

*Satprem*

# Notebooks of an Apocalypse

Volume 4

1984

*To Sujata*

*with whom, on Mother's  
and Sri Aurobindo's track,  
we dug the hole of the next life on  
earth, step by step,*

*in our own flesh  
and in the cells  
of our body*



*The terrible  
and wonderful  
Mystery of life.*

*January*

**January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984**

A power which seemed very material and extremely dense rose and rose from deep down in the body. Then it was like an immobile upward well, but very high. A “dense” well.

I don’t know what this means or what is happening.

\*

*Evening*

I am completely exhausted.

I shouldn’t be noting down these manipulations anymore—these are the links in a process. In the end, we will understand... perhaps.

Barbarism weighs down.



**January 2, 1984**

Divine wonders are happening.

No small “spiritual” and visionary stories: the descent of the Supreme into Matter.

And then, it was OBVIOUS: the Earth *is* going to change. It was no longer a prayer, it was obvious: the Earth *is* going to change.

First, there was this “upward well” and that Power from below which rose and rose (like yesterday). Then this Power became denser and denser, even denser and denser—and as it was getting denser, the “well” up there was filling up, so to say, that is, “that” was rising less and less—it was above the head.

And then it descended into the body!

But I perceived the phenomenon in a more detailed and exact way: I

felt that from billions of cells and from each individually—an innumerable, clear, tiny perception, a touched, palpated perception, I could say—a little shoot of golden power was coming out (or which gave a golden, warm sensation), and all these little shoots together rose-rose with adoration, a love so pure and so full of gratitude...

All this mass together became denser, even denser, and then immediately it joined a Block of Power above the head (one could say a sun). Then, nothing rose anymore: it was this sole Block which was descending into the whole body—I say “Block”, stupidly. But it was the Supreme Lord with all his delight of love, it was the Supreme Mother with all her powerful tenderness—it was innumerable lived by the body. All of a sudden, there was a cry, a formidable cry from all the cells, the entire being, from all this matter: Glory to You Supreme Lord, Glory to You Supreme Lord, Glory to You Supreme Lord, Glory to You Supreme Mother, Glory to You Supreme Mother, Glory to You Mother...

It was like a *terrestrial* vibration, like a seism in this whole terrestrial Matter—now the time of Falsehood is over, this is the Reign of the Supreme. One *could feel* that the Earth was shaken.

One may say I am crazy, but I know, and that Power so formidable, so Wonderful, which men are incapable to feel (they can only feel the charlatans of the vital), this impalpable “air-like” Power, imperceptible for all those robots wrapped in black, is going to shatter all this Matter, chase out the thieves and usurpers and re-establish its reign of Truth: an Earth of Truth and Beauty.

I will never be able to tell this Marvel, this Supreme Splendour in all the cells of the body. There was something that stammered and stammered in sacred wonder: oh! Lord, oh! Lord, oh! Lord...

This is the Goal of the ages and of all the earths.

In fact, this is what happened on December 31, the junction of the

highest with Matter, but this time it was perceived-lived more totally, more minutely too.

\*

The Earth *is* going to change.

And then, I clearly saw/perceived, it was obvious at last, that all these fears, anxieties, worries, these dangers of bursting, all that which has been teeming in the body for months, IT IS DEATH WHICH IS AFRAID TO DIE.

That's really a revelation for my body.

And then, it is so comforting! ...

The death of the world is becoming terribly scared!

All the little "mortals" are becoming terribly afraid for their cocoon of death.

It is Death that *is* going to die.

\*

And it is formidably TRANQUIL—like this mountain *silently*<sup>1</sup> crushed.

Perhaps it will be a silent cataclysm!



### **January 4, 1984**

The Nectar is there!

Such a powerful Nectar!

The New Sun is not burning, it is a nourishing, refreshing Sun—one could say irrigating!

And then this Love... this concrete, living, solid Love.

Oh! the supreme ecstasy is in the body!<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See *Notebooks II* on August 24-25, 1980. (*Editors' note*)

<sup>2</sup> The translators chose to respect Satprem's very characteristic use of punctuation.

The body could not believe its eyes or its millions of cells: how is it possible! How is it possible! How can they love me so much!

At some point it cried: OM—OM—OM—may That resonate through the whole earth, may all the fortresses be shaken!

And I say: the impossible is POSSIBLE.

And nothing left which imprisons, nothing left which limits, nothing left which crushes: a golden swelling, like a flower which swells in the Sun, widens and opens up a million times, then, a few eternal moments when it closes again in an act of adoration and eternal gratitude, and again it (the body) widens, swells infinitely—a pulsation of love.

All words distort, it is beyond everything men, even the most sublime, have ever been able to imagine or believe.

At some point, the body said: I bow for the whole Earth, I bow for all ignorant beings, for all ages, for all efforts, I bow to Your feet for everything and all with gratitude and love. (But these are just approximate words: it was an ACT.)

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One could say: the body is conquered! by the supreme Lover.

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### *Evening*

I don't know what transformation is, but what can be more sublime than that?

Simply, the body should be a worthier expression of that.

\*

One would like so much to bear *witness* to this Marvel! But nowadays they hear only the voices of Falsehood.

But still, if *one* body has experienced that, it is the sign (the promise) that other bodies will be able to experience it, whatever the temporary

conditions of the world.

