result of Mother's operating, who had cut all those threads (let's hope) of the human subconscious which produce a continual and painful grating.

*

There is a logic in all that, one really feels that it is going somewhere, although that "somewhere" is sometimes rather disquieting (!).



August 6, 1983

I want to always-always live in this other air, under this other sun—always. Always.

I don't want human vibrations anymore. I remember Mother: "Even tenderness is like the blow of a stick." I don't want this human glue any longer. It is the body that is crying now to live always-always in this other air without stories. And so vast.

I wonder if it is not that that Sri Aurobindo described in *Savitri*:

Calm heavens of imperishable Light
Illumined continents of violet peace...
And griefless countries under purple suns.

Savitri, II.III

Those tiny vibrations of displeasure and irritation are noxious for me. It is really like an insidious poison. So I spent my whole morning struggling and struggling not to be caught up in this contagion, but while struggling, one

stiffens oneself and ... everything has to be started again. One has fallen back into human heaviness.

Then one has to start again.

It is rather distressing.

Each time, it is the old infernal cycle: I have this desire of leaving again and I struggle against this departure and ... It is the state of suffering.

It is truly the Swamp.

*

Afternoon

I would not like to die without having truly carved the “passage.” But each time I take a step forward, I am brutally drawn two steps back. So?...

Yesterday, everything seemed possible, open—then everything closes up, one falls back into the hole. It’s awful.

*

Evening

At the age of twelve, a sixth-grade pupil, in my first Latin classes, I had chosen as a motto *Aequo animo*....¹

It is good to remember that.

I used to put that carefully at the head of all my homework.



August 7, 1983

As soon as there is the slightest small wound or unbalance in the being, mortal forces rush in as if scrambling for the spoils. So much so that a trifle is sufficient to really die. It is a microscopic battle.

¹ *Aequo animo* = with a steady soul. It seemed that I already knew what was in store for

In fact, it is the battle of the subconscious. One finds all horrors there, all ready to spring up—and they spring up.

A hideous and grimacing mask comes sometimes to cover your face, and it is very difficult not to die of it in grief.

Yes, it is a bit as if one took on oneself “all the sins of the world,” and that is very difficult to bear. And it is true: the whole world is there. One has to believe in Love a lot to pull through.

*

There was a time when I suffered with each condemned man. Now, one could say that I suffer with everything.

*

The most difficult thing is not to believe you are bad. I was very shaken by the mortal blow of the 26th of July.

*

Afternoon

I remembered my past impudence (or imprudence), when I told Mother or the Lord: “I offer you this spot of matter, so that from there You could set out to conquer the obscurity of this world” (!). I remember having made this prayer. But one doesn’t have to go far to lead an assault against “the obscurity of the world,” it is here, in its entirety. We are the battlefield.

This afternoon, I renewed my offering, while realizing my other impudence to want to “get out” of all that into that other air—the only important thing is to offer this spot of matter to “that,” so that He can do what He wants with it. May it be His, that’s all. And we will get out of it if He wants. But in any case, we are *His* spot of matter.

And I repeated: “Yes, Lord, I offer You this spot of matter so that You can lead an assault against the cruel forces that hold the world enslaved.”

me!

*

Evening

While walking in the forest, I told myself: Well, one more impudence (!). How many beings and prophets and Avatars came and were the “battlefield” and let themselves be crucified by those cruel beasts—”It’s not a crucified body, but a glorified body that will save the world!” Mother exclaimed. *One* being, yes, one being has to escape their stranglehold, to succeed, then others will be able to succeed and will make for the embryo of a new species. It will be the beginning of the “supramental contagion.”* *One* being has to escape their stranglehold, *one* has to move into that other air! That’s it. It’s not necessary to be the sacrificed beast once again.

*

I told my Douce: We must go together, one cannot go through without the other one.

*

What good is it that Sri Aurobindo and Mother released a golden rain on the world if no one bends down to pick it up? or doesn’t even understand that it is “gold”? A first man must bend down and gather a grain of gold and say: Oh, but that is gold, and with that one can do this and that....

The first difficulty is to understand what the supramental gold consists of and to recognize it. And what is the use of it? how to handle it? (As for that, I think that once you have recognized it, it is it that handles you!)

If one man recognizes the supramental gold, a first gold digger, it will spread like wildfire! It will be the great rush towards the Supramental!



August 8, 1983

* Mr Sheldrake would call that “a morphogenetic field.” With some Greek, it is more clear!

(Two scratched out lines!)

*

I spent the whole day in an immutable white luminosity.

It is perhaps purifying, but it is not very “eloquent” (!).

*

Night

That Delight, that nectar came.... (This morning, I had noted down, then scratched out something that had seemed to me insolent after all the experiences I had had. I had noted down: “O Lord, show me what a supramental nugget is!”) Well....



August 9, 1983

Last night, I started doing some japa, as usual, before going to sleep, and then, without any particular reason, that Delight grabbed hold of me.... There is nothing to discuss, that absolutely falls on you. But then ... each time it is a miracle, nothing in the world can describe that, all our human “marvels” and human stories are a small epidermic story compared to that. It is indescribable, superlatives are stupid, because those “supers” are in relation to something human, to a human dimension—it is other. But each time, what is truly miraculous is this CRY of ABSOLUTE love and adoration *in Matter*. It is a CRY. That has nothing to do with all our mental, sentimental and “mystical” stories. It is the body, it is Matter itself that CRY. One is almost a “witness” of a phenomenon in itself (as long as one is not engulfed) as phenomenal and independent of all will as an earthquake or a tidal wave. Then the body, Matter, reveal themselves as a Power in itself (*per se*), beyond all our sentiments and even our “sensations”—it is deeper and more “radical,” one might say, than a sensation. It is something else. It

is truly Matter, pure, divine, as it is, without anything above it to cover, deform or “use” it. But this CRY ... this ABSOLUTE love that is in that, this ABSOLUTE adoration which exists in that apparently mechanical thing—it is really an upheaval of the great depths. And this Delight, this unimaginable nectar—yes, it is a new life, a new type of life, but what a type! What one can say is that one doesn’t feel “that” as a sort of unimaginable and delicious new thing: it is a re-cognition, but so absolute and that is what makes for the delight! At last, it is what it is! As if the body, Matter, cried out at the end of millions and billions of years: Oh, it is that, it is that.... Then *everything* is there. Our mental and explanatory stories: the “goal” of evolution, “transformation,” the “new species”—we ARE there. And that’s all. *Everything* is there, what else? It is absolute. It is total. It is the indescribable Marvel that made all the universes move and will make all the other universes move for this *same* thing. There is no other “thing.” It is *the* thing itself. But what one cannot say is this Delight which seizes all the billions of cells of the body, this radical awakening which bathes them suddenly in a divine nectar, in a divine respiration, in a love which is the very nectar! It is not a sentiment, it is not a sensation: it is a cellular, corporeal, material, atomic tidal wave.... I don’t know.... What would the worm say that suddenly wakes up in an archangel’s body? It is NATURE itself that changes or becomes again what it is, what it has always-always been and which had been engulfed for ages in a stupid filth.

After an hour of this formidable bath of delight, the body felt like sleeping on that, otherwise it would have continued.

Well, the “supramental nugget”... if that is what supramental life is ... But it is the Mainspring, it is that which has the power to transform the old human body and which will surely want to adapt it to something more dignified than the old use of the mental animal. The “transformation” is a *consequence* of that. The transformation is not a goal, it is a consequence.

To think that there are old pundits who continue to dissect the DNA molecules.... It is the God of DNA and they are the priests of the old sordid sacrifice. And tomorrow, they will discover a new super-molecule which will explain everything and it will be still the old sordid sacrifice—they will land on eternal new moons, but never in the Delight which would change everything.

“We don’t have the proof,” they will say.

Yes, Lord, they need *one* proof.

But I wonder....

The only proof is the one which will spring up from within and impose itself on them from within. One must conduct the supramental upheaval which will send its waves everywhere in Matter. It is what Mother and Sri Aurobindo did, otherwise I wouldn’t be here to bear witness. Now, the seism has to spread. From epicenter to epicenter.

*

It is nonetheless remarkable that this Delight came after the crossing of that horror of the subconscious¹ and after the operation of Mother’s little scissors. It is the whole evolutionary past that covers true, pure Matter (or encrusts it).

*

This morning, despite all that mental exercise, a sort of golden and very light sea remains in the depths of the being.

*

We live in false Matter.

Now it is very clear and palpable for me: we are living in false Matter, that is to say a Matter encrusted by a whole disastrous (and ferocious) evolutionary past.

Below, there is “that,” that Marvel.

*

It seems that we have only to let ourselves be carried by this golden, very light—and so harmonious sea! It is like an innumerable smile deep down, as many smiles as there are little cells.

*

Afternoon

It was very difficult.

Immediately, the body “knew” that it was going to die or was going to traverse death. That lasted for two hours. For more than an hour, it was like a “match on the ropes” between “acceptance” and “refusal.” I reasoned with my body, tried to convince it, to comfort it, to tell it to stay “confident”—but go and tell the child in the dentist’s chair that it is nothing.... After an hour of this struggle, something said rather firmly: “But why would the Lord have guided you up to there, if it were to make you die?” And it further said: “It is everything that fears for its old life that must go.” It is all the fear of the old life that must leave, it is all the old ghosts that must leave—it is the DIVINE LIFE that must come, and for it to come, all the fear of the old death has to disappear....” From that moment on, things began to go better: the match on the ropes was less “tight.” But each time the position of the body’s consciousness moved—rose upwards or completely immobilized itself—there was something that repeated: “Ah, there you are, it is now that you are going to leave, now that you are going to give up.” In short, it was quite unpleasant. But slowly, I felt that the resistance was giving up—there was a sort of material, corporeal comprehension that everything that feared for its old life had to disappear and that everything-everything, down to the slightest reaction, had to be His, to You alone, to You alone, to the Divine Life, to you, to You.... And

¹ I was not at the end of my pains. It was the beginning of the crossing.

slowly, all the corporeal consciousness became finally slack, immobile, open, surrendered—without reaction. It was the last half-hour of the experience or of that trying crossing ... I don't know if I must or can say "crossing of death," but in any case of the "ghost of death."

It was hard.

I don't know what really happened. In any case, I fought or "one" fought with that famous instinct of preservation, that cellular fear of death.

I don't know the true result—except that I'm not dead!

*

I well understand (but with my head) that there must be neither an acceptance of death nor a refusal of death anymore—a *cellular* state where death "simply" has no longer a reality, therefore nothing to accept or refuse anymore, but only the Divine Presence, which is supreme LIFE and the only life.

I don't think that I have reached that point yet.

Perhaps that will come through small "waves" of experience (funny "waves"). There must no longer be any waves at all!

*

Vision

Evening

Last night, I saw something which is surely the semi-humorous image of what happened this afternoon. I understand it now, if only a half of it.

I was perched on the summit of a shining, glittering black post. I was perhaps ten or twenty meters above the ground, and I was not able to get back down and it was "dangerous." I was crying out (in English) in a rather weak voice: Help, help! (I felt that I could not be heard). I saw a man dressed in black pass by below, who vaguely looked at me and left. I was

trying to figure out how to come down from there, it was really a perilous position. At one point, I placed my hands or fingers in a certain position on the post and I saw that it was impossible to come down in that way and that I was going to break my neck. Then suddenly my hands or my fingers took up another position (I don't know which) and without knowing how, I slipped down to the bottom of the post and found myself on the ground—then I saw my body (that is, I took my body back again): it was very-very white, almost milky, very young and slender, like a young boy, only dressed in plain white “underpants” (but of an almost luminous whiteness, which did not at all look like the dull whiteness of terrestrial colors). I was completely naked except for these “pants.”* Then it was as if I had to be brought to hospital (I don't know why), but I was walking by myself and I lay down on a mat *outside of* the hospital, near a field of grass (“That way,” I told myself, “I will at least have a nice view!”).

So I was perched on the “post of death.” And there is a certain “position” from which one does not come back down. In another position, one returns very easily, one doesn't know how, without even noticing it.

So I was very kindly told of what was going to happen this afternoon, but yet I was dumb enough to be scared!

I have to find what that “position” is from which one comes back down from death as if nothing had happened.

When I was on the summit of that post, I could not see my body; strangely enough, I only saw my fingers (not even my hand: my fingers, in fact).

I had the impression that my fingers were tracing a certain “*mudra*”—which one? I don't know.

* I even have the feeling that there was a small red drawing in a corner of the pants (same red as *The Agenda's* cover).

*

There is no doubt that I am being led very quickly towards “something.”

*

I am very tired tonight.

*

I should understand absolutely (the body should understand) that everything is *organized* beforehand.

*

The fear of death is the last retreat of Falsehood. It is Falsehood that is afraid of dying.

One has to learn in some way how to die without dying of it. There.*

*

Sujata has just told me that this very morning she was reading *The Agenda* of October 30, 1960, where Mother saw me melted into Anubis, in Egypt!...*

The last day, in 1973, Mother said to that K. [Mother’s assistant]: “Pull!”—There was nobody to pull.

It is now that one “pulls.”

*

To think that they are going to bring the “relics” of Sri Aurobindo and Mother to the United States ... like Saint Teresa. For them they are corpses (saintly corpses).

Between the high priests of DNA and the spiritual high priests, we won’t get very far.

*

* Sujata asks me : “Would this be Mother’s « dying to death » ?—Certainly.

* According to the Encyclopedia, Anubis was the god of the desert and of the necropolis. He showed the dead into the other world and guarded the tombs.... Sometimes, he was assimilated by the Greeks to Hermes. Anubis helped Isis to reconstitute Osiris’ body. Thanks to certain special rites, Isis, helped by Anubis, succeeded in resuscitating Osiris.

(From Sujata to her sister Suprabha, originally in English)

... So I shall give you a gist of a talk we had, Saheb [Satprem] and I, on the evening of the 7th. (Mind you, I don't vouch for the exactitude of the words, but am giving you more or less the substance.) So here goes.

He asked me if I remembered the story of Swami Brahmananda of Chandod, as told by Sri Aurobindo. I nodded, yes. He pressed me to read it. Which I did. Here is what I read:

“... In the case of Swami Brahmanda (of Chandod), he lived up to 300 years so that he was practically immune from the action of age, but one day a rusty nail pricked him and he died of that slight wound.”

Sri Aurobindo then went on to explain,

“On the physical plane something you have not worked out turns up and shows that your conquest is not complete. That is why the process takes such a long time. You must establish the higher Consciousness in every atom of the body, otherwise what happens is that something escapes your view in the hidden depth of the lower physical being which is known to the hostile forces and then they can attack through that weak point. They can create a combination of circumstances which would give rise to the thing not worked out and before you can control them they are already beyond control. In that case they can destroy you.”
(Ref. Evening Talks, 15.8.1924)

After I read that out, Saheb remained silent a minute or so, then said, “Je n'ai rien lu de mieux. C'est la meilleure description (exposé?) de l'importance d'une chose “triviale”. Il n'y a rien qui

soit “trivial”.^{*}”

After a long ruminative silence, he said, almost absent-mindedly as though thinking aloud: “Mère était arrivée au point où il n’y avait PLUS DE FAILLE.”^{**}

I listened to him wide-eyed. “Elle n’avait plus de faille. Elle aurait pu rester trois cents ans ou trois mille ans sans que cela fasse de différence.”^{***}

With a long sad sigh he went on, “Mais les hommes ont voulu autrement. Alors Elle est partie.”^{****}

My questioning look brought forth an elucidation. “Pranab lui-même a dit qu’Elle s’est ‘éteinte comme une chandelle’, pas une maladie, rien qui l’ait fait partir. Mais ses enfants ne voulaient plus d’Elle. Elle n’allait pas les écraser, non? Alors Elle a préféré partir.”^{*}

After a long silence Saheb asked me, “Mère disait “Tire”, tu te souviens? Kumud n’a rien compris, elle croyait que Mère voulait qu’on la soulève. Non. Mère a dit “TIRE”. Il faut que quelqu’un puisse tirer Mère de ce côté-ci — dans son corps. Et personne n’a rien compris.”^{**}

^{*} I never read anything better. It is the best description of the importance of a “trivial” thing. There is nothing that is “trivial.”

^{**} Mother had reached the point where there was NO LONGER ANY FLAW.

^{***} She had no longer any flaw. She could have stayed for three hundred or three thousand years, it would not have made any difference.

^{****} But men decided otherwise. So, She left.

^{*} Pranab himself said that She «was extinguished like a candle, » not an illness, nothing that made her leave. But her children did not want Her anymore. She was not going to smash them, was she? So She preferred to leave.

^{**} Mother said : « Pull ! », do you remember? Kumud understood nothing, she thought

I reminded him what Mother had told him long back: She ought to remain invisible until She had her true body.

*He nodded assent. Then added, “Mais il faut qu’UN homme (au moins) puisse La tirer de ce côté-ci, autrement pourquoi viendrait-elle? Parmi ses deux-trois mille disciples il faut qu’il y en ait un qui essaie! Et comment essayer? C’est en marchant sur le chemin qu’ILS ont tracé. Eux, ils ont tracé le chemin. Maintenant il faut que les hommes y marchent. C’est par reconnaissance que j’essaie,” said Satprem. “Ils ont fait tant pour nous.”****

Sujata



August 11, 1983

A new “extraction” from the shell. Powerful, continual magnetizations, then at a slower rhythm: one entered more and more into a dense atmosphere. The body totally adhered to the movement, it kept saying: To You, to You, to You, Lord of the new life. Vaguely, like a memory, there was something that felt a “danger” as the density grew, something that told itself a bit: “But nothing will be left in your shell! You will shoot up or explode in that density up there.” But it was a small voice, as if on a tangent, rather a “memory of fear.” Then, in the whole body, there was a

Mother was asking to be lifted. No, Mother said: “Pull!” Someone must be able to pull Mother to this side—into her body. And nobody understood anything.

**** But at least ONE man must be able to pull Her to this side, otherwise why would she come? Among her two-three thousand disciples, ONE has to try! And how to try? It is by walking on the path that THEY have hewn. THEY have hewn the path. Now people have to*

REFUSAL of fear and such an intense prayer: “Lord, may nothing in me, not an atom, not a spot of consciousness, be afraid of You anymore—may I be exclusively Yours and WHAT YOU WILL.” Then it seemed to me, at the end of these slower and slower magnetizations, that I entered a cube of dense power or that a cube of dense power entered my body—it was on the same level: it was no longer up there. I entered that solid cube, of solid power, extraordinarily dense, and suddenly I remembered that “cube of ocean”—it was that. One was caught up and as if solidified in that, and yet it was not “hard”; it was extraordinarily immobile, as if each cell were immobilized, and yet it was not “frozen”; it was absolutely without movement and yet one felt it was not hardened or frozen or really immobile (!). There was something in it that was extraordinarily *hieratical*. It seemed to me, when I was a bit more used to it, that it (all of that cube) was made of an extremely, supremely quick vibration, a supervibration. It was solid and yet it was moving, but with an almost imperceptible movement (or frequency). Yes, that “cube of ocean.” Sometimes, in that tube in which I was completely “caught up,” there were like new infiltrations of Power, then it was again totally immobile—a *divine* immobility. One could have said that it was the solid Divine, a solid Nectar, a *taking over* by the Divine. All that emerged within that was that prayer to be totally, exclusively Yours at last, without a grain or a shadow of fear of You—the Peace of being totally Yours. And truly, one was taken up in a block of solid Life, of solid divinity, of solid divine life—it was HIERATICAL.

It seemed like the new Matter.

The only thing that disturbed me (and disturbs me a lot) was that “observing mental parrot”—what can I do? I accept it as a duty.

All fear of death was engulfed in that solid life.

walk on it. It is out of gratitude that I am trying. They did so much for us.

*

Yes, it is very much like that “cube of ocean,” because that reunites very contradictory qualities: of solidity and liquidity, of immobility and movement, of a stopping of everything in a supermovement. It is “stopped” and it is limited nowhere! I well understand Mother, who spoke of a “moving immobility.” It is that. And a “supple solidity,” it’s that. You are immobilized and yet you are not changed into a statue! it lives. You are solidified, but that solidity is only made of a superlife swollen with juice, gorged with nectar.

The “new Matter” is truly a solid liquid (or a fluid solid).

I remember that Mother (and Sri Aurobindo too) said that the Supramental was the “reunion of contraries.”

*

Evening

The greatest art of Indira G. is to evade all the problems.



August 12, 1983

Same phenomenon of ascension of the material, corporeal consciousness. The ascension started spontaneously, as soon as I sat down. This time, there was no sensation of “extraction” (I think that the “extraction” comes from the resistance of the being). The movement was spontaneous, simple, almost natural and without any fear, a bit like a swimmer in the depths of the sea who resurfaces in order to breathe air and the sun. But that “ascent” (which is in fact the traversing of the layers) happens slowly, through successive “stages” or successive “magnetizations,” and the more one approaches the “surface,” the more dense and compact the atmosphere becomes—until, in the end, one has the feeling of entering a block of solid, dense Power. Then

there is no longer any ascension, no top and bottom, no “surface” and depth: one is there. One is on the supramental “surface,” in the supramental air. It is solid, dense, very immobile—a block. All the same, the operation is long: it took more than an hour and fifteen minutes of ascension to rise to the “surface,” that is to say, to traverse all the layers that cover or enclose the material, corporeal consciousness.

At the beginning, some months ago, I had figured out that the junction with the Supermind occurred once and for all, but I can see now that the operation repeats and repeats itself and that it is really as if one were *hewing* a path between the corporeal consciousness and the supramental world or air. One has to cross and recross the layers until the path is well hewn, easy, open—natural. This morning, the “ascent” was easier than usual, more natural, without any fear of exploding or shooting up I don’t know where, or of leaving the “shell.” The “shell” is all the layers that cover the body or the corporeal consciousness. What remains the most difficult is this cerebral matter. It is that which has the most difficulty in sustaining the solid density of the supramental “air.”* It seems that it is the opposite phenomenon of our world of drowned people: here, the more one descends to the bottom, the denser, the more compressed it is; there, the more one rises to the “surface,” the denser it is, the more compact and solid the atmosphere becomes.

The operation seems to become more natural at last. Maybe a moment will come when the “ascent” is instantaneous. Then there will be no more rising at all: one will be there for ever.

The supramental air

The crossing of the layers

or

The supramental junction

* The head is as if reduced to a pulp.

1. orange: corporeal, material consciousness
2. blue: Mind
3. red: vital layer
4. the black net: subconscious = evolutionary past
5. black: Inconscient = death

N.B. The layers are not necessarily in this order: they all interpenetrate each other. *But death closes us in.*

*

Evening

You make a nice little schema, but you know *nothing*, except when Grace descends on you like a small golden river, then everything is simple and obvious and full.



August 13, 1983

Some days, one doesn't know why, the whole being seems to be caught under a spiderweb and attached with a thousand gluey threads—you push and it sticks, you pull and it strangles, and the more you struggle, the more it tightens. You repeat and repeat the Mantra and you feel far-far underground, covered over with painful thicknesses. Why? Then, truly, you tell yourself that it is hopeless—and immediately, it is death. You feel so ridiculous and futile, there, with your eyes closed, struggling and struggling in that spiderweb. Ah, you think that you are going to transform yourself? You think that something has changed since ... and you tell yourself that it is since the beginning of times. And you tell yourself that you are reaching sixty and that, and that, and that ... what? Which is to say that you are completely in the poison. Why?—You tell yourself that it is the “human

law,” that’s it. You don’t manage to understand.

Probably, one has to last and endure.

To say “It is the subconscious” doesn’t help in anything. It is the Poison, that’s all. All lives, all efforts seem to be thwarted by this small horror.

Mother, like Sri Aurobindo, said that after the supramental descent, the subconscious had “risen en masse.”

I don’t manage to understand: why are those forces attached to suffering, night and death—to cruelty and poison? That appears incomprehensible.

Obviously, the whole *world* is like that.

*

One would want to persuade us that it is unchangeable.

*

(Read in the paper:)

They want to set up a “city of high technology and computers” here—a “Silicon Valley.” The cancer is spreading.

All their marvelous remedies *are part of* the Cancer.

*

Afternoon

I’ve never seen that! This afternoon, no sooner had I sat down than the whole material consciousness was seized, grabbed, pulled by a formidable Grasp—oh! it was formidable. It was almost violent. And for forty minutes, everything-everything was pulled out. And a voice said: “Ah, you think that you are going to stay in that mesh, well, look!” Never had I undergone such an operation—all the corporeal consciousness was as if torn from all sides—all sides, all the fibers, the cells, the atoms, and that rose *en masse*, irresistibly, almost virulently. If I’d not had the previous experiences, I think I would have been taken over by fear. But on the contrary, all my body, all my being was saying: “ Oh, get me out, get me out forever from this reign of

Falsehood and Death—let's be done with it! After forty minutes, I entered a dense mass, or rather a dense mass, formidably dense, entered my body, embracing it on all sides. It was an *ardent* mass, and of an immobility unlike any immobility in this world. And I said: "Take, take all that, I don't need myself anymore, but You everywhere-everywhere-everywhere, in all the fibers, all the cells, all the atoms, and may there no longer be a grain of shadow! And I kept on repeating: I no longer need myself at all-at all-at all—take the place, may You be the Master! (This morning, I had accidentally broken my mirror and said: "Yes, may the old image be broken!") The whole body was like an ardent, immobile *mass*—solid fire. And not a shadow of fear, on the contrary, a thirst that all be abolished in that once and for all. Then, from time to time, a new dose or new "drop" of Power came to enter or force its path through that already dense mass. One felt that formidable drop like a heavy oil which slowly swallowed, flowed into all the fibers, the cells, the atoms. Then it was the mass again, the immobile block. And every three or four minutes, (or every two or three minutes towards the end), a new formidable drop came to hew its path in that and flowed across the whole body. This latest operation lasted for an hour (and it was I who stopped).

Really, "one" gave me a demonstration. Where was the spiderweb in that!? "You think it's going to last forever? Well, look!"

It was gripping, (you said it!).

I think I will not forget that.

*

It is truly a Supreme Will that presides over the operation—then which doses its "drops."

How good it would be if this Obscurity and this Falsehood were finished forever!

In that case, one could not care less of dying—one wants to get out of

this sordid filth of human consciousness.

It is no longer possible for me to believe that I follow this path “like that,” by chance. Everything is led, even flaws. One goes to the Goal.

*

It is only a formidable ignorance (joined to a formidable presumptuousness) that allows men to live in this horror.

*

Night

Curiously enough, this night, after my “japa,” the corporeal consciousness did not have to “rise” or “go out”: it was as if all this black shell that envelops the body was pierced with innumerable holes, and through these holes, the Power entered from everywhere-everywhere at the same time (through the shoulders, the back, the sex, the belly....) Countless small infiltrations which crossed the body and swelled it up with Power. And those infiltrations were like countless, very rapid and very “piercing” small vibrations, if I may say so. I suddenly understood what Mother meant by a “stippling” of vibrations. It was the very body that was directly infiltrated.

One would so much like all of this substance to totally belong to the reign of Truth and Light—to That.

*

This same night, I saw my brother Pierre: hair as red as flames, red spots on his belly. I told him: don’t fall into the trap.



August 14, 1983

This morning, a massive descent of “something” that gave a golden,

global sensation of Sri Aurobindo. It was massive. One had the impression that it was not only individual. I told myself: if only all that could fall on the Earth's head, that would not be bad!

A totally passive attitude: Lord, I don't know at all what to do with this thing (this body + Satprem, etc.), take it, I don't need it, I don't know what must be done and don't understand anything—take all of that and do with it exactly what You will. That's it. And that Mass that took everything. At one point, it was pulling my neck excessively, as if I had a giraffe's neck! otherwise, it took all of the body—an invasion. One could perhaps say: an invasion of Sri Aurobindo (?).



August 15, 1983

Sri Aurobindo is 111....

It takes a lot of courage to sit there day after day.... The saddest observation is that nothing is ever done once and for all, it is always to be started again. A sort of Sisyphus in a spiderweb. If only there were only *one* knot to cut, but it seems that every corner of the being, every level, every microscopic cell, every nervous fiber is linked to the subconscious and to death by a spider thread—which makes for billions of small sticky threads going in all directions and from top to bottom—so, to cut all that? one by one? You think that everything is open, free, sunny at last, and ploc! you fall back into the web and everything closes up again. Only a supergrace can take you out of there, otherwise millenia wouldn't be sufficient. It is a total, total contamination, of all the corners of the being.¹

¹ Seven years later, I had a vision (in the night of April 7 to April 8, 1990) showing that one can reach the end of that horror after all, but for that, one has to descend right into the

So one is seated there, with one's teeth clenched, repeating the Mantra, and everything appears so ... futile. I don't know what can deliver us from that once and for all.

Is there *one* central knot? *one* central root? *one* definitive point?

So anything is enough, at any time—an encounter in sleep—to reanimate or contaminate an old thread, then everything spreads from thread to thread, and that's it. It is like a sudden rotting. Yes, Sri Aurobindo had well said: "Down to the last atom." The tip of a needle is enough.

Well, unless there is a supergrace....

And if we look at the problem from a terrestrial point of view, it is each individual, each family, each group, each nation ... which is linked by a billion threads to the same sticky web. So?

Last night, I met my childhood friend J. N., the lawyer (he was lying down and tired. It was he who said: "They have stolen my life from me").¹ He probably gave me his skeptic sickness through some sympathetic fiber. (!) As a matter of fact, I embraced him in order to comfort him.

One is stuck to the whole world.

I am not really discouraged, even if my struggle is sisyphian, because otherwise it would be giving up to those hideous forces—well, I'll not do so.

*

I'm starting the asanas again.

*

Evening

One would like to live in the Lord alone, and that's all. All that is not that

depths of MATTER.

¹ Some time later, I happened to hear that my friend J. N. had left. It was perhaps that very night that he left his body.

is a pain.



August 16, 1983

(In memory of my last visit to St-Pierre in May, '83)

I was that violent and impetuous child who ran on the beach of white sand.

I was that old white-haired man who looked for the footprints of a child and sowed his pain in the wind.

The child is gone, the old man is gone, the only thing that remains is a beach of white sand where They can come and walk.

Each grain of sand of my white beach tells of my love for the wind, my love for the open sea, my love forever.

(farewell of the old man)

*

Afternoon

I was given a capital experience.

I am ashamed of what I wrote on August 15 and even ashamed of my little “schema”—it is FALSE. As a matter of fact, I was very unhappy that whole day of August 15 and my body cried like a thirsty man in the desert.

Today, it was filled up.

Today, I was made to feel-live-understand something capital.

YOU ALONE EXIST.

And it was, it *is* fully so.

AND YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT.

And it is fully so.

No longer say, think or write anything whatever that gives a reality to

Falsehood—Falsehood DOES NOT EXIST. It is a false and ILLUSORY existence in and for the untruthful consciousness.

I was repeatedly given sublime experiences which plunged me into that New Life, that ineffable Presence, why would I still believe in those spiderwebs! They don't exist, they have NO REALITY. The supramental world, the world of truth, is precisely the world where those things HAVE NO LONGER ANY REALITY.

Everytime what I could call that “memory of sorrow” attempts to return into my consciousness, it must be rejected, refused, chased like a thief. IT DOES NOT EXIST, it is Falsehood that would *like* us to believe in its eternity.

Well, Death does not exist, Cancer does not exist, all those atrocious things DO NOT EXIST—it is the collective hypnosis of Falsehood.

And This is the OPEN SESAME:

You alone exist.

And You do what You want.

This is the definitive point, the central root, the radical knot of everything: YOU ALONE EXIST. And the new world is precisely that which is to take the place of that untruthful illusion.

You alone exist.

And You do what You want.

And all that swarms in the web is the old illusion—absolutely an ILLUSION. Why would I continue to let myself be glued!

You alone exist.

And I fully understand now why Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri* repeatedly speaks of this “spell”: *A spell is on your glorious strengths....* Three or four times he speaks of this “spell.” It is a hypnotism, it is a black magic in which we got used to believing, but there is this new World, this Delight, this sublime Presence—and there, it is Truth that reigns: DEATH does not exist, Illness does not exist, accidents do not exist, Cancer does not exist—only Truth exists.

You alone exist.

And You do what You want.

O Lord, never again will I let myself be caught up by that false spiderweb or rather that memory of sorrow.

You alone exist.

And You are there.

There is a world of physical truth, a life of physical truth. And it is that that we are going to live.

So my little schema is still a “truth of Falsehood,” if I dare say so! It is the old hypnosis which would like us to believe that it is perfectly hypnotic!

But there are those who WAKE UP.

*

Today, I am not sixty minus two months—I have LOST my age (of Falsehood).

There are not sixty years, there is not a hundred or two hundred years, there is the eternal second of Truth—one is there or not.

How old are you? I am THIS second.

Yes, Mother said: the Buddhist illusion is only halfway—behind our

physical illusion, there is a *physical* Reality.

It is *this* Delight.

“Transformation” consists in moving, body and soul, into this world of Truth—all the rest will be done automatically, necessarily, inevitably.

There are no “problems”—all problems are the problems of Falsehood.

There, IT IS. And that’s all.

One has TO BE there, that’s all.

*

Yes, Lord, I think that I have understood something.

*

The spiderweb of the subconscious is first of all a web of illusion. It is perhaps ILLUSION ITSELF.

*

Lord, everytime You make me fall into a hole, it is to bring me closer to Your truth.

*

Now, I think that I am entering the path.

Oh, Mother, You gave me everything.



August 17, 1983

Death is dead!

Fear is dead.

You alone exist.

The formidably simple Secret is there. Alive. Lived.

The central point is reached.

Flesh of Your flesh.



August 18, 1983

I begin to breathe on the other shore.

The body no longer fears the other air.

All these cells seem to breathe the other air directly, without having to cross all those old layers.

It is totally independent of the psychology of the “subject” or of his “mood”: the body only asks for tranquillity in order to function in that way. And it sucks that up avidly like its sun of life.

All the old life is felt and seems like a nightmare of the primitive times.

It is this other air or this other Power of Life that will remold the whole old body in its way—how? I know nothing about it. One shouldn’t start replacing the old schema with a new one! It will surely be far more marvelous than we can imagine.

But this other air is You, Lord. It is the divine air. Pseudo-science should not come one more time and spirit away the terrestrial divinity and take the place of the Lord to create its awful marvels. Let it be a “tool of observation,” that’s all, like my parrot wisely perched on my shoulder (!) and not a despotic and pretentious legislator. O Lord, let’s not fall again into another net or another spiderweb!

May the air be free! divinely free and forever free.

*

It is like an automatic sunbath.