\*

Every day, now, I put a red hibiscus on this old ball (!) (my globe).



### **January 5, 1984**

Obviously, I immediately find myself in front of the old Contradiction from which Sri Aurobindo has suffered and which Mother has painfully endured day after day and hour after hour. And I measure how painful—physically painful—it is. This is the “screaming” contradiction, one could say—yes, it screams—between such an intense need from the body and the physical consciousness to live always and always in this true, wonderful, divine Vibration, and the necessities of this old delusive life which seems to become all the more delusive and obscure and muddy because one has a foot on the other side. It cries in the body and creates such a painful contradiction... This morning, I had to take care of a problem of land encroachment by the neighbours (who have moved the boundary stones), a problem of firewood, a problem of food that I can't chew... well, it was so pitiful and painful, as if the body—the whole body—were drying up, were becoming fibrous, hard and shrivelled, and then everything became covered with a kind of dirty glue—I had to struggle for more than one hour to undo all that, to cleanse all that, to enlarge all this misery, oh!...

So the body really cried to recover the sun, the divine blossoming, the true rhythm, the pulsation... It is an absolutely painful contradiction. I can imagine that the first men who managed to break away from the ape family must have had much difficulty in leaving the old environment and



creating their new milieu. The whole old life is a web of lies (which seem very natural and almost true to the old life), and one must be able to continue breathing this Sun of Truth while being constantly assailed by the old mud and the old human way. How will the new being free itself from all that? He must be able to create a new environment for himself or have enough power to remodel human matter around him; otherwise he might be swallowed up again, or lose three quarters of his strength in simply struggling to cleanse himself and undo the prison that is constantly trying to build up again—it is like an instantaneous imprisonment for the body. This is the exact opposite of the blossoming and solar expansion that he needs, the exact opposite of this vibration, this rhythm, this pulsation. Everything *must* contract and shrivel to be able to live in the old milieu. This is the automatic shell, the instantaneous black cocoon which tries to re-establish its rights.

Well, that's it. And yet, I am in quite exceptional conditions... But such is the problem. A minimum of "cleansing" is required in the terrestrial atmosphere before the new being can evolve.

It is the transition that is difficult, Mother used to say so.

Curiously, not only is it painful for the body but it feels like a sorrow.

How to build a life of truth and an atmosphere of truth amidst a life of Falsehood and an atmosphere of Falsehood?—and the body is the first to have all kinds of old ties of complicity with this old life... Something must change in the *whole*, otherwise the individual cannot keep on progressing, or it is completely out of touch (but the progress of the individual should also hasten the change of the whole—let's hope for it!).

That is, one must really be able to be an *amphibian*, to be able to breathe and live on both sides. First, it is the new side that is difficult to bear, and then it is the old side which becomes absolutely indigestible!

One should have two kinds of lungs and two kinds of stomach! (and a

little lever to switch at will from one kind to the other!).

\*

*Afternoon*

Each time, it is miraculous.

I don't have the courage to note down and flatten that Marvel.

First, that flow of Nectar in all the veins, the fibres, the cells—like a marvellous balm, an ointment for all the wounds of Matter. And it streamed and streamed, filling the thousands and millions of alveoli of the body with a Youth—the body was drinking that as if after thousands of years of thirst. It is strange, it is miraculous, it cannot be told. For one hour, the body drank that with a divine ecstasy. At one point, I felt or it felt: it will be that, the next food and the new breathing—perhaps even the new irrigation of the body. My words flatten everything, I force myself to note down. And so powerful! If there is a “summit” of terrestrial bodies, it can only be that.

But after one hour, something happened that I cannot tell, something that was so unknown, so new that it has no human equivalent. There was a slow-slow immobility in the whole body, an extraordinarily dense and powerful immobility, and in that, for half an hour, something happened that I cannot tell or even define—it is beyond human sensations, there is no corresponding organ yet, not even a possible translation. Perhaps it is how the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, but when no caterpillar has yet become a butterfly and no butterfly is yet there to say what a butterfly is, what can one say? One is pushed, catapulted into the unknown. But there, I cannot even say “catapulted”—strangely, it was a nothing that was something. A strange immobility. The sensation (perhaps) of a metamorphosis without any move. If the body had not had the radical experiences it had, it would have felt at

once: I am going to die, or I am dying. That is, one completely leaves the terrestrial known sensations. And yet my body was perfectly awake, it was not fainting; only something was happening, or something was happening in it, and that something was totally unknown and new, without any human equivalent—as if one were going into something else but without moving! No, really, I cannot say anything, it sounds completely crazy. It was as if something extraordinary was happening, and at the same time as if nothing was happening! There was no organ to understand what was happening. That's it. And it lasted for half an hour.

Only a very sacred inner feeling.

But it corresponded perfectly (for the old sensations) to the passage from life to “death” (a “death”, that is, something that is unknown in normal life). Yes, it is perhaps how one changes from a caterpillar to a butterfly. But there, there is no butterfly, there remains only a caterpillar, apparently! And yet it is something else.

I'd better be silent.

The only compass is the Supreme.

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

Last night, I saw Indira Gandhi. All dressed in black, swinging on a swing!

She's moving on the spot.

And from time to time she goes and sticks her nose into a big cream cake! (probably of adulation). The cake was pinkish—wine-coloured.

\*

About three weeks or a month ago, when the difficulties started to rise

in Kashmir, this came to me (I don't know if it is true, but it came quite suddenly): Pandit Nehru has had his rival murdered in Kashmir (Shyama Prasad Mukherjee in 1953) and Kashmir will take revenge on the head of his daughter<sup>1</sup>.

It is strange how History makes up great figures where there were only small greedy and vain men.



### **January 6, 1984**

Last night, again I was with the “dead”. It was just before waking up, thus very close to the physical life as we know it—like in the airport of B. when I fainted: in one second, I was in another life, another activity, which was just there (it was even quite staggering!). I really think that the “partition wall of death” is wearing off very fast.

But this is not what I wanted to say. Once more, as I woke up, I said to myself: Damn (!) if, on the other side too, I must keep on meeting people in whom I have very little interest or who are a burden to me (last night it was my father and my brother François),\* then it is not worth it! What do have I to do with all those old relationships and those old partnerships! And then, there was such an intensity of need in this material, bodily consciousness, to live only in “that”, this light, to soak into “that”, this light, to want and to do only what They want and to be useful for Their Work—all the rest... is such futility! What need do I have of all that and

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<sup>1</sup> . We are at the beginning of the terrorist campaign in Kashmir, launched from Pakistan, after a period of relative “calm” which followed the defeat of the latter during the war of Bangladesh in 1971. (*Editors' note*)

\* Although I am interested in my brother, I would have liked to cure him of the illusion which governed his life. But when I meet him, he's usually in a bad mood!

all those old stories, damn! And it was this material, bodily consciousness, which felt it so intensely, so absolutely, without mixture: I don't need all those stories, I only need to seek the secret of life and death, the practical, experimental secret, the key which turns things on. And the *only* way to find and live the Secret is to soak, to bathe, to live in Them, in this sole Supreme Light which is the key to everything—all the rest... are useless stories, obsolete relationships and sticky ties.

Then I see that the *only* needed quality to do this yoga is the *sincerity of the goal*: “that”, the Supreme. And the only part of the being which has this total sincerity without mixture, is the bodily, material consciousness—all the rest flutters and flirts with anything. For the bodily consciousness, there's only one thing: the Supreme, because it is that which makes it live, it is its Sun. And then, to find the practical secret which will make one able to live always “that”. I don't need a great act, I need to find the secret of true life in Matter and of that so-called “death” which is a lie, and to dissolve, to unmask that Falsehood. That true life may always be.

But it is obvious that it is this material, bodily consciousness which can find the secret of life and death, which is the bridge between the two sides and which, one day maybe, will blow up the bridge in such a manner that there will be only one deathless side left.

\*

But for instance, the other night, I met Carmen, and her son (alive), who was just in the “next room” separated by a partition wall.

There is a partition wall of illusion.

I wondered if it was a partition wall for Carmen or a partition wall for Jean-Marie (the son). But I really think that the partition wall is on *our* side. Carmen could perfectly see what her son was doing! and was

worrying about it. Whereas he... (I remember, he was looking *outside!* through a window).

Death is not “on the other side”: it is the partition wall which *is* death, which *makes* death.

\*

Oh! Mother when You were there, it was so simple...



### **January 8, 1984**

Yesterday, the people from the Indian “land registry” came to measure our place. They weren’t more obscure than the average people (anyway, Indian obscurity never matches the western crudeness and brutality). In the afternoon, when I sat, I struggled against such a heavy weight: I was lifting something like a lid, and it was falling back down, I was lifting again, and it was falling back on my shoulders. I couldn’t understand, I thought my attitude was not what was needed, that there was still some ego, some hidden desires... Well, it was so painful that, in the evening I wanted to hide under a blanket and cry like an idiot—it was the body’s sensation. And all that was taking place in me, like something coming from me. Then, I went for a walk in the forest and only then did I understand, like an idiot, that it wasn’t me but this invasion of governmental obscurity. It was as if I were literally covered with a sticky and such an obscure weight that I couldn’t feel the Light in my body anymore, I had to lift up that lid again and again, a lead weight which had fallen on me. And it was so painful not to feel this Light, this Sun anymore.

But then, at night, I had a horrifying experience. Often, so often I’ve

been attacked by those appalling beings from the Gestapo's world, but last night, it was an outburst, a fury, not of beings but of *forces*: pure cruelty, pure nastiness. Lightning and lightning like lashes of dark blue power which were tearing and lacerating me. I was fighting, I was not giving in, I was shouting: "Even if there's only one man, I will resist." It was so atrociously nasty—the "essence" of nastiness raging against me. They wanted to tear me to pieces. Only lightning or lashes of vibrations which were rushing at me, wave after wave. I was about to go mad—that's how you go mad. It went on for a long time. Then, I don't know, I screamed, I called Sujata and she came, and I came out of this terrible fight. It was 1 a.m. I was so shaken that it took me more than one hour to recover. And then, there was such a sorrow in me, because it could exist, such a bare and absolute cruelty, such a dreadful nastiness—it was incomprehensible. I cried, suddenly I burst into sobs.

So I really understand the weight which is on the earth. Men *don't know* what forces dominate them. They don't know. Even the "best men." And I said to myself that it can't go on any more, the individual can't even survive if the earth is not cleansed from this weight of cruelty and iniquity.