*

Evening

My Douce tells me the story of Bhagirath.¹



¹ Who, by his tapasya, obliged the Ganges to descend on Earth.

(Letter of Sujata to Catherine)

Catherine, perhaps you will be able to feel. Pierre cannot understand. Pierre DOES NOT WANT to understand.

There is *ONE* man, ONE human representative, who is desperately attempting, attempting for all men, that the path opens up so that animal-man can become man-man.

Pierre must help
by his courage
to confront his own difficulty.

Pierre is wrong to believe
that to commit suicide
will resolve his difficulties.

The difficulties will come back
from life to life until one has
faced and resolved them.

Sujata

*

(Letter of Satprem to his brother Pierre)

I am dictating this letter to Sujata. Since my latest letter three days ago, I caught a nasty headache which has not left me, and this morning your letter of August 11 came to add a second headache to the first one—it will take another two or three days to get rid of it.

You don't seem to understand neither the importance nor the gravity of what I am doing. Yet I said and repeated it to you—I even told you that the state was *precarious*—but you don't want to understand. It is the law of the egoistic world: one puts oneself in the center of the world. It is no longer possible for me or else I must give up my work. I cannot be constantly

drawn back and submerged by all sorts of vibrations which not only block my work and the contact with the new forces, but which create a *physical* conflict in my being, in my body, because I have to swallow the obscure vibrations of the old world and of the old egoisms. Beings are not “exterior” to me, unfortunately, I am totally within them, which has quite nefarious consequences for the infiltration of the new power into the body. That can even be dangerous. That’s why I cut off from everybody. I cannot continue like this. It is a question of knowing if I will succeed in piercing through and forge ahead or if I am going to remain chained to the old world. I already told you that you weren’t ready to come here, because I felt that it would be yoking myself to Pierrot’s problem instead of applying myself to the great Problem which concerns everybody. I no longer have the right—I really mean the right, as regards my life on this earth, my task on this earth and my human brothers themselves, to waste my time with individual questions, even from my brother. What is at stake is too serious, too difficult, and there is too little time left for me. When I say “precarious,” do you understand what it means?

So I can no longer write to you nor even receive your letters. That creates conflicts that are too difficult with my work. I cannot carry on wiping and purifying all those vibrations of the old world. I made the effort of writing books to help my human brothers—I will not start to reexplain the same things to Pierrot. He has all the materials that he needs to hew his *own* path. Pierre must organize his life in his own way. The best way I have to help him is to progress myself and to pierce through as is necessary. If I cannot consecrate myself totally and *exclusively* to this perilous work, I don’t fulfill the task that Mother left me, and in that case, I would only have to leave my body. I am not joking. I hope that Pierre’s understanding will take precedence over his egoism, or even over his selfish love for his brother. It is a question of knowing what one wants.

The only acceptable thing is that Catherine briefly gives Sujata the precise and *important* pieces of news, whenever they happen.

I wish you would work with your hands and not with your “sick leaves,” it is the thing that will purify you and help you enter Mother’s path.

With my tenderness as always and the hope that you will understand how serious things are.

Satprem



August 21, 1983

One understands that only the pure Purity can stand there. Otherwise, that explodes. Death is the fear of that.

This afternoon, I saw this cry of purity in the body, all the cells thirsting for purity—divine purity: no *trace* but That. It was ... not even a cry, deeper than a cry—it is the very being of the cells, of Matter, of atoms that IS this purity and cries for being delivered from all that was put on them. It was such a formidable, deep, crying need—no other part of the being is or has this Purity. Matter is the place of the very Purity: it can only bear That, otherwise it dies. It is surprising.

After an hour, the Great divine Mother was there, the *physical* body was at Mother’s feet. It said: “There, I am at Your service,” in a way that it never could say to Mother when she was there....

Death is really the impure crust that covers and suffocates That—true Matter.

*

One doesn’t know at all where one is heading.



August 22, 1983

SHIVA

Transparency
where you are.
You alone meet Yourself.
Simple
As air.
The Power disappears.
Shiva is a beggar.

*

The great blue air
of the Eternal.
As upon Kailash.
Nothing vibrates anymore.
All that, in the body.



August 23, 1983

All that old consciousness appears, is felt as a black disgusting glue from which one cries to be extracted. It is truly a sewer. Almost every morning, one has to draw oneself away from there—thousands of sticky, gluey, disgusting little threads which make up the tissue, the very texture of the old consciousness. It is a hideous hole. A swamp. And the whole body cries against that disgusting engulfing (it is probably luminous and aesthetic for the majority of human beings—well, quite natural!).

My brother Pierre gives me considerable difficulties, all his atmosphere comes and sticks to mine like a suction cup and I have to fight since ...

days. I don't want all that anymore! I don't want this hideous old consciousness anymore—and they are delighted with themselves!

O Lord, Your free air! free from all this asphyxiating and filthy mixture.

*

(In fact, there was a letter from my brother Pierre in the mail at noon and he was there in the atmosphere. I send the letter back without opening it).

*

Afternoon

That marvelous Love has come.

I didn't know that "that" could exist.

That perfect abyss.

It is for that that I have lived for lives and lives.

It was that that I looked for for lives and lives.

Like a million OMs springing up from a million cells—that cry of adoration and perfect recognition.

One cannot believe that that exists.

I could not live differently anymore.

All of a sudden, one is in the origin and in the goal of the Earth and of all Earths and all worlds. It is THAT. What else?

Oh! to keep that forever-forever in all the cells and all the atoms, forever-forever.

And I say that Matter—this polluted Matter, perverted, debased and plundered, violated by men—is the VERY PLACE OF LOVE. It is not up there: it is here.

*

One understands that what is happening now absolutely needs to be protected from the gaze and attention of men.

*

I am being given the *true* keys.

*

Vision

Last night (from August 22 to August 23) I saw something. I was seated by the side of the ocean (but higher up, I was above it) when suddenly, from the depths of the ocean, I saw a dog rise like a cork which sprang up to the surface and climbed (how?) up to me. (Usually, for me, the dog is a symbol of sexual forces). I thought it was going to bite me and I asked somebody to go and fetch my stick. But the dog sat down quietly and I rested my hand on its neck.

Would Mother have cut the subconscious thread of the sexual hold? That would be a great general victory....

It is perhaps not a coincidence if this experience of divine Love in the cells came after the subconscious operation and the uprooting (?) of the sexual hold.

*

PS: I was mistaken for a long time about the meaning of this important vision. It was Sujata who reminded me of the Vedic quest, the central theme of the search for the lost Sun, stolen by the Dasyus, the forces or demons of the subconscious, stolen and hidden in the deep caverns of Matter, there where “the darkness is enveloped by darkness.” And it is *Sarama*, the mythical dog or she-dog, which guides the gods and the Rishis across the underground folds and recesses of the world of Falsehood down to the secret cavern, at the heart of Matter, where the lost Sun can be found, the “Black Sun,” *Martanda*, which could change everything and transform Matter itself. It is the very epics of the Vedas, the battle in Matter to deliver the transforming Sun enveloped in its shell of Death and its layers of false Matter. It was the experience I had a week ago, on August 16, when I touched the enormous web of *physical* Illusion which covers up the Reality

of Matter. Last night's vision, with that same *Sarama* springing up from the depths of the ocean and coming to quietly sit down next to me, must be the continuation of the same Experience or of the same discovery in Matter. It is leading me to the right place. "I am there near you."

Sri Aurobindo thus described this quest and this discovery in *Savitri*:

The treasure was found of a supernal Day.
In the deep subconscious glowed her jewel-lamp;
Lifted, it showed the riches of the Cave
Where, by the miser traffickers of sense
Unused, guarded beneath Night's dragon paws,
In folds of velvet darkness draped they sleep
Whose priceless value could have saved the world.
A darkness carrying morning in its breath [...]

Savitri, I. 3



August 24, 1983

Experiences that are extremely strong and difficult to bear, but I don't know what is happening exactly.*

The important thing is not to understand, but that that be done!

For the body, the unknown is dangerous.

Go and drop your body in the middle of the Pacific!—as soon as the Divine Sense weakens, all the sharks rush in.

Then they circle around it. They are kept away by a lot of Love and a total surrender in the cells.

It is the moment when the cells must feel: "You alone exist."

They learn the job of immortality (or rather of non-mortality).

* Something seems to dissolve the individual center of the body.



August 25, 1983

Will I ever be able to describe that marvel of the new life—that formidable pulsation of delight of the new life?

This morning, for almost two hours, I lived in that, or rather “pulsated” in that in an immense rhythm. It was that “pulsatory body,” but this morning, the experience was lived much more totally (or more immensely, I don’t know how to say it). Really like an immense swell which traverses and swells up the body, but swells it up with delight, with nectar, as if that marvelous, solar juice—living sun—embraced and penetrated each cell, each atom, went through that whole mesh of the body and swelled it up with delight, with solar life. It is truly a formidable blooming of a billion cells, exactly like a billion closed and hard flowers which suddenly, under a magic touch, open themselves up and dilate with sun and bloom. A swelling of delight which traverses the whole body like an immense swell of delight, then the swell spreads out and spreads out in a great ocean of delight, the body spreads out and spreads out in a great solar ocean; then, once again, another wave or another swelling comes to traverse the body.... It is like an immense, rhythmic, undulating movement, in which the body participates, but not like a small separated and closed doll floating in that: It is *part* of that movement or swell, that immense undulation, it beats with that immense swell, stretches or spreads out with it. It is not only like a formidable undulation or pulsation, but a a kind of immense *breathing*. It is *one* ocean of delight that beats, swells, stretches out.... I cannot say, it is completely idiotic. It is like the rhythm of the new life, a pulsation of delight or a swell of delight in an ocean of delight. And one swells up with the swell, spreads out with the ocean, swells up and spreads out again. A solar,

divine, marvelous pulsation, like a bath of nectar. It is the Great golden Pulsation of the new life—immense, limitless, undulating. And one is *part* of that immense Pulsation, of that immense swell: it is not a small body “within that,” it is ONE body which beats as a whole. I cannot express myself. And where are the “sharks” in all that?—disappeared, the small sharks of Illusion! There is only That, that great Pulsation of Delight, that immense swell of Delight in an ocean of divine sun.

What is impossible to say is that marvelous swelling-blossoming of the body’s billions of cells and atoms—everything swells up, gorges itself with sun and nectar. Each grain of matter becomes like a fruit swollen with juice—it is impossible to describe. And it is not at all static: it is a movement, a rhythmical movement, but as vast as the universe. And it is one and only one *Whole* that moves itself. A *Whole* of divine Delight.

It seems that the pulsation of each cell, this gorging of delight, is in synchronisation with the great Pulsation of the universe—it is the same movement, the same Pulsation which swells up the whole and each atom of the whole. It was really each cell that swelled up, and at the same time, it was the whole swell all and each particle of the swell that swelled up.

If it is like that, it is a life of ecstasy! (not “mystical” ecstasy: *physical* ecstasy—or else it is physics that becomes mystical!) The Divine is the supreme materialist.

*

Here, Voltaire opens an eye: “How lucky! I narrowly escaped hell!”

And Rimbaud, opening another eye: “Zounds! my dear, I narrowly escaped heaven.”



August 26, 1983

The new “respiratory movement” seems to be becoming more natural for the body. This morning, very spontaneously and *simply*, the body entered that pulsatory movement of swelling, *extremely rhythmical*, with its period of swelling and spreading out. It is really like a breathing, but not a breathing with two small individual lungs: it is a sort of global or total breathing—one enters *into* a Breathing. Not only each of all these billions of cells swells up individually, but that swelling is part of a great inflating swell of or a great “breathing swell” which must swell up billions and billions of particles everywhere, a bit like the moon pulls the entire ocean and makes it go up and down. It is a total, global Breathing, perhaps universal, which makes all the cells swell and rise in its great swell of nectar, then spreads them out and everything is smooth and luminous. And that seems to unfold in a very majestic way, if I may say so, according to an immense rhythm. It is not at all an individual breathing, of an individual body and of individual cells, it is a *movement* of a respiratory swell, or a great respiratory undulation which one enters (perhaps—for sure—it is there all the time, but the body becomes to be aware of it and to consciously participate in it—and with delight).

Perhaps it is the breathing of the Lord!

And in the period of swelling, it is like an OM of adoration and gratitude which rises from all-all the cells.

The nectar is this very adoration. Or this adoration is the very nectar.

It is a movement of offering and love so total, so deep-deep-deep. As if that emerged from the depths of the ages of Matter.

Then one has the feeling of such a perfect cleaning! so complete! One is completely clean.

You alone exist. It is the supreme cleanliness (Death and all that are

unclean things—dirty illusions—that is, not conscious of WHAT IT IS).

*

If one knew how to keep that undulatory breathing all the time, one would be new at each undulation or pulsation.

There is no need to make theories: one must taste and be.

*

Afternoon

What is interesting is that the experiences are always completely unexpected. It is also reassuring: the individual consciousness or will have nothing to do with it. It is “a phenomenon that unfolds,” or “a process that unfolds,” according to laws that I cannot grasp. But one really feels a Law.

For more than an hour and a half it was an ascension of the corporeal consciousness, but a complete emptying, as I had never seen (one would never had thought that there was such a quantity of substance in the body!). Not an atom of fear! Something in the distance (I think that it was my parrot!) was saying: “One can well die of it!” but it did not exist for the body!—simply, all of its consciousness was rising-rising towards ... That, the Divine, the Supreme, with a total certitude that it was the Divine on whatever side. As if there were no more “sides.” Truly as if death did not exist. And yet, after an hour and a half, it was such a complete emptying that it was (or it logically had to be) the “point of death”—everything seemed squeezed out, all of the corporeal consciousness, like a squeezed lemon. But this “point of death” was nonexistent for the body! That is to say, there was no fear at all (perhaps “death” was to be afraid!). At last, at the end of 1h 45 or 2 hours, a dense mass, solid, immobile, came into the body by successive doses. For the body, it was Sri Aurobindo-Mother. It was: “Simply to be Yours.”

I think that the consciousness of the body is in the midst of being

completely remodelled.

And I well understand that nothing can happen as long as the old laws of the subconscious and the unconscious, of death, fear and the individual ego, and all that, are not completely dissolved. The whole body, down to the last atom, must escape from the Stranglehold of Falsehood. Afterward, we'll see.

It is nonetheless long and tiring (It is perhaps also an "idea of tiredness"! that has to disappear).

*

I suddenly remember my "black post," from which one "redescended from death" as if nothing had happened!

And yet there is a position from which one doesn't redescend! (a wrong position of the consciousness in that case. It is the illusion that prevails).

It is *the body* that is beginning to understand all that.

The body has an "irrevocable" way of understanding. Like riding a bicycle (!).

Mother did say: "To understand, for the body, is to be able to do."



August 28, 1983

I don't know what is happening in this body, in this cellular, material substance, but there is such an intense thirst in it—one could say devouring—like that of an island that tries to rejoin its continent. Something that pulls with all the fibers of the body. Suddenly, it seems that Matter has become conscious of its false, artificial, insular state, and it feels cut off, amputated from something—its continent. For ages Matter (or rather life) spent its time building individual isles, fortified shells, armored egos, and now it is an inverse tension to break this isolating artifice and find again the

material, *physical* totality. It is crying. Sometimes, it gives the feeling that the body is going to explode. And at the same time, there is a thirst for bursting. Sometimes, it is a bit of a struggle between the fear of bursting and the thirst for bursting. The millenary habits defend themselves, but centrally, one feels that an irreversible movement is being set in motion.

And in fact, how to undo this centralization or corporeal fortress without making the whole body blow up? Or without losing one's body like a suitcase which one forgets on a platform.

One doesn't know how all that will end.

On the divine continent!

The logical consequence is ubiquity.

(In the present conditions, it would be a rather painful ubiquity).

Probably, everything is in the process of being well-well prepared for the day of the radical operation.

It probably took many attempts and adaptive "experiences" before the amphibian landed on a new beach.



August 29, 1983

Today, all of life, all beings, everything appeared to me as masked: everywhere, the masks of Falsehood, the parade of Falsehood, the disguises of Falsehood. And there was a corporeal aspiration of the whole being, so intense, for: truth-truth-truth, simple-simple-simple, pure: at last WHAT IT IS. One could have dissolved oneself in that aspiration (I mean, one could get dissolved).

And Sri Aurobindo, Mother, there—otherwise, one gets dissolved.

This material world of false matter seems to me more and more uncertain. The impression of being like a lost child, without past. My Douce

is my anchor. Otherwise, I don't know....

Yet, I am fully aware that it is in this false matter that one has to work out the transition. One has to be able to remain on both sides. It is that.

This afternoon, I had the feeling of being like a *diffuse* bluish *mass*—a bit more and it would be completely diffuse.



August 30, 1983

What is most painful for it is this sensation that the act is never right, the reaction is never right, that everything is an approximation and that one walks blindfolded. That provokes such a thirst for absolute truth in the body. Really, the body is like a plant, it needs sun and rain, that is concrete love for it, concrete truth for it, concrete life, and if it doesn't have that, if it gropes its way through the shadow, it is immediately like death. And that provokes this thirst, so absolute that one has the feeling, the sensation that everything is going to dissolve, that the body is going to cut free from its moorings and ... I don't know. No human aspiration, however powerful it is, resembles the devouring absolute which can be found in these cells.... I know nothing similar in all existence. So one wonders ... where it is going.

The body is the site of absolute truth and absolute love—it is truly an absolute, unmixed and supreme need. Nothing else. Its aspiration is almost as difficult to bear as the spilling of this love and this sun of truth (maybe it is the same thing: aspiration = answer!). It is the same thing that calls and the same thing that answers.

It is becoming very acute.

Is it death? is it transformation? It seems at times so much the same.

Curiously enough, this body almost has a sorrow for its incapacity to live the truth. It is painful and makes for a kind of wrenching aspiration. Well....

One only has to continue.

*

When one opens newspapers, it seems that everyone wants to kill everyone.

*

Evening

This tiresome assault of adverse voices, day after day and hour after hour.... It is relentless. And it sticks.

The most frightening is that to me they whisper and insinuate, but to men in general, they make *do*.



August 31, 1983

This morning, the body, the material consciousness, discovered a splendid “thing.” Suddenly, it visualized (as if it were a sensation projected into images). It felt-saw-perceived itself as emerging from a muddy and totally obscure pond, and the first rays of the sun, the limpid air which *caressed* its back. And it was so concrete! There was still a bit of its body that bathed in the pond, and then... then it understood all that fauna therein, that swarming of countless larvae and various fish, not to mention the barracudas with their sharp teeth and quite a few caymans, in short this nasty and gluey magma, completely blind, which repeated and repeated and insinuated, while trying to bite its legs: You are going to explode up there, you will lose your body, you will lose your solid grasp and solid fins in our solid matter, you will destroy your brain, you will become blind (the fact is that my sight has very much deteriorated ever since I’ve been in those concentrations), your heart beats irregularly (that too!) and most of all, *you*

are going to die. So it was miraculous! The worlds were reversed: all that swarming of death suggested to you that the true death was to get out of this reasonable pond, at least breathable, at least adapted to the fish light and the scientific facts of fish life. It was marvelous! All of a sudden, the body visualized its own falsehood and that gave it an irrevocable power to struggle and reject all those voices which did not cease to throw a mortal doubt on its effort to emerge into the sunlit air. Suddenly, instead of seeing things from the bottom up, from the depths of the pond towards the sun, it looked at them from the top down, from the sunlit air to those obscure and swarming depths which tried again to snatch it into the old death—death was *within* that life. Truly, it seemed that the material consciousness was discovering a *power* to unstick itself from the old, obscure, mortal and reasonable swarming. It was coming out of the muddy swamp—sun, life, limpid air, that was the truth. The truth was to *get out* of there. It was anti-death itself. And all those old fossilized carps which did not cease to wisely whisper: “Who do you think you are with your ‘concentrations’ and ‘meditations?’ What do you imagine? You are a poor little fish like everyone else and all your concentrations will not change anything to the free air, perfectly clear and perfectly sure of our aquatic life. You are dreaming!”

Ouf!...

There, we are coming out of the muddy pond. And everything that says that it is dangerous and mortal is the very Falsehood and Death itself.

When we say “the subconscious,” it sounds like an abstract psychiatrist’s story—but when it comes to the pond, it becomes very concrete! And that’s how things are. (And it is the great falsehood of that pseudo-science which seeks for the secrets in the muddy “depths”—and sticks you to them even more—instead of seeking the secret in the great sun of above).

*

Afternoon

I think that I am on the track of a secret.

The practical secret of diffusion without making the form explode.

It is too early to speak of it.

*

Since this morning, a new confidence has come into the body (I could almost say a new boldness).

Confidence is of a degree superior to faith (one can have faith and no confidence at all!)



September 1, 1983

A decisive change occurred almost without my noticing it! We don't understand what is "important"! But it is capital. One could say that the Grip is dissolved—the illusion is DEAD!

It occurred since yesterday morning's experience, when the body "visualized" that muddy pond—well, I noted it down and it seemed to me "interesting," but I was very far from believing and understanding that that visualization was a real POWER for the body. All the stories of the Mind are always stories and gilding on impotency. But there it is very simple: it is seen and therefore it IS. And that's all. Suddenly, that muddy pond which has conditioned millions and billions of human beings for thousands of years = dissolved! It had no longer any power. Really, Sri Aurobindo has said it, it is a *spell*, a hypnotism, an old magic which covers the triumphant Power in Matter—the *Divine* in Matter. All that which would have us believe that it is the law of this, the law of that, the impossibility of this or

that ... in short, all the “laws” of Matter and bodies—and above all, which would have us believe that the Divine is not there, can do nothing there, and that the millenary and “evolutionary” and “scientific” laws will carry on for thousands of years more—all that ... pffff! an illusion, a hypnotism! There is the Divine and *only* the Divine. It is not “Yours,” it is *You*. The Divine is the only reality.

Then suddenly, all of this Matter found itself immersed in light as if by enchantment, quite simply! Usually, one felt that the light had to traverse all sorts of small, thin meshes to reach the body, and now those small meshes had disappeared! And I suddenly realized what those little “meshes” were—they are the last, very subtle and “spiritual” threads of the old discipline (but which are perfectly part of the muddy pond, which are even one of the more subtle glues of that nauseous pond). It is that old habit of “objectivity” and “purity”: Are you truly sincere? Are you truly pure? Are you truly consecrated? Are you not cheating behind? Have you really given yourself? Is it not your ego? Do you have the right attitude? Don’t you add your imaginations to reality? Do you think it’s really the Divine that you feel? Do you think it is really the Supramental? Do you.... One could write ten pages of these honest “do yours,” which are simply the thousands of subtle and muddy doubts that the old magic would like to throw on the Experience. For Experience, the only true Experience, the only reality is that You alone are there. You are the only Reality. You alone exist. So all at once those thousands of little thin and shiny and “honest” and “scrupulous” and “objective” and “spiritual” meshes had fallen into dust—THE LIGHT REMAINED. THE ONLY REALITY remained. The body could not even say “Yours” anymore. It was You. As simple as that.

The illusion has fallen.

The millenary magic has fallen.

It is You.

The work will be able to start.

The old Hold is dead.

And at the same time, I understand why one cannot “tell the Secret.” I was shocked when Mother told me: “Sri Aurobindo left without telling us his secret,” but one cannot “tell” the secret!—it is *the body* that must discover the secret, it is the *body* that must understand, the *body* that sees by itself. Then it is powerful. It is like riding a bicycle! One cannot compose a handbook about the secret of the bicycle; it is the body that must understand and learn, fall and suddenly find the point of harmony or the point of reality of the bicycle.

Everything is clear.

What remains to be done is to set things in motion.

You are the *only* reality.

It is *You* and nothing else.

Simply, the body visualized that muddy pond and it was enough! That dissolved the old power of the pond. For the body, to see is to be able to do.

It is like a sudden transparency in the body (as a consequence of that, I understand that beginning of a secret that I touched yesterday about the “diffusion” without making the form explode—it is to be followed up, it is the consequence of the dissolution of the muddy pond).

*

Afternoon

An immense Divine transparency

It is unbelievably simple.

It lies in itself.

It is like Shiva ... a Shiva who would have become material.

*

Evening

The American Senate is going to proclaim October 2 as the American Gandhi's "day"!

The so-called Mahesh Yogi publishes on the first page of all the great newspapers of the world (America as well) a large box print announcing the formation of an "illuminated world government," which intends to resolve all the world's problems!

The Adversary completely confuses the issue so that no one recognizes anything whatever and all the true Possible is drowned under the same mask of imposture.

It is an immense Tower of Babel, an enormous, systematic stupefying action on consciousnesses.

I don't know what Krishna keeps up his sleeve....

Perhaps it is incredibly simple (as well)!

Maybe he is in the process of dementalizing men! What would a loony say in front of an electronic computer?—that it is mad, that's all! In front of a nuclear machine, a pope in a white skullcap?—that it is mad, that's it. And all is mad, except the madman!



September 2, 1983

IT IS THE DAY OF THE BEGINNING.*

2.9 19 83

= 11 10 11



* The only event today : the South-Korean plane shot down by Russians—what does it matter ?! Demonstrations in Pakistan too.

September 3, 1983

So absolute a thirst in the body that it is almost like a call for dissolution.



September 4, 1983

The most difficult thing to accept is that, at every moment, one bumps against an “I don’t know.” It is a perpetual “I don’t know.” This “I don’t know” is very difficult to admit, without knowing in what direction one would know. Truly, it is very difficult for a species to know how one could be of another species—if one knew it, it would probably be done. So one is there banging and banging, calling, praying and burning.... And when that Delight comes, that Love, everything then melts, everything is full, perfect, miraculous—but one still doesn’t know! it is still the old species, the old way of being, of perceiving and acting, of having a stiff neck or eyeache. It is another air that comes, but it is still the old lungs that remain (and the old torticollis!).

This is not a “complaint”: it is a question. A perpetual question.

And one cannot know the direction, because *all* directions are the directions of the old world: it is the North, South, East and West of the old geography. So how to go into a geography that doesn’t exist yet? That is to say, there is *nowhere* to go—it is something that must veer in the body’s consciousness. A new North.

Well....

To comfort oneself, one could say (humorously) that since there is “no direction,” if one doesn’t know the direction, it is because one is in the right direction!

This thirst in the cells, that is the key. Thirst must inevitably lead to that which quenches thirst. Thirst is the “direction.”

And then ... the direction is I-love-you.

*

Afternoon

The body has understood something very important. A secret of attitude. For a few weeks, the experience has become more precise, by small “touches” or doses, until the day when I thought I felt that secret of diffusion without blowing up the form.

In fact, it is very simple. There are two ways of repeating the Mantra or “seizing” the experience. One which is voluntary and active—and it is not the correct one: the Mantra hardens and becomes like a diamond armor. The other, which is flexible, almost “soft,” if I can say so, and it is that one that I am discovering, little by little.

When that marvelous, supreme, extremely intense and quick (hyperquick) Vibration comes, there is something in the cells and the whole body that throws itself on it like a thirsty man—and that harms or hardens the experience and impedes it from fully developing. There is another attitude: it is to become completely passive, almost soft, almost like a piece of cottonwool which lets itself be slowly impregnated and saturated by or in this bath of Mother-Sri Aurobindo. Then one has the almost detailed perception of the millions of fibers which are slowly-slowly impregnated, bathed with Power and Light, until the “cottonwool” is completely saturated, down to the bottom and to the end. Once saturated, there is like a “spreading out” of the whole being, which becomes in some way “co-spread out” or melted, mixed with the whole Bath or the whole ocean of Power-Light. At the end of this complete spreading out, the body (the

“cottonwool”) receives a new “drop” or a new “injection” of that Bath of Power-Light and the same process slowly repeats itself, fiber by fiber, until the end, down to the bottom. A complete swelling up of the bit of cottonwool. Then a spreading out or a co-extension along with the Bath or the ocean. It is the phenomenon of the “pulsatory body” or supramental “drop by drop,” but lived much more completely, more in detail, if I can say so, and perhaps (certainly) more efficiently because more totally, atomically, we could say. And then, in this complete passivity, nothing stiffens anymore, nothing wants to “catch,” to “seize”—one surrenders totally—and it is like a transparency which allows one to spread out (the corporeal, cellular, atomic consciousness) without blowing anything up. Finally, each “drop” or each pulsation becomes more and more “voluminous” or dense and the body sustains better that growing density and detailed impregnation because it is completely “soft,” passive, surrendered: it bathes consciously, with love, in Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s Bath. And it is simple and without danger.

It is a pulsatory body “in slow motion.” Each pulsation lasts perhaps three or four minutes, or even more.

I think that it is the true and efficient attitude. With that, one should be able to surrender very “far,” and also to bear more and more powerful drops. That is to say, the movement becomes more total and microscopically reaches all the points of the body.

Instead of trying to take, one lets oneself melt within it.

It is the method of the hydrophile cottonwool! (or perhaps Sri Aurobindophile (that is, “who likes” Sri Aurobindo).

It is much better!

*

Evening

One becomes aware (almost in a mechanical, physical way) that the movement is irreversible. One cannot go back when one has started this yoga. It is either transformation or dissolution.

But in any case, it is the direction I-love-you.



September 5, 1983

Vision

Last night, I was trying to find or buy a “new bed” for myself everywhere, but I could not find....

I don't know what that means.

*

I think that there is only *one* problem in this physical creation. And everything revolves around the problem of death *in the consciousness of the cells* (not what one thinks about it or feels or believes or sees, but what the cells see). One could say: the cellular attitude in front of death, and there is or there must be something that is neither the acceptance of death nor the refusal of death, but the dissolution of death through a certain attitude of the cells.... This is badly said, but if the problem could be formulated exactly, it would probably be resolved—it is on the cellular level that it must be resolved. And in the only possible way: through experience.

I continue to believe and feel that the key to everything is “You alone exist.”

I always recall this little sentence of Mother: “I am seeking for the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted.”¹

¹ The exact sentence is : « I have the impression that I am on the way to discovering . . . the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted—discovering that

*

But the real touchstone, so it seems to me, will be when the state of consciousness of the cells is able to modify or act on the state of the purely material matter—on the “physical fact,” as Mother would say.

*

This morning, out of Delight, this marvelous Nectar came. A golden bath. The whole body bathed marvelously, deliciously, *in* Mother and Sri Aurobindo. That is the answer to everything—not only the answer, it is the new indestructible life, it is the sun of immortality, or rather non-death,* it does not exist therein. That contains everything, is everything, can do everything—it IS.

It is the only thing that is.

So smiling an ecstasy! oh! so simple! It is the Supreme itself in Matter.

The whole body stammered, only knew how to stammer: O, Lord, O Lord, O Lord . . . , in an absolute rapture.

The illusion consists in not living that, not being conscious of that, not bathing in that forever.

The Supreme is a delicious child. And one *is in* that delicious childhood.

*

One is in That or one isn't, that's all, there is no other “problem,” and all problems come from that one is not in That.

I could close my notebook with that.

*

PS: My torticollis has gone, in that nectar bath! I almost didn't realize it!¹

death comes from a . . . a distortion of consciousness.” (*Mother's Agenda*, XII, December 25, 1971).

* Deathlessness, really. Without death—immortality still implies “mortality.”

¹ In fact, it has nothing to do with a « torticollis, » I was to understand it years later. They are the circulatory or “respiratory” channels of the New Power, the Supramental, which are situated on each side of the spine, coming down from the neck (or the encephalon) down to

It is the torticollis of the world that is beginning to go! I recall Sri Aurobindo:

Heaven in its rapture dreams of perfect earth
Earth in its sorrow dreams of perfect heaven...
They are kept from their oneness by enchanted fears.

*

O Master, how well you saw *everything*.

*

Afternoon

Today, September 5, 1983, is a great day for the Earth.
May your ecstasy radiate through all of this terrestrial matter.

*

To let myself tranquilly be inhabited by you and it is that that will do all the work.

*

This time, the two sides are joined in a human consciousness and in a terrestrial body.

At least one man has gone through the doors that They opened.

the tip of the feet. It is what Chinese medicine calls the Great Meridians. These channels, in their excessive or “abnormal” circulation, under the effect of this considerable Energy, swell up and make for a *collar* of pain which gives the impression that the blood circulation of the brain or towards the brain is blocked or obstructed. Sometimes, that collar is so strong that the heart suffers or believes it is sick, or contracts. And there is that panting, as if one could not manage to breathe. It was what happened to me in 1980 or ‘81, when we called Dr. Aigueperse, a heart specialist, fearing a heart obstruction. It happened to me under the effect of a first premature “supramental descent,” without even my understanding that it was a “descent.” Dr. Aigueperse and his electrocardiograms showed that there was nothing wrong with the heart, but he never was able to explain that “collar of pain,” and with reason. Years later, I was still struggling with that difficulty (more spread out and intense!). One easily mixes up those “energetic circuits” with the blood flow, but they are two different, if interactive systems).

That means that other men will go through.
It means that the Earth is going to change.

*

Night

An inrush of Divine Love and Nectar. It is unimaginable.

Never has the Earth known that....

It is Sri Aurobindo and Mother *there*.

All is possible.

The thing is done.

Oh! Lord....

One wonders how everything does not explode.

For all those blinded men, I would like to say:

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

Glory to You, Lord

OM



September 6, 1983

(All the beautiful trees on the side of the path cut).

I had to go to the village for some shopping. The devastation is at our door. It is truly the paroxysm of “Horrible Man.” One feels suffocated and strangled.

No, *Homo Sapiens* has disappeared for a long time. *Homo Horribilis* remains. And they are not even aware of it.

It is a cry of revolt in the whole being.

O Lord, it has to change, it *has to* change, it is urgent.

A monstrous sickness has seized the earth of men, and at the same time, there is that inconceivable and unimaginable Marvel—that Splendor.

*

Afternoon

O Lord, may Your Divine beam be able to traverse purely in at least one point.

In the impersonal transparency, a for-mi-da-ble Power.

The “pipe,” as Mother would say.

It is that.

*

Evening

This material consciousness is a marvel: its intensity, its *exclusive* sincerity, its spontaneous concentration, its surrender, its natural adoration, its absoluteness in the goal, its divine obstinacy—when it has understood, there is no purer an instrument of the Divine. Even when everything else vacillates and flickers, it is straight and total in its giving. Nothing can make it let go of what it has seized, felt and adored.

The mystery is the transition from that material consciousness to purely physical Matter.

In fact, this material, corporeal consciousness is what makes the lizard go round in circles indefinitely in its lizard’s round and the goldfish in its fishbowl, but it can also indefinitely go around the Divine Sun and want only that.

It is the agent of realization.

I say “material consciousness” or “corporeal consciousness,” but it is perhaps that which Sri Aurobindo and Mother call the “mind of the cells” or

the “body-mind.”