Those people of the land registry just came, and in their wake, through the breach of their obscurity, all this destructive and relentless cruelty rushed at me.

That makes me think about the fragility of my existence in this world. If I were not protected, I would be dead since long, but if there's the slightest little breach in the atmosphere, it is a deadly rush. That's the situation.

But this sorrow, this sob of the body really, because it *could* exist, that cruelty, that nastiness—it couldn't understand, it was incomprehensible and crucifying: how is it possible?

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### ***Vision***

It reminds me of the following:

In the night of January 6 to 7, I met Pranab. It was at the narrow entrance of a rather dark, Tamil style house. I was talking very affectionately to him. Then I realized he had two huge watchdogs next to him—beasts really, very tall, black haired with a bit of grey, like wolfhounds but more wolf-like than hound-like. Huge hounds. And I realized that my right hand was in one of these dog's mouths (I could see huge fangs, but I wasn't afraid, as if they couldn't hurt me nor bite me—I was only noticing the fact). I don't know why I was so affectionate with Pranab or what it was about. Then we came out into a kind of paved courtyard (I think it was in the Ashram) and there was a tall uprooted tree on the ground—it wasn't big but very tall (I couldn't see the roots or the leaves, only the trunk) and the "operation" had been conducted by Pranab and his team-mates. I was very sad and stunned that this beautiful tree had been willingly uprooted. Then Pranab bent down and showed me the tree's bark while hitting the trunk and told me: "It was all rotten inside."

The "tree" was Mother.

As I woke up, I thought about those watchdogs and I was so sad that one could surround oneself with such nasty beasts. I told myself: But truth needs no guardians! It guards itself.

Sujata found this passage of *Love and Death*.

... There sat supreme  
With those compassionate and lethal eyes,  
Who many names, many natures holds;



*Yama*, the strong pure Hades sad and subtle,  
*Dharma*, who keeps the laws of old untouched,  
*Kritanta*, who ends all things and at last  
Himself shall end.  
On either side of him  
The four-eyed dogs mysterious rested prone,  
Watchful, with huge heads on their paws advanced...<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps, there might be a relation between Pranab and Yama...? (or rather between Yama and Pranab!) Sri Aurobindo and Mother were “gently” surrounded by people representative of all the possible adverse forces. And Yama was the last. The last guardian of Mother.



### **January 10, 1984**

(Land issues) Everything is for making the Fire.

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Now they're knocking at our doors.

They can take everything but they will not take my soul.

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### *Evening*

One gropes along and knows nothing.

It is painful.

It has been going on since January 5.

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<sup>1</sup> *Yama*: the god of death, like Hades of the Greeks.

*Dharma*: the law which governs the action of Nature and men.

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*Night*

O Mother, O Sri Aurobindo  
Always yours, always yours,  
that, I know  
all the rest escapes me.



**January 11, 1984**

I learned—the *body* learned something absolutely essential and very subtle which is like a *mechanical* key to the transformation or, anyway, of the circulation of the supramental forces—or, let's say, of the new Force.

For days it had been painfully going round in circles and groping along in all directions searching for a movement, a bodily attitude—as if there were an obstruction, something blocking and it didn't know what. It is really, practically, as if (not “as if”) the body had to learn a new way of living and being; then it gropes along, searches for a movement, tries one way, then another and another (these are very tiny movements of consciousness or of body mechanics). And then, all of a sudden, it stumbles on the “trick” which opens the doors. The “discovery” was made suddenly yesterday evening. It was painfully groping along without understanding why there was this obstruction, and then, all of a sudden, it said-felt: “Everything escapes me”, it was a bit as if it were “giving up the fight” - everything escapes me but there's Sri Aurobindo-Mother and I am Theirs, and that's all. Then, there was an immediate *invasion* of

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*Kritanta*: the one who ends our actions in life.

Power to the point of bursting. And today, the body put its trick into practice (but these are no “tricks” because it must be a *spontaneous* movement of the body), and it was formidable! It understood that what spoiled and obstructed everything was a (very innocent) element of desire which rushed with an excessive ardour at the new Force whenever it came—it rushed thirstily. Also, there was this desire to “see” Mother, to put my hands into hers, to feel myself at her feet—all that with a kind of ardour or thirst which “stiffened” the whole movement. And the body learned that it must not “rush” or “strive” or stretch out thirstily, but bathe *in an absolutely passive way*, like a piece of cotton or a sponge, in... what would like to come. One must have an intense aspiration, an intense need, *but* in a completely passive transparency. These were the two movements which seemed contradictory and which suddenly ceased to be contradictory! And then I realized how mecha-nical this search for the new species, this new yoga is. It is a whole new kind of cellular mechanics. If one holds on and stretches out and wants and cries thirstily, it doesn’t work! One must literally be like a sponge but a sponge which can *indefinitely* absorb what is *given* to it. One must almost be soft! or flabby! while having this need, this aspiration in the whole body! And then, in this “spongy” state, the Force is increased tenfold! It flows or it enters (it rushes!) with an incredible vigour and intensity—one is packed! and at the same time, in that complete passivity, the body is able to absorb indefinitely all that is flowing in. It is its excessive ardour, a kind of very subtle vital deformation, which obstructed or clogged the movement. In the passive transparency, “it” flows and flows and flows, well, with an incredible intensity and density. In fact, all the spontaneous reactions of the old animal must change: the animal rushes at the object of its need. One must absolutely be like a plant—like a sea sponge! And yet have this intense divine need in all the cells. I am finding out that

there's really a *mechanical* circulation of the new forces (and that most of the "feelings" blur everything).