It is what keeps each species in its round.

But it is formidable!

We are going to change rounds?



September 7, 1983

Since the second of September (since that very evening), there is a constant disturbance in Matter around, like a microscopic assault from all sides. It is an opportunity to verify the unity of Matter!—as soon as one point is touched, all the surrounding points (how far? perhaps everywhere) are touched. But what normally would have be translated as a grating, a nervous irritation, a mute exasperation, this time expresses itself very differently. Behind all that, there is a solid, unwavering vibration—not only solid but deep, as if the very foundations of life were not touched or no longer touched by “outer” disturbances. According to the “spiritual” method, the yogi *imposes* his will of calm and that will presses down on Matter (while everything below continues to seethe), but now, since September 2, there is no need to “impose” whatever will of equanimity or calm: it is the foundation itself that *is* calm, unperturbed, as if the very basis of life had changed. It is a solid vibration at the bottom of or behind everything, something in the body that knows and lives: It is You, it is You, it is You ... without having to “struggle against” or “impose” anything, since it is You!

It is You, and that’s all. So, where is the disturbance?

I don’t express myself well, but I feel that that modification of the basis, or of the vibration of the basis, is of a great importance. It is not the result of a will or an effort: it is the very basis that is like that—the *material* basis.

In fact, it is the passage from the grating, vulnerable, contaminated (by everything) false matter to the solid, dense, smiling true matter.

It is the Matter that turns around the Divine Sun instead of this false matter which wades in the subconscious mud, hypnotized by all those small sharks, alligators and various larvae.

I think that all that Mother calls the “physical mind” are the thousands of small (or big) adverse voices which constantly filter out of that subconscious pond. True Matter and true material, corporeal consciousness thumb their noses at them! It is the old Grip that is defeated.

Then one realizes to what *point* they have opened the path.



September 8, 1983

(Mother, divine, supreme, immense: it was difficult to bear).

I walk with my hand in Yours.

Without error

Without shadow

Without ego

And without fear

Child of Your new truth

Child of Your new life

Child of Your new evolution.

It is the time of the divine truth

The end of separation.

*

Evening

I have the impression of being like an electrode of Mother in this global bath of mud.

*

It is completely useless to become a being endowed with visible divine qualities (light, luminous, etc.). He would be immediately recycled in all the TV sets of the world and would become a global “god”—once more, the adoration of the Supreme would be distorted and diverted. *First of all*, the human Falsehood must be shattered, broken, and the Supreme Truth must inundate men—or those who will be able to bear it and will be consenting. AFTER this radical cleansing, the divine beings, the new race will be able to develop very *naturally* and it will not be difficult at all—it will be a *natural consequence*. What is difficult is this radical purification of the human Falsehood.

One must be a *pure* electrode, which lets the Supreme Current pass purely through.

Logically, this Current should render the sickness of the Earth increasingly “sick”—the false humans will really die of it.

It will be the sickness of the undermen.



September 9, 1983

Since yesterday, the body has the sensation of Mother, immense, taller than the Statue of Liberty, standing and covering all of this place, and a formidable Power which spreads in terrestrial Matter.

There is not a shadow of a fear in the body: it is in Mother as one is in one’s mother. That’s it. But as an overflowing, it seems formidable.

Will she confront the human Beast? The body’s sensation: it is neither love nor delight nor anything personal—pure Power.

The Power of the Supreme Mother.

Let the Earth-of-Truth be.

(It seems that the “landing beach” is ready!)



September 10, 1983

I’m beginning to very painfully measure my material unity with all the surrounding Matter. It seems that from everywhere, things, Matter come to tell me: You see, this is not in order, that is not as it should be, and this is deteriorating and that is dirty.... And the devastation all around which presses and presses, as if the sea were rising.

There are no islands in the Pacific.

Where is the non-assailed island of Matter?

It produces a kind of sorrow and un-ease in my whole body and I struggle and struggle, but....

So I feel the fragility of my own body island.

*

And at the same time, I feel the ruinous ineptitude of the whole world, all those global clowns who go giving their precious speeches at the “United Nations,” and that pretentious barbarism everywhere. The earth is oppressed.

O Lord, You are the only solution, You *alone* can do.

It seems that it is all of Matter that cries and prays in my body.

One would dream of such a pure material prayer that it would change the course of the world and turn on the waterworks of the Divine Grace.

*

A very idiotic and ridiculous example: after lunch, I had the *corporeal*, physical sensation of being dusty (I could not see any dust), then I realized that my clothes had gathered some dust or rather I shook my clothes and

realized that they were dusty!—So, idiotically, the body (without seeing) feels the dust as an unpleasant part of itself!

Well, there are many “parts of itself” that it feels more and more painfully and which are not merely dust! One cannot (yet) shake the world’s barbarism like a piece of dusty clothing.



September 11, 1983

No experience is more marvelous, more delicious on earth than that New Sun.

It is unique. It is NEW.

It is the end of death, the end of illnesses, the end of all specters. The end of Falsehood, the end of the mental pretentions and trickery—it is the TRUTH, simple, marvelous, delicious.

It is really a new reign.

Then, all of a sudden, one understands the immense Sense of the Earth, since it is this material, corporeal-cellular consciousness which has the extraordinary grace or extraordinary and *unique* privilege to taste and to know that Love, that Adoration, that Delight.... Nothing in the other worlds, no other part of the being, neither the Mind nor the Vital nor the gods have that supreme ecstasy of the divine Sun in Matter—it is *THERE*, it is only there that that exists in its purity. It is the tiny little cell that has the immense grace to recognize and perceive and taste the Supreme ecstasy of the Supreme. It is for that that the Earth exists, it is for that that Matter exists. The other worlds can wallow or wander in beauty, “knowledge,” colorful dramas, this and that, but not in That.

So one understands Sri Aurobindo (I quote from memory):

Thy servitudes on earth are greater, King,

Than all the glorious liberties of heaven.

One understands!

It is a new *reign*. Just as there is a mineral, vegetal and animal reign—*there is* a divine reign, and what a reign!

And one also understands that, ineluctably, That will modify present Matter to render it more simple or “expressive” of that Splendor—but it is accessory. The only capital (and delicious) thing is to let oneself be possessed and impregnated totally by That—as a peach is impregnated by its own juice! All those outer and fabulous changes which could appear to men as the supreme Proof or the supreme accomplishment are an accessory (almost in the theatrical sense). The pure Marvel is to *taste* That.

The terrestrial existence is a supreme occasion.

It is the *place* of the most marvelous of all salvations. A body of delight, not a crucified body, indeed, as Mother would say.

I now understand perfectly and experimentally what “true Matter” means—it is the same Matter ... shed of its Falsehoods and its black magic.

The path is clear.

One has to go faster than death in order to impregnate all these cells with the New Sun and dissolve all traces of the old Falsehood.

The experience is convincing.

Oh! Lord, I am grateful to You ... for having made me so materialistic (!) or else I would have shot off into the false paradises of the “liberated” Mind ... to come back again and again and learn the same lesson of the Earth.

*

PS: One could say that “false Matter” is not the human reign or even (above all) the animal reign: it is the reign of Horror.

The difficulty lies in having a human body sufficiently healthy and flexible, receptive, lasting, to work out the transition from the horrible reign to the divine reign—yes, to completely pass over to the other bank.

Afterwards, it is the other bank itself that will take care of molding its man.

Once *one* will have crossed (two with my Douce), others will follow, like the little seals in the Bering Strait!

It would be a beautiful story....

Sri Aurobindo and Mother would be in the hearts of all the little seals....

*

Afternoon

This afternoon, I underwent a new type of operation that I don't understand at all. I can only try to describe the sensation without understanding its sense or even whether it is exact.

I was tasting that marvelous delight in all the cells of the body, that golden Nectar, when more or less brusquely, but very imperatively and irresistibly, I felt that I was pulled *behind* my body. Neither upwards nor downwards nor outside (?) but *backwards*, as if a rather formidable Grip pulled the substance or the corporeal consciousness backwards, as one pulls a cake from a cake pan, or pulls an object that was fitted in another one, a little as if I were pulled out of my own image or of the "Satprem mold." But it seemed that I was stuck to that mold by thousands and thousands of fibers, and it was as if one pulled and pulled all this pack of fibers (like chewing gum!) to unstick it from that mold. It was somewhat formidable and imperious. And it pulled *backwards*: through the neck, the shoulders, the back, as if to drag me out of "myself" (?) through the back!

There was not a shadow of fear in the body, though one did not know very well in what direction one was going to be "unstuck," and if that pack of "fibers" was not going to snap like a rubber. The body, the cells, all those fibers *knew* that it was Mother-Sri Aurobindo who were conducting a small operation (not very understandable). But as that "pulling backwards" had lasted for more than an hour, the body began to become tired, a little as if it

desired to faint and let the rest happen without worrying about it.

So I stopped the experience or it stopped by itself, without my knowing where it was leading.... It was really a strange sensation.—unstuck from the mold! (but not yet completely), and it stuck to that damned mold.... I would not even know how to exactly describe what was truly happening. All this is an approximate noting down—we shall see if the experience develops and leads to something.

*

One understands very well that it is not a “psychological” change of nature, but a *physical* one.

*

Evening

I am completely exhausted, not far from fainting. Not two grams of vital energy in the body. Perhaps this afternoon they wanted to tear away from me all the old vital energies? Those thousands of fibers which stick.



September 13, 1983

When that golden, triumphant, sublime and divine flow invades the body, the veins, the cells, like a rising tide, one understands that That can do *everything* that it wants. Impossibilities lie only in our small idiotic consciousness.

Is the hour of the divine “miracle” approaching?

And not only has the body no fear anymore, but it says, it cries out: I am ready for *anything*—anything so that that Marvel comes true. And it doesn't think of itself: it is always *the Earth*. May the Possibility, the Marvel accomplish itself on Earth.

It is an unimaginable splendor of love, of delight, of joy, of *living*

absolute.

And such a power! It very much seems like that gigantic force which crushed and rolled a whole mountain silently in that vision of two or three years ago (already).¹ If there is the least resistance, it breaks.

Obviously, if “that” manifested itself on the Earth, a lot of things would break.... The “absolute” is totally absolute!

*

One cannot prevent oneself from thinking that if such a thing manifests in a terrestrial body, it *cannot* not have consequences in the rest of the terrestrial body.

*

The other day, I was speaking of “visible” divine qualities, but until the earth is cleansed, the best of qualities, I think, is that no one becomes aware of anything! otherwise....

*

Evening

I begin to understand what the “Life divine” means. It is unimaginably concrete and beyond anything I could believe with the old “spiritual” conception!

It is truly another *type* of life.

Religions are dusty, but spiritualities are dried-up—“that” is delicious.



September 14, 1983

I don't understand what is happening.

The whole day, impression of an infiltration of light and power into a

¹ See Notebooks II, vision of August 24-25, 1980.

rocky, very insensible and inert “rock.”

The rock is me (the “pure”physical?).

It is painful.

But then what do I mean when I speak of that delight “in the body,” in the cells? Probably that must be the corporeal, material, cellular *consciousness*.... There must be one more passage between that corporeal consciousness and the physical-physical (?). Unless that insensible and inert “rock” is precisely the physical?

What is the physical?

Perhaps I am coming to the true question?

*

One will know nothing until one has reached the end.

“It is the last step that counts,” Mother said.

What does an archaeopteryx in the making mean?



September 15, 1983

One does not very well understand the trituration one is subject to.

The only North Pole is Mother and Sri Aurobindo.

*

Last night, I saw something concerning China, Pakistan (?) and Bangkok (?).



September 16, 1983

(The false *Agenda*. The “neutrals” of Auroville.)

In the midst of this dishonesty which decomposes everything, dirties

everything, contaminates everything, I want to be purely and totally Yours, and with love. And it is the only solution.

One feels more and more strangled.

*

It seems to me that I open large, ancient eyes on the pain of the world.



September 17, 1983

Everything entered into the Lord, into the Sun-of-Truth, down to the last atom.

There was no longer any “I,” it was perfectly, totally That.

And the Consciousness repeated: The divine reign on Earth, the reign of the Divine on Earth, the end of the Iron Age, the end of Falsehood.

There were bell chimes in there, as if that vibrated over the whole Earth—it was ANNOUNCED.

It was of a great simplicity.

The “announcement” was simply the fact (or due to the fact) that a terrestrial body was “in that.”

One is reaching the change of the world.



September 18, 1983

All of this corporeal *substance* now gives me the sensation of being like a modeling paste or more exactly an extensible mass of translucent protoplasm which is submitted to radiations, infiltrations, pressures, a brewing of diverse intensities, as if all that were an immense, cellular or protoplasmic kneading trough (at that scale) of the beginning of the ages.

And all that is being taught a new life, new energies, new intensities, new pressures and brewings—one could say a new “food” or a way of absorbing something that is completely new. A new “environment.” It gives the general sensation of a golden, dense radiation, sometimes very imperious and almost “virulent,” which kneads and radiates or sends extremely fast beams throughout all this substance. It is of a “formidable” power, that is, irresistible—but there is no longer at all the sensation of “formidable”: there is the sensation of Mother and Sri Aurobindo who knead all that, and the body lets itself go absolutely, like protoplasm or like a jelly, a translucent sponge which would drink and drink those beams and would let itself be pulled and stretched in all directions and swell up without fear of exploding in any way, since it is THEM. All that substance that used to have to get over fear, the murmurs of death, the sensation of bursting, the anguish of the unknown, in short, those myriad small insidious vibrations which stuck to it, as if it plunged thousands and thousands of roots and rootlets into dark and perfidious compost, pfft! it bathes in the divine Sun, and with a superconfidence that everything goes where that wants, that it is being taught a new and marvelous life and it is ready for everything-everything. It is truly a very curious sensation (and delicious, though somewhat mechanical) of protoplasm at the beginning of the ages, and then, instead of the muddy puree of the geological beginnings, it is a bath of Sun! It is taught the solar life.... Let’s see.... But truly, something has changed, radically changed, in the subconscious reactions and the cellular consciousness. It really seems that the millenary Hold has disappeared. One doesn’t dare to believe it!

It is the passage into the pure physical that remains a mystery.

*

Evening

The protoplasm of the beginning was a “virgin” matter which was to take on a shape (to become more complicated), but there the shape already exists, that is the difficulty: one doesn’t start from zero. That is, the existent shape has to simplify itself (not to become even more complicated) without breaking the mold.... How to become a butterfly *in* a caterpillar?

In fact, I don’t think that it is a question of developing new organs: it is the whole digestive, respiratory-circulatory system that has to change. The new breathing (the new “environment”) should encompass the three functions: a nourishing breathing.

Mother said that food (the one that we know) contains its “germ of death.”

Will one smoke cigars? (Perhaps one will have to simplify there too!)



September 19, 1983

This morning, Sujata asked me a question about the English translation of the *Agenda* (volume XIII) and she just read to me a few words of Mother ...and then such an intensity suddenly arose in all the cells.... I told myself (I touched, saw, felt): But for all those hours, days and years with Mother, for all those *seconds*, an imprint was left in the cells—*not a second* passed by unperceived by the cells, even while my “superior” consciousness was completely hoodwinked, or almost so. So I saw-understood in my body the formidable work that Mother did “like that,” without it seeming much, simply by speaking with me, or remaining silent or holding my hands—nothing was lost, not a vibration, everything was invisibly *imprinted* in the cellular consciousness. Oh!...

Nobody has yet discovered the microscopic “magnetic” recording of the cells. They only know the recording of cancer and enzymes, so it spins

imperturbably in the wrong direction.

“Science” has considerably and maleficiently reinforced the Grip of death on the body. It has mortally hypnotized everyone—all bodies, all bodies. It invents “remedies” which *are part* of the same Death. It is a science of Death.

The “Mind of the cells” is the solar recording of Matter.

It does not help to say it: it is *the body* itself that has to unmask the Imposture. Then, it is radical.

It is the first step of the “new evolution.”

I have the impression that it is the central secret.

The imposture of death.

Death is an imposture which covers and eclipses the Divine Sun.

THAT ALONE EXISTS.

*

Death is dead.

*

It is a thousand times more marvelous than anything we can imagine.

The body, the earth is the site of the supreme beatitudes. I know. A billion and a billion times repeated in each cell and each atom.

*

One wonders if all this crust of false matter won't soon be exploding in the world.... If *one* body has felt THAT.

One barely dares to believe it, but I start taking on divine audacities!

*

Oh! how I now understand that “No obstacle, nothing impedes, no obstacle, nothing impedes....” on November 18, 1973. Oh! Lord, oh! Mother, you have done EVERYTHING.

If I let myself be influenced by my emotions, I would start weeping like a fool because of all the incomprehension of the earth (and mine first of all).

*

For the body, these are discoveries as irreversible as that of its first breaststroke in the sea—all of a sudden, it is as if it knew how to swim in the Divine.

The little seals are going to start coming down in the Behring Strait....

*

Afternoon

At one point, I had the sensation-feeling that a supreme Sword was piercing me from side to side.

A descent or a massive presence of Sri Aurobindo.

This is how that was translated in my consciousness:

THE HOUR OF GOD IS COMING.

*

Evening

Either I am going mad or formidable things are being prepared (for the earth).

I pray so much that the Transmission be *pure*.

I think of Mother who used to see, towards the “end,” the “cradle of a formidable future for the Earth” (I quote approximatively). That is exactly what I feel.



September 21, 1983

One would like the prayer to be so strong that it makes You come out of that tomb.

*

I remember, a few weeks ago, during one of those “sector changes,” I found myself telling “someone” (it was Mother): “You will come back up

with me”.... (I don’t know whether it was a question, an affirmation or a prayer^{*}).

If there is not *one* man, *one* being to pull you back onto this side, when and how would you come back? There must be *someone* to call you, no? There must be someone to want you.

There remains a sorrow closed in a deep-deep dungeon. If it broke open, I would be taken away.

*

I have the impression that there is a whole *material* life, very near, which unfolds behind a screen and that that screen is the false physical consciousness, the consciousness of false matter. The screen seems to disappear only on the frontier of “sleep,” by a slight shifting outside of the habitual sector where the physical consciousness is stuck—the movement to pass into the other sector or the other way of being in matter seems like a fainting, but it is only the fainting of the false consciousness or false matter: the two consciousnesses don’t seem to be able to coincide, that is, one cannot be in false matter and in true matter at the same time, in false consciousness and in true consciousness, and that is translated as a sort of fainting, shifting or sleep which is not at all sleep but something else: another way of navigating in Matter, or another “sector” in the same ocean. One navigates in the green and all of a sudden, the white sector unmask itself. One is OK. And there, it is completely different, like another geography or another “gravitation,” and yet it is geographical and terrestrial.... The “dead” seem to navigate very well there, right next to us, and we have a totally different mode of activity, coexistent with our old false mode. And these are two *material* modes, separated by a screen of Falsehood.

* It sounded very natural, as in a conversation.

But ... what if this “screen” of falsehood was like the surface of the sea which separates the world of fish from that of the amphibians which scamper on the beach? Only it is a screen in the material, physical consciousness. And the crossing of the screen gives the sensation of a sliding, or a vertigo or a fainting. But one finds oneself in Matter all the same, another mode of Matter ... the next shore. Really, it is very similar to the operation of the amphibian.

This change of “sector” or change of “environment” seems to often occur at the moment of the spreading out of the consciousness between two pulsations (that “pulsatory” body). Sometimes, the “spreading out” lasts. And that’s when one slides into something else.

It is really like the sheet of water which separates the world of fish from the world of terrestrials. It is a screen in the habitual physical consciousness. Yes, a “sector” which is blocked to us (and which unblocks itself, but is only unblocked at the level of true consciousness or true Matter—when we have emerged out of the muddy pond which holds us back in its mortal and illusory Grip).

The experience is not yet clear enough or not yet conquered. These are still only flashes.

When I said to Mother, in the other “sector” or in the other state: “You will climb back up with me,” what did it mean?

In any case, it means that we would very much like to see her *HERE!*



September 22, 1983

A tiny little “bleeding” example: L. wrote to me about David’s film on me. I was in my bathroom, rubbing my gums and thinking that that film was going to attract bad attention on me—instantaneously, my finger slipped

and I tore my gum with my nail. That had never happened to me. Which means that the contact (with everything) has become immediate and *physical*. That is, one should never think negatively or of bad things or bad people....

That is, in *fact*, one is constantly bathing in the bad “attentions” of the world. One is not aware to what extent one lives in the poison. (I am beginning to know it).

But the opposite is true: if I begin to be able to be affected by everything, it means that reciprocally, I begin to be able to make the Vibration radiate everywhere—logical.

All that suffering and cruelty that I feel is in fact a means of contact and action.... So I understand Mother....

A small electrode of the Divine.

Thank you, Lord, for being able to serve You.

*

With this small story, suddenly the body understood something and it was as if a limit fell (a *physical* limit). A bit as if the body passed from the personal, individual reign to the “cosmic” reign. I don’t exactly know what I mean (!)

*

Probably, for the body (that is, for Matter) everything is immediate: the far end of the galaxies or our village, it is all *here*. The “maximum speed” of light is a stupidity of physicists. Our eyes (of the mind) are perhaps looking “into the past” when they are looking at the sky, but not our body or the “eyes” of the cells, because it is *one and the same* body, of course! In fact, they don’t “look”: they ARE. The contact is immediate.

I am sure that our *physical* eyes are distorted (and limited) by the Mind. If one saw purely physically, without the mental screen (in-built) one would doubtless see very differently.

All the “science” of physicists is only the extension of their Mind and their eyes distorted by the Mind. It is not yet an exact science.

The only science is the science of BEING. One is, so one does. One brushes one’s own teeth! (without a microscope or a telescope or ... all the “ors” of the Mind).

The “maximum speed of light” is the great false piece of data of science—that once demolished, everything else would blow up to make room for a new science (but that would mean that all their Mind would blow up! So....).

For the body (shed of the crust of false Matter) everything must be *spontaneously* universal. Where is the “mystery” of migrations?... One goes into one’s own body! I think that the greatest mystery in the world is the mental prestidigitation! (or the Mind’s black magic). Why did they put those false glasses on our noses? Certainly, we have over birds the advantage of needing a map, a compass and a goniometer to go from Murmansk to Point Calimere (plus a few “tourist” visas, valid for ninety days). I think that the only limitless reign is that of our imbecility.

*

They will say that my notebook is a “monument of misanthropy”—but no! I am enough of a *philanthropist* for “misanthroping” them all! (Besides, I am not a philanthropist but a *divinanthropist*!).



September 23, 1983

Afternoon

This well of delight, this living Marvel.

This absolute adoration.

The little man has disappeared, it was for the whole earth.

A great Divine Descent on the Earth, *in* the Earth.

The change is at our doors.

It is coming.

It wants.

*

Why was I given this Grace of being the witness of the Marvel?

It is like Mother for *The Agenda*.

It is their grace, their supreme gift to Man.

What is happening now is as unbelievable as what was happening at the time of *The Agenda*.

It is perhaps the same thing *in vivo*.

She “leads me into the experience”—not only into the experience, but into the realization of the Story.

These are not “experiences,” these are *facts* which happen for the earth.

I am made to live the realization of their Story.

*

Evening

The experience of this afternoon is still here. It is like something inflexible.



September 24, 1983

Vision

Last night, for the second time, I saw myself with that very young body (about fifteen years old), milky white, truly like milk (an unusual color for me!) with very white little underpants, and I went down a rocky cliff, then

earth, so lightly, almost weightless and dancing. I was going I don't know where. Exactly as I went down the cliffs of the Wild Coast!... I was all alone. I was having fun!

*

Morning

In the depths of my being, very quiet, without a seething, there is such an extraordinary joy! It is like an enchantment. It's incredible. It is not "terrestrial" and yet it is so physical!

It is like something that would vibrate everywhere in the body, almost sing: I love, I love, I love, I love.... It is not believable. I am as if dumbfounded—no, enchanted!

That in itself, by itself, is like a transformation!

*

One has to be *very* quiet so that doesn't overflow.

*

It is really the divine reign—in a terrestrial body! The reign *of* the Divine.

I feel like saying to Mother: Look! look-look!...

Only the body can sustain that, everything else would break.

*

Anything whatsoever! Everything you will want! provided that my hand remains always-always in yours.

In the new reign, one no longer leaves the Divine. One is within it always-always.

*

This morning, I have the impression of being like at the first day of the New Reign. Like a first child of the New Reign. And that dances-dances-dances within the Lord and within Mother!

*

It is like the goal of the Earth that is there!

(And it is physical, since I tear myself from that ecstasy to note that down like small cries).

*

If that divine child came on Earth, they would be *disarmed!* plop! The end of their machines—all, all machines, only the radiant Truth ... that does.

*

No-no-no! I don't feel like it being I, an "I" that does—I feel like adoring you, looking at you, seeing you walk on Earth! That....

There is no longer any "I" in that! simply just enough to be able to adore you and ... peep! cast a small glance at that Marvel.

*

I must shut up—go deeper. To let them do (without my little bird's cries).

It still remains an old scribe who asks himself if he has not a task to do (and who almost feels a frightening anguish of not being exact). I always (often) tell myself that if I don't reach the end, someone has to be able to take up the thread.

*

Afternoon

A for-mi-da-ble bluish-white Power came. It was almost crushing or dazzling. I didn't know how to bear all that. Then I made myself as if very small and *transparent* and immobile. This body was like a small cell of Mother and it was Mother, immense, as if standing on the Earth and covering the whole Earth, in such a formidable silence, like an immobile cataract. I don't know what was happening. But surely, something was happening for the Earth. I was a small point in that formidable Power. As if they had their "landing beach" here. I don't know. This body was as if petrified or immobilized, so transparent that it did not take up space and did

not encumber.... And that silence, so formidably powerful. I only heard a bird outside and that great eternal wave that I have been hearing all the time for two or three years. I made an effort to get out of there. I wanted to walk.

I am going to walk.

It was like solid light—yes, an immobile cataract.

It is far beyond the little human scale and difficult to bear. But marvelous.



September 25, 1983

Evening

In the forest, everything began to swirl around: trees, earth, for more than ten minutes. I thought that I was going to faint. I was cold and sweaty. I told myself: It would be good if I met X. Five minutes later, he passed by there.... I came back as well as I could. But what is interesting is that last night, at one point, I was crossing a “black cloud” (as thick as soot). So everything is *planned* down to the slightest detail. That is part of the manipulation.

I am emptied of forces tonight.

But it is comforting!

*

(Personal Letter)

You are “dumbfounded” that Mother and Sri Aurobindo can act on Carmen *in spite of* her entourage. But the “supramental” doesn’t care about the psychology of the subject (or subjects)—the Mind and the vital are smoke screens: the supramental works from Matter to Matter, or directly in Matter. So? All that crust of false Matter is precisely *the illusion* of the

world.

The only necessary thing is that the material consciousness of the subject (or subjects) be *clean* and receptive to the true vibration. If it does not want it or if it is dirty, it breaks or dies according to the “normal” procedure.

If all depended on people’s thoughts or feelings, it would be hopeless for the world!

S.

The “apocalypse” is cellular.

The selection is cellular.

Let’s see....

The new consciousness is cellular.



September 26, 1983

All this material consciousness was like a dark blue ball without dimension (it could be anything at all, it could be the earth). It was extremely dense and immobile, without any “I” in all that, except through a point of prayer which embraced all of that: “May Your divine reign come on Earth.”

I had the sensation that all of this material consciousness belonged totally and truly to Mother and Sri Aurobindo and that ... they did there what They wanted. That’s all.

*

Indira G. on her way to giving speeches to the “United Nations.” Two titles next to each other in the newspaper: Mrs. Gandhi receives the golden medal of the city of Athens “for her great work for peace.” And: P.M. goes sightseeing.

It is the great international farce. The reign of clowns and fakers.

*

Evening

Sujata reads me this:

I have been working all these years to meet the obstacles and remove them and prepare and clear the path so that the task may not be very difficult for you.

As for my helping you in that task it all depends upon your capacity to receive the help. I can give any amount that you can take.

Sri Aurobindo

(*Evening Talks*, August 15, 1923)

It is poignant.

Who really wanted?

What have those disciples done for ... sixty years?

I see, I touch: the way obstacles disappear is miraculous ... like the ghosts of obstacles—there only remains their illusion! I see, I know, the total and detailed way they have opened up the path is miraculous! So? I still remember Nolini, after Mother's departure: "Now the work of transformation has stopped." The fool! Does he believe that evolution is going to stop? There will be perhaps less stupid men than all those disciples, let's hope.

But now, I truly understand what Mother wanted to say when she said: "The thing is *done*."

And I say: It is *done*.

Who wants?

Because She did not appear, glorious, under their little stupid noses (to smash all their little poetic and recalcitrant egos), they imagine that it has to be redone! that it is for later! that she failed! oh!... And they go and sow the

relics of the great “saints of Pondicherry” here and there, as in Rome! It is frightening. It is scandalous and outrageous. But Mother and Sri Aurobindo and evolution will pass above their small aureols of spiritual and non-evolutionary asses.

It is really a farce on all sides. Imposture on all sides.

*

A breath would perhaps be enough to make the great facade crumble.



September 27, 1983

I seem to hear a chime of triumph in all the heavens.



September 28, 1983

It is very clear—physically very clear: beyond a certain “depth” (if I dare say so), I am no longer able to dissociate this material consciousness or this matter from the rest of terrestrial matter, it is as if impossible: it is the Earth that aspires, that needs, that calls, and it is the Earth that receives that Marvel, that sweetness, those rays of tenderness and love, that transforming power. It is impossible to put up a wall in that, it is one and the same thing (not through philosophical thought, but through the material *fact*). That is, the small bubble of “personal” matter is totally shattered or punctured on all sides. It was an invention of the Mind and a hard secretion of the Mind. But it doesn’t exist.

When I say “beyond a certain depth,” it is not an exact notation. To be exact, as soon as the body is tranquil, a sort of invasion of Power and of swelling happens, and then the body loses its limits (if it did not lose them,

it would explode!). And it is very perceptible whenever the body has to take on again its ordinary exterior consciousness for the necessities of present life: one feels that one re-enters a shell and that that formidable Power has to “decompress” little by little so that the material consciousness can re-enter the shell without exploding. But this state of “shell” is very thin or remains porous all the time. It is a kind of not very real “convention” which makes all the outer contacts rather difficult—one is fragile and easily “affected.”

The “shell” must be formed by all those concentric layers—mental, vital, subconscious, inconscient (as in my small drawing), that is, all of false matter. And now, there is no longer any need of an “ascension of the material consciousness”: it goes through the layers as through a sieve. The material, corporeal consciousness swells up and crosses the walls (like an osmotic membrane).

*

That is to say that *everything* bathes in a supramental air—marvelous, miraculous, divinely free—which we are separated from by our horrible layers, and animals, to a slightest degree (infinitely slighter) by a certain net woven by the subconscious, evolutionary habits, particular to their species.

The most impenetrable of nets is the Mind.

Everyone went to find “heaven” up there, in the pale and brilliant heights of the superior Mind, instead of seeking it in the depths of the cells.

We are navigating right in heaven! Heaven is on earth and everywhere!

Instead of dying in order to go to “heaven,” one traverses the osmotic membrane and one is there—one traverses death while alive!

*

But really, the fundamental secret is to love this Love.



September 29, 1983

This morning, I was visualizing, it was almost like a tangible vision: those men enclosed in their small black bubbles, those billions of men—4.7 billion black bubbles, except perhaps for four or five men, a handful of unknown people in all that—which were covering the earth like heaps of frog eggs, like a giant proliferating cancer. And I felt, the body felt: the only, only solution is that there be at least one *point* in that, purely Yours. Oh! if only one could inject a single drop of that radiant air into that, make the divine revolution in the midst of this strangling night! The body felt with such a strong thirst and intensity: a small pure needle tip would be enough in that, which lets the divine Ray pass through—just a pure drop of That, and everything could change. And it was really as if the body had lost all prudence, all restraint—before, there was always a sort of fear or carefulness of not attracting too much Power which would make the brain and the body crack; now it is as “in God’s hands,” it is You, it is Yours, it is You, it is Yours, and should the lightning fall it would be perfect, provided *it changes*. It is either the death of the earth, or the new life.

And as the earth cannot die, it is necessarily the new life.



October 1, 1983

Falsehood, Falsity, the deformations of physical consciousness have become very concrete for me: that could be measured by the weight of the mud.

All morning, I had to struggle because that coolie had dirtied the atmosphere with his little material thought, and it was like a thin layer of mud at the bottom of a pond—it stuck and covered the consciousness.

There is no longer “my” matter and that of “others”.... So it’s difficult.
One has to learn the job.



October 2, 1983

Vision

Last night, that is, still October 1, I saw this:

I was, as it seemed, in a bedroom (my room), at the top of a “building,” and I was sleeping, when suddenly I was woken by a formidable explosion, as if the foundations of the building had been dynamited. Everything began to shake. I heard a first crumbling towards the lower floors. Then I called Sujata: “As well die together” (there was no more time to escape). Immediately, I saw a long white hand coming to me, almost luminous, but in my consciousness, I told myself: “But no! She must be *physically* near me so that we die together.” The building was going to collapse any time now.

I did not see what this building was. I did not see anything. I was in the dark, asleep in “my” room. I only had the sensation-knowledge that I was “above” and that the building was rather tall (in any case, several floors, but I don’t think it was a skyscraper).

I don’t know what that means, whether it has an individual or a general meaning? or what?

Or is it the “end” of the vision that I had two or three years ago, when I saw that enormous mountain collapsing, crushed by a gigantic force (silently collapsing), while I was near a “building” which was going to crumble soon, for I knew that there would be an earthquake at the end of or after that collapse of the mountain. But there, we still had the time to leave,

while last night, there was no time left....

What does that “building” symbolize? A country? A civilization?*

There was no panic or fear in me: it was a *fact*. The building was about to collapse and we were going to die, so I might as well die with Sujata. And that’s all.

It was 11:37 P.M. when I checked the time.

*

Vision

Which reminds me that the night before, that is, from September 30 to October 1, I was in a place that seemed to me below the earth and I was looking at a kind of immense dark expanse, in the midst of which there were only a few white spots which were not even light, but on approaching, I saw that it was white cotton! A few points of white cotton in the midst of an immense, dark expanse....

I don’t know if it was the earth I was looking at, but I believe so.



October 3, 1983

Night

Never-never would I have thought that such a Marvel could exist on Earth. Oh! marvelous Lord....

On Earth and *in a body!*

*

Only the body can understand what God is.

There, it is a radical, astounding and total conversion.

* Or my own « building » !? But it’s all connected, of course.

(Nothing to do with the “God” of religions—it is almost an imposture. But, well, one had to begin with totems and wizards’ masks).



October 4, 1983

I am still under the effect of last night’s experience. I’ve had it dozens of times, but each time it is a discovery!

No, it is truly NEW on Earth. What Sri Aurobindo and Mother have done is unimaginable—future generations will understand ... perhaps.

When I wrote Mother’s Trilogy, I believed that it would be a revelation for the world (or at least for the disciples), since it was a revelation for me. They accused me of forgery and threatened me with a trial. As for the world....

Now, I am *living* the revelation.

I still remember Mother’s words: “It is the first time that the Avatar, the prophet, has not come to preach but to do.”

*

My constant question remains: How to touch the Earth? To preach is useless in a world where everything is sensational and null, even the latest baby’s layette is “miraculous,” so.... Everything ends up being annulled itself. “To prove” is of no use: it would be one more new “sensation”—they only expect a circus.

So, *to do*. To call for the unexpected divine intervention. What else?

To undertake the silent divine revolution.

My idea of the twelve people on “Mother’s island” was good, but where are the twelve? It would start up again as at the Ashram!

Something is needed that will destroy the human ego—it is the most radical of revolutions.

Really, an “explosion” is needed in the foundations of their building.

The Supermind “will explain itself,” Sri Aurobindo said—let’s see what the explanation will be!

*

Afternoon

Since a while, it seems one wants me to learn a state (of the material, corporeal consciousness) very spread out and immobile in a sort of pale blue light, and one doesn’t know what’s going on. Yet, I hear all the noises of here, but it is like a point in “something.”

When I want to re-enter this point or when I become more precisely aware of this point again, there is a great Power which suddenly flows in and a sort of “decompression” must occur, as when one goes from a certain atmospheric pressure to another. That is to say, one becomes conscious again of the limits and at the same time of the immensity of the Power, too large to enter the mesh of the individual net.

I am only trying to be what they want as totally as possible, because one doesn’t know what one has to want or what one has to be or to look for. One knows nothing. So: Yours. And that’s all.



October 5, 1983

Limpid-limpid, so that You can write Your New story in Matter.

*

For so many years—twenty-five years—I aspired so much to receive purely what came from above—I wrote these books like a prayer in an ardent crystal, oh! to receive the exact thing, to purely transcribe this Music from above.

And now I realize that this is the same thing—but it is their story in Matter, oh! to transcribe purely; may this matter, these cells be so clear that They will be able to print in them what They want—the new story.



October 6, 1983

*(Letter to Carmen, in the last days of her cancer. In fact,
Carmen never received this letter.)*

My Carmen,

I am so close to you—do you know it? Not only my thought or my heart but my *being*, that damned child of two seas^{*}, the Great and the wild one. If only you knew how much She is there (the Great one) and how much Sri Aurobindo is there—so They are necessarily near you. When I am right in the middle of the “work,” the beacon of consciousness often goes to meet you and tries so much to bring tenderness and light into your OBS^{*}. You see, I can tell you this, there is no being closer to my heart than you (apart from my Sujata). It is perhaps a question of “dimension,” as you say, or quality—the world strangely lacks quality. That becomes very painful when one becomes a bit clearer—everything becomes painful, it is truly the pain of the world. But, my Carmen, I am making discoveries which are ... rather formidable (this too I say to you and for you—the others would think that I’m going round the bend). Yes, discoveries that one could call “fabulous”—there is a Fable that is preparing, there is something very marvelous and, we could say, “miraculous,” that is at our doors—but it is

* Translators’ note : in French, *mer* (the sea) and *mère* (mother) sound the same.

* Carmen’s appartement in Paris, rue de l’Observatoire.

not a “miracle”: it is the TRUE NATURAL of the world. Step by step and day after day, I am verifying Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s experience—I live it, you understand. It is totally fabulous. It is difficult, very difficult, but it is *here* and it is a Marvel without possible words, except that it changes everything—it will change everything. You know, I have my sailor’s suspicions, as in front of a too beautiful sea, and I don’t overdo it—I am simple, but it is a simple Marvel. I can no longer refuse the obvious. Nobody will ever know the amazing work that Mother and Sri Aurobindo have done—I really think that no one has *tried* to follow their path.... It is easier to adore, light incense and give speeches (or write books). But when one *tries*, oh! my Carmen, it is so marvelous. It is really a New World on Earth and a sunlit New Law—no more that law of death and fear, and no more that false “Science” which is only a science of death—“That” is the solar Science, the divine Science, and so simple and so *true*—everything melts when one touches “that.” But it is difficult, there is the assault of all the old fears, the assault of all the old “laws”—what an imposture! the assault of all the thought of the world and the old “reasonable” and disgusting atavisms. All the possible assaults are there, within and around oneself, but there is a divine Hand that leads you through the black and through the old Falsehood of laws. And little by little, one *touches* the Wonder, one touches the Miracle, one touches such a delicious Love and sun! and which changes everything. You know, it is triumphant. It is not far, you know, it is right at our doors. And sometimes, I tell myself: But if Carmen, through a grace, could throw herself at that Door, that *only* Door.... A cry within is needed, suddenly a call as one calls the Sun in the midst of this nasty and stupid and painful night of the old world which dies on all sides! That Sun is *here*. It is marvelous, it is tender—it is a Nectar in all the body, I know, I *touch*. Never would I say that to others. But I

understand now why I cut everything off with everyone—at least *one* man had to try! Well, I have tried and I stammer like a child in front of an unimaginable *terrestrial* world. I really think that a certain “cleaning” will be necessary before That can express itself in broad daylight, but it is already there for the pure hearts—the simple hearts. I remember Mother saying: “The Lord is not a pundit!” Oh! he is marvelously simple. I now understand why there is an earth and why all this pain was necessary—but you know, what is there at our doors and in our sunlit hearts is really the Goal of all the ages of pain, it is a Marvel beyond all hope and all imagination. I *know*, Carmen, I am *touching*! You see, I say that to you alone—the others would believe I’m mad. Oh! if only you could lift that false mask of the world and of people’s thought—I am trying to send you some of this new breath, of this so good sun. I would like so much to help you, because I love you.

I am no “healer”—one only heals through one’s own heart. I only tell you that there *is* a marvelous sun in the depths of the body, once it is depolluted from all the Falsehood of the world: and I say that my Carmen *must* be able to open that skylight. I pray, I love you, I am with you.

Very tenderly

We don’t part. Never!

Satprem

*

This morning, I wrote to Carmen to try and tell her of this Marvel that can change everything, and I said in particular: “It will take a certain cleaning before that can express itself in broad daylight.” And suddenly, that reminded me of what I had seen two nights before and which I didn’t exactly understand (I apologize for the untasty details):

*

Vision

I was climbing down a rocky cliff very lightly, as it seemed, but I was covered down to my feet by my white wool blanket. I had the impression that under this blanket was that very young, milky body that I have seen twice, but this time, it was all covered. Then I noticed, or rather I smelt a nauseous smell, and I saw human excrement on the rocks, a little everywhere. I hurried to go down further!

But I well understand now that a “certain cleaning” will be necessary before a light body can show itself in broad daylight! One must remain covered (under cover).

*

Mr. Walesa receives the Nobel Peace Price.... It is a nauseous farce everywhere and under all possible masks.

*

Why do I continue having that triumphant sensation, while everything contradicts it?

*

For the first time this afternoon, I had the sensation that it was the *physical* itself, the physical body and not the corporeal consciousness (the bark, as Mother would perhaps say?) that was invaded by the Supramental Power ... but a gigantic Power for such a tiny little body, like a “bulldozer” which pushes everything in front of it, irresistibly. At first, it was difficult, the body did not understand the movement very well, it did not know how to “take” all that (“take,” as one takes a wave), but with a perfect trust that it was Sri Aurobindo-Mother. At first, it was a little as if it could make you burst. Then, bit by bit, I followed the movement and I realized that this formidable Power seemed to enter through the bottom and not through the top, as if it were rising from the sexual center or even lower down. It entered as if “under pressure,” like a formidable valve pushing the compressed air in front of it, and that rose and rose under the pressure, as if

it forced its way through the whole mesh of the body, its cells, its nerves, its fibers, irresistibly—it filled everything methodically, completely, minutely, and it rose slowly up to the top of the head (there, it was rather difficult to bear, but all goes well when you have confidence); and then, at the summit of the head, when everything seemed about to explode, there was a sort of spreading of the Power, rather brief but “relieving,” and no sooner did that spreading out finish than a new “dose” entered from below under the effect of the pressure, rose and rose like a bulldozer, pushing everything in front of it, going through everything, gathering up everything, filling everything ... and so on, according to a certain rhythm, almost mechanical. It was truly like a Power under pressure pushed *from below* by a formidable “piston.” One had a red sensation, as when it gets too hot. After an hour, I could not take it anymore, or more exactly, the body began to become breathless a little. I wanted to walk. I stopped the experience which seemed to want to continue indefinitely.¹

That seemed like the phenomenon of “drop by drop,” but it rose from below instead of coming from above and it seemed to traverse an “environment” that was heavier or more resistant than the corporeal consciousness (hence the warming up!)—it must have been the physical (?), this old physical shell.

The corporeal consciousness frequently gives me the sensation of a sort of flexible and gelatinous, translucent, malleable protoplasm, while that ... is more “fibrous,” if I dare say so, or more compact and resistant, and opaque too—it is the physical body, I think.

Would it be the last “passage” between the corporeal consciousness and the physical-physical?

¹ It was the beginning or the first manifestation of a long experience that was to last three years. There is probably a link with the vision of October 2, when the foundations of the

*

Evening

The devastation is galloping on the path around, it is awful.
Perhaps we are galloping as well?



October 7, 1983

There is such a weariness in my body, as if it had become very old overnight. All the material life seems to it a meaningless fatigue.... I don't know.

*

Afternoon

An almost physical presence of Mother.

*

I don't know what that means, but last night, I saw Sri Aurobindo, who was holding a photo of Mother on his head!! Then, he gave me that photo ...???

*

Evening

Sujata tells me that it means this: "Sri Aurobindo gives you a presence of the Supreme Mother—he confirms."

*

Sometimes, if I did not control myself, I would weep all the tears of my body.



« building » were dynamited.

October 8, 1983

Such a formidable Power!

Never seen that to such an extent.

So dense that it is almost immobile.

Only bearable in a total transparency, a total adhesion of the body.

Yes, the Supreme Mother.

Like a drop in a white cataract.

One tells oneself: But if all that fell down on earth (this body is nonetheless a small bit of this earth!) then ... what is going to happen?

What a grace! to be able to be that drop.

*

I can't manage to think for a second that all that can be for my personal experience and satisfaction—that would seem absurd.



October 9, 1983

This morning, I had the strange feeling of entering deep layers of corporeal consciousness (cellular, I suppose), and it was as if entering subterranean stretches of water, inhabited by rather amorphous but *responsive* consciousnesses or entities—something that obeys “tropisms”: tropisms of light, heat, density, colors, etc. It was perceived almost exactly: larval movements but neither blind nor inconscient—only a consciousness that doesn't know much and moves according to habits, or rather vibrations or waves (waves of light, heat, etc.) which it has gotten used to. And all the work consisted in infusing the new light, the new Power, the new air, into those deep layers or stretches—that is, the new vibration. To replace the old habitual mode with the new one. And all that amorphous “consciousness” or

semi-consciousness gave a gelatinous and supple impression which let itself be handled with lots of goodwill or of welcoming passivity, if I can say so. In the end, that took a bluish shade and became somewhat translucent. I don't know. It is in progress (it has been so probably for a long time, but this morning, it was perceived in a more detailed way).

In fact, one has the impression that *anything* could imprint itself in that: illness and death as much as the sun. Spontaneously, it seems to seek light, but if one feeds it on rotten habits, it must continue.

In any case, it is something that seems very sensitive to light and colors (I mean, to variations in the vibratory frequency). For sure, it doesn't like darkness at all, even if it can get use to *anything*. But as soon as the new Light comes, it seems to turn to that side. And it lets itself be imbibed like a sponge.

*

I have the feeling that it is a work in the corporeal *substance*.

*

Afternoon

To think that You *both* came on earth, and what did they do with You?

I tell myself that frequently and it is so poignant.

What did they do with You?

So one would dream, in one's heart of heart, that at least one man could redeem this obscurity, this incomprehension, this barbarous selfishness and do what you would have wanted to be done....

A miracle of true love.

A child of yours, totally, purely and absolutely yours—without ego.

And if this unfortunate species is untransformable, may another being appear on earth and walk on your sunlit path.

This afternoon, I felt your supreme presence, so strong, and it was like an

adherence.

*

One doesn't know what has to be done, one can only be your child totally, more and more, and with love.

*

Evening

One can talk about the Greek civilization, the Egyptian, Indian or Chinese civilization, but ours will remain “the civilization” (in inverted commas), civilization of what? of egoism, of death?



October 10, 1983

Carmen left.

That so lovely ray of sun.

*

Evening

Bombs make holes, and then one starts again—there is a whole *consciousness* to be uprooted.

This morning, *before* receiving the telegram, Sujata called me on the threshold of my room: “Look!” And we could see at the very bottom of the mountain, above the plain and as if rising towards us from the plain, an immense white cloud with a head and hair streaming in the wind, its arms open in a wide movement: it was Carmen absolutely! She was holding out her arms to us. It was stunning. I did not want to look more than a few seconds, because it announced Carmen's death to me. But Sujata stayed. So it took Carmen twenty-four hours to gather her consciousness and come straight to see us....



October 11, 1983

I have always spoken of the “corporeal consciousness” in a vague and general way, but this morning, I really had the innumerable perception, I could say, of the *cellular* consciousness. A consciousness that is so fresh, so living and full of thirst for light, so vibrant, like a prairie of luminous consciousness. Something that is beyond the sensations, deeper than the sensations, as under a layer of deep silence, and it vibrates and vibrates, it is full of wonder and of a gift, a self-offering that is so pure and childlike—no, not “childlike,” it is really like a plant, a flower, a meadow that gives itself to the sun with such a concrete, simple and absolute love.* One had the feeling of a bath of freshness and concrete love in there. And a thirst, such a pure aspiration! Something that is like a spring of consciousness.

Then it seemed to me that I descended even deeper and entered the physical, cellular *substance*. It was as if under very deep layers of silence. And repeatedly, a dozen times, those kinds of “slidings” or “changings of sector” happened: suddenly, one shifts into another world or another material life. But it is very difficult to grasp—I mean, the passage is very difficult to grasp—because it is a movement that seems like shifting into sleep, but it is not sleep, it is something else. I have not succeeded yet in mastering the movement and catching the bird. It seems that at that corporeal, cellular level, there is like a screen that separates our habitual matter from another matter or another life *in* matter. I have crossed the threshold hundreds of times these last months, but without ever having succeeded in really mastering the movement.

* It is not « love » as we understand it : it is a *breathing* that would be made of love. To breathe is to love.

In any case, it seems that the experience is descending into more and more physical layers—The infiltration (or “permeation,” as Mother would say) touches deeper and deeper or more and more physical layers. One should perhaps say more and more *external* layers.

*

I forgot to note down that, at one point, I became aware that that cellular consciousness was seizing hold of the Mantra, and it was pure, so pure, like a bird’s song—the same spontaneous, simple and pure movement that makes the bird sing ... for nothing—or for God.

*

But if it is truly that that dominates, then the reign of death is over!

*

Mother did not “die” of any sickness—they *obliged* her to die, or rather to enter the tomb.

How awful....

*

Afternoon

In fact, it is of a marvelous simplicity: it is enough to love “that”—the Truth. Mother-Sri Aurobindo.

Scientists only love the truth that is at the end of their microscopes.

*

That Love, that Nectar....

One cannot believe that a small terrestrial body can contain such a Splendor.

*

I touched the Supreme Truth in my body.

One would like that to vibrate in the whole earth.

One wonders how it is that the entire earth is not shattered.

*

Your child of the New World.

11 – 10 – 19 83

11 – 10 – 10 11

*

An absolute transparency has come.

A formidable transcendent silence

and an imperative finger rose up.

*

Glory-glory-glory in all the heavens and on the Earth.

*

How is it possible?

*

Evening

Vision

I recall that two nights ago (from the 9th to the 10th) I suddenly saw a flotilla of warships (maybe a dozen boats or more), but it was a white flotilla!

What does it mean?

The divine flotilla? the divine landing?!

It is Mother who is going to conduct the “white war” against the Falsehood of the world.*

*

Night

* A strange detail struck me : on the side of the hull of one of the boats, outside of one of those boats, there were three or four very white beings who where there as if hanging from it (??).

I really thought that my head was going to explode. Like a bar of massive, solid light** which traversed slowly, slowly—I tried to merge into it. I managed not to “give up.” A total confidence in the body, but at times I opened my eyes.... Only: Yours, Yours ... and what You will.

*

I always wonder about that great difficulty of cerebral matter in sustaining the current. Mother often complained about having her head “reduced to a pulp”—I understand! But why not short-circuit this kind of stupid organ, even though still useful for some time? The rest of the body sustains the current perfectly well. Or is the current trying to abolish the brain?—I fully and whole-heartedly agree, but one really has the feeling or sensation that that can cause a lesion.... A lot of faith or rather confidence is necessary, and not to panic (nor above all to resist).

There is no shortage of charming adverse voices to make me notice that just this morning I suffered from vertigo, as if the semicircular channels that assure the balance were fragile, and that my vision is deteriorating very quickly (constantly or almost, luminous zigzags or extremely luminous dots): the optic nerve touched or the retina coming detached under the effect of that “pressure”?...

I prefer anything rather than to fall back into the old life. There. Come what may—what Mother wills.



October 12, 1983

In fact, that cellular consciousness is at the stage of a baby that is waking.... One must have the patience for it to develop, grow and find its

** It was not a dazzling « light » : it was coagulated Power. It was the Supreme Mother.

own means—one doesn't know which ones. The baby doesn't know what it is going to become nor what it can do.

It is the baby of an unknown species.

*

The old dried-up parents—mental, vital and spiritual—should not come and throw their “ideas” and limits and impossibilities or their imbecile fears on it—let it directly suck in the supramental air. Then we shall see.

*

One bathes completely in a divine bath.



October 13, 1983

A very remarkable fact, of which one does not very well calculate the consequences or importance: every morning, I used to have stretches or layers of grey cotton to cross before refinding that aspiration of the body. Now, it is immediately here and probably constantly here, because I can stop at any moment in the middle of whatever, and it is here. It is like an automatic fire or a constant vibration. And I feel it vibrate mutely all the time, behind everything. It has become like the new basis of existence.

As Sri Aurobindo said, this “body-mind,” or this corporeal, cellular aspiration is truly the “fixer” of the supramental vibration. It is like chlorophyl that automatically retains the luminous energy and operates its photosynthesis—but it is a divine synthesis.

At the end of their microscopes, the scientists will not find that chlorophyl, and yet that is what will change the whole terrestrial existence.

The phenomenon becomes more and more clear.

It is a fabulous phenomenon.

The Fable is on the way.

*

Afternoon

There are no words to express that Supreme Splendor.

I don't know what will become of this "new baby" nor of its power or faculties, but the most marvelous of marvels is to be Yours. It is now. This Love, this Nectar, this absolute of fusion, that is the Marvel in itself—the Goal. It is here—neither tomorrow nor after tomorrow nor in a superman—it is here. HERE. Immediate. It is the sufficient Marvel, everything else....

I lived that.

Oh! Lord, oh! Mother
to be Yours forever-forever
at Your feet forever-forever
To love You forever-forever
To serve You forever-forever.

And that's all.

This meeting of God and Matter is the Splendor of splendors, the Marvel of marvels, the Goal of all goals—it is *here*, it is right now. Everything else....

All the powers, all the knowledge, all faculties, all transformations ... are nothing compared to That. Nothing. That is everything. Everything.

*

And there is nothing mystical about it: it is the most sublime of materialities. I don't know what is to be found in paradises, but I would give all paradises for that—for loving that, belonging to that, serving that forever-forever.

When the Earth knows that, it will be done, all will be done.

It will be the time of Glory.

*

I don't know why I am filled so much.

All sufferings, all miseries, all lived horrors are not much if we touch that.

Why did it take all that for one to reach there? I don't know. But when one is there, everything melts, everything is a marvel—only the Marvel remains.

I remember that one day I laughed in a concentration camp.

There is something within that KNOWS—that knows always and all the time.

*

Evening

And during that time, all the small devils are there, pushing from all sides. The American navy rushes to the Straits of Ormuz to “protect” the path of petrol.... Even if he did not want to, the Devil would be compelled to devilish tricks!

But there is a white flotilla sailing towards the Divine Reign.

It is all the rubbish of the earth that comes out ... to be gotten rid of.



October 14, 1983

We think we have finished once and for all with the old suffering, and I don't know what thread of pain still binds us to the perfidious shore....

Can one be delivered as long as everything is not delivered?

*

But *who* wants to be delivered?



October 15, 1983

When we observe closely, there are all the errors and mistakes that we have made in this life—and how many errors!

And there are all those we have committed in all our other lives—and how many lives! And finally, we tell ourselves, or we see, we *feel* that we have committed all the mistakes of the world. So?... So the hole is so gaping that there is only Love that can bear that.

And what can dissolve that, *truly* dissolve it? Death dissolves nothing.

All these cells, these atoms, keep the awful imprint. One very clearly sees that it is there, always there, always ready to come out again, and with such a pain as well.

That is the true crucifixion.

It is the pain of the Divine in distorted Matter.

So Love burns and burns, but the memory, the awful imprint is still there.

And when will innocence emerge in the sun?

It is in the cells, in the atoms that the secret of healing is to be found—I have not yet reached that. There must be an ultimate step.

Death is the wrong door.

What is the root of Evil?

And that root or key to Healing?

There must be an ultimate step.

*

One only has to carry on obstinately. And sincerely.

*

I have suffered so much that I would like to heal that once and for *all*.

*

Oh! Lord, I would so much like to rest my forehead at Your feet FOREVER—my forehead, this old *physical* Breton head, not my spiritual

“forehead.” Ah!...

*

Evening

Vision

In the night from October 13 to October 14, I saw “someone” throwing a piece of black bark into the fire before my eyes.

A black piece of bark.

It is since that that the old pain has come back—like a bottomless hole.

*

This Pain is so poignant and your Love is so marvelous, and the two are together.



October 17, 1983

All of yesterday was very difficult and painful. Bit by bit, I understood, felt what it was. First of all, it was what I could call an “atmosphere of the Ashram” and then.... I saw coming out of my body, of the thousands of cells of my body, of everywhere, a kind of gluey mud, oh! it was suffocating. And it covered everything, I was underneath that like a strangled man. A *concrete* world of calumnies, malicious gossip, tale-telling, perverse and nasty inventions—such a petty, ugly poison. Suddenly, I relived, but this time consciously, what the body had traversed for twenty years in the midst of those charming disciples (not to forget those of Panditji). I remember, in the sixties, night after night, I found myself in various places but full of snakes, dozens of snakes of all sizes and colors, and all sorts of poison. As Mother had told me that serpents were “bad

thoughts,” and as I’ve always had the old habit of blaming myself (a bad habit by the way*), I told myself that I had quite a lot of filth to purify. And now, twenty years later, I become aware of the world of petty jealousies and ugly gossip which swarmed around me. In fact, Mother was protecting me, she prevented me from feeling what was around by putting me in a “cocoon” of light, but at night, it traversed the cocoon! So all that was relived yesterday, but in detail.... It was awful, as if the millions of cells “regurgitated” the poison that they had received—it was disgusting, but above all so painful, that ugly, nasty, gratuitous pettiness, like a hatred of light. I was covered by all that, all the physical consciousness was covered as by a gluey and black sediment. I called Mother, but strangely (or not), what came was a hard Mother, accusing, pitiless or critical, as if to show me all my “mistakes.” And then I understood that it was the “Mother of the Ashram”! Awful. A perversion of Mother. I called and called and the Power came, massive (almost crushing and difficult to bear for the body), but it seemed not to penetrate—it seemed to crush. So I offered all that to Mother: I told her: Purify-purify this disgusting world. And suddenly, I understood that the body, this matter is not a personal world—it is a collectivity, a world of things and beings and states of consciousness coming from this life and other lives and a multiplicity of beings I have met; thousands of imprints which have nothing to do with the being that I am, but which have stuck to the body. And that must be purified. Through a body, it is like thousands of beings and hideous and nauseating layers of “consciousness” that are offered to the Light. All day, I obstinately offered all that to the Light. In the evening, I was exhausted.

But this morning, a spontaneous sun, the whole body soaked itself in the

* One could say an honest bad habit which played nasty tricks on me after '73, when I mistook all those ugly voices for the “voice of consciousness.”

sun, but such a sweet, tender sun, as if it could be tasted! That Nectar, that marvelous divine Presence everywhere, lived innumerably by millions of cells, as if the manipulation and kneading of yesterday had cleared a whole layer of ground—like a curtain one draws.

When I think of Mother and Sri Aurobindo who received the poison *in the raw* day after day and night after night, who bathed within that for ... fifty years, oh!

I have stooped as low as I could, Sri Aurobindo said, *but none of you could reach me*. My God....

But the lesson of all that is that the body remembers *everything*—it should only remember the sun, then it will be the marvelous and divine life all the time.

This morning, when I woke up, it was completely light, automatically! without my having anything to do with it!

*

Last night, I saw Indira twice (I don't know why). She was very "friendly"!

"Someone" also told me that Mitterrand was not going to last (that he would not reach the end).



October 18, 1983

Last night, I saw this: a side of mountain, which seemed to fall almost sheer into the sea (but I could not see the sea). The mountain had a red-orange color, like the earth of Auroville's canyons. Towards the top of that mountain side, there was an enormous silver-colored plane, hanging there, one knew not how, on that sheer side, its nose pointing downwards. It had to take off from there, which seemed impossible. Then it began to slip towards

the bottom of the mountain, faster and faster; there was a last ledge: either it would break its nose there and crash further down, or it would take off with the speed acquired through the descent. It took off. When it reached that ledge, I saw it going up again horizontally and taking off.

That certainly means something, but what? I don't know at all.

An enormous plane which had to “take off downwards.” Generally, planes take off upwards! And it was dangerous.... I think that it must be a symbol of the work under way. But which one? And what does that silvery plane signify or symbolize (or aluminium color—from afar, it gave an almost white impression)? It was an enormous plane, for sure as big as today's biggest planes (possibly even bigger).

I also had an impression (or “knew”) that there was “fire” aboard that plane. But that I didn't see, it was rather guessed.*

*

All morning, I was strangely insensible: thought, feelings, the heart: null. A sort of anesthesia or ... I don't know. There was only the aspiration in the corporeal, material consciousness, which worked by itself and with a great intensity, as if despite me (!). That gave the sensation of a fire or an almost mechanical kneading that was completely devoid of all feeling and yet very intense. One could say that that was happening in the basements and “I” was watching or bearing that with a sort of almost dull indifference.... An idiotic state.

Luckily, Evolution will occur despite everything we might think and feel about it, just as it could not have cared less about the superb tails of the baboons or the superb fins of the plesiosaurs.

*

All afternoon, I was like a gaping hole, rather luminous, empty, with that kind of aspiration deep down.

I don't know what is going on.

*

Evening

One has the impression that the world is in an irremediable Blackness.



October 19, 1983

("Operation termites" in the house).

Termites, rust, worms, rats, Harijans.... Each tree species has its assailant, every man his particular species of microbe—one doesn't know if it is life that dies or Death that lives. It is rather Death that lives.

One should establish a first indestructible nucleus somewhere—afterward, it will seed itself spontaneously here and there, like a first crystal.

A first tiny little crystal is enough.

Indestructible = purely divine.

Last night, for the thousandth time in forty years, I was in a world of SS and Gestapo and horror.... So?

Again thousand and one, thousand and two, thousand and three....

It is not a question of "not dying," it is a question of no longer living in that Death.

*

And something tells me that it is not a question of dissolving those imprints—thousands of imprints—one by one and little by little, but somewhere, at the cellular level, a sudden "reversal" or change of

* It is certainly the supramental world from which that plane takes off.

perception (or I don't know) must occur and everything will be changed like a curtain that one draws. (It is perhaps the "spell" which Sri Aurobindo talks about).

*

Afternoon

For the second time, I had this strange experience, which already came to me a few months ago, of a sort of "extraction from the mold," as if a rather formidable Grasp grabbed the thousands of fibers of my body or of my physical consciousness or ... (I don't exactly know what) and pulled them *backwards*, through the nape, the neck, the shoulders, the back ... absolutely as if I were pulled from my mold or being "unboxed." After each "pull" or "extraction," when a certain dose of ... (I don't know what) was removed, there was a moment of great immobility, sunny transparency in the body, then the Grasp came again to pull all those fibers and extract another dose (of I don't know what). As if the whole consciousness or force of the body or ... (what?) were pulled backwards or from behind. And the operation repeated itself almost mechanically until I decided to stop and go for a walk.

I don't know at all what this corresponds to but it is the second time that it has occurred. And the "extraction" is vigorous, if I can say so, imperious—but the whole body let itself go in a total surrender and the moments of sunny and silent immobility (without corporeal trepidation) were very soft, almost smiling with Mother's smile.



October 20, 1983

Last night, I went through a very long experience in which my body was

being taught how to die (!). It was in the first sleep and the operation lasted very long, at least in that consciousness. I was “in the process of dying” and I gathered my whole consciousness into Sri Aurobindo—it is all that I remember, because Sujata came to “wake” me or to take me out of there rather brusquely (I was probably moaning).

It is really the first time that such an experience has occurred to me. And I was not arguing, resisting or struggling; it was all right, I was gathering up my consciousness into Sri Aurobindo with a great intensity.

Had Sujata not come, perhaps I would have truly left...?! It was very *real* (and it was long, methodical).

Strange things are happening.

Yet, in my active consciousness, I don't feel like dying—on the contrary, I really would like to see the world's turning.

*

Doubtlessly, the process of cellular transformation has something to do with death.

*

There is no way of knowing which experience “matters” (perhaps they all matter). This or that vision occurs, this or that experience or strange perception, but it is only afterwards, sometimes long afterwards, that one understands its importance or meaning. It is like that chemist who was doing researches on metals and threw the “useless” samples into the courtyard of the laboratory. One day, he realized that among that pile of rust in the courtyard something was shining—it was stainless steel ... which he had “invented” unknowingly. He picked up his sample, which luckily had its laboratory sticker, B₅₉, and with his notebook, he found how he had managed to produce that strange metal. And that's the way things are.

My BE₂₃ is still full of nonunderstandable things, but one day ... who knows what will emerge from that pile of strange things!

In fact, I am not the chemist (it is Mother and Sri Aurobindo). I am only the test tube and I try to let myself be handled ... without breaking.

*

Provided it is full of You, it is all that is needed—and it is the only safety. Otherwise, it is very ... worrisome, as if everything became phantasms.

There is no beacon anymore, that sea is not marked out, so.... the only Marker is You.

I am struggling.



October 21, 1983

Those imprints are terrible, terrible—until when?

*

All the means of modern technology are hypnotizers of the cellular consciousness. People work scientifically for their cancer and their imprisonment—they don't know, they know nothing! All their means are the means of death.

Truly, it is as if people were joyfully spending their time, day after day and for decades, carefully placing the bricks of their own tombs.

*

This morning, I don't know why, it is all the blackness of the world that strangles me (that goes down to the microscopic level).

But it is a weakness, because I hear all the ugly small beasts giggling. They *want* us to believe in their strangling and their definitive blackness, but....

There is a very painful point.

*

All that I can do is to offer up my pain.

Perhaps all the pressure of that strangling blackness is needed to make the first small crystal be born? in the middle of all that—under the weight of all that. Like a diamond.

*

It is very curious (and difficult, critical): there is a moment when a simple point seems to contain all the rest—to be as if (explosively) “charged” with everything else.

A black point can be disastrous (and, let’s suppose it, a point of light can be miraculous).

The concept of “critical mass” takes on a sort of living reality.

*

I love You. That’s all.

A point of pure love. It’s all my dream.

*

Afternoon

In that enormity of Night, a simple, pure point of I-love-you.

I would like to live and live in order to be able to repeat and repeat: I love you, I love you—until You return to Earth.

I am struggling dangerously.



October 22, 1983

This morning, my whole body drank the new life, like a dried-up plant drinks the sun and the rain through all its roots and cells.

It is a new life

Even the body felt how “that,” that rain, that sun, could suffice for its life and make it live without any need of another functioning or food whatever—it seemed to it ... no, it *felt* that it was sufficient. Full. Exactly that.

When you have run a lot and felt very hot and you drink a big glass of cool water: it is EXACTLY that for the body. No need to talk about it: it is exactly that.

It drank like that for an hour and a quarter and it would have continued, but noon arrived with all the rest (postman, exercises, lunch!).

It seems that an artificial life carries on outside, while that is germinating below and makes everything else appear as an artifice or a painful trickery.

There is an old skin that has to fall away.

*

I have no idea how the two lives can coexist or interpenetrate.

But obviously it is not a question of “ideas”! It must not care at all about ideas, particularly our own.

*

In any case, I saw that a *total* passivity is needed in the body for the new life to flow.

A passivity and yet a thirst.

And *no* mental activity on any level. The mind is what suffocates (or covers) instantaneously.

Even the Mantra seems to dissolve at that level (or perhaps it is the one that becomes living).

The whole body seems to be of an extreme density at that point (as if hyperswollen or gorged), while the usual body seems dry, thin and as if shriveled—one could say hollow (and colorless).

*

When it is like that, all problems melt, all black points melt, all

incertitudes melt: the body knows that it is You who are there. There is nothing left to look for: it is in the Goal itself. It is the marvelous Grace.

It plunges there like after years of fatigue and dryness.



October 23, 1983

Vision

I saw something strange last night, but I think that it is important.

I was with Sri Aurobindo and we were walking “outside,” in a street or a square (we were coming out of somewhere) and I was telling him, as the conclusion of a conversation which I don’t remember: “I like very much the story that you have told” (in French). On reflection, Sri Aurobindo was very tall and I seemed like a little boy next to him. I don’t know what that “story” was, but he suddenly showed me his foot (the foot symbolizes the physical) as if it were wounded—I don’t remember having seen the “wound,” but it was wounded. Then, suddenly, I found myself in a sort of dispensary and there was in front of me one of those small nickeled tables they use in small surgery, with various instruments ... and a big ball or a big globe of rusty iron! among all the rest. It was that ball or strange globe that held all my attention.

All that seemed very casual and quite simple, as if in passing, and I nearly missed its meaning.... But what if that old rusty ball was the Earth! which was going to undergo “small surgery”!?