I think that the body has learned its lesson and now knows the "trick". Well, it always imagined that the Divine didn't know about the "situation" (!) and that it had to somehow inform him or make him aware of its state (!). But it disturbs everything! This Marvel knows the situation perfectly; one just has to allow it to circulate without a crash or obstruction into this old animal network.

It is really like a mechanical key to the passage of the new forces. And yet I knew it in a way! But the body didn't really know it.

These are the first tentative steps of the new life. There's no "handbook"—one has to grope along until the body finds the wonderful trick.

\*

### *Evening*

It is a strange contradiction: this new life is fragile, vulnerable, surrounded by a world of hostile forces, and at the same time one feels that it escapes the old mortal laws of age, wearing out, diseases, accidents—assault is there, always ready to pounce on this new life and strangle it at the slightest occasion, and at the same time it doesn't happen or it is diverted at the last minute. It gives a strange contradictory sensation of fragility and perpetual danger, and of something else that totally escapes the old laws. One could almost say: an invulnerable vulnerability! It is something else that decides.

But it always hangs by a hair! Perhaps it is a divine hair.

Finally, it all depends on whether we're on the side of the fish or the sunlit side.

\*

*Night*

We are haunted by ghosts  
and there's a NEW Reality.  
Which can redo everything at each second  
if we are with Her.  
As if there were no past.

\*

Under water, Time goes back and forth, propelled by its own tail.  
Out of the water, it bursts like a bubble.

\*

This new Reality annuls the effects of the present false reality—there are no more effects. “That” is its sole effect at each second.

It is the ever-new-life.

(For instance: I made such and such mistake yesterday, which should have such and such material consequence; if I am on the true side, all the consequences are annulled, *materially* annulled, or changed into something else beneficial. It is the ever-beneficial.)

One enters the ever-beneficial and constructive Time. The old time is the ever-destructive; the new time is the ever-constructive.

If the Foundation is true, everything which follows from it is indestructible.

Only death is destroyed.

Only death can die.



**January 12, 1984**

I think that the little seal is poking his nose out on the surface.

It is the new Sun of Grace.

Everything They said and announced and did is true-true-true—  
miraculously true. It is there. One must pass into the Sun of Grace.

\*

*Evening*

The grace, the supreme grace, is to be able to love You.



**January 13, 1984**

The Divine is not complicated, we are (!). And it is very complicated to  
un-complicate all that!

There's an element of simple innocence which must be rediscovered in  
the body's life.

Like my little seal with round eyes, very white on the white snow.

The new species will be SIMPLE.

It is the Mind that puts a veil on the *slightest* action.

Perhaps one must become (a bit) stupid before reaching the new  
species...

I don't see how one can pass there without losing this usual Mind  
which covers *everything*. Nothing is as it is, there's always a mental veil  
which stands between.

Well, let's wait for the stupidity. (I have nothing against it!)

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In fact, what triggered my cogitations is this eternal "I don't know" over  
which I stumble all the time (a bit painfully). The little seal does not know  
and yet it knows.

It is the ego which needs to know; the non-ego knows and does

without knowing.

And then there's always this famous question: how do you know that you're not wrong?...

One must become a divine idiot. That's it.

It is just the opposite of the passage from the animal to man. It is this very way that must be undone—undone *in Matter* (the higher mind can stay in its idle superiorities—like Nero, it will play the computer on its ruins).



### **January 14, 1984**

Undoubtedly, the forces are doing everything they can to destroy the human Mind or, as Mother would say, to “dementalize” men. And the strangest thing (or the most ironical) is that Science, that triumph of the human brain, is the first agent of that self-destruction of the collective intelligence. It is an evolutionary phenomenon that is similar to the disappearing of gills or fins in fish. It is the central organ that is affected. That is to say, the human Mind, whose central function was observation and discernment—our fins in the world—is being systematically, and one could say scientifically clouded and confused, addled under a monstrous flood of “information”, “discoveries”, “ideas”, each more marvellous than the next, and of slogans each more insidious than the next, that cancel each other and get entangled with one another in the highly resounding and hypnotizing din of journalistic, radiophonic, videophonic, microphonic methods which devastate as many consciousnesses as they devastate forests. The last discoveries of astrophysics, biology, palaeontology, mingle with the last discoveries of spirituality, sects, yogis and healers—everything is “discovered” and nothing is healed or

understood. All theories are equally valid and all ideas are equally valid, and nothing is valid anymore and nobody knows the direction or the sense anymore. Humans are losing their human fins and are rolling down into the mud under the pressure of the thousands of currents they no longer know how to check or understand—they have understood everything and they no longer understand anything. They are less endowed with intelligence and sense of observation than the Neanderthal man who, at least, knew how to find his way in the great primary forest. There is no way anymore, there are millions of ways and all are equally valid and are equally nulls—equally true, equally false. There is no truth any more: everything is suspicious—even *Mother's Agenda* in her own Ashram or even in Auroville (!). There is no Church anymore, there are thousands of Churches; there is no wicked Kremlin and virtuous White House any more—virtues have become wicked and sometimes wickedness has virtues. That is, complete Mud in ex-human minds. The “catastrophe” will not be a nuclear one: it is already here, and it is a mental catastrophe. They have not even enough intelligence to notice their catastrophe and they continue inventing super-means and super-slogans to mask their fundamental deficiency—never have so many million books been written for empty minds (unless it is to annul minds), never have we had so many millions of pieces of information to disinform intelligences.