When Sri Aurobindo himself shows you things, it means that the decision has been taken.

But all that was taking place “informally” and seemed very ordinary or familiar. Sri Aurobindo is the opposite of melodrama. “Well, we are going

to carry out a small operation on that rather rusty old ball.” And that’s it.

The end of the Iron Age, seen by a great divine humorist.

*

Afternoon

This new life is still here! (in spite of an assault of material things, as if matter around were rebelling, or becoming confused or expressed its confusion as soon as there is some progress here).

There is an exquisite smile in the depth of this new life, like the smile of Mother and Sri Aurobindo together.

I wonder if that white plane that I saw come down (dangerously) and take off from that orange mountain (the supramental world) is not the descent of the new life which has finally “taken to the air”? A rather formidable plane (with “fire” in it!)

This new life is fire, but an exquisite fire!

If the Earth could taste that....

*

This is becoming a concrete *Agenda*. (I mean human).

*

Evening

One doesn’t know to what extent They take care of us tenderly.

*

Well, we are going to remove the rust from the ball—that would not be bad!

*

I’d be curious to know how they are going to manage without breaking everything!

Probably not at all what we are expecting.



October 24, 1983

There is a secret of corporeal passivity. That is what I am concretely discovering.

During those “changes of sector,” thousands of time I observed that what “shakes” and impedes catching the bird is the *surprise*. Each time, there is a surprise—one doesn’t “fall into a hole,” as in sleep, on the contrary, one *emerges into* “something” that is surprising and the surprise impedes or precipitates one back into the old habitual consciousness (as when I fainted at the airport: I was so surprised!).

It is a surprise that can be compared to that of knowing that you are in your body here and *at the same time* thousands of kilometers away, or in a completely different place. I was so suffocated, surprised, in that airport of B, to know that I was seated in that hellish thing, and suddenly, almost instantaneously, to find myself *in the midst of* an activity (which had started before my fainting and seemed to continue after!) It was the surprise that replunged me into the old consciousness (the hellish consciousness of the airport). My fainting had lasted three seconds (Sujata said).

It is actually a kind of fainting, but which would be the *opposite* of a loss of consciousness!

The “fainting” is the stopping of the ordinary *material* mind which keeps you in a skin of Satprem, with all your memories that you are “Satprem, born on the ... living in....” There is a kind of material mind that functions like a prison guard.

I suspect that it is the same prison guard who keeps you in the memory of your own species and prevents a monkey from finding itself in the skin of a squirrel or of something other than its own species.

It is the guardian of the individual and the guardian of the species.

Perhaps we are naturally ubiquitous beings temporarily or voluntarily

imprisoned in a single skin and a single place!

We are perhaps Mr The-Whole-world with all its little birds, bears, squirrels and wide white Kamchatkas! (I accept to be anything except in the skin of an Ayatollah or a Reagan!) In fact, it is the “skins of men” that are unpleasant—it is perhaps a false skin! Who knows, it is perhaps the “black bark” which is being thrown into the fire?

That is to say a *single*, divine and total consciousness which “plays” at believing that it is provisionally a squirrel, a bear or Satprem, in order to have the experience of that particular bird or that special hairy specimen. But when one comes out of the illusion, everything is there! And it is divine. And it doesn’t cease to be terrestrial matter, but with the Nectar on top of all!

We should see....

This material mind is that which accumulates the experience of each individual and each species—and at the end of evolution, it is logical that one has the experience of all individuals and species without being locked in a particular prison. That is perhaps what the supramental species is (or in any case, what the supramental *consciousness* must be—it remains to be seen how that consciousness will mold or fashion its particular species or its “omnispecies” species ... should we say “polyspecies”?)

When we are simultaneously saints and debauchees, poor and rich, black and white, Hindus and Shintoists and Christians ... what need will we have of a pope? or a supreme Soviet? or a supreme Washington?—It will make for a rather large consciousness where we will breathe better!

And when we are able to be simultaneously young and old, we will avoid quite a few painful errors, while keeping the lightness of an eternal adolescence—excellent program!

Then, when we have known everything, experienced everything, dared everything, we will realize that there is nothing more marvelous than Divine

Love and Mother's tenderness.

Then we will have everything without being prisoners of anything (not even of ourselves, since we will be everything!).

I absolutely enrol on the list of the aspiring candidates to the supramental polyspecies! And that species will not forget humor.

Oh! Lord, forgive me if I talk nonsense! (though You must be supremely stupid and wise at the same time, so You can understand me).

You could even love me, because I love You a lot.

*

But that mind in Matter is truly a great secret to discover. It is probably the "spell" or the magical circle which Sri Aurobindo spoke of.

*

Afternoon

Rather frightening densities or intensities which seem to be ceaseless and have no limits. One wonders how all that doesn't burst.

The body has to give up its instinct of preservation. *Cellularly*—in each cell—it must be truthfully: "It is You, Yours."

It seems that a certain feeling of the *corporeal* "I" has to disappear—it is that that makes for a barrier or a limit that tends to burst (dangerously, or so it seems to the corporeal sensation).

I have the feeling a little that it is this material mind (*in Matter*) that makes for the barrier.

It is very cumbersome and disturbing to feel oneself as "I," but how to exist if physically one is floating everywhere and nowhere?... One could say: How to put one step in front of the other if one doesn't know where "one's" foot is, or if that foot is I don't know where....

Only experience can say.

*

Of course, the body feels the loss of its individual form or individual sense, its “I,” as death itself—and yet that must not be death. It must be *something else*.

It remains to be seen!

When one gets rid of this material mind, one faints (as at the airport), until one knows better. How to remove it or to go through it without “fainting”?

I am physically getting closer to the “problem.”

*

Night

There is such a Marvel of Presence that it is as if death no longer had any importance, even for the body: it is You in all ways.



October 25, 1983

Truly, each time it is like traversing a death, and each time it is very difficult. It is like having a perilous area to cross, and one knows or feels that on the other side things will be fine, but in the meantime, one has to get there. It is as if the body were being torn from all its laws. So one no longer knows—nothing no longer knows anything. All that is left is the invocation and a kind of corporeal faith—but there is that difficult area, which gives the impression of an iron mesh.

And I feel that the advance is very progressive.

And then there is always that voice that says: “On the other side, it is death.”

It is impossible to say, but one feels that on the other side it is not

death—death is the mesh itself. It is the mesh that *is* death. “Ah! but how do you know that you won’t lose your body while crossing?” Well. It is charming ... and difficult to overcome.

One advances in that centimeter by centimeter, in the midst of an overcompressed and almost solid dark blue density. Each centimeter seems perilous and one doesn’t know where it ends up or what it will open onto, or anything. This is the mesh (an in-depth mesh). It is totally unknown—it is the unknown.

It is exhausting.

If the body really had faith, it would traverse that like a lightning bolt, perhaps.

It is probably that mind that is ingrained everywhere in Matter: the guardian of the species.

*

Yes, it is like traversing death centimeter by centimeter. It is that.

*

When it is marvelous, it is completely marvelous; when it is difficult, it is completely difficult!



October 26, 1983

In the midst of all this madness, I look at the marvelous future which is rising in-e-luct-ably.

I feel it in my own flesh.



October 27, 1983

For the last four days (October 24), I have been caught in this kind of barrier or mesh. One feels a coagulated Power, almost like rock, which resists with all its strength, and the Power from on high presses down on it, inexorably, one could say, like a Mass or an inflexible Compressor which pushes and penetrates into that centimeter by centimeter (one is not sure that it is actually penetrating, because one feels that kind of solid barrier, inflexible as well, that resists—one feels crushed between the two!). But this time, the body had no fear: instead of “taking the side” of resistance and listening to the voices of resistance, it let itself be taken by the Power from above as passively as it could—simply, it was the “field” of the battle. It kept saying: “It is Yours, it is Yours, and all that refuses to be Yours is shadow and death.” But truly, I have never seen two such massive Powers confront each other in such a way, one pressing down as much as the other resists. It is really like a formidable Compressor pressing into (or against) a mass of rock.

The operation is not over.

But there is no fear anymore—“Too bad (or all the better), we shall see! and *all* may be Yours.”

Death is what is not Yours.

Maybe death is also Yours and that is the central secret to reach the heart of You in Matter? That is to say, the *reality* of the world.

*

You invented frontiers to yourself, so as to keep species in their grooves. But You have broken the frontiers more than once.



October 28, 1983

In all-all human beings, there is this hidden feline. I am tired of human beings. I am aspiring for a species without ego and without claws.

You alone are true—and simple.

Ah! to emerge into the Sun forever, free of all that we carry along of our unfortunate past.

This time, I would not like to die without being delivered forever—there is only *one* way to be delivered, it is to take the first step of the new species.

*

I am completely caught up in the Barrier, but this time with a kind of physical determination—there is a point where dying doesn't matter at all.

I've had enough of devils with their horns, claws and mortal sneers; I've had enough of gods with their crown and flamboyant Powers—I aspire for the simple, sunny truth, where the only power is to smile.

We've had gods for thousands of years, they have never delivered us from devils. It is a simple fact. *Something else* is needed.

We've had “eternal wisdoms” for thousands of years, they have never delivered us from our stupidity—it is a simple fact. *Something else* is needed.

The list could go on....

*

Afternoon

Enclosed in a compact, overcompressed, almost crushing layer, as if all the resistance of the world were coagulated there. But “that” continues to beat in my heart.

It seems that there is no radiation there, as if the rays were coagulated and compressed inwards as for an implosion—nothing escapes, everything topples inwards and crashes in on itself. It is difficult to breathe.

It seems completely immutable, like the black reverse of an eternal

peace.

And when one tries to call the light from above, the coagulation seems to be even more coagulated.

One could believe that one is trapped in the metallic core of the earth.

One really doesn't know why that exists.

It is the refusal of existence.

It doesn't seem traversable, except by miracle.



October 29, 1983

12.30 PM.

Heart difficulties as soon as I was seated. So, I lay down a few minutes and called my Douce, who put her hand on my heart. When the pain disappeared, I sat up again—for more than an hour. And I found myself in front of the true question of the body.

Of course, death was (is) there.

For more than an hour, the whole body was in (in front of) death—honestly, it wanted to know, to *well* understand what is true.

What is true? One accepts, or what? And the question was really *there*, on one's head or in one's body. It could happen at any moment.

And first of all I saw the Adversary: "If you start concentrating on 'that' again, it will make you die—you are calling death, you are consenting to death."

And that very sly suggestion stuck: "That" is going to make you die; it means that your time is near."

The body was struggling (its consciousness). It was not philosophy: it was the body that honestly wanted to be what it had to be, to want what it had to want.

Then he said: You are life, You are the opposite of death.

But it was not yet that.

I remembered Mother: “All that tells you that ‘that’ is going to sweep you away is the Falsehood.”

And it is true. But it was still not enough.

Then, little by little, the true thing came: it is the Supreme Lord who decides, and what he decides is necessarily the best possible thing, whether it is on one side or on the other. And what you have to do is to want what the Supreme wants, whatever it is, and that’s all. In any case, it is He who decides.

And the body repeated: “Yours, Yours, Yours” ... with the consciousness that “You” doesn’t want death, except if it is the best possible according to the circumstances—and He knows what is the best possible, while I know nothing.

And I remained concentrated on that while rejecting the disgusting suggestion that if I concentrated, it would make me die—it is the most disgusting and sliest of adverse suggestions.

But I have not reached the end and I don’t know what the end is—what You will.

*

The great difficulty is to know “what You will.” If the body knew, perhaps it would be easier. There is a wavering.

If the body says “I want to live,” it makes for a tension, and if the body says “I accept death,” it amounts to accepting the defeat—it does not want the defeat.

So one has to be in the Supreme *positively*, that’s all—beyond acceptance and refusal, in the pure “It is You.”

*

Why is the body told nothing?

*

In fact, there is no “answer”: there is something to live-be purely.

There must be a certain vibratory *quality* of the cells (supremely important) that has to be *obtained*.

There must be a certain vibratory quality that annuls death. If you are afraid, you’ve had it.

*

It is curious how we know *nothing*.

*

Tomorrow, I should be sixty.... There is also that famous prophecy, according to which I should die a little before or after being sixty—which does not help matters!

No, the only way of knowing the secret is not to know (!), but to *traverse*.

*

Afternoon

In any case, there is a certain attitude that distorts *everything*, which I clearly noticed and noted long ago: it is to call the Supreme *for*.... (for healing, for not dying, for....) There is a “for” that distorts everything absolutely. That must absolutely disappear. There is only one way of calling the Supreme, it is for the love of the Supreme.

That at least is clear.

*

Afternoon

To live or to die is none of my business. My business is to be Yours purely.

*

Still caught in that mortal Barrier.

Nothing moves.

One has the impression of being smashed on all sides.

What is a fly in a cast-iron ball?

*

Evening

One would like to cry, but everything is as if stifled. Nothing vibrates in that.

It is the negation of everything.

What is that world? It is not the subconscious, it is not the inconscient, because it is very conscious in its refusal.

Perhaps it is that which people call “death”?

(Unless it is the materialists’ paradise!)

*

You alone exist.



October 30, 1983

Vision

I don’t know what happened last night, but as I was about to wake, I was shown a green cloth (dark green, it seemed), completely torn, through which one could see light. A very white, very shining light—that was what I saw rather than the cloth: all those holes of light, which were so many tears. (The cloth of “life”?)

*

I feel like going to hide like a wounded animal.

*

When I don’t feel the shreds anymore, there will be only light, perhaps.

This October 30 is the birthday of wounds. It seems that I was born with

a wound.

*

You alone exist.

All the rest is pain.

You alone exist.

*

Noted in the forest

I have never descended into such a pain.

It is perhaps the origine of the world's refusal.

A terrible why which tries to melt.

October 30, 1983

60 years old

Lord of love and goodness

You alone exist.

You alone exist.

*

Death is the ultimate outcome of that Refusal.

A revolted angel invented death.

*

Evening

One must tra-verse.



October 31, 1983

I don't know what is going on. I understand nothing. This afternoon, a MASS of power came, I thought that I was going to be disintegrated. It

seemed to come up from below and gave a dark-blue sensation (but I don't know). When it arrived near the breast, and above all the head, it was really the sensation that everything was going to explode. Then I said, the body said: "You are Love, You are the divine Life, the new Life, You are Truth, You are the Sun ... and all that is afraid or fears in me is the Falsehood and the Shadow and Death which fear for their lives.

At that point, I really felt that one had to be very right, pure, sincere, absolutely sincere, or else it would be death. One *cannot* live that, bear that, if there is not a total central sincerity. And my whole being offered itself, truly as at the moment of death: Yours, Yours, it is for You that I live, it is You that I want to serve.... Words are lacking. It was like a point of pure fire or a dagger. I was truly ready, it was like a "test"—You are the Sun, You are Love, You are Truth, and all that is afraid in me is Shadow and Death which fear to die.

Then that Mass seemed to immobilize itself, crystallize—my head was like an immobile block, on the verge of bursting.

After an hour and a half, I stopped, I could no longer bear it.

I don't know what it means.

But I really, sincerely offered *everything*. I was ready for anything.

*

I have a kind of feeling (but I know nothing about it) that it is a work that is being done in order to transform the material mind—this mind in Matter, the Barrier, the guardian of the species. But I don't really know. I let things happen. We'll see.

*

Evening

It is difficult to die in small doses.

*

But either it is that (“death”) that will die, or it is me.

*

When we reach the end, if we ever reach the end, perhaps it will be very simple—we will simply have gone through ghosts. But in the meantime, they are very triumphant and generally self-confident ghosts!

*

Sometimes, you don’t know if you are with the devil or with God, with the insane asylum or the future evolution (!), with death or with the new life. It is a situation about which you don’t know if it is amphybian, but it is certainly ambiguous.

So you understand (a little) the enormous courage of Sri Aurobindo and Mother, when *nobody* had gone there....



November 1, 1983

One has the impression of scattered bits of geography, with sometimes a bit of Amazonia, sometimes a bit of Sahara or a bit of a canyon, but one doesn’t know what it is, it has no name, it is some unknown geography and one doesn’t know what fits into what. These are only like different *qualities of soil*.

Really, it is a no man’s land—the land of nobody.

All that one knows is that the Sun must enter everywhere, penetrate everything. So one tries to be as passive and permeable as possible.

Sometimes, a sunbeam lights up a whole continent, then there is a long, tortuous and ominous walk.

*

Afternoon

The Power tries to go down into such compact layers that it is like ore.

*

Perhaps we are going into the future evolution the other way round, by going back up the layers up to....

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, I was in Russia and I met a person who had great powers and considerable means, somebody who had much authority, as a queen or an empress could have. I did not see her face nor anything: it was only the Power that was there—what one could call the “Shakti of Russia.” And I told her about “Mother’s end.” She listened with much attention and interest, kindly, and she wanted to know everything. I told her who Mother was and above all, with great emotion, Mother’s “end.”

Strange.

Russia is “listening,” while America is blocked and doesn’t want to hear anything (or wants to hear everything and finds itself in a great confusion). It is not the first time that I meet Russians who “listen” (I mean important personalities like that man of the KGB, before Andropov’s nomination). One has the impression that Russia would absorb Mother and Sri Aurobindo like her salvation: something that would get her out of her impasse without her rushing again into Churches and religions—a true materialism in the good sense: the future evolution of the “human” being, the true divine life on earth.

It is in America that I feel the devil, or rather those two ugly devils of Finance and Armaments who take advantage of the electronic and hypnotic confusion of the American brain (!).

In fact, and in spite of all appearances, America is far more materialist than Russia (in the wrong sense). Their “Bible” is a little Sunday lollipop and their “morality” a fruit cake which takes on any color whatever, according to the circumstances.

(As for the French, they are frankly making pigs of themselves).

But there is a Chinese brain which is not confused at all!

I would really like to know how the Divine will manage without hitting the roof!



November 2, 1983

Still in that iron layer—it is iron, really. The light, the Power presses and presses, and it resists and resists. One has the impression that nothing enters, one is simply crushed in all that. And one doesn’t understand—why? why? The sun is so good, the light is so good, the golden life is so good—why? why this refusal? It is a coagulated NO.

But it cannot not give way. I plug my ears to the hostile voices and continue to offer all that to the light and the sun obstinately.

They will surely prevail in the end.

It is difficult to understand why that exists—what is the use of it!? Why not the sun, simple, good, straight, pure and light...?

It seems that it is the whole *world* that resists.

*

Evening

The first American “missiles” (Pershing) have arrived in England.*

* No, it was only the auxiliary equipment of the missiles.

*

When I think about it, it was in the night of October 22 to October 23 that I saw Sri Aurobindo showing me that “old rusty iron ball,” which was going to undergo small surgery. And it is the next day, on October 24, that I entered that Barrier or iron layer which doesn’t stop resisting.

One wonders whether it can give way in one point without exploding everywhere? Or will everything have to explode?

Why this No and this Death, when life can be so marvelous!

There is something that is completely distorted in the earth’s (or men’s) consciousness.



November 3, 1983

This morning, that old Pain was there. I searched through my whole land, dug and dug to reach the root of that Pain. I sank into almost endless depths, even more burning and almost crushing. My whole life streamed past before my eyes, but it was not the more obvious pains or wounds that wounded the most. It was like a Wound without a face and a particular moment; it was perhaps like a child running in the sun, with all his joy and boundless confidence, and then ... he stumbles and it is the black, the incomprehensible pain—a faith or an illusion that is wrenched; all of a sudden, things open onto a gaping Incomprehensible. It is “life.” And that moment which had no face, no place and no time seemed to sink so deep into countless lives—and it was always the same. An incomprehensible moment when everything capsizes and shifts from the sun to night, from elation to pain. Thousands of moments or lives that are the same; thousands of faces or places which capsize at the same point. I was sinking into that in search of the Root, the Healing, the Moment when everything could topple

the other way round. It was difficult, perilous, like the edge of a precipice between the Sun and Night. And I saw that all that Nectar, that Marvel that I had known had not touched that, not healed that—it was very sad. I asked and prayed for a true Healing. One had the impression that it was the very *basis* of life that had to change, a first Imprint that had to be erased or broken, a first Memory of night and sorrow that had to be dissolved, and one wondered how it could be dissolved without a sort of individual cataclysm or of Grace, without a sort of death and rebirth. A cut. A leap to take through night and death to the other bank.... I don't know. I was in crushing depths between night and a burning Ray. I tried to offer that to the Grace and the Sun. And after all, what was that microscopic point in the universe and through ages—that microscopic point tried, for once, to offer itself to the Divine Cataclysm or to the Divine Grace which would dissolve the old sorrow.

I was in that for an hour and a half, then I stopped, I was not able to go on.

Simply, instead of tensing up on itself in a final implosion, the old sorrow was trying to spread out in the sun of the divine Grace.

It is like the whole story of the world in a man and in a moment.

All men have that same story in their cells and their chromosomes. They gild that with philosophy, science or religions, but it is *cellular*.

If a microscopic point could offered itself up, whatever the “consequences”....

And immediately, one meets the Face of death.

The knot of sorrow is there.

*

One can tell oneself: What is it, to die! it is nothing at all, billions and billions of others died without making a fuss about it. And it is very well, very easy—BUT one leaves without having solved the problem.

There is something in me that doesn't want to leave without having solved the problem.

There is something in me that doesn't want to start all over again in this type of human life so ignorant, so painful, so futile—no. To spend again fifty years of your life before finding your way, only to leave again—no.

*

“To solve the problem” means: to change the cellular memory of the species. Nothing less.

To be more exact: it is this memory of death that has to change.

*

Afternoon

Strange how the new life seems to be closely mixed with “death,” or perhaps to go through death.

The two things seem to be linked.

It is of a rather terrible density.

*

Evening

There is such a poignant, almost wrenching pain in the depths of my being, and I don't know why.

The old Falsehood that holds on?

The old world that struggles.

*

One must tra-verse.

*

Night

A divine Descent, but so formidable.... Really, it is death or *that*.

And it is *that*.

Everything offered itself up.



November 4, 1983

Yesterday evening, I sat down before going to bed and then.... I had already undergone manipulations or powerful kneadings several times, as if I found myself in a dough mixer, but there it was rather formidable—one could say “brutal.” It was pure Power, without the shadow of a sentiment—unalloyed Power, but as if injected into the body under the pressure. One could compare it to a hydraulic jet so strong that it is a “solid” mass of water—but it was solid Power. Then, it went down into the body under the pressure and nothing could resist: one felt that that almost solid mass infiltrated through all the tissues, the cells—one could say the atoms—under a fantastic pressure which made the body double up, and when that mass arrived “at the bottom” or below, the whole body straightened up all at once, as if inflated by the Power that rose, and once again it went down like a pestle or an irresistible thrust which bent the body—one was flattened-inflated-flattened-inflated, as if the “jet of Power” or the mass forced its way innumerable, through all the tissues and cells. Then the operation began to take a mechanical turn and, very strikingly, the lungs were activated automatically and powerfully: they were completely emptied during the descent of the Power and when the Power arrived at “the bottom,” they swelled *all the way* with the new rising of the Power—I was like an accordion or bellows; my breathing totally escaped my control and everything was irresistibly moved by that almost mechanical Power, while I doubled up and straightened up, doubled up and straightened up. Had someone seen that from outside, he or she would have been very surprised by that kind of mechanical puppet. It was almost violent, or in any case brutal: You let yourself be manipulated or you break.

At the beginning, there was a kind of worry or semiconscient fear, because the body remembered its heart difficulties and wondered how the heart would bear that kind of “forced breathing” and trituration. But I was decided not to give up: in God’s hands. It lasted for an hour. After an hour, the intensity seemed to diminish (that is to say, the corporeal resistance was probably diminishing and the Power flowed more easily, while the lungs let themselves obediently be inflated and deflated: it was becoming rhythmical). Then I felt that is was enough and I went to bed. Humorously, I could say that the body was happy not to have died of it: Phew, one has gone through it!

What disturbed me was that memory of the old heart difficulties, but I was given a demonstration: “You see, what’s the use of your fears!?! All those medical stories mean nothing, they are the illusions of the Enemy who wants to create fear in order to keep his Grip—and if you are afraid, you die, it is simple and it is exactly what the Enemy wants. You are going to contract your heart, that’s all.” Death is the supreme contraction which refuses to let the Power pass—it is the supreme refusal of the Enemy.

Well, I have been relaxed !

I wonder what effect it will have on that Barrier or that iron layer?—It must have been crossed like the rest, with a submachine gun or the “jet under pressure” of the Divine Power (I suppose—I hope so).

But really, it is “someone” who is not joking: you let him do or you break. And yet, one felt a divine Compassion which would have not let one break and knew, to within about a milligram or a “milliatmosphere,” the Pressure that was bearable by the body and its little worried heart (!).

More and more, it seems that one wants to practically prove to me that death is an illusion created by the Enemy. You only die if the Supreme wants you to do so. And no heart attacks, no matter how many they are, no medical sign is a proof—It is the Enemy who wants to prove to you that you

are going to die. And if his “proof” is well elaborated and well accepted, you die for good.

There is a “memory of death” which is the most powerful arm of the Enemy and which must be uprooted. I remember that the “electrocardiograms” (as the doctors say) keep the imprint of *past* heart attacks, even years later.

There must be an “imprint of death” which changes the least trifle into a mortal sickness, while it is not mortal at all—it is the imprint that is mortal!

The Doctor is the most powerful colleague of Death.

*

Death is here, constantly here, waiting for the “opportunity”—the opportunity can be anything whatever. There are no mortal diseases, there are only opportunities ... one could say of accepting the Divine or of accepting Death.

With a certain attitude of the (cellular) consciousness, one comes back down from the “post of death,” *as if nothing had happened*. I saw that.

*

I remember Mother’s total passivity.

*

There is nothing *but* the Divine, on whom we tried to stick inventions of death.

*

It all depends on one’s capacity of letting oneself be purified (purified from the reasonable inventions of Death).

*

Afternoon

It seems that that Barrier has vanished.... (at least for the moment). There is also a sort of change in the composition of the corporeal, material consciousness, but I can’t say what. As if it were more transparent—more

“null” one could say. And more passive.

We’ll have to see.

*

Evening

I came to the conclusion that that Barrier is the material mind—we could say a “mind of fear”—a first mind *in* Matter, that which organizes and fixes the experience of the species: this is favorable, that is unfavorable, this is dangerous, that must be fled from or attacked. It is a kind of microscopic “murmur” or trepidation in Matter, which constantly switches on its alarm signals and gives the alert: “careful, don’t do,” or “careful, you must do” ... “careful, it is dangerous”... And all that is not inscribed in the experience is a danger. It seems to have innumerable ramifications in the whole substance and down to Matter, like a microscopic “telephonic” *net* which constantly vibrates and tenses up and relaxes. And if we follow that net or that minute mesh all the way down to its roots, we arrive at an irreducible iron layer: it is NO. Beyond, it is Death. But in fact, that mesh or that barrier is *death itself*. Beyond, it is something else, another type of life, precisely forbidden by the laws of the species. Each time a species mutated, it had to cross that iron mesh or Barrier. Under what pressure did it mutate?... A Pressure is needed: when its life, or its principle of life is in danger, either it dies or it has to cross the Barrier, desperately in search of another principle of life. It traverses “death” only to realize that it is not at all death but something else.

This material Mind—yes, this Mind of Fear or habit—is the guardian of the prison who wants to make you believe that outside it is death—but it is he who is death.

There is no death: there is a passage to another principle of life.

If one is able to cross the Barrier consciously and voluntarily (which man alone can do), one mutates necessarily. The law changes. The principle of

life changes.

What men call “death,” the corpse, is the triumph of the NO—it is an incapacity of crossing the Barrier. So one has to start again and again in another body until one finds the “trick” (or not).

The ultimate trick is to materially mutate into the Supreme.

Then there is no longer any guardian or any laws: it is He who is the guardian and He guards you in his Love and in his Law which annuls all other laws.

Death is dead, it has finished its evolutive job.

From one evolutive trick to another, it *obliges* you to go to the Supreme who is deathless—who is the indestructible life. There where no “trick” is needed anymore! and where life blossoms without fear.

*

Death is the last trick of the Supreme to lead you to the supreme life on earth—or else, we would remain little men, little fish or little asses forever.

Humankind has perhaps reached the point where it has to desperately search for another principle of life, or die.

Sri Aurobindo and Mother came to break the Barrier. Nobody noticed it.

*

I think that a continent is lighting up concretely.

It is like a magic that is being undone.



November 5, 1983

You believe that you have crossed, then ... it is something else.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw myself very small and very white, with water up to my waist. There was a black rock near me and all around me there was a raging sea with monstrous waves which came from all sides. I saw one of those waves—twenty or thirty meters high perhaps, I don't know—brownish with a mane of foam, breaking and rushing at me. But there were other waves on all sides. I was very small and very white and alone in that. I kept repeating: Ma-Ma-Ma... I know that a wave rushed at me or went over me, then I don't know, but it seemed to me that I was still alive. I have not been smashed on that rock.

It seems to correspond with the situation.

I have the impression of being in the midst of a raging sea. I hold on to them as well as I can. It would like to tear everything to pieces.

A brownish sea.

Raging forces. And that little white body.

It will probably be like that until we reach the end.

*

When I look at the image again, there was something rather hieratical and tranquil in that little white man amidst the raging elements. He did not look so disturbed, in any case not annoyed. He was not struggling: he was there, very straight, simple.

*

When I think of it again, there was a fact that was physically strange in that vision. There was all that fury, those monstrous waves (one in particular which I saw) coming from all sides (usually, waves only go in one direction, according to the wind!), and that very white little man *should* have been amidst the waves, or at least their ripple, but there where he was, the sea was smooth, without waves. He was naked down to the waist and there was around him, or just near him, a tranquil circle and the quiet water which did not even spray onto him: that fury was outside of that tranquil circle, but it

seemed to come and rush at him (at least one of those monstrous waves).



November 8, 1983

Very dear Kireet,

I am dictating these notes to Sujata.

I spend my time in concentration. It is difficult for me to mentalize the problems—precisely because all problems are false problems created by the mind and the ego. I prefer to go to the true root and find the true healing. If the Aurovilians did that sincerely, there would be no problems anymore. I am verifying Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s experience step by step, and I can see to what extent it is concrete and radical. I don’t like either to interfere in Auroville’s business, not because I am uninterested in it, on the contrary, but because I think that beings must grow freely by themselves and progress through their own errors. If there are no errors anymore, there are no longer any means to progress.

The means that are proposed to “govern” Auroville are precisely tending to replace temporary and fruitful errors with lasting and imprisoning rules. I’m not speaking of the change of label: *Executive Council* is more pompous than the simple “Cooperative,” which meant what it meant (we operate together). But I understand that in the untruthful world we are living in, we still need titles and appearances. That doesn’t matter.

So, they want to draw twelve representatives from a list of fifty Aurovilians chosen by “consensus.” It is a way of replacing wisdom and expertise with lottery. It is also a way of replacing “democratic” blindness by the blind law of fatality.

Mother thought that democracy was “pestilential” and She wanted to replace parties or political groups with a government of “organizers,” as She

said, that is to say, of capable people, efficient and expert each one in their own domains (while waiting for a “government of wise men” which will come ... when people decide to lose their egos). Where are you going to find fifty men in Auroville who are real organizers? It is already difficult to find twelve of them. So you are going to ask lottery to drown those twelve people among thirty-eight others, whose capacities of organization are not evident. Then you will imperturbably establish the reign of those twelve lucky (or unlucky) people for eighteen months. It seems to me a very blind rule, of which the only merit is to hide the lack of courage behind the back of fate, for if a number of Aurovilians are not happy with the decisions of the present Cooperative, what prevents them from expressing their criticisms and asking for the withdrawal of the inefficient or incapable “cooperators”? Now, they will not have to criticize anymore, since it is fate that will have chosen the “executive councilors.”

It is true that the Divine can also play roulette and choose the best twelve among the fifty who will be put forward, but I don't think that that is the divine method, which wants men to grow by themselves and are constantly shaped through their errors. I don't think that a lottery is a good “ersatz” of wisdom or efficiency.

In Greece too, since Pericles, Archons were chosen by drawing lots. They found themselves faced with the same problem of the incapacity or the average mediocrity of the chosen representatives, and archonship became a purely honorary charge, while the true practical problems had to be solved in another way. Our new “executive councilors” run the risk of falling into the same trap, and finally, as anywhere else in the world, you will replace the lack of talent and clear ideas with politics and democratic expedients.

If the Aurovilians are convinced that the members of their Cooperative (or anything else under another label) must be *organizers* and experts, as Mother wanted it, and not orators and wooly minds, there is no reason why

they should not find a dozen capable people in Auroville, who will always remain open to public criticism. There will always be errors, but if people are sincere, they will be able to progress through their “errors” without being locked in a “system.” One goes towards the Truth through a constant shaping.

The error that underlies the difficulties of the Cooperative in Auroville is an error in the mind of certain Aurovilians who subconsciously cling to the egoistical idea of “power” and “prestige.” They should understand that the organizers task is unrewarding, difficult and demanding, and that one has *really* to be an organizer. As soon as an incompetent meddles in it, politics meddles in it, because the incompetent wants to hide its incapacity behind rhetoric.

It seems anti-truthful to me to replace the effort of consciousness with the blindness of roulette.

(...) As for the rest of the proposals, they seem well thought out to me, and I have nothing to object.

I have mainly to express much love to Auroville and my brotherly affection to Kireet.

Satprem



November 9, 1983

For days and days it has been an assault of forces and such nasty voices. Then again that layer of ore, I don't know, immutable and strangling—not even like a cavern, but one is caught in it, like a little beast in a millennial layer.

It is exhausting.

One moves from a cruel and devastating relentlessness to an immutable

and mortal negation. One wonders what that perverted and nasty world is....
It is probably that which moves our agonizing barbarism.

And the fools continue to put popes, marxist mausoleums and democratic
Capitols on all that....



November 10, 1983

When
in all these cells
there will only be
the memory
of You.

*

Evening

An observation suddenly strikes me: in all those concentrations for ...
almost a year and a half now, there has always been “something” (I don’t
know what exactly, but it is very physical) which is on the *borderline* of life
and death.

Perhaps one wants to wear this borderline down.

*

I am in a haze of tiredness.

*

That “something” must be the root of death, of which the external
accident is only the consequence. There must be a vibratory state of Matter
which *makes for* death. It is that root that has to be found. And uprooted.



November 11, 1983

No, it is not to die that is difficult, it is to live this horror, and above all to leave without having wrung the neck of this Horror.

I have to settle old scores with Horror.

*

Had I not known Her, I would have been atheistic and egoist like everybody.

So this too is a matter for serious thought...

*

The last secret is to find the Divine EVERYWHERE.

When the cells *know* that, the vibration of death will be dissolved.

*

Triumphing and futile hero, you lost the game. Poignant, you are drawing nearer to Victory.

And then, there is nothing to be vanquished: it IS.

*

At the end of *everything*, there is only I love You.

*

Mother was so poignant....

*

I hear a great eternal wave.



November 12, 1983

It is all the old shreds of the garment that smell of Horror, Pain and fatigue—all the shadows that form an “I.”

Limpid-limpid-limpid like a pure drop in a pure ocean. That’s all. So the problem is settled.

The old test tube must stop “testing.”

A hole of light.



November 13, 1983

Still in that crushing layer of ore.

The Power comes down slowly and inexorably like a pestle or a dark-blue thrust, and the resistance resists and resists inexorably. It is totally physical. In all that, there is a sort of divine memory which makes the body continue to call, invoke and repeat the mantra—but it is like a buried memory. The cellular consciousness is very far above, perhaps in sunny regions. Here, it is mechanical and stifling. The body is as passive as possible, it calls as well as it can—in fact, it undergoes the operation, it is simply a field of trituration. One is on the verge of being crushed, it is very tiring.

One simply knows that one has to traverse. No fear—and at this stage, one “could not care less,” as it were, it is not even a matter of “living-dying,” but of traversing.

It seems that all the resistance of the world is coagulated there, like a bundle of iron atoms.

*

It hurts in all the corners of my body. Mother would say: a pain here, a pain there, a pain....

Old age?



December 14, 1983

Everything has always to be started again.

One would feel like crying.

What's the use of it?

*

One is lacerated.

*

Tomorrow, on November 15, it will be forty years to the day since I was arrested by the Gestapo. And that cruel night is still there.

Perhaps I was born to swing on that sharp crest where one doesn't know whether it was Cruelty or Love that created this world.

I want to believe that it is Love, but Cruelty always catches up with me. And when I tilt to the cruel night, Love pulls me back again.

Truly, I don't understand anything about Krishna and his mischievousness, which I find tasteless. My heart goes to Shiva. My body is torn apart.

Something else is needed, something else....

*

Why did I adore Anubis in Egypt?

*

All that I can say is that Sri Aurobindo and Mother wanted something else.

So one only has to traverse. And to *be silent*.

Mother was very immobile amidst all that.*



November 15, 1983

This light comes to purify from shadow and death, and the falsehood of

the body consists in perceiving all those elements that are in the process of being cleansed or of “dying” as a threat to its own life, or a possibility of death or a warning of death—in short, it feels “in danger of its life” (it is very physical and concrete), that is to say, it is linked to all sorts of mortal elements which want to make it believe (very concretely) that their death is its. So that light which comes to really rescue it from shadow and death is perceived as a mortal danger!

And the body says (or feels) very innocently: but what proves to me that...?

It is really a situation that would be very humorous, if it were not perfectly unpleasant and “dangerous.”

One could say that each fiber of life is entangled with death, but just try to disentangle the one without feeling the other!

*

The function of the body is to want to live (!), one cannot blame it for that. And it is all this mode of “mortal life” that has to be changed.... It is very difficult to make a first amphybian believe that free oxygen is the right way of breathing, specially when its branchiae are still solid.

In short, one has to die to death little by little (as Mother did say). “To die to death” begins to make sense for me.

*

Vision

I must say that last night, “Death” came and knocked at my door, and I let it in. It was the adverse forces which came to announce my death to me. It resembled a Muslim woman, all draped in black, her head and forehead covered by a black veil, except her eyes. That vision was very “strong,” especially as they wanted to make me believe that that “muslim woman”

* The first American missiles are reaching England.

dressed in black was Sujata who came to tell me that I was going to die....
Very difficult to know if it is true until it happens! That is to say, a cruel
relentlessness. That “Death” even called me as Sujata does: “Dhoum,” and I
opened the door.

*

Afternoon

Still in the Ore.

*

Evening

All the “monsters” are rushing in one after another, each one with its
particular claws.

It is a strangling night on earth.

*

Evening

To “purify” means to see all that must disappear spring up—and you see
quite a few things!



November 16, 1983

My whole body prayed with the ultimate intensity of its life:

May all that Falsehood and that Perversion be
dissolved, at least in one being.

May Your divine Reign arrive on earth

May all of my being belong totally, exclusively to
Your divine Reign....

*

I have the impression that this time, Death has been unmasked.

INDIAN EXPRESS, 16 novembre 1983

“Women anti-nuclear demonstrators chained themselves to the gate of a Southern England US air base early on Tuesday after Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher heralded the arrival of Europe’s first Cruise missiles with a pledge to seek peace....”

*

THE HINDU, Tokyo, 12 novembre 1983

REAGAN DREAMS OF BANISHING N.ARMS

“The American President, Mr. Ronald Reagan, addressing the Diet here this morning, said the U.S. and Japan could become a powerful partnership for good, not just in their two countries nor just in the Pacific region, but throughout the world. (...) Speaking to the Japanese Parliament as the first American President to do so. Mr. Reagan said Japan and the U.S. were standing in the forefront of “free nations and free economies in the world”. They represented the deepest aspirations of men and women everywhere to be free, to live in peace and to create and renew the *wealth of abundance and spiritual fulfilment.....*”

*

Impostors and Liers.



November 17, 1983

The layer of ore has dissolved, I don't know how, as if by magic (at any case for the time being). Or I have come out of it.

That layer is Death itself—or rather the illusion of Death.

That false Death which embraces each thread of life with its perfidious murmurs and hypnotic fears, and its innumerable, microscopic contraction of refusal.

*

All of a sudden, it seems that the path is clear.

The Force is flowing without obstruction.

It is as if one were coming out of a nightmare.

It was long ... twenty-three days.

*

So one can imagine that that net of countless little contractions of refusal makes for an iron layer—which kills you.

*

Vision

In the night from November 16 to November 17, Sujata saw me near a big azalea (according to Mother, azalea = “abundance of beauty”) and I was pulling a big snake (about two or three meters long and twelve centimeters in diameter) which was intertwined with the tree. *I was pulling it by its tail.* Sujata was worried about the danger and feared I might be bitten. I pulled the snake (which was brown with yellow-russet spots), then I sat down and cut off its head—Sujata saw the head fall to the ground. In the end, I began to cut it into slices (almost *methodically*). According to Sujata, I was releasing the “tree of beauty,” so that it could blossom again. In the meanwhile, Sujata went and told Sri Aurobindo what I was doing.

PS: In fact, it is the methodical crossing of the layers. And it is *Vritra*,

the serpent of the Vedas.¹ One pulls the tail first in order to go down to the bottom of the hole—and what a hole!

*

Ten years ago to the day.... On November 17, 1973.

*

Evening

No, it is not yet that. I shouldn't say anything anymore.

Until one has reached the end, one knows *nothing*.

It is only when that Nectar comes, but ... it is so far.

One feels so ignorant, and always as if getting back to the starting point, or worse....

Oh! Ma, if I could rest my head in your lap, it would be so simple!



November 18, 1983

To the limit of my strength and life, I continued Mother's prayer: it has to change, it has to change.... And: may all you gave me not be lost—may all you suffered be not in vain, at least in one man.

*

One dreams of such a strong and pure prayer that it would change everything.

*

What if all statesmen, one after the other, went mad! publicly mad!

Crisis of statemen—global relief.

¹ It is the Python, the immense Serpent of the Vedic tradition, some ten thousand years ago. The son of the Darkness. It covers the consciousness of the earth and prevents the Light (the "Waters of Truth") from piercing through and flowing. They call it the "Coverer."

In the future History, they will call that: “The great tremor of the clowns” (see seismology).

Mrs. Thatcher in tutu with a submachine gun under her arm, Mr. Mitterrand in short pants and a pointed hat (licking an ice-cream), Mr. Deng Xiao Pingpong as a pussy in boots, and Mr. Reagan ... simply in straitjacket.

Then I would be reconciled with Krishna.

(According to Sujata, they are not clowns: they are gangsters.)



November 19, 1983

Of all difficulties of human existence, the most difficult to bear are not the visible horrors, but really the tiny pettiness of stories of badly cleaned pans—each time, it makes me feel like running away, and the adverse forces take advantage of that to dig their mortal claws. The smaller it is, the more mortal. I have not yet succeeded in overcoming that horror of pettiness.

It seems that the mortal powers are all the more strong as the fault is small—when it is microscopic, they are devastating. Strange. All their power focuses on that single point and it can kill you in a split second.

I was able to accept everything and suffer everything in my life, except pettiness—so it affects my throat or my heart all of a sudden and all that I have overcome or dominated elsewhere avenges itself on that only point.

There must be no “point” anymore.

That is to say, one has to accept *everything*.

Difficult.... It is as if suddenly one took it out on the whole life—as long as there is a point of refusal, there will be a point of death.

I who all my life wanted to be like a seagull or that cormorant of the Wild Coast flapping its wings in the wind.... It is strange, truly strange, how

all the Horror doesn't need a Gestapo or great horrors, but can gather in one microscopic point of dust.

“Down to the last atom,” Sri Aurobondo said.

In the life of the world, the Poison is diluted and bearable, but if you concentrate it, you see what it is....

Human life is very small, very small and terrible—pitiless.

I now understand why I not only cut off the Snake's head, but also I cut it carefully into bits....

The operation is not finished.

Will it ever be so?

Mother was *completely* transparent.

She did not “die” by herself nor by *anything* in her. She could have lived ten thousand or ten billion years.

A nasty job (and dangerous).

*

One has not only to be completely transparent, but completely impersonal too.

*

Afternoon

O Lord, you are my only salvation.

You are my great free air that nothing or nobody imprisons.

It is *there* that I want to live.

*

Evening

I am beginning to understand—I am discovering—what Mother meant when she said: “A hundred times in a day, it is: Do you want life, do you want death, do you want life, do you want death.... A perpetual danger.”

It is becoming concrete. Dreadfully concrete.

Even to notice it is dangerous—everything is becoming dangerous.

But there is THAT.

There is: I want the New Life.

*

Yes, that Snake is intertwined with all the small branches of life, down to the last thin little fiber.

BUT there is the Nectar.

*

Night

Irregular heartbeats during the concentration. After twenty minutes, I gave up and stopped. Difficult to know....



November 20, 1983

(Ten years ago, they put her in the tomb)

Afternoon

A for-mi-da-ble presence of Mother (for an hour and a half). She was *there*. As if she were telling me: we are going to walk.

An assurance.



November 21, 1983

I observe two things:

- 1) That layer of Ore seems to have really disappeared.

2) That kind of poisonous Mind which scratched and whispered and tore and threatened—oh! a microscopic, nasty rush for weeks...—annulled, volatilized. I said that that Mind in Matter was a “Mind of Fear,” but in fact, it is a Mind *of Death*. Since Mother’s “visit” yesterday, everything is as if purified, cleansed—the “operation Snake” seems to be over (for the moment!).

But really, I had never felt Mother’s Presence as formidably powerful and concrete as it was yesterday: I was within her—it must have cleansed radically.

If it could cleanse the world from all its little snakes, it would be fine....

It seems that my body has been purged of death (of the poison of death).

I wish I were no longer obliged to write these notes.

And at the same time, I feel that it has a power of action and materialization—as if it were “ramming” down the path. Yes, the path is being pounded.



November 22, 1983

This morning, it was strange. First, I was exhausted yesterday evening, then I did not manage to sleep, all my nerves hurt (especially my legs). I slept a little in the end, and this morning, I was very tired, as if the body felt all the perversion of this life, this threat everywhere, these claws everywhere, this perverted, poisonous nature. I told myself that it must be the remnant or the aftereffects of the nasty poison and of that battle that I had undergone for weeks. Then I sat down and the *physical body*—I could not even say the “consciousness of the body,” for it was really the body, the physical which almost violently rejected all this perversion, this tiredness,

this hurt everywhere, these pains, and which cried-called-prayed for that new life, that true life of sun, of good simple sun, of good pure clarity—in short, that life without poison. And even the body felt that all that tiredness, that physical pain that it felt everywhere in the back, that so-called “old age,” all that was false-false-false, untruthful, a perversion of something else that was the *true* life. And it called for that true life like a drowning man calls for the pure air—it was not a “prayer”: it was a NEED, a CRY.... After an hour and a half of that kind of silent cry, traversed from time to time by immobile spreadings out when the body moved into another sector, then came back, all of a sudden, a kind of waves of sunny power began to enter it from everywhere at the same time: through the back, the kidneys, the sex, the belly, the shoulders, and those “waves” (or I don’t know what exactly) started to triturate and handle it—the body squirmed! Really like a worm or a snake, it twisted and squirmed, doubled up and straightened out under the effect of those waves, which were not brutal but quite irresistible. If somebody had looked at me from the outside, they would have said: Satprem is having an epileptic fit or Satprem is possessed!... That strange manipulation (like waves that followed one another) lasted for more than fifteen or twenty minutes, then everything calmed down little by little and there only remained a rather solid and immobile power.

Nothing more. After an hour and forty-five minutes, I stood up to go to bed.

That’s all. I don’t know very well what it is.

But strangely enough, it was the *physical* body that rejected tiredness, pain, “old age,” as they say, all that, as a perverse FALSEHOOD—as NON-NATURAL! For it, all that was poison injected by I don’t know what evil spell. And it rejected it. That is to say, the old “natural” seemed (or was felt as) a falsity to it, a perversion, a falsehood which had nothing to do with Life—true life. It was something that had come to rot life and poison life,

but it was *NOT* life.

I remark that there was no “psychological” touch in those waves: they were simply a force in movement, but which gave a sunny sensation.

*

That is what things are in fact: it was the *body* itself that felt that it was not life—it was death that lived or had usurped life. But NOT LIFE.

Probably, the body has to reach the point of asphyxia in order to tell itself that decidedly it is not life at all—and to seek-call for something else. (It is then that they make it call the doctor who tells it: “Oh! but you are very ill”—yes, it is very ill of the illness of the world! or of the “health” of the world, and to heal it they give it another dose of medical asphyxia).



November 23, 1983

A thief has entered here.

The tide is rising.

*

November 23, 1983

Indian Express, New York, November 22 (A.P.)

Grim picture

After weeks of hot debate, American TV viewers yesterday saw for themselves *The Day After*, and Secretary of State George Shultz said the movie depicting a nuclear attack on Kansas city is “not the future at all.”

“The film is a vivid and dramatic portrayal of fact that nuclear war is simply not acceptable.” Mr. Shultz said in an interview immediately following the broadcast. The policy of the United States, ‘for decades now,’ has been based on the idea that we

simply do not accept a nuclear war, and we've been successful in preventing it.”

The only reason the United States has nuclear weapons, Mr. Shultz added, “is to see to it that they are not used.” And he said the destructive capability of the US nuclear arsenal has been reduced by 70 per cent since the 1960s.

Many of the expected 75 million viewers gathered in churches.....



November 24, 1983

The American missiles have reached Germany.

Fifty-seven years ago to the day, Sri Aurobindo withdrew to open the passage to the new species.

*

I think that the greatest discovery of the body—the radical discovery—is to have seen, touched, felt, unmasked those mortal claws at the bottom of every life.

It plunges it into an irremediable: “You alone, You alone, You alone....

It is almost a desperate cry from the depths of a profound night.

You alone, You alone, You alone....

Really the two extremes: the Nectar and that Poison.

If it had not known that Nectar, it never could have borne the Poison it discovered lately.

*

I think of Sri Aurobindo in *A God's Labour*:

I saw that a falsehood was planted deep

At the very root of things...

And also in *Savitri*:

A deformation coiled that claimed to be
The being's very turn, Nature's true drive.
A hostile and perverting Mind at work
In every corner ensconced of conscious life...

Savitri, (II.VII).

It is that Mind of Death.

But it is not only a “Mind,” it is a *force*—one could say a hypnotism.

*

Well, that hypnotism must be replaced by: You alone.



November 25, 1983

For perhaps two days, there has been a sort of new state in the body, or of the body, which worried me a little by its nullity, but which I begin to understand better. One could say: the state of “a jellyfish in the sun.”

It has been so since that kind of purge of the material Mind—that Mind of Fear and death (Mother and Sri Aurobindo would call it the “physical Mind”). Before, the whole corporeal substance was in a sort of contradiction or struggle or perpetual tension, or rather of perpetual trepidation—one always had to struggle *against* “something,” and one didn’t know what the part of the intensity of the aspiration was and what the part of the intensity of the resistance (!). And then, for perhaps two days, with that kind of exorcism of the Poison, the body, the material substance has found itself as if “soft,” as if it had lost its usual frame or its usual consistency. It gives the impression of a kind of jellyfish without any willpower of its own, and yet not an empty jellyfish, because there is an aspiration, and even an intense aspiration, but of a quality which is different from what it was before: more

tranquil, as if there were no longer any “against,” but simply a “for” which seeks the sun, needs the sun, thirsts for the sun, but all that in a tranquillity without trepidation. The body has the impression of being traversed by a great swell, which at times inflates it with power, at times spreads it out, and it floats in that, almost null or transparent, like a jellyfish, but a jellyfish that repeats and repeats the Mantra, *knows* that “that” is the only means of contact and that without “that” there is NOTHING. So at times the Mantra swells with power, at times it spreads out like a tranquil sea. A curious state, “null” or floating—yes, as if the “frame” had gone—perhaps (precisely) the frame of death.

One has a sort of impression or divination that the material substance has become “new,” malleable, that it is in the state of a new-born jellyfish and that something else could be inscribed in that. But I know nothing about it.

I had expected the return of that Nectar, that Marvel, but no: a state of protoplasmic jelly! but the aspiration to the sun, the certitude of the sun within, the *knowledge* that there is the Sun. That’s all.

Would I dare say: a new material life in the process of formation?

We shall see.

*

Evening

Vision

I saw something last night and I was a little puzzled, but now I think that it is clear! One should perhaps not write these things, because they are not very elegant, but it is very expressive! Those visions of the New Consciousness have an inimitable mark and they show you with precision and often with an unexpected humor how things are, the “situation.” So it was of a very ... hygienic simplicity. But I wondered what it meant exactly!

I was in my bathroom, and with a precise gesture, I threw a bit of paper of a dark blue shade into the porcelain pan of the toilet (the pan was of an immaculate cleanness!), then, with another precise gesture, I turned the handle of the flush—one second, I wondered whether that rather big bit of paper (it was a square, perhaps twenty centimeters wide) was not going to obstruct everything, but no! it disappeared ... cleanly.

The dark blue is the color of the *material* Mind (the Mind in Matter).

The square indicates a “formation.”

And I wondered if it was not the “formation of the material Mind” that I flushed away!

It seems like nothing, but it would be a big step. Especially if we remember that this material Mind is the “guardian of the species”—it is the Mind of Fear and Death.

For once, it would not be bad to reverse the roles and send Death into the hole!

In fact, it would be a capital step if I correctly interpret what I saw. But what I have been feeling these last days seems to correspond. The beginning of the new species is first of all the end of its mental programming in Matter—it is the end of Death!

Let's see!

*

Really, They carved the path, or else how would it be possible?!

They only left the shadow of the difficulty.

*

The Americans need a great-great lesson. They will be punished in their Golden Calf.

(Needless to say that I am neither pro-Russian nor pro-American—Liers can be found on every side. We are no longer in the days when there was a simple Hitler. I am pro-Mother and pro-Sri Aurobindo. That's all. And pro-

new species).

I suddenly thought of what Mother said: “America will be the center of the transformation.” And it was clear: for that, they will have to be very shaken, in their wallets and their computers—and in their overconfidence.



November 26, 1983

Really, something has changed in the composition of the *material* substance (not only the consciousness). I felt light this morning, in a sort of state of easiness or simplicity—a weight had gone, a thickness had gone. Yes, before, there were always thick layers to traverse (except when that Nectar came, then everything was perfectly there), and that thickness is no longer there. I felt a light sun entering the body from everywhere at the same time and a presence of Mother as if in transparency (in another language, one could say “the supramental atmosphere,” the other air or the other life). That sun seemed to filter through a light silk veil and gave out a soft heat—it was simple, everything was simple. There was that very fast and intense vibration (an ultra-quick frequency), but it was also simple, without resistance anywhere: it was going through. One tranquilly bathed in that. Really, I realize that that iron crust has gone, that kind of mortal shell which enveloped the body. And now “that” filters simply, easily, with tenderness. It is like a *light* Nectar. It is extraordinarily *simple* and easy. One could say that the body has not the same composition anymore. There is only a very light silk veil between the body (or the corporeal substance) and ... “that.”

If that lasts, we are getting the right end of the stick.

And no more swarming of perverse little voices. There is only my mental parrot which looks on (and disturbs me by the way, but what can I do?).

It is not only the transparency of the body that has changed, but its *consistancy*, we could say.

Perhaps a ripe grape in the sun would be like that, while a green grape is hard and opaque? Something like that.

*

Of course, it is not the *physical* substance that has changed, or else it would be an interesting sight! But it is a degree that is very close to the pure physical. Probably, it is how things are done: they slowly “descend” from more subtle areas, until they materialize completely.

Instead of using the visual and human language of the “descent,” one could also say that these layers dissolve little by little until it remains the pure “heart,” *the* thing. *Everything* is there, but clothed.

*

Afternoon

Something else altogether!... First, an almost crushing Pressure in or on the whole body, then, all of the sudden, the corporeal consciousness began to rise (as it used to, same phenomenon). Protracted, successive sucking ups, interrupted by immobile high plateaux. At each new suction, one seemed to enter a denser, ever denser area. It was like an infinite or never-ending climbing, from peak to peak, broken with great immobile plateaux. The density of each new climbing was a little frightening, but no fear—it was truly rather awesome. The body remembered the “double mooring” and the previous experiences. The sensation of the body was really that “it was leaving life”—all of its consciousness was rising and rising—but it knew that it was not death. Something even told it: “One cannot taste the new consciousness with the old consciousness,” so of course, there is a passage from one to the other.... After an hour and a half, I stopped the experience voluntarily, because I began to feel tired, but it was still going on! And what

is curious, really strange, is that you are immediately here, in your body and in Matter! You seem to go out of it without going out of it, to climb indefinitely without moving! Yes, you “go to heaven” (such is the sensation) while remaining in your body and on earth (I could hear all the noises). In short, it is the old experience. But it seemed very dense—denser and denser “heights.”

I’m going for a walk.

*

There must be an order and a method in these experiences—why does this come after that? There is surely a Hand that leads. And everything will be unveiled at last.

*

Evening

These “great immobile plateaux” are a quite surprising sensation; it was really as if one found oneself in the Himalayas,* but Himalayas above the Himalayas! And yet one did not leave the ground!

As if there were Himalayas piled up on top of one another.

*

Obviously, it must be a *material* new consciousness. A new consciousness in Matter.

More exactly: a new way for Matter to apprehend itself.

Instead of apprehending itself through eyes, senses (paws, pincers or hands) or through the Mind, it apprehends itself *directly*.

So I am beginning to understand Mother: it is not a question of “seeing” anymore, it is a question of *being in* (or being with).

*

* I should perhaps say : « as if one *were* the Himalayas,” since there is nothing to “see,” it is not external, and it is all the more powerful.

But really, from what I briefly saw, the characteristic of that consciousness is *power*. Mental life seems cardboard-like compared to that (yes, like some dry carton).

*

Petty things again.... I tried to discard them all afternoon and all evening, but....

I want, I am desperately trying to get out of this human poverty—oh! it is the only hope, the only one.



November 27, 1983

Note from M.

P.'s work as far as Calcutta:

(round from 11-3-83 to 12-15-83 approximately)

<i>Town</i>	<i>Number of bookshops</i>	<i>Number of books</i>
Hyderabad	8	63
Bhubaneswar	3	43
& Cuttack		
Calcutta	14 +	154
	2 libraries	

— The books on deposit amount to Rs 11,300 (which will come in little by little).

— It is *The Mind of the Cells* which is the booksellers' favorite: 46 copies.

P. had ten refusals or so from booksellers in Calcutta, but it is less than

what we could expect. He writes: “SABDA¹ has really done a gigantic work against *The Agenda*. Instructions have been very clearly given to the booksellers linked to the Ashram to accept books from SABDA alone, or “distributed through SABDA.”

*

The impression or quasi-constant sensation of being quite at the end of life (as we know it), as if it were the extreme limit, there is no further to go—in fact, like a man who is about to die at the end of his life. And one doesn't know: there is nothing to want, nothing to try, nothing to do or imagine, since all that is part of the old mechanisms of the old life—there is only to ... yes, to open one's hands, like Mother, in an intense aspiration to ... I don't know. It is the end.

*

Evening

One doesn't understand what is going on....
Except a rather crushing dark-blue Pressure.



November 28, 1983

Vision

Last night (from the 27th to the 28th) I saw this:

I was going down into a kind of profound gorge which was some fifty meters further down. Rocky cliffs forming a rather large gorge. But I saw it little by little: first, I went down among those rocks of a brownish color

¹ SABDA = *Sri Aurobindo Books Distribution Agency*, the distribution agency of the Ashram's books.

(yellow–brown) and there was a sort of “path” or “passage” to climb down, but it was completely riddled with holes, with dangerous crevices; the only possible way was to go along the edge of the precipice—that was what I did, but by letting myself slide on my back! I felt that that dangerous slide was being done with a sort of skill and relative easiness which surprised me—I was quickly sliding. Then I reached the bottom of that gorge: it was lined with grey rocks* (not sand). I knew that the raging sea was going to invade the gorge any minute and I began to run in order to cross and go back up by the other slope. That gorge was perhaps a hundred meters wide (less, I think, perhaps sixty meters?), I don’t know. I seemed very small in it. While running, I saw a silver key on the ground, on the background of grey rock (silver or stainless steel, a little like the key to my bathroom). It caught my attention, because it was rather strange, but I didn’t even stop to pick it up (it was as if it were enough to see it!). I reached the other side and began to climb up. There, one had to use a lot of strength, it was rather steep and very difficult, because several rocks were shaky and were threatening to tumble down; one had to use one’s strength to haul oneself up, but without using strength! without pressing too much on the rocks; to touch and grasp them as if not grasping them! But there, too, there was a kind of skill and I saw myself making the gestures with a sort of gentleness, but a very strong one! Then I reached the top of the cliff and someone (?) gave me his hand. It was accomplished. The rocks had a grey color. I reached the other side before the rushing of the “sea” (or the water) which, I knew it, was going to engulf the whole gorge. I say “gorge,” but it is not the right word, because it was not at all in the mountains: it was in the sea, like a deep Breton “aber,”* or a very deep cove.

* Rather dark grey. And it was not uneven rocks : it was like flat stones.

* Estuary.

*

The world is completely in the hands of the adverse forces. In Delhi, 690 women are burnt alive every year—for a matter of money (a scooter, a TV, a fridge).

Indian Express, November 25-27

Almost every 12 hours a woman is burnt to death in Delhi. In 1983 only, 690 women died of burns in the capital. How many of them died of suicide or by accident—and how many were assassinated, young women killed by their family-in-law, for not having brought a sufficient dowry?...

New-York, November 26 — The Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, has been designated as “Defender of World Peace” by the International Women’s Club of Mexico, a prominent institution in the field of social service for over five decades. A plaque honoring Mrs. Gandhi was delivered to the Ambassador of India in Mexico.

Bombay, November 24 — For each hour the Commonwealth heads of government spend in the lush green beauty of Goa, the state exchequer will be forking out around Rs.60 lakhs. The total bill for the 72-hour week-end retreat will be Rs.43.86 crores according to the Citizens for Civil Liberties....

*

But Mrs. Gandhi receives a peace price (from Mexico). She is designated as “defender of world peace”....

In Goa, the Commonwealth heads of government go for a picnic to eat the world affairs (I mean to arrange them¹) and to “rescue the peace” (they cut three thousands trees to make room). They are tragically ridiculous. And

¹ It is Sujata who, by an opportune typing error, typed « eat » instead of « arrange. »

inept. Cost of the week-end = 43 crores....

Oh! Lord, we must, we must take the first step of the new species, it is the only salvation, the only one.

Oh! Mother, you must, you must face the human Beast, you must, it is the only salvation.

*

Afternoon

(Furious voices and forces).

To be purely Yours, totally and simply, with love. That is the first, the only step of the new species—only *You* can do.

This total offering, and with love.

Pure, simply.

*

I belong *to* Mother and *to* Sri Aurobindo. That's all. And that is the "key."

*

Impression: the importance of a pure prayer amidst that fury.

*

Evening

If America needs a "big lesson," India needs to go through fire.

*

It seems that the world's misery is part of me.

I mean that it is as if I suffered from a painful illness which yet has no medical symptoms.

*

The Hindu, London, November 28, 1983

THE MISSILES ARE FOR PEACE, ITALIA SAYS

The first pieces of the American missiles *Cruise* have reached the naval base of Sigonella in Sicilia this week-end, allowing Italia to become the third NATO country to receive those medium-range nuclear missiles. England and West Germany are the two others....

Of course, bombs are made for peace, as everybody knows....



November 29, 1983

I suddenly wonder if I was not quite mistaken about the meaning of that vision of the passage through the profound gorge.... Because for days now I have found myself in that immutable and rather crushing dark-blue Pressure.... I wanted to go too fast or believed that I had finished with that exorcism of the material Mind or “Mind of Death,” but ... I thought that I was going to find the Nectar again. But that vision was precisely sent to me, perhaps, to show me that I was wrong in thinking or hoping that: I ran down to the bottom of that gorge at full speed, in order to move to “the other side” before the rushing down of the sea, and *I left the key*—the key that was on that background of grey rocks—in the middle of the gorge.... So perhaps it is not a question of running “to the other side,” but of finding the true passage or the “key” which lies on that grey rock or *in* that grey rock—in the middle of the gorge and, if possible, before the rushing down that will engulf everything.

I seem to now understand that that Mind of Death had (or has) its roots in that kind of iron layer, which is its ultimate result. It seemed to me that that layer had disappeared, but it is there, under my feet! And I really think that that kind of crushing, dark-blue Pressure in which I am is the Divine force which is pressing and pressing and pounding that Rock. It is rather crushing.

But nothing seems to move. Only this time, instead of being *in* the Rock or *in* that iron layer, I am *with* the Force which presses and pounds that iron layer.

That is what I seem to understand.

The key is in that Rock.

The passage is not “on the other side,” but in that Rock itself.

The Nectar will come after, when the Rock is broken (let’s hope so).

Now, perhaps I am completely mistaken once more, but the *fact* is that I have been in that dark-blue Pressure for days.

What is comforting on that “path without path” is that, in a way, one cannot be mistaken! because one cannot want anything or seek anything—one can do nothing, one knows nothing! So one is really forced to let the Experience unfold, or the Divine unfold his Experience as He wishes! Even if I had imagined that the passage was on the other side, one would have continued to keep me in that gorge, under that imperious dark-blue Pressure. And that’s it.

We’ll see what will happen next.

(They are very kind all the same! I said the other day: “I don’t understand what is going on,” and immediately They sent me that vision to make me understand what was happening!)

Now I remember *A God’s Labour*.

Dig deeper, deeper yet
Till thou reach the grim foundation stone
And knock at the keyless gate.

But They left a key for me....

It seems that the Experience is reaching a critical point.

*

Perhaps I am also charting Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s cartography!

(and at the same time).

He really said *everything* in *A God's Labour*.

*

Well. This time, I have really picked up the key instead of running past like a nitwit.



November 30, 1983

Still under that crushing, dark-blue Pressure (I cannot say exactly, because I have no gift for visions, but the sensation is dark blue). It even seems to become more and more crushing, or compressing. It is like a formidable pestle of dark-blue Power which is slowly-slowly descending, pushing or pressing or compressing everything in front of it (perhaps like a piston?) and when it reaches the sexual center or a little below, it seems to embed itself there (or perhaps to stall there?) and then it goes back upwards before coming back down with an increased Power, and so on: it comes down, goes back up, comes down.... It is a totally mechanical operation, without a touch of psychology (!). One is only the “field” of the operation. And one feels that formidable compression, rather implacable or inexorable, one could say. One really has the sensation of being in a Rock that is being pounded or drilled. I try to make myself as “soft” as possible so that the Power could descend without resistance, but obviously it sinks into something that resists. It is of a rather formidable compression. And it is exhausting. But even when I stand up and move, I have the impression that the operation continues (I feel the solid, constant Pressure), for as soon as I concentrate a moment, I feel the Pestle going up and down, up and down....

I think that one is truly digging in that “foundation Stone.”

But now, I have well understood the mechanism. I wondered what the

order or the method was in all that, and why suddenly, the other day, the material consciousness started to rise from peak to peak as in the Himalayas.... But that is exactly what Mother said: “The deeper one wants to descend into Matter, the higher one has to climb into the consciousness.” So, that “pestle” of the material consciousness* had climbed from peak to peak to descend deeper into the hole.

And I suspect that each time, that material consciousness must reach higher, denser regions, corresponding to a deeper, more compressing descent. At the beginning, I feared that my material consciousness might suddenly drop my body and spurt high up in the sun.... But perhaps one day, it will really reach the last region and emerge into the Sun, and *simultaneously* the Sun will be below, at the bottom of the hole—that is to say, there will be the round sun everywhere, immediately there, without any up or down....

We’ll see. For the moment, it is very “compressing” and crushing, even without “siding with” resistance. I let myself be manipulated, I try to be as porous as possible, but it is really like being within the Rock (or under the Pestle).

*

I have the impression that it is not above, on the last peaks, that I will emerge into the Sun, but that it will break below, or from below, when I have drilled the last layer of rock. Then it will be the Sun everywhere.

In fact, it is like a black egg of rock in which one is closed. And the Sun is everywhere around. When the hole is drilled, it will be the Sun everywhere.

It is the egg of Death.

* Perhaps it would be more exact to say : that pestle of the supramental consciousness, « called by the aspiration of the material consciousness. » (?) The material consciousness

But “Death” consists only in going through the shell, like a chick, and after that one emerges into Life *without death*—true life.

*

What will come first? the rushing down of the sea in the gorge or the drilling of the shell and the rushing down of the Divine Sun?

It might well be a race.

The terrestrial shell only needs to be drilled in one point.

*

Evening

When Sri Aurobindo or the Rishis speak of digging, we see it as something external: a man with a pick or a shovel—but we are the *object* of the digging! (it is less pleasant). *We are* the rock.

*

This evening, Sujata (without knowing what happened these last days) read me a little Russian story (very interesting by the way) called *The Key to the Earth!*



December 1, 1983

That pressure or compression is almost agonizing—everything—everything is stuffed with Power. As if one more gram of it could not enter or descend without making everything explode.

The pounding is becoming almost “immobile”!