When a species loses its central organ, it must invent another one, or die, or give up its place to the species which will know how to invent the other organ. I begin to understand more intimately these few mysterious verses from Sri Aurobindo:

When darkness deepens strangling earth's breast  
and man's corporeal mind is the only lamp...



And also:

Almighty powers are shut in nature's cells...

\*

No, it is no longer the time to “explain” to men—they will hear no explanation—it is the time of DOING.

We must develop the other organ.

\*

And as I don't know how to do it, I just have to be passively transparent to the other Power.

The other Power is “discovered”, it is its way of functioning that I don't know.

I am in front of a Niagara whose use I don't know (but one must probably let oneself be “used” by the Niagara!).

\*

It is sad to say, but if I would go to Auroville to breathe the new life into them a little and hasten the collective process, I would be torn to pieces.

This is the time for absolutely silent and secret action.

\*

A compelling proof is needed. Otherwise it is better to hide (!).

Perhaps the Lord is going to take it upon himself to administer to them the compelling proof... But as I know him, he has a tendency to be too good (!).

\*

*Evening*

Since January 5 (except for the sunny spell on the 12<sup>th</sup>—but what a sunny spell!), I don't know what happened but everything is upset, as if I

had lost the thread, and it is extremely painful. I don't know what happens. It hurts me in my skin, if I can say so. Perhaps it is the sign that one has finished a curve and enters a new one? I don't know. Then the body, the material consciousness is assailed by some: you don't do what is needed, you don't have the true attitude, you don't... It is very painful. One is totally lost. It is as if everything were teeming with insincerity and self-doubt—not about the goal, but about oneself. Then: you are not sincere, you don't... Oh Lord! ...

The worst adverse voices are the voices of Virtue. One is suddenly full of “sins”. And it is not difficult to be convinced (!).

Oh! Lord, I really hope that the next species will have neither virtues nor sins! One will BE, in all simplicity.

It is the Mind which is full of “sins”.

It is this Mind in Matter which is a scorpions' nest.

\*

When I speak about “Mind in Matter”, I mean that first mind which made the passage from the animal to man and took the place of instinct (it remains to be seen what instinct is).

That is to say that one has suddenly entered into a mud bath. Then one can't see anything anymore... So one invents computers, radio beacons and radar... And telephone and aspirin.

Each “marvel” adds one more bar to the Prison. As long as there were only a few shepherds and happy despots, one was not aware of it. But as there are now five billion *Homo “sapiens”*, one becomes aware of the enormous Despotism.

\*

A few men have to make the passage and bring the compelling proof.

Is it possible with all those little “*sapiens*” moving around like wolves?

I wonder if this “*corporeal mind*” is not what I call the “bodily, material consciousness” but which has not found its language or its way of functioning yet?

\*

The true compelling proof would be that Mother explodes their Samadhi and walks in the world’s streets with her new body. That’s it.



### **January 15, 1984**

The descent of Divine Love...

(Or rather: something became clearer in the material consciousness and it was *there*.)

There are no words for this sublime Splendour. It is for that, that one lived. It is for that, for that, for that, that everything-everything exists and existed and will exist.

\*

Mother is winning the Victory *in* death.

There will be a divine *manifestation*.

First, a shaking of the whole terrestrial consciousness—all their values and points of reference crushed—and then, *that* manifests: the supramental world, the invasion of the Real. Just in time.

\*

I had a tendency to only see the side of human effort towards the “other thing”, but there’s the Other Side which works and pushes to tear the veil—when the Moment comes.

It is in the material, bodily consciousness that the veil is torn.

This is where the screen is.

No, it is not exactly that, the screen is not in the bodily consciousness: Material Mind is the screen. It is the one which seals the bodily consciousness.

\*

I must wait for it all to become clearer.

It is like a new figure taking shape.

\*

### ***Sujata's vision***

This afternoon Sujata was sleeping when she realized that I was there, next to her. I was lying down. She came closer and I told her a few sentences (not many words) about the experience, what I saw—I forgot: I gave her several golden flowers which looked like “suns”, she put them in front of Mother and Sri Aurobindo’s photo, then I told her these few sentences, and she told me that she was so moved and full of hope, and finally she said to me: “I wish we could plant your words like flowers...” I laughed and I said to her: “You will see!”



### **January 16, 1984**

They run like fools in the night. Many will fall. “That” will come, the New.

“As if by chance”, Sujata just showed me this article.

*(New York Times, January 1984)*

#### REVERSAL OF POLES

The magnetic field of the earth has apparently weakened by more than 50 per cent in the last 4,000 years, possibly

indicating that a reversal of the magnetic poles is under way, according to a report by two scientists at the University of Minnesota. If such a reversal occurs, compass needles that now point toward the north magnetic pole would point south.

The report presented to a meeting of the American Geophysical Union in San Francisco, was based on an analysis of magnetic orientations in sediment at a succession of depths in a Minnesota lake bottom.