*

Perhaps the intensity of below (or of within) has become equal or almost

is only the “conductor” (in the electrical or mechanical sense of the word).

equal to the intensity of above??

*

I wonder if the resistance of that “Rock” is not meant to draw the Power corresponding to that resistance?

Death can only be vanquished by the Immortal.

*

That’s where a total surrender is needed, of everything, even of “life.”

*

There must be a moment when the fish has to renounce its aquatic life. It is the moment when it can mutate. If it clings to its old life, it dies.



December 2, 1983

Suddenly, through a tiny little detail, one can assess the difference.

This morning, I had a small material work to do with X and Y. No physical effort: I only had to check something with them. As long as the work lasted, I did not notice anything, but suddenly, when I left them, I was seized by a physical exhaustion, I don’t know, incomprehensible, with an irritation everywhere in the body, as if I had absorbed things that were noxious for it, one could almost say poisonous—it was hurting everywhere and I was exhausted. If I had followed my inclination, I would have remained lying.... I sat down, and it was such a *cry* in the whole *physical* body (not the corporeal consciousness, no: the purely physical body with its bones, its nerves, its fibers). A cry of supplication for breathing the true air, the sunny air, true Life, Truth-truth-truth—Truth had become a matter of breathable *air* for it. And a perception in the whole body, a purely *physical* perception of how the ordinary air, the “normal” air, in short, what everybody breathes, was asphyxiating, heavy, poisonous—unclean. And it

cried for living in that simply simple, simply true, simply sunny air, NATURAL at last.

The Power invaded it instantly and cleansed all that, put all that again in the usual air or atmosphere. But then the body assessed so tangibly, so concretely, to what extent it needed and lived in a new air. It was as if it were saying: “Well, I don’t want to live again in that old human air, never more.” And if one tells it: “You see, you are now unfit for ‘normal’ life, you are worth nothing anymore,” it answers: I could not care less, I want to emerge into another life, another air, truth at last—truth—pure, simple, luminous, simply simple truth! And nothing else.

And that was the cry of the *physical* body.

So one can assess the difference, which otherwise could go unnoticed.

That is to say, the body has *already* become “amphibian,” it is *already* breathing another air, and it almost falls ill if it has to go out of it so as to breathe the normal air of the others.

That is, “something else” has become usual.

It took a kind of determination in the body, whatever the crushing or the dangerous sensations of the other way of being. And it *knows* that it will emerge into the Sun, because it needs sun, very simply, and there is nothing more natural and inevitable. It is simply obvious to it, like fresh water and the smell of honeysuckle.

And such a gratitude in the body and the whole being because there is THAT, because that *exists*.

Sometimes, people are grateful for a glass of fresh water—well, it is that. It is marvelous to know that that exists.

Of course, physically I breathe the same air as X and Y, but there must be another ingredient. A new *physical* ingredient.

Scientists will say that that new ingredient is not measurable by their instruments and thus that it does not exist physically, but through

hallucination.

I wonder how an old scientific fish can measure free oxygen—it doesn't have the appropriate instrument! It is the new lungs that are the instrument.

Scientists believe that they have measured everything (or almost everything) exactly with their telescopes and microscopes and their old panoply, *but* they can *only* measure what corresponds to their senses, even if those senses are enriched with microscopes and telescopes.

Telescopes, microscopes and infrareds *are part of* human senses; they simply magnify the limitations inherent to the species.

We erect around us the bronze walls of our infallible laws, which are only the temporary hallucinations of a terrestrial species on its way towards the Truth of the Earth.

*

Afternoon

There was no “pounding” anymore.

A great dense immobility came.

All prayers, all calls, even the Mantra stopped.

There were no boundaries of the body. No longer that sensation of being crushed.

It resembled those Himalayan “great plateaux.”

Yet, it was in the body, but a body that did not seem limited.

The sensation of being at the extreme limit of life.

From time to time, in that vast immobility, a new mass of Power descended, a little like a mountain. There was something majestic in it. One had the sensation of Sri Aurobindo or of Shiva.

And yet it was still the body, but as if spread out.

A vast, dense immobility.

*

Evening

I really think that it was the material Mind that was the “boundaries” or the limit of the body (what I called the “Mind of Death”). It seems to have become silent—gone into the hole.

*

Doubtless, if there had not been Mother and Sri Aurobindo, I would have gone completely mad.



December 3, 1983

The pounding has started again.

The material consciousness rises with its prayer and the Mantra, then “that” descends like a pestle, massively, and so on.

Perhaps it rises a little higher each time, I don’t know, but each time a new dose descends, more massive, more crushing—slower to descend too.

It is very mechanical.

I am hardly anything more than a pounded field of matter.

There is no individual left in all that.

It might last and it might not.

It is rather exhausting.

It seems to be continuing indefinitely.

*

Evening

I have the impression that that pounding corresponds to what I used to call the “supramental drop by drop,” though it was more charming! Probably it must depend on the field that is crossed. Now, it is more

tough....

In short, one is doing stratigraphy.



December 4, 1983

I am not really able to say what happened this morning for more than two hours.

I woke up with the sensation of a “new Presence of Mother” in Matter. It expressed itself through: Mother directs Matter, Mother leads Matter, Mother reigns over Matter. It was *concretely felt* like that.

Then there was in my whole *physical* body an aspiration which was like an absolute certitude. A *total*, absolute gift, of everything. Then: Your Divine Truth on earth, Your Divine Goodness on earth, Your divine Light on earth.... You-You-You. Yours, Yours, Yours, may *everything* be Yours, be You. The Divine Time on earth.

Then my whole body became a sort of gaping hole—a hole. From the top of the head to the lower part of the body—a hole, totally a hole. So everything traversed-went through. I don’t know how to say it. But it was so completely a hole that everything could go through. It is not appreciable, one cannot say, it has no dimension anymore. But one could feel a Supreme Presence in that hole (without dimension), a Supreme Light, a supreme *Power*. THE SUPREME.

It lasted for two solid hours (two hours and a quarter).

And then a sensation that one doesn’t dare to say, but ... IT IS DONE.

Then: The Divine Time.

*

Vision

This morning, just before waking up, I saw myself on the edge of a precipice. It was a rock with some grass on it. I did not see the bottom of the precipice. I saw nothing in fact. And in my consciousness, there was something that could be translated in this way: “It is the only means, there is no other means.” And I hurled myself into the precipice (that was what woke me up).

Now, I understand what that means.

*

Thirty-three years ago to the day, it was Sri Aurobindo’s last day on the visible earth.

*

I have the impression (I dare, after all) that something decisive for the Earth has happened.

*

Afternoon

No sooner had I sat down than, a second later, the material consciousness began to rise and rise, but then, almost simultaneously, “that” descended, very dense. I had the impression of rising into Mother, or of receiving Mother. At one point, I told her rather childishly: it would be fine if you were here, you would do what you want on Earth, and I would hide in a fold of your dress and I would be happy-happy-happy.

That ascent-descent became denser and denser and slower and slower too, but there was *no* crushing: it flowed everywhere in the body, in the veins, the limbs, everywhere, without obstruction, as if the whole body were clear, hollow. And soon the two movements became as if equal, one felt no longer any ascent-descent, it was the Splendor, there. A density of love.

There are no words to say it. It was Mother-Sri Aurobindo there. Formidably dense.

The SPLENDOR.

And the sensation: the Divine reign on Earth. It was above all the impression that it was *not only* individual, it had a meaning for the Earth.

There is no need to make sentences.

It lasted for an hour and a half. Then I stood up to walk, but it was there.

*

Night

That Splendor, so soft.

My whole body at the feet of the Lord and Mother, in Them.

A beatitude.

Oh! may Sri Aurobindo be the Master of the earth.

*

The greatest day of my life and of all my lives.

The only thing that surprises me (childishly) is that the Samadhi has not yet been smashed to pieces.



December 5, 1983

That full-full Marvel.

That big golden and loving swell....

Oh! Lord....

*

It is curious how the Mind and the Vital, those very important persons which have filled up History with their speculations and marvelous discoveries, feats and noble sentiments (at least ... from time to time), were simply ignorant, pretentious and unruly little schoolboys, some kind of rascals, which lead us (in spite of themselves) to that point of Evolution where it is Matter that knows and Matter that loves.

Then it is another life.

*

One can hardly believe that that old Horror is over now....

And really, everything-everything in this old Evolution, even higher spiritualities, seems to be a counterfeit and a distortion.

But all the same, we can't blame the old Fish for having produced a little seal one day. If only those damned humans knew that there is a marvelous little seal to create! how much time and pain would be spared. But they only think of "improving" their horror.

*

Afternoon

A bizarre obstacle has arisen—not an obstacle below, but an obstacle above! I don't understand what this aberration is....

The material consciousness rose up, as it did many times, and instead of going from peak to peak, as if sucked in from above, it suddenly bumped into a ceiling or a lid. It is really strange, never in my life did I feel an obstacle above! And it is as if, instead of pulling a higher force in order to go deeper, one had to do the opposite and pull a deeper force in order to break through the obstacle up there! A pestle in reverse. I don't understand. Or I am completely mistaken.

The little seal definitely has difficulty in being born.

*

As Mother would say: I don't care, I love You!

*

Evening

An aspiration whose intensity reaches the point of anguish.



December 6, 1983

That same ascension of the corporeal consciousness, but instead of having the sensation of a sort of continual ascension, from peak to peak, in something that is immensely open, one bumps or stops in an extremely dense region, which gives the sensation of a ceiling or of such a dense, radiant layer that it stops the ascension as if the very density were the “ceiling” or made for the “lid”—it is not “hard,” but it is of an intraversable density. And each time the corporeal consciousness touches “that,” that radiant barrier, it seems to slowly-slowly go down to the bottom (the sexual, physical center), invading the whole body, but *without an obstacle*—there is no longer that layer of Rock, there is no more “pounding,” it redescends majestically, slowly, without obstruction; it is rather up there that the “barrier” lies! One doesn’t feel that one emerges into a free expanse, it bumps somewhere in that dense layer. So one (the corporeal consciousness) seems to indefinitely come and go, bump up there, then come back again, then jump back up there and redescend again, and so on.

That “dense barrier” gives a golden, solar sensation (but I have no gift of vision, it is rather a sensation).

*

I remember that they say in the Veda: “The face of Truth is covered with a golden lid.” (*Isha Upanishad*, 15). Is it that?

*

Afternoon

This corporeal consciousness seemed to *enter* more and more that “dense barrier” or dense layer, and at the same time or each time the corporeal consciousness entered that dense layer, something descended into the body, truly a dense, denser and denser mass descended after each ascension, as if the density in the body became equal to the density of the dense layer up there (or to the quantity of the dense penetrated layer). Then, the movement

became slower and slower, cut by immobile expanses where the body was as if solidified or “caught up” in that formidable density, then a new “dose” descended, even slower and more massive (if possible). It was difficult when it passed through the head, really slightly explosive. But no fear in the body, on the contrary, a total adhesion, a call to That. And one felt that that density was Sri Aurobindo-Mother. And there was always that same prayer of the body: “A bit of earth for you to place your feet—the divine reign on earth, the reign of Truth, the end of Falsehood....” And then: yours, yours, yours.

For two hours, those somewhat formidable densities came down into the body, by “small doses” which seemed like the descent of a mountain (of radiant Power). But the body felt “large.”

I wouldn’t know how to describe it. One doesn’t feel like noting down.

I believe that it is that that we call “the supramental descent into the body.” Maybe it is not yet “complete,” I don’t know, after two hours I was a bit ... I don’t know, I wanted to walk.

*

Evening

I walked among the devastated trees. There was that prayer: “Oh! Lord, the end of this Brutality....”

*

Yes, I believe that it is the correct notation: the corporeal consciousness plunges more and more into that dense barrier, and at the same time, that Density plunges more and more into the body.

*

We are at the Time when things *are being done*. It is not that they are going to be done (in the world and in the individual): they *are being done*.



December 7, 1983

Vision

Sri Aurobindo's humor is priceless.

Last night, I hardly slept a wink, I had a sort of fever in my head. But at one point, I saw myself on the back of an elephant (it seemed to me very high) and I was holding (or someone was holding) a steering wheel which was placed between the elephant's tail!...

This is a new type of navigating. A sailing elephant! (I didn't see a sail!).

In any case, it means that the Power is governed.

We advanced through the water (a stretch of water, or I don't know what, it was rather obscure) and the water seemed to me far below!

I was seated on a kind of chair or of packsaddle on the back of the elephant. So it was a very comfortable elephant! "You see, don't worry!"

I have a kind of impression that there were one or two people with me, but I did not see very well—I was totally taken up by this elephant's steering wheel!

*

No sooner had I sat down this morning than the Movement started again. The body enters that "dense barrier" more and more (one feels like saying "ardent," but it doesn't burn, though it is radiant, like molten Matter or like some Matter that would be made of dense, "thick" vibrations). After a progressive time of adaptation, "that" began to descend regularly into the body (or the body began to enter that), but it does not descend like a "flow" or a "stream," it is a sort of mass, it descends by successive masses—one could almost say like successive "blocks." And yet, it is not "hard," but it is extraordinarily dense or thick, while being "adaptable." It is probably that supramental Matter that I saw once as a "cube of ocean" (a solid liquid!).

The operation is continuing and continuing. And the body *knows* that it is the Divine, the Supreme, the *new life*. It sinks into that or lets itself be penetrated with a kind of adoration mixed with gratitude and love. Not a second of fear: “At last, it is *that!* At last, we are there!”

The only work of the body is to try to be as vast as possible—to widen in order to bear “that.”

Sometimes, one is very “solidified” in that, and it becomes very immobile, but then one no longer feels any limits. It is like a marvelous block of living love—a block of living Divine!

In short, supramental Matter is a Matter made of power—it is a powerful (and naturally divine) Matter.

I wonder what effect that will have on old Matter (which seems dry, brittle and dull, compared to that)?



December 8, 1983

I don't know what happened.

A capital experience—or rather a FACT—about which I would not be able to say anything!

The impression: “It is done,” but what is done? “I” don't know!

Something formidable and SIMPLE at the same time!

*

It does not matter if I understand or not, as long as it is done.

*

Evening

Perhaps it is “formidable” for the old state and very simple for the other state. The one is at the end of its language and has no “senses” to touch that,

and the other has no language yet, or what is obvious doesn't need a language.

Would the rose say what it feels? It is a rose, that's all.

It was mainly the sensation that there was no longer any "I" in relation to which one could measure.... All life is in relation to an "I"—and "I" is no longer there. Yet, life is there! Another life.

*

In fact, our only "sense" is neither sight, nor smell nor touch nor ... it is "I."

*

Oh, Lord, as long as it is *Your* life, nothing else is needed.

*

Vision

I think it was in the night of December 8-9 (I forgot to note it down, but it is full of meaning), at one point, I saw that I was being put on a new pair of stockings! They went up to the knees and were largely folded over, a little like breeches, but they were stockings! They were of a beige color or something like that (a mixture of beige and russet). A very comfortable and rather large sensation (they were large and felt like wool). Legs and feet are the symbols of the physical body—so one is going to put new shoes or new clothes on this old carcass!? It was not me who was putting on new stockings: "one" put those new stockings on my feet. "Someone" was doing the work for me....

A marvelous solicitude gives us all the indications, warns us, and in spite of all, we manage to lack confidence! oh....



December 9, 1983

That dense layer “up above” seems to descend more and more freely into the *physical* body. Rather quickly, the movement of ascension of the corporeal consciousness becomes almost imperceptible, as if nothing “went up” or “came down” anymore, and the dense layer seems to be immediately there, on the same level as the physical body. Then the whole body is immobilized in a dense Power and one no longer well knows what is going on. There is no limit, dimension or landmark anymore. It is as if anywhere.

It is also very tranquil. All that murmur of death has completely vanished since the “hygienic” flushing away.” (!)

*

Afternoon

It is curious, in the past, when that Power invaded the corporeal, material consciousness, it was a Nectar; now, in the physical, it seems ... I don't know, almost mechanical.

There is no obstruction, the “Rock” seems completely (?) pierced or hollow, vanished, but ... I don't know. There was another vibration in that material, corporeal consciousness. The physical seems neutral, dull.

Yes, it is perhaps as Mother would say: a piece of bark.

Truly, I don't well understand what is happening and I'd better be silent.

One only has to let oneself go, that's all.

*

Afternoon

That Density continues to penetrate and impregnate the physical body directly (without any “ascent” or “descent”). It seems that growing densities are penetrating. It is rather crushing.

Besides, since that day of the piercing of the “Rock,” the Power tends to descend into the legs and even into the feet.

*

The only solution is that *one* physical body gives itself totally and *without fear* to the Divine Experience.

*

Night

Bits of Vision

Here is what I have noted down: “The hellish train that runs to the accident. The blue light of Sri Aurobindo, with the figure **10**, as if indicating the coach number.” It was going at full speed in the night with an infernal noise.



December 11, 1983

I have to force myself to note down.

The phenomenon is becoming very clear.

Every morning and evening these last days, it has been a penetration and an impregnation of the *physical* body by the supramental Power. It happens by successive and continuous “doses,” which seem to become denser and denser and at the same time descend lower and lower towards the legs and the feet. Each time, the material, corporeal consciousness goes up into that “dense layer,” but it has not to go “far up there” or from peak to peak: it is just behind and above the head—it is perhaps the “supramental sun” (but I have no vision). As soon as the material consciousness touches or enters that Density, a massive “drop” immediately redescends from there, which slowly penetrates the whole body—or, we could say, the body enters that solar Density further or more deeply. With each ascension of the material consciousness, the body goes “further and further” or more deeply into that

Density, or, seen in another way, it receives a denser, more massive “drop” which descends lower and lower into it. These are drops of a massiveness which gives the sensation of a “solid-liquid” or a “solid flow” or melting ore: each time, the body seems to be on the verge of bursting or “boiling,” and overswollen. Then an even more massive new drop or dose descends again, and so on. Each descent unfolds at a *very* slow rhythm, as if it entered almost millimeter by millimeter—a sacred slowness. All of the phenomenon takes on a sacred character. It is Matter receiving the Supreme Divine. It is a Grace beyond all words. The body is conscious of being a sacred receptacle, but it is as if immobilized in that, almost without individuality—it is as if all of Matter were receiving the Supreme. There is no “feeling” in that, as it were, except the feeling of the “sacred”—it is a phenomenon that unfolds in Matter. An impression that each time it is the whole terrestrial Matter that receives a drop of the Supreme.

One feels that the phenomenon is progressive and that the operation is continuing. Even with my eyes open it continues and I can seize it again immediately (or enter it at once).

The words that are used and the description seem totally inadequate.

It is a descent of the supramental *Power*. It is the Supreme in its form of power or force. It is what will create the next terrestrial body or will make it work.

It is what will change the whole structure of the old Matter and all of the old form of life.

*

To sum up, it is as if each time one entered the Sun a little more or if it descended a little more into the physical body.

If one entered it all at once, the body would disintegrate.

*

Evening

I really have the impression that that “drop by drop” is Sri Aurobindo’s “mathematic formula.” Only it has to traverse all the layers. I think that we have reached the last one: the “pure” physical.

What is remarkable, in any case, is that the material, corporeal consciousness has no longer to go up to interminable heights and from peak to peak: it is as if all there, level with the body or just above the head. In one second, one touches that Density (that Sun, I dare say). But probably one touches only a little bit of it at the same time.

*

Logically, there must be a link between what is happening in this small terrestrial body and the rest of the great body. Some “changes” will happen. Or that will hasten the Change.

*

I remember that when I read that letter of Sri Aurobindo in which he spoke of his “mathematic formula,” something in me remained as if dumbfounded: What! He didn’t say what his formula was. And it was as if I had to find the formula.

Only the body can find, obviously.

It remains to “work it out figure by figure,” as Sri Aurobindo said (I still remember the terms of his letter). But I think that the “figures” are “drops” (!).



December 12, 1983

Sujata’s birthday: 58 years old

(Card from Satprem to Sujata)

12-12-83

To my sweet Beloved

Those notebooks of our aspiration and our
battle together so that Their Pain may be not in
vain and Their Divine Reign may arrive on
Earth.

Our two hearts one in the other and our eyes
towards the Sun

Dhoun¹

*

As soon as a shadow comes near, it makes for such an intense pain. It seems that I can no longer breathe anything except Their Light. All of the old life is felt as a torture. Oh! I begin to understand Mother so much.... “Why do I feel like crying out,” she used to say.... Oh, to breathe *only* Your Light, what a total relief!

That is to say, I am totally out of phase with “normal” life. And for nothing in the world would I like to go backwards—backwards is Death; in front is Life.... I don’t know which life, but it is the only possible breathing.

*

I gave my notebooks to my Douce.

In the past, I thought of twelve people, but if there are two or three of them, it would already be a miracle.

These notebooks are not done for “readers,” but for those who have already reached the point of no return and for whom that becomes a question of life or death.

¹ One of Shiva’s names (which Sujata gave to Satprem, he-who-smokes : Dhounrapa.

*

Afternoon

The “drop by drop” is taking on proportions that are somewhat ... not frightening, but awesome. The body feels transformed into a cauldron, about to explode. It repeats: to You, to You, what You will ... but the passage through the head is very difficult. It is completely as if one were going to have a “brainstorm.” The body has no fear, it knows that it is Mother-Sri Aurobindo, but it feels so fragile in front of (or rather under, in) that thick molding mass. There remains that anxiety of a cerebral lesion. It’s stupid, but....

Never have I seen such a thing.

Towards the end, after an hour and a quarter, I opened my eyes and I took the photo of Mother and Sri Aurobindo—that calmed me down.

I am going for a walk.

The “operation” is not over.

And yet one feels an infinite Precaution and that that descends as if millimeter by millimeter (particularly in the brain, the rest is easy and more robust). If the body could surrender totally or widen better....

When that used to descend into the corporeal consciousness, it was more supple. While here one has the feeling that it is rather rigid and “breakable”—but no obstruction (except through stupid limitation).

We’ll see. We’ll have to reach the end one day, or at one moment.

*

I have the impression of an immense Grace. But which I cannot understand.

*

With my Douce, we walked through the forest. It was so good. Fifty-eight years old....

*

Evening

One constantly betrays your Love and your Goodness by a lack of confidence. That's it.



December 13, 1983

I think that the body is beginning to understand something, it is not a question of being able to contain or bear growing Powers—one cannot contain that—but of widening-widening. And it is beginning to concretely, practically understand the movement that it has to make in order to widen or spread out that fixed or frozen structure. It is like a very tight ball which slowly-slowly loosens itself, and the more the ball relaxes its stitches, the more that seems to stretch and spread out and at the same time *lose its individuality*. It is not *the* body, *my* body that widens and inflates—no, it seems to disappear from its own point, pass through the stitches, and then that seems almost immobile but not situated “anywhere,” in any “I” whatever. And it seems wide. And then, from time to time, in that sort of corporeal expanse, a new “drop” descends, a drop that seems gigantic, but which descends or sinks into that without breaking anything, like a drop of water falling into a liquid.

Well, all that is yet stammering, but I think that the body—the *physical* consciousness—is beginning to understand something.



December 14, 1983

I don't understand what is going on....

The corporeal consciousness began to rise and rise interminably, from peak to peak, for an hour and a half—everything-everything was coming out of the body, as when one “gives up the ghost.” It was a total abolition: a yawning hole which rose and rose. “I” gave everything: my heart, my body, my soul, my life—Yours, Yours, Yours.... A hole. A gaping hole. After an hour and a half, dense masses or dense “drops” began to descend or to fill that hole—it was all there. One no longer had the sensation of rising up or of a “descent” really. It filled up that hole. And the “densities” did not seem difficult to bear: it was a hole, nothing obstructed or disturbed. But the body began to tire after that long ascension from peak to peak, as when one really dies, and I stopped the Movement to go for a walk. There.

I don’t understand, because yesterday and these last days, the “dense layer” seemed to be just above the head—and now the corporeal consciousness had to accomplish this interminable ascension.... What does that mean? I don’t know. What is important is that the thing be done.

*

Evening

Suddenly, I told myself: but if at the end of all these manipulations since ... (exactly nineteen months to the day!) I have not gone mad and I am not dead, it is because I am really going beyond madness and death!

Which reminds me that last night, at one point, I saw myself going through a door, and that door had a very light salmon-pink frame. It was the color of that frame that struck me.... Perhaps I am slowly going into the supramental world? (in small doses!).

*

But I realize that each time it is an *act* like traversing death.

Obviously, for the first fish that comes out of the fishbowl, it is an act of death.

Probably, it must have tried to “die” several times.



December 15, 1983

S. has come back from the capital, so I could *negatively* assess the progress that has been accomplished in the “new environment.” All that she brought back from the city suddenly pounced on and clung to me and all at once the body found itself as if attacked by thousands of small leeches, wrapped in a swarming of small sticky algae, oh! it was surprising and painful. All morning, I had to keep pushing aside that sticky and “prickly” magma, then the body literally began to cry out: I no longer want this old life, the ordinary life is a muddy hole, I only-only want the new life—it was a cry in the whole body. Suddenly, it discovered *to what extent* it no longer belonged to the old life and the old world. One doesn’t know the positive progress, one doesn’t know what that other side is, but one painfully and keenly knows that the old human waterhole is an unbreathable mud, a true poison for the whole body. It was a discovery for the body, it suddenly realized that it was breathing “elsewhere,” because all of a sudden that “elsewhere” found itself stuck in the mud and there was a cry, literally a cry everywhere in the body to find that other atmosphere again, that other life, that other air, that other Environment ... in a word, *that*—that alone which is breathable and *living*. Everything else is muddy and asphyxiating death.

So really one has taken a step.

*

I remember Mother saying: ordinary human life is an “awful hole”—how I understand her now! (and how I measure my ignorance and my filth next to her). And how I understand her little cries, her moans, and finally her desire to “scream”.... Oh, Mother, how ignorant and obscure I was near

you, and so little up to it.... I understand everything now. One cannot know to what extent it is ANOTHER LIFE—not the same old life with a superior consciousness!—another PHYSICAL life.

And yet, everything seems “the same”....

One only measures what is no longer there, but not yet what is there.

*

What is no longer there is perhaps a certain *habit* of Poison.

It is something that seems totally mortal. And yet, it is the ordinary, natural, habitual air of humans.... And it is mortal.

*

Afternoon

I don't know what is happening, but it is something that is beyond life and beyond death, and it is something Divine. And I see that it has come (or is coming) progressively.

This afternoon, there was such an intense-*powerful* aspiration in the body, in the Matter of the body—it was really like a fire in Matter, and something that *escaped* me completely, over which I had no power, no will, it was in some way “outside” of “me”: a spontaneous, independent Power. And always that same Prayer of the body: the end of that Perversion, of that innumerable Falsehood. And above all: no more I, no more I! May this Matter, this Earth be reconquered by Light, may it belong to the Truth, that so marvelous Truth....

And I didn't know what was happening, but a Power “corresponding” to that fire “descended” or entered or took possession of this earth (yes, I understand very well now why the Vedic Rishis compared, or said that the body was the earth, an earth). It cannot be described. It was a sort of cerebral abolition, and it was like Sri Aurobindo-Mother taking possession of their earth. I don't know how to say it. But only the feeling-sensation that

it was Divine and decisive and that it was the whole Earth that was concerned, as if through this small piece of ground, They set forth to reconquer the earth. Words don't say anything. But it is a FACT that is happening. There was no more "I": there was a FACT. And it was not possible unless the "I" was no longer there. I was telling the Lord: "I" is what loves You, everything else can crumble to dust. And then "life" and "death" had no more sense, EVEN FOR THE BODY—that is what was startling, life had no longer any sense! But neither had death, and it was SOMETHING ELSE, which was the Divine, which was ... I don't know what. And that was unbearable, except in a total non-I and a total purity—that fire in Matter, it was only that that could bear That (perhaps it was the same thing!?).

Decisive things are happening. It is all I truly know.

*

That fire in Matter is like a cry of thirst for the Divine. A powerful cry. An *absolute* cry.

It is "devouring," one could say. Yes, it devours everything, except That. There is only That.



December 16, 1983

Intensities or densities which are humanly impossible, and yet they are there ... one doesn't know how or by what new law of the bodies—and they are there not for only five minutes, but lived for an hour and a half uninterruptedly, without faltering—and it would continue. It is physiologically impossible and nonetheless it is. In a total surrender and a total confidence of the body. There is no more fear, it is beyond.... It seems that it is beyond life, and yet it lives. It is beyond what is "human" and yet it occurs in a human being and in a human body....

And what is it? One cannot say anything about it, except that “impossible” intensity and density. And it is the Divine—it is Divine. Without any doubt.

And what does it do? One knows nothing about it. One knows nothing at all, one is totally unfit to understand and want—one only says like Mother: What You will, what You will—may I let You do what You will. And Yours, Yours, Yours.... One feels that if there were the slightest movement of “I,” not more than a little leaf trembling in the wind, it would immediately explode—pulverized!

*

There is no sentiment in that, no knowledge, no vision, it is only: Power-Power-Power. And very immobile.

And what is surprising (surprising each time) is that one comes out of it in an eyeblink, almost instantaneously—one opens one’s eyes and it is there. It is all *there*, in a perfectly terrestrial atmosphere. One doesn’t “go off” into immeasurable altitudes.

It is like two airs one in the other.

*

I remember the Rig-Veda: “He discovered the two worlds, eternal and in the *same* nest.”

*

Evening

(These two airs one in the other).

Probably one is the one that man breathes through his layer of death, and the other is the one one breathes directly, without having death on one’s back—without death, without Falsehood, without the habitual distortion or poison, in short, without the horrible layer.

All our “laws” of the universe and bodies are laws seen and lived through

the deformation of our mortal layer.

If the layer falls, all laws change ... —the *physical* laws of the same universe.

It is new ... divine physics.

*

I think that I am really understanding the process. That is, living it.

*

They don't at all measure the horror they are living in.

*

This evening, I told my Douce: "We should call these notebooks *Notebooks of a little Seal!*"



December 17, 1983

Instead of receiving those rather formidable "drops" from above, it is as if now the *physical* body bathed directly and completely in that "drop" which is perhaps an ocean—which is surely an ocean. It is the new air, the new life. The new "environment." (One should perhaps say: the new element). The body seems completely riddled with holes, everywhere, and "that" passes through it or it bathes in that, but not like a separate and floating object: it is part of that ocean. From time to time, it is as if inflated by a movement of a swell, then it spreads out, then it swells again, and so on, according to a rhythm. It is the phenomenon of the "pulsatory body" as before, but now it is completely physical. And it is not only the body that is "pulsatory": it is a total Pulsation which it is part of and which swells and spreads it, swells and spreads it, indefinitely.

And it is Divine. It is a divine ocean (or an ocean *of* the Divine).

It is of an extreme harmony. Like a movement of oil!

But an extraordinarily dense and powerful oil (as if each particle were made of power).

What a grace!

*

Afternoon

This afternoon, such massive doses came! You don't believe that it could be more massive or denser and each time there is ever more.... But the body is not at all afraid anymore (all that swarming of death is finished), only it stiffens. Its muscles, its bones, its fibers stiffen (as a result, it hurts you everywhere). It is completely physical. It is this old carcass that directly receives the supramental invasion. My back was hurting so much this afternoon, when suddenly something told the body: "Melt-melt-melt, let yourself go! Then, all of a sudden, instead of stiffening under that invasion which could crush a mountain—it is a tremendous force, no terrestrial thing can be compared to that—* it let itself go, relaxed. It was almost an heroic act. Then it threw itself wholeheartedly into the invasion: But it is the Lord! but it is the good sun! how could it hurt?! And everything was better. But it is difficult to bear. It is totally out of proportion to a small body—so the only solution is to disappear; instead of stiffening: to melt like a blade of grass.

If those "masses" of power continue to increase, I don't know where it will lead! But it is interesting.

(I notice that the cerebral matter does not give the same difficulty as before—let's hope so!—a sort of abolition is taking place there).

Well, I am on a kind of elephant with a steering wheel (!). But it is not I who hold the steering wheel, fortunately.

* It reminds me of the vision I had two or three years ago, of that mountain crushed and rolled by a gigantic force.

*

Evening

I wonder what it must be doing on the back of the Earth!

I am dead-beat.

*

What is true and strikes me again is that all of that takes place on the other side of death. All that is circumscribed by death could not bear that—perhaps we should say that death would not bear it! it would die of it! or it would make its subject die.



December 18, 1983

Memory is an instantaneous cage.

This morning, for a few minutes, I had to revise a last year's old text with Sujata. Within five minutes, I was thrown again to the side of death, instantaneously shut in, as if an invisible cage were closing on me. For more than an hour and a half after that, I struggled, tried to dissolve that cage—unsuccessfully. All the contact with the “other thing” was obstructed, blocked. Oh!... And it is not the fact of remembering a particular event: it is “the physical mechanism of: “I remember,” “I have done,” I have “said,” “I have been”—and oops! You are in the prison.

And I wonder if that rigidity, that fixity of the physical body does not precisely come from its memory. We speak of “age,” but it is nothing! Centuries can go by, but what doesn't go by is that sedimentary layer which accumulates day after day, day after day and hour after hour—it is that automatic “I” which secretes its own mortal dungeon and fossilizes more and more, more and more—one has to die every day, it is indispensable! I

am almost horrified by what happened this morning in three minutes. And I have not yet come out of it.

I clearly see that memory is an evolutionary mechanism which was essential for fixing species, or else they would have perpetually forgotten their job of fish, crab, rural policeman or head of state (though it would not be bad if the latter could become amnesiacs!)—but it is death immediately, the criminal record forever (at least until death fortunately comes to dissolve the old story). We should not have a story anymore! We should have the spontaneous movement of each second—and the only memory of the great Sun.

There, too, I am negatively measuring the progress that has been made. But I have not yet come out of my instantaneous cage.

Probably there is something to learn.

*

But if suddenly the Americans forgot their loathing for the Russians, and the Russians their fear of the Americans, it would cause a world's change in three minutes!

I think the world needs to become somewhat amnesiac.

We need to forget our job of outdated men.

*

Memory is the first agent of death. What is needed is a forward memory. I spend my time remembering a little nonexistent seal (but which must already exist in a smile of the Divine).

*

Afternoon

When that Vibration comes, there is such a cry of gratitude in the whole body!

One wants to belong to that alone.

To melt-to melt, so that there would be only that left—so that You alone would be.

And then an immobile and formidably dense block descended.

At one point, I seemed to see a square of bluish light of Sri Aurobindo.

The body had much difficulty not panicking. It took that faith in the cells, that conversion they underwent since that Nectar, for them not to panic completely.

Fortunately, something abolished the brain, as if the whole cerebral matter were “frozen.”