Past analysis of magnetism frozen into successive lava flows have shown that magnetic reversals occur over a period measured in thousands of years. The magnetic field weakens, almost vanishes, then reappears with opposite polarity.

They've lost the North Pole, that's for sure!

\*

Since yesterday, it is a divine invasion of Matter.

A Marvel so full of tenderness and so formidably powerful.

It is *there!*

An adoration everywhere-everywhere-everywhere.

\*

### *Evening*

I am almost stunned that this can exist.

If what happens in my body is a sign, then things are near.

I can't see myself as an individual. It seems meaningless that such a Marvel happens for an individual.

It is something which is happening for the entire Earth.

\*

### *Night*

This great wave that I hear all the time sounds so victorious! (I hear it

*physically*).



## **Night of January 16-17, 1984**

### ***Vision***

(Excerpt from my “bits of vision”:) A scene with Indira Gandhi. A furious, foam-white sea. A red hibiscus with its five petals cut (hibiscus—dynamic power). Is her power cut?<sup>1</sup>

\*

I went down the path of the house. They were half a dozen busy cutting young fir trees. I wanted to protest... Then, I felt such nastiness, brutality, retaliation... And all the “guards” are corrupted.

One is more and more surrounded. On all sides I feel the pack ready to pounce on us.

The more Splendour descends into this Matter, the more forces seem to rage furiously around us—the more Horror grows, almost simultaneously.

But this sorrow in front of all these young cut and uprooted trees...

Time is short.

\*

### ***Evening***

I don’t know why I am so sad since this morning—it is more than sadness, it is hurting in my chest.

One ends up being unable to approach nastiness and ugliness, that is,

---

<sup>1</sup> Indira Gandhi will be assassinated on October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1984.

one is completely unfit for this crude life. One can no longer live in this world unless one is a Barbarian!

All Matter becomes a pain.

Oh! Mother when will you face the human Beast?

\*

I think I am too “spread out”.

How can I go on surrounded by all that?

\*

*Night*

It is a cry in my whole body.

And at the same time, this divine invasion is so formidably powerful that I can't call it “Love.” It is rather like Rudra.<sup>1</sup> Then, my whole body offered itself: take-take this whole Earth and deliver it from its oppression—as if, through this bit of Matter, Rudra were assailing the Darkness. It is difficult to bear, but compelling.



**January 19, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night (from 18 to 19), I saw myself, or rather I saw my feet and I was peeling off big strips of dry skin, all the skin was falling off... The colour was very white.

\*

---

<sup>1</sup> Rudra is the terrible aspect of Shiva, whom the Rig-Veda describes as being “ferocious and violent”.

Obviously, if the Action through this body has to be somewhat general, one must no longer be locked up in a little bag of skin.

But then one suffers from everything.

Yesterday, all day long, I was afraid of becoming mad.

\*

The “divine invasion” continues. Somehow it has become spontaneous and automatic—as soon as I am quiet, it goes through. But then, with quite formidable proportions and intensity—it is no longer on the scale of a small body; the body is like a grain of I don’t know what in all that—the Niagara is small in comparison to that. It has become completely immeasurable. And then, one “understands” that all this is not made for the “pleasure” of a small individual.

This new curve that I have been feeling for some time is perhaps a “generalising” one...

But in spite of the whole “volume” (one could say) of this formidable Current, one can feel that it is Mother. The body is absolutely quiet. Besides, if there were the slightest obstruction anywhere in the body, it would break immediately, like a bit of matchstick.

And always this prayer: Your Divine reign on earth.

And I really think that it is coming.

It is of such a formidable proportion that one cannot talk about “Nectar” and “Divine Love” anymore, but one can clearly feel, deep inside, that *it is* Nectar and *it is* Divine Love. Anyway, the body is not mistaken and it tries to melt and melt into that and it is like its life.

\*

One could say: it sweeps through—it sweeps through the world.

And Satprem’s body is I don’t know what in that—a grain of sand which has been given the Grace of being conscious and observing the



divine “phenomenon”—of being the witness.

For once, in Evolution, there will be somebody witnessing “how it happened” or “how it happens!”.

\*

I don't know why, but I have the impression that the gates are open.

(This morning, I wrote: the action “through this body”, but I don't, or no longer believe that it is “through”—“that” needs no “through!” There's simply a bit of Matter which has the joy of being conscious of what happens, and maybe, by the fact that a bit of human Matter has the grace of being conscious, the rest of human Matter can have that grace too—if it consents to it (!) And if it doesn't consent to it, it is all the same!

\*

Violence is rising in India.

\*

### *Evening*

It is very difficult to bear.

That is, to find the movement which can make one *physically* disappear. A kind of unknown transparency. Otherwise it is unbearable.

It is not even about finding the movement of material, bodily widening anymore—there must no more be “someone who” (*physically*). A fusion which seems almost physically impossible...

One tries. Or that tries.

\*

The problem is a bit like this: how to enter into, or let a super-hyper Niagara?! go right through oneself without being completely disintegrated (it is about this whole bodily consciousness which holds the cells, the nerves, and the fibres together, well, the whole body mechanics)?

Perhaps, this is it, the strips of skin are falling off?

One is not the “viewer” (not even the witness) of the invasion: one is inside it, the body is inside it—or it has to learn to be inside it without disintegrating.