And that Block seemed to become denser and denser, very-very-very slowly. One doesn't know what is going on. It is completely UNKNOWN—it is the unknown. It is very difficult to bear. Each time, one has the impression of being on the verge of ... I don't know—it is like a death to traverse, or I don't know, some dangerous and totally unknown frontier. So one holds on to the Lord with all one's strength: It is You, it is You, Your Will, Your will ... May I let you do as You will.

But it is difficult.

I could not even say what is going on.

And yet one feels that all that is being done with an *extreme*, as if meticulous slowness.

And it is entirely *physical*, it is in the physical body.

*

Evening

Yes, it is like a frontier that was never crossed, but it is a *physiological* frontier.

When the fish of the depths approaches the surface, it blows up. The sensation is a bit like that.

It is not that the body “in its entirety” crosses the limit: it is millions and

billions of cells, of fibers, of nerves, that have to cross the limit in detail. It is millions of minuscule functionings that come out of their normal functioning.... That is the difficulty. *One* act of courage is not sufficient, it is like millions of little acts of courage that are needed!

But what is exactly going on? I don't know.

*

When I think that Mother traversed all that in the midst of people who were constantly thinking: You are old, you are crazy, you are falling back into childhood, you are going to die, you are going to die soon, it's sure....

And on top of it, Sri Aurobindo had told her nothing! I at least have been forewarned.... It's fortunate that she spoke to me!



December 19, 1983

This morning, a small schema came to me which can make the action clearer, at the stage where it seems to be now, that is, when all the layers have been crossed, including the last layer which circumscribes everything (or “guards” everything): the layer of Death. Once the layer is pierced and riddled with holes, the supramental Sun touches the physical body directly. Under its Pressure, the supramental seed contained in each cell and each atom begins to “germinate,” like the young shoot that breaks through the earth still frozen in spring. That is, each cell in turn has to pierce through or make a hole in the layer of death that envelops it (it is its genetic “memory,” its “guardian.”). And then, slowly, minutely, the involved Supramental, or the supramental seed within, rejoins the great Supramental Sun—from which men are “protected” by their shell of Death. It is what gives, at the same time, that sensation of Pressure or “descent” and of swelling, then bursting from within.

Then the old law of the bodies and the universe is replaced by a new unknown Law. The genetic program is replaced by an unknown Program—which is the great Program of forever.

I remember these verses of *Savitri*:

In our body's cells there sits a hidden Power
That sees the unseen and plans eternity.

(II .V)

It remains to know if the old physical crust of the body, with its bones, its fibers, its muscles, its cells, will be able to bear to let itself be remolded?

I also remember Sri Aurobindo in *The Supramental Manifestation*:

In the blindness of Matter itself there are signs of a concealed consciousness which in its hidden fundamental being SEES and has the power to act according to its vision and even by an infallible immediacy which is inherent in its nature....

It is *that* indeed that determines the mutations of each species, whenever it sees that it is necessary, and not some genetic *lottery*, and it is *that* which will produce ... the next mutation—who knows, a small divine seal! in any case, something that will truly be a man, not this Bestiality wearing a tie. And Sri Aurobindo adds:

This is the SAME truth that is apparent in Supermind but is here involved and seems not to be.

It is the *same* thing in the cells and it is that cry of recognition when that descends into the body! “And seems not to be”! When it boils in the body and swells up and cries out, it perfectly seems to be!

And Sri Aurobindo further says:

The entirely and inherently enlightened Truth Consciousness

we attribute to Supermind would be the same reality appearing at an ultimate stage of the evolution, finally evolved and no longer wholly involved as in Matter or partly and imperfectly evolved and therefore capable of imperfection and error as in life and mind, now possessed of its own natural fullness and perfection, luminously automatic, infallible....

This “concealed consciousness which SEES and has the power to act according to its vision” is my elephant with a steering wheel!!

*

Evening

This morning, I tried to do my little rational schema, as close to reality as possible, but this afternoon, it was that Reality that was there.... One cannot describe it.

First, it was Mother, as when she held my hands, and all the cells hurled themselves into the Supreme, as if her hands carried my whole body to the Supreme, in the adoration of the Supreme. Then, truly, all of my body became a ball of love in fusion. All the cells, every cell was a fire of living love—and it was not “I” who loved, there was no “I”: It was THEIR love in Matter that enabled “me,” Satprem, to love. All the frontiers of death in the cells, in each cell, were abolished, there was no more death anywhere and the Sun, Love, Splendor, rejoined that Love in Matter, without frontiers, without anything that separated—it was a single ball of love in fusion. A total Meeting. One cannot say. There was a corner of my consciousness (my observing parrot always looking on) that said: But how can one sustain that!?!? There was enough to make everything melt, everything explode, everything dissolve, but it was absolute Love, all the “unbearable” frontiers had disappeared—it was THAT, only That, marvelous Love. The body, this human and terrestrial body, had become living Love: a ball of Love in

fusion. How was it possible? I don't know—there was no more death to know! There was only That.

That is to say, the *Basis* of the realization of the New World, of the new species, of the Divine Reign on earth.

It was something *for Earth*.

How that can translate physically, terrestrially, I don't know, but starting from there one feels that *everything* is possible.

The first step of the new species and of the new world is put down. That is to say, Their step is put down on Matter.

And always, in a childlike and innocent way, I asked Them: But when are you going to come out of that tomb where men are keeping you prisoners?!

My description is very poor.

What seemed an impossibility yesterday, a cellular explosion, an almost superhuman courage, has become very simple, easy, *done* “like that,” without the slightest effort, without the slightest resistance, without the slightest fear, BECAUSE it was Love that was there, within, without, everywhere. There was no “one” left to make an effort, to be scared, to be courageous—and I think that all these “ones” are still death that is trying hard—it was THAT that was itself. The splendor. The Goal of the ages.

The end of Death.

New evolution.

*

Just last night, Sujata was reading me that *Agenda* of 1972 in which Mother was telling me of our encounter of 1949 (I think) at the Pondicherry Governement House, after Baron's departure: “the starting point of a great action together.” And this afternoon, She was so concretely there, holding my hands, but as never before when I was physically at her feet! Never was I so close to her—not “close”! She was within! Or I was in her. And I so

much had the sensation (in fact, it was obvious) that *The Agenda* continued, that the Story continued, the beautiful story.... The great action together. I often wondered why I did not have visions of Mother—but it is still a projection outside, it is still something that one “looks at” in front of oneself, it is still cinema! There, it is *within*, it is *in the body*, it is concrete. And all of that old life seems to me now like a cinema: one is never in it, one “looks at,” whereas the new life goes on within: one is within. The sense is within. Mother is within, perceived, lived (if I dare say so) by the body. And everything will be within: the Himalayas, the blade of grass, flowing water, people, everything.... That is to say that the body’s cells, Matter *will be* everything it touches. Then it will be exact. “A precision down to the atom,” said Mother.

Mother called that a “tactile vision.” I well understand now.

And the beautiful story continues....



December 20, 1983

It is something that disappears, so all “miracles” are possible.

It is not something that “comes” to work miracles: it is something that *disappears*, so the “miracle” is there.

A miraculous natural which has been covered by ... an Illusion. A *physical* illusion.

*

What struck me very much yesterday was that something that was saying: “But it is *not possible* to bear that!” And actually, it is completely impossible, physically impossible to bear that. And yet, it is possible!

*

That is to say, there is *another physical* reality.

I am groping for my words, but I have the impression of turning round a secret which is just there....

*

For instance, for our senses, Mother is not physically here. And yet, she is here *physically*, not in an inner and spiritual dimension, but physically, since my body, these cells, feel her, touch her, are invaded by her. The Himalayas are not “psychological”! or what?*

There is another *physical*.

*

There are two physicals one in the other: a true one, a false one. In one, it is death; in the other, all physical “miracles” are natural. In one, nothing is possible outside of certain “laws;” in the other, everything is possible and governed by a single Law.

*

So is it the old Matter that changes or “transforms itself” into the new Matter, or is it “something that disappears”—the illusion that disappears—and everything is changed, *physically* changed, while remaining apparently the same.

I don’t know what I want to say! But there is something.

*

I mean that it is perhaps not a slow “transformation,” it is perhaps only something that disappears and the transformation is done!

*

For example, all those cells are enveloped in their layer of death, and then suddenly there is no more layer, no more death and the “unbearable” becomes simply bearable and natural (and marvellous).

*

* One could say that the Himalayas are more « psychological, » since we only see them on a retinal screen, which varies according to hours and individuals.

For example again, I had the experience of two “airs” one in the other; in one, all is poisoned; in the other, it is another quality. I believed that it was another “ingredient” that was “added” in the air, but it is rather something that disappears, a partition wall that disappears, and one is in the good air very naturally—and then, all of a sudden, one falls back again into the poisoned air and one is very tired and half sick....

There is an invisible partition wall that makes for all the evil and the illusion of the world.

It is perhaps that cellular partition wall.

And when one is in the good air, one is not aware of it, it is quite natural; but when one falls back into the poison, one perceives awfully that one has lost the good air! It is not “psychological,” as they are completely different *physical* states.

*

What is the “transformation”??

*

It seems that I am refinding the very questions that Mother was asking herself!

*

I conceive and feel that in that good air, one doesn’t die, one is not sick, there are no accidents—perhaps one doesn’t age either (?). But would it have the power to remove that pain I have in my neck and my back? Or the power to make me become younger? (I don’t ask for any of that! it is a hypothetical question!).

*

But already a life where there would be no more death, no more sickness, no more accidents, would represent a considerable change—and the unalterable peace, the tranquil happiness of the Presence, silent Love.... No more shadows, no more worries, no more threats.... And slowly (one can

conceive it), another type of knowledge and vision—maybe another power.

Of course, there would remain the weight of the old unchanged world and the sorrow of others....

And all the same, there would remain a body terribly imprisoned in its old limits and old functioning and its “age”?

It is this physical change that would represent the true touchstone (?). Mother would not have wanted to remain ninety-five and ninety-six and ninety-seven years old forever ... would she?

Unless “something disappears” suddenly and all the so-called miracles are possible, physically possible—it is another Law.

A sudden transformation.

In any case, yesterday I had the example of a physical impossibility which *suddenly* became possible.

There is a partition wall of *physical* illusion (the spell of Sri Aurobindo?).

*

Afternoon

A fan-tas-tic physical presence of Mother.

A Power streams in, without limits.

No more fear, no more anxiety, no more unbearableness—there is no more I to feel all that!

As if all limits were gone.

Something has really happened since yesterday.

The sensation, perhaps, is to be like a minuscule bit of “something” in a bit of Mother’s toe! And Mother immense, for-mid-ably powerful, in the dimensions of the earth.

“I” is *no longer* there—it is as if it no longer occupied any space. There is That. There is Mother ... who does what She wants.

From time to time, only, there was a little bit of voice coming from some corner and saying: Change the earth, change the earth, may the divine Reign be.

But it is startling, formidable: no more limits, no more sensation of an I (even physical) that comes all the time to block the natural unfolding of things.

Oh! Mother.... I really believe that the true story is beginning.

The great action.

We shall see, we shall see. We are sure to see!

*

Evening

Suddenly, I noticed that I more easily see (at night) those who are the so-called “dead” than all the living whom I know. Very different people who left their bodies and who interest me slightly or very little, if not not at all, whereas I almost never see the living who are dear to me.... What does that mean? Almost every night, I meet one of these “dead.” Why?

It has been so for about a year. Before, it was not so frequent.

Is it I who go more easily into that world of the dead, or is it they who come more easily to me because they have left their bodies? But what is it that makes it “easier” or more natural?... Is it because I am traversing the partition wall of physical illusion?

Bizarre....

For example, last night I met Ananta¹ (who I believe or believed was living) and that made me spontaneously say: So Ananta is “dead.” If I see him, it is that he is dead.

It's truly bizarre!

¹ A rather crazy American disciple, always dressed in orange, whom I frequently went to see in Ariancupam (near Pondicherry).

Does it mean that the frontier between “life” and “death” is wearing down?

The frontier must be found in the physical, material consciousness, since that is where I am working.

There is something in the physical, material consciousness that must exist on both sides, or for which there are not two sides, but only one!

*

If I continue this reasoning, there is not a side of “life” and a side of “death,” but one and the same *physical* side, separated by this shell of death which envelops humans. When this shell or partition wall is pierced, one reaches the world of the so-called dead “more easily” and they come more easily to me, because they have lost their bodies and at the same time that shell of death which makes for the separation. There is one and the same continuous *physical* world separated by a partition wall or a layer of death. I say that it is physical, because it is in the physical, corporeal consciousness that I pierced and traversed that layer of death, and yet I remain perfectly living and physical!

But what is interesting is this: there is thus a single continuous *physical* world with the “dead” on one side and the living on the other, separated by a partition wall of illusion. It is one and the same *physical* world since I perfectly reach it in my body; and yet the laws that rule the world inside the partition wall or the shell are not the same as those that rule *the same physical world* outside of the wall or the shell. So there is somewhere a false or an illusory law and a true law. Since my own shell has begun to be pierced, I breathe another air, I touch another, freer life, I feel another type of matter, I am kneaded by another power—but death is on our side!! We have to make the other *physical* law enter our old world, we have to make the other air, the other life, the other power (formidable power) come in, and replace the laws of our illusion with the true law. There is a partition wall of

illusion to destroy. And this partition wall is what we call “death”—death is the last illusion. *The deep falsity of death*, Sri Aurobindo said. One must traverse death without dying of it, when one is alive, then one will enter the new life, the new evolution, the divine life. And all of our physical science and physical laws will collapse like a cloak of smoke.

Death is on *our* side.

All of our science is a science of death.

All our irrefutable laws are the false laws of a life that is shut in a cocoon of death.

It remains to become a butterfly.

*

I remember, Mother said this, which haunted me for a long time: “I am looking for the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be uninterrupted.”

Everything is beginning to become clear.

There is a marvelous Nectar which is waiting for us.

*

The Vedic Rishis said: “They found the well of honey covered by the rock.”

The two worlds “in the same nest.”

*

Mother makes me live her *Agenda*.

“You see, *petit*, the story continues—it is a great story....”



December 21, 1983

I don't know how men do not realize that all their governments and their chiefs of State and all their big Bureaucrats and Consellers are

GROTESQUE.... Probably, they don't realize or don't really want to realize it (they continue voting for the next idiot, don't they!), because they would have to put themselves in question. It is the last thing that they want!

Something is needed that *oblige*s men to put themselves in question.

War does not upset anything. Something is needed that upsets their consciousnesses.

*

If only Mother descended a little into their streets!

*

Afternoon

Same experience as yesterday.

At first, plunged in “something” whose density grew and grew and grew—obviously to get me used to it. And little by little, I disappeared in that: it was Mother, immense, formidable, with the dimensions of the earth, standing up. No more personal limits anywhere, no more physical “I”—and the more I disappeared, the more that Power was completely for-mid-able. “I” was nonexistent, without I, and at the same time a little bit of “something” that was part of the bottom of Mother's dress, without disturbing (this is a translation). An annulment of all *physical* personal limits. MOTHER STANDING UP, IMMENSE, FORMIDABLE.

I don't know at all what she was doing on (or in) the earth or in me. But She was there. (Anyway, I was not at all curious to know what She was doing—it was sufficient to know that She was there and to be lost in that, absorbed in that, taken into that ... where She wants.)

All that was *physical* and took place in what was (if I dare say so) my physical body. But there was no longer any “my” at all.

*

Night

Vision

Noted down in my “bits of visions”: underground fire in Tibet.



December 22, 1983

I no longer understand anything.¹

*

In the night of the 22nd to the 23rd, Sujata sees the Eiffel Tower in flames...!



December 23, 1983

(Attempt at) abolition of the individual material consciousness “in relation to which.”

Like an incomprehensible change of position.

*

Afternoon

Impression that my body is being emptied of everything.

Truly, I don't understand, I am putting words on something that I don't understand.

¹ How many times did I say: “I no longer understand!” Like the traveller between Le Mans and Chartres: wheat fields and wheat fields! And then.... I no longer understand, it is something else. It is not a philosophic unfolding, nor even a psychological one. It is a *physical* unfolding through various terrains. It changes, but it is always the Earth! And it is an unknown destination.

What is important is that that goes to You. That's all.



December 24, 1983

The body has the impression of being completely abandoned to its own aspiration. Like a blind plant that seeks the light.

I don't know what has been suddenly happening for three days.... Or have I fallen into some new unknown layer?.... I don't understand anything anymore. Have I made a mistake? Which one?

One should not become discouraged. But it is very unsettling.

*

Evening

Vision

In the night of the 21st to the 22nd, I saw something that I did not understand but which could well have a meaning. It was precisely in the night that preceded this sudden change of "situation."

All of a sudden, I saw an empty scuba diver's outfit, but which was held up on its two empty legs (probably, it was made of a rather hard rubber). I saw that from "above." And I saw myself climbing the rooftop of a house which seemed to have subsided on one side, since the rooftop was inclined at 45°: instead of being parallel with the ground, it was higher on one side. I had white tennis shoes and clothing (perhaps a leotard) which seemed dark blue with, perhaps, a few white lines. And I climbed up this inclined roof, while the diver's outfit was held up on its own below....

Now, I wonder.... Was not that empty diver's outfit, of hard rubber, my old physical body—the empty shell, or the "untransformable residue"? and I

in another body, climbing the roof of a house that seemed to be subsiding. The “house” is what shelters a life, one could say.

Does this mean that I am going to leave this old physical body and this old life...? (it is what people call “dying.”).

Does it mean that this old diver’s outfit is untransformable—a hard rubber—and so one leaves it?

That would seem to be a rather abrupt “ending”—even though it could continue on the other side. But as for this physical life on earth....

Well, everything seems to have been “planned.”

So there is no hope to change this physical? Is it Illusion?

Yet, Mother used to say: “A Supermind ‘in the air,’ it is not that.”

No, it is not that.¹

Or is it all that I am capable of doing?

*

In any case, I will try up to the end.

*

I think I remember a verse of my brother Rimbaud: “Dead swimmers, shall we go painfully?”

I would like to tell him: “Little white seals, shall we go ahead?”

*

Sujata, without knowing anything, made a strange drawing this evening. One can see it in two different ways.

Dhoun makes the junction between earth and....

*

Evening

I will try until the end.

¹ Perhaps I was being informed that I was going to leave the old house precisely in order to enter that diver’s outfit and explore ... I don’t know what.

After all, I am Breton.



December 25, 1983

All morning I had to “waste my time” and tire myself with the stories or complications of false matter (something to do with the bank) and this afternoon, I sat down. There was such a cry in my body: if there is not *that*, there is NOTHING!

And the aspiration began to rise in this body. I was telling myself: All the same, there is such an intense aspiration in this old diver’s outfit—it was the physical, this old crust that aspired and aspired.

Little by little, or wave after wave, that aspiration finally took on such a formidable density or intensity that I told myself (and saw little by little): it is not “my” aspiration, it is not even the aspiration of this old diver, it is something else....

IT IS THE SUPRAMENTAL THAT RISES FROM BELOW.

And actually....

First, for four days I had understood nothing anymore: there was that aspiration of the body that rose and rose, and NOTHING answered—there was no longer that descent, that so formidable a supramental invasion. There was nothing left but the aspiration of that old limpet left to itself.

Well, this old limpet, this afternoon, was invaded wave after wave, FROM BELOW.

Those waves seemed to become perceptible in the legs, then they were very strong at the height of the sex, then stronger and stronger as that rose through the heart, the throat—and when it reached the cerebral matter, it became of an almost bursting density. There was no fear at all: only it was a boiler. Little by little, this cerebral matter learned not to tense up and I felt

that Superdensity which was immobilized in the head and seemed to very softly infiltrate through the cerebral shell and widen around it, which brought relief. But NOTHING rose above the head! Before, the aspiration of the corporeal consciousness used to rise and rise from peak to peak, from peak to peak, in order to go towards denser and denser layers; now, this afternoon, it was this *same* density, formidable density, that rose from below directly into the body, then seemed to pile up and pile up without going out. It was the whole body that bit by bit was invaded and as if solidified in that superdensity. There was no end to that rising, but instead of wave after wave, it became “drops”—formidable drops—after drops. And that piled up and piled up. A supramental “drop by drop” in reverse which rose from below instead of descending from up there. And then, as soon as a drop had risen from center to center up to the brain, an immobility occurred in the body (in the whole body, not only the brain). It was “as if” (not as if at all) the whole body became a solid block of dense matter, vibrating or radiant, which went slightly beyond the body (one could say that it “filtered” or “fused” or “was atomized” through the walls to slightly go beyond all around). Then, in that block of solidified body, a new “drop” rose from below, ever denser ... and so forth, for an hour and a half.

I say “supramental” because Sri Aurobindo and Mother used this word, but the sensation of my body was Mother entering the physical body! And it was not an entry into the corporeal “consciousness” or the material, cellular “consciousness”: it was this old limpet, this diver’s empty outfit that was being filled with Mother!!

There we are. I don’t know what explanation to really give to all that, but the experience is there, irrefutable.

It enters the physical body, this old crust, *directly*.

It is no longer at all the corporeal consciousness that goes and seeks the supermind up there and enters an increasingly dense atmosphere or denser

and denser layers; it is that very same formidable Density from “above” that enters from below or rises from below, drop by drop. That is to say that it no longer goes through layers of “consciousness,” even cellular, it enters the most physical physical directly (if I understand well!).

*

I forgot to say that the invasion of those “drops” from below had an almost mechanical character—one after the other, one after the other, almost mechanically, with a very slow rhythm. But it is a supermechanics!

*

Evening

They must have damnably opened the path for all that to be possible....

*

Sujata says: “It means that now it is coming back out of the Earth.”

*

When one thinks of it, it is quite formidable: how many years Sri Aurobindo worked and how many years Mother worked ... and then.....

I don’t manage to think of myself as an individual—that means something for the Earth, doesn’t it?

*

I wonder who that “I” was who was climbing the roof (in dark blue) while the diver’s outfit remained empty all alone?

*

Perhaps we are going to enter the true Mystery now with this physical—what is this physical? can it change? or what?



December 27, 1983

The operation goes on and on. The “sun from below” continues to rise up

and to “swell” and knead all this matter.

The impression of being reduced to the state of a “bubble of matter” in the grip of a new genesis: a new gravity, a new radiation, a new principle of agglomeration. It is truly like a new genesis of Matter, but following another law beyond another sun.

There is no “psychology” in that, it is like pure mechanics, except for that kind of divine heat one feels in all the cells.

What would have been completely “unsettling,” if not frightening a few months ago, is as if very natural, but of another nature—it is a new principle that governs. It is since that sort of bursting of the “layer of death,” on December 19th (the ball of Love in fusion). One could say that it is a new “natural,” because all this kneading and this change would have been unbearable and totally unsettling or “mortal” only a few months ago. And one does not die of it! It is something else that rules.

I mean that if another matter, equally human, were suddenly subjected to this treatment, it would break, burst, or be completely disturbed. And yet, it is the same matter.

*

Afternoon

It’s burning!

Slowly, slowly, the body has learnt how to relax, to abandon itself completely under this invasion from below—a total rag—instead of stiffening up. So, as it relaxed, flowed into this invasion or with this invasion, it realized: oh, but it’s the Divine, it’s the Nectar!... It was marvellous, it was like an innumerable small blossoming everywhere in the body—the body opened up like a flower. It was truly the “well of honey” that sprang up under the rock. But then ... the density of this invasion started to grow and grow, the body felt like a kettle, with a kind of fever

everywhere. The “drops” from below became slower and slower, then everything seemed to become immobilized, almost solidified in the body, as if one could not cram one drop more. But it was like an immobile kettle! One was swollen with fire! From time to time, in that, at intervals, a new ascending current or a new thrust of a drop seemed to traverse the body slowly, slowly, like a slow wave of fire. Then it was that stuffed, burning immobility—not for a second did the body cease to feel that it was the Divine, it was the Lord! And a sort of sensation: everything-everything can change.

But after an hour and a quarter, it began to become a bit too much-too much ... (particularly that head). So I stopped. I have the feeling of burning on all sides.

*

Evening

The “junction” is no longer to be made: it is its effects that one has to be able to bear.



December 28, 1983

The operation carries on.

There is no longer that “kettle” sensation. But on the other hand, more and more, the body is caught in a block of dense, solid Power, in which all the corporeal, physical limits seem to disappear. It is quite remarkable in the head: instead of the Power piling up and piling up dangerously in it, that same solid immobility takes place, and one no longer feels imprisoned in or under a small cranium; one feels that one is completely *absorbed*, taken up in a *single* block of *continuous* Power which spreads out up there, over there

and everywhere. Even the *physical* individuality disappears in that (or else it would probably be unbearable): there are no longer any prayers, personal aspiration, or even any Mantra—everything is seized up or absorbed in a block of dense, immobile Power, which stretches out one doesn't know how far, perhaps everywhere. And yet “I” don't faint, I hear all the noises of the house or of the villagers below, but it is strangely without individuality or physical personality: it is simply that block of formidably dense, immobile Power which the body *is part of*. In that, from time to time, a new dense “drop” rises from below and comes to “compact” the whole a little more (if it is possible). There is not an atom of “fear” anywhere—there is no more “I,” even physical, to feel a “fear”: there is only “that” that absorbs everything, is everything, organizes everything and moves itself according to its own unknown plan.

If the body has any “personal” sensation whatever, it is of being a sort of “pipe,” as Mother said, a “bridge” (between what and what, it doesn't know very well, because that seems to be one and the same thing, a single Block of power everywhere, which the body is part of).

Perhaps the “bridge” is the fact that a human, terrestrial body, bathes directly in that, instead of being closed in and in some way protected by its cocoon of death (if they didn't have their cocoon of falsehood, they would explode!).

In the great ocean of divine Marvel, there are small packs of black gelatin that float, and they are the humans in their frogs' eggs (or what, one doesn't know!).

The “mutation” is to get out of the black cocoon.



December, 1983

(To Sir C.P.N. Singh, originally in English)

Dearest and very special Companion,

In the growing Darkness all around, it is often remembered by me that at least one man in this great country of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother has understood what They represented and helped in the Work when I was practically alone facing the pack of wolves and hostile forces. Ten years have elapsed, but today I can tell with some practical experience, that Their Work is firmly rooted in Earth-Matter and that Their gigantic effort and pain will not go in vain. It may be that the work on *The Agenda* was only a prelude to the real work which is unfolding now. Only little by little I have come to know what She wanted of me and what She had planted in me. This is no more for the public and it will remain a secret between Sri Aurobindo, the Mother and myself. All I can tell you who have been so close, so helpful and so full of understanding while all the “disciples” and all the rest of the Country was and is in utter blindness, is this: the Darkness is growing and soon reaching the intolerable point, *but* the bridge in human being or in human species is *built*. It is done. Only remains to bear and withstand the *effects* of this “opening” or whatever you may call it. I have every reason to believe that all and everything in this world and universal is intertwined, and that what is happening in this small bit of individual Matter must have its effects on the rest of Matter and hasten the time of the change. What They have done is irreversible. No human being can understand what They have done. I have discovered day by day with amazement and wonder how much They have opened up the Path and how deep and thoroughly They have destroyed the root of Death and its hold on Earth—there remains only a *ghost* of the difficulty, a shadow of the old iron law which is in the process of destroying itself. All the inevitable and irrefutable so-called “scientific” laws of this false world will soon collapse. I know this. We are on the

border-line of a completely new world—new physical world. What was needed is that one human being at least should try and follow the path opened up by Them. The Divine cannot and will not do everything for all the Johns and Peters of this world—the human being must play its part and have the courage to tread the Path which has been graciously opened up for him. This is what I have been trying to do, and I am still amazed by what I have discovered. One thing is to read and understand about the new species and the cells, and another is to touch and experiment the Possibility. Then one understands that only the Divine Himself could do what They have done and could open up such a tremendous Path compared to which all the old “spirituality” appears like a child’s play. We are on the brink of a wonderful and divine physical world. Let Darkness crumble. The children of Immortality are on their way to our shore.

With all my love and gratitude

Satprem

PS: If you have time, please consider the safety of our correspondence.

And remember, Sat-prem will carry you in his heart wherever he is — for he is grateful forever to this one Man who has helped.



December 29, 1983

Same phenomenon as yesterday. The operation continues.

With every “drop” from below, the body seems to fill up with a growing, rather formidable Power, and when the “drop” reaches the top of the head, everything is immobilized, becomes a solid block which has no limits anymore.

And I realized that this phenomenon of the “drop by drop” is the same phenomenon as that of the old “pulsatory body.” With every drop, the body

actually swells up and swells up, then, when it is full to bursting, everything becomes immobilized and spreads out as if in a single great ocean of solid Power. Then at the end of the period of spreading, a new drop comes to swell and swell the body and again there is a spreading without limits. Like a great swell (the “drop”) which goes through the body, swells it, then everything spreads out.

The difference with the past lies perhaps in the proportion.... It is a formidable, solid Power when it “swells up.” Then the physical body loses all its limits. It bathes in “something” (which it is part of) that is like a limitless ocean of Power. And this ocean has a movement of pulsation or swell.

*

Evening

There is probably also a difference in the level of the being which bathes in this ocean. Before, the “drops” came from above, while they now come from below: they become very strong at the level of the sexual or physical center. That is to say, it is the very physical level that touches and bathes in this ocean. The way the limits of the very physical body seem to disappear completely is actually rather striking, as if there were nothing left to shut in the body, not even a physical “I”—it is like a spread body!

(As a matter of fact, I have more and more the experience (often unpleasant) that as soon as I am told about something or somebody, I come immediately into contact, one could say physically into contact, to such an extent that it becomes generally painful or exhausting. Through the reaction or the sensation of the body, I know or feel that it is not good or that the person is not good, or that it is completely rotten and painful. Any falsehood or falsity is painfully perceived—it is more than uneasiness, it very quickly becomes a headache or an ache everywhere. Sometimes, the immediate

reaction—without knowing anything—is: I don't want to hear anything about it; the body immediately feels that it is some poison!).



December 30, 1983

The body seems to be caught in a block of more and more solid or dense Power. Each new “drop” seems to increase the density of that “block” still more. It is rather difficult. That block goes beyond the body, the Power does not remain piled up in the head, but in spite of everything, the body forms a kind of solid and immobile block, or it is caught in this solid immobility of a growing density. One has not the physical sensation (as yesterday) of spreading out and vanishing (it would be easier).

If that density continues to grow, I don't know what is going to happen....

But one feels that it is Mother-Sri Aurobindo—that it is the Divine.



December 31, 1983

When I sat down this morning, there was in me a sort of impatience with the state of total ignorance in which we are—one knows nothing, neither where one is going nor how one will do it. I chided myself a little, knowing perfectly that it is not with the mental tool that one goes into the new world, and thus that this “ignorance” is only the ignorance *of the mind*. So I abandoned myself completely to the Power always there and I let things happen, but while looking well at what was going on. Then, little by little, I discerned all kinds of small, minuscule *movements* in the consciousness of the body, and I realized that this corporeal consciousness was as if groping

its way. Outside, in the forest, one tries on the right and on the left, climbing up and down and walking step by step; but there, in that new forest, that forest of the unknown world, I saw the consciousness of the body trying lots of small movements of consciousness and force: “Like this, you relax, the Power comes more easily; like that, you widen; like this, you resist and it burns; like that you move into another sector; like this you open up, it blossoms.” It was like a minuscule groping, and it seemed to lead to an “optimum state” of the body, but the optimum state did not last and again one saw or felt the corporeal consciousness seeking, groping its way, trying.... These are indescribable movements of consciousness or force, but which would perhaps correspond, outside, to what the body does when it tries not to slip, or tries to climb, keep its balance or breathe more easily.... It is as if it were groping to learn a new circulation or a new geography. And one well understands that it is only *it* that can understand and must learn the “trick”—all that the mind can understand is of no use, any more than fins help climb up the trees (though fins can change into paws!) or branchiae “understand” the terrestrial respiration.

Perhaps the body is in the process of creating a new type of lungs for itself? (unless it is a new locomotion!)

But essentially, all these small gropings seem to go in the same direction: how to circulate or let oneself be circulated (!) by the new Power.

Perhaps these small microscopic movements of the corporeal consciousness have to be repeated thousands and millions of times before ending in a new functioning.... One has to be patient!

In any case, there is a remarkable thing: the body has no longer at all to struggle against that swarming of mortal and vicious little voices in every corner and at every second. It is cleansed. This is a very capital progress, even if it is hardly visible. The body knows that it is “in friendly territory”—one should say “in divine territory.” The old Fish knows that on

the other side of the bowl there is neither asphyxia nor death.

*

Afternoon

What is above meets what is below.

Something sacred has been accomplished.

That Power from below began to rise, as it did these last days, and in the head, it became such a “thick” block, difficult to bear. Then, as yesterday and these last days, an immobility occurred and that block of Power seemed to stretch or spread out a little and be as one with the Power above or all around: there was no longer this crushing cranial wall. But then that Block of Power that one felt above began to descend, or the block formed by the Power from below began to enter—one did not know very well what was “rising” or what was “descending,” but the whole body began to enter that block.... Truly, I understood that if the body had not traversed the “layer of death” and all that mortal swarming, it would never have borne that descent of the Block of Power—but death had no longer any meaning! there was not the least fear in the body (or the least “courage”).* And that Block descended *down to the bottom*. It is indescribable. The Up There—the supreme Up There—joined the “down here.”

Little by little, that “Block” became transparent, as it were, that is, there was no longer anything that felt “too much power.” It was simply spreading out, without difficulty, as through a hole, from Above to below.

And during all the time of the experience, something in the body kept repeating: Your divine reign on Earth, Your divine reign on Earth, Your

* But truly, there were a few minutes when the body was put to the test of death, that is to say, when everything pressed, and if there had been the least atom of death in the body, it would have been enough to stop the Power or make the body really die—*That* could not bear the least atom of death in the body, or death could not bear the least drop of “That.”

divine reign on Earth....

The impression that now the work will be able to start.

The junction is made from top to bottom.

*

In the forest, I wondered what this year '84 was going to be, whether things were going to change.... Then a flower came to me: the red hibiscus—the year of the divine Power on earth.

*

One could say: the same eternal Supreme Power up above met the same eternal Supreme Power in the cells of the body and in each atom of Matter. It was ONE. There were not two things.

Yet, I could hear all the noises and the babies' cries in the village.

(I wonder what the Divine is going to do with all those babies!...)

*

Mrs. Gandhi went to Calcutta (meeting of the Congress) and she managed to speak of everyone (including Radakrishnan the faker) but not once did she pronounce Sri Aurobindo's name....