And it seems to be getting stronger and stronger.

Perhaps it is what Mother calls the “physical ego”.

Well...

It is an absolutely “bursting” sensation. And very difficult to bear.

This afternoon, the operation lasted for more than one hour and three quarters, like that, on the verge of bursting—and each time it “pushed” a bit more (stronger or “further” if I can say so).

There’s not really fear in the body (the only thing it absolutely does not want, is to become mad), but a difficulty to find the “movement” (of adaptation, or I don’t know what).

But that also, this “fear of becoming mad” is part of the obstacles to be dissolved. It is a movement of obscurity and not of truth—truth has no fear of being itself, neither mad nor reasonable!

In fact, only what is alike can meet. That’s the key. The complete purity.

\*

Probably, the same operation is repeated on all levels of the being, but when one reaches the “pure” physical level... It is very difficult to adjust without breaking everything. This old diver of the millennia is very fibrous and “rubbery”! Form is its very life, whereas the Mind, the Vital, the Psychic, the Spiritual and the whole caboodle can take a thousand shapes in three minutes.

I am not under the illusion that this old diver is going to be “metamorphosed”, but the rigid laws which rule over its cohesion and its

formation—its “program”, one could say—must give up their place to another kind of “law”. This is probably what is being tried.

In short, the old skin must learn how to “peel off” and let another kind of “tissue” replace it ...



### **January 20, 1984**

For once, last night, I slept more or less normally, that is, I must have fallen back into “tamas” and unconsciousness. And this morning I woke up with a kind of laziness and “idleness” bordering on bad mood. I had absolutely no “desire” to sit, meaning that, left to himself, the individual “Satprem” would have gone for a walk in the forest or “fishing” (!) I sat down, and then it is really a wonderful thing and an amazement to see how, instantaneously, within one second, as one breathes, this material, bodily consciousness started to invade the whole being with its flame of tireless aspiration. It is really amazing. Everything yields and flattens, but “that” remains as constant, solid and thirsty—tireless—as after millenniums. It is invariable. One could say: it is miraculous.

The plant never gets tired of aspiring for the sun.

All those so-called “higher” parts of the being really look like charlatans compared to this simple thirst.

It is really the Divine in Matter. Matter is the place of the pure Divine.

This is no “theory”, it is simple, rediscovered (one could say) respiration. When I talked about “divine materialism”, I didn’t know how right I was.

All the rest can fail, “that” remains as spontaneous as the scent of honey suckle. “*When man’s corporeal mind is the only lamp...*” said Sri Aurobindo (by the way, I don’t know why he says “*mind*”,—that, I have

not understood or experienced yet).



**January 21, 1984**

***Vision***

Night of 20 to 21. Their big white car carries me away, a marvel of soft power, comfort, beauty—ease! Oh! Such ease!

It wasn't purely white but cream-coloured, with just a very little touch of pink, almost salmon, in it.

Inside the car there was a big cushion of this same colour and of such beautiful simplicity, oh! and of super comfort: the whole body sank deep into it and felt so-so much at ease, so simply well! It was like foam rubber, but made of another material, and this very colour was a comfort for the body. And wide, so wide! Everything was wide.

\*

*Afternoon*

I lived a miracle of divine Joy. The body lived a miracle of divine Joy.

An unknown transparency where *everything is physically possible*.

The last ghost is dissolved.

That will be.

\*

The great wave is ringing on the earth!

\*

*Evening*

Never, in my sixty years of life, did I live such a Splendour, a Miracle—

and so simple.

It is a marvel of pure divine Grace.

And men don't want it!

\*

All the "great" spiritual experiences seem childish compared to that—  
and religions: a perversion, or a cruel and grotesque deformation.<sup>1\*</sup>

Only the body can know.

\*

It is obvious that the human reign is nearing its end.



### **January 22, 1984**

The more the Marvel seems to reveal itself, the more the reactions  
around seem to become exasperated.

It is the same in the world.

The Marvel is too pure. There's something in human nature which  
can't stand it. But my dog seems very happy!

As Mother used to say: "Soon, I am going to be dangerously  
contagious!" I understand everything-everything better and better.

That is to say that the Marvel puts the entire world in difficulty! Either  
it is *that*, or it breaks.

One must hide.

One can come to an "agreement" with all the gods (and of course all  
the devils!), but not with *that*. It is uncompromising.

---

<sup>\*1</sup> A few weeks ago, I met my father (who died fifteen years ago or more), and I was  
probably talking to him about divine Joy, because he answered me: "that's an orgy"!...  
How typical! They accept only a crucified and painful God.

\*

My sunlit beach is still there!



**January 23, 1984**

Will I be able to stay here?

I am very tired of all human beings and their nature.

One must change one's nature, or it is unbearable.

Each time I think I make one step forward, I am torn up on all sides, like retaliation.

There must be nothing left to tear up.

It is a very fragile edge.

Step by step, I pick up Their trail again... and then...

I repeat: Lord of Joy and Beauty—as if it were the only thing that delivers, the only thing that can.

All the rest is collapsing and falling down.

\*

There's like a sorrow so deep for all this human life. One does not know if it is compassion, love or desperation.

\*

One must last.

\*

It is like a constant kaleidoscope: disastrous-marvellous-disastrous-marvellous... And it turns and turns. One does not know where it will stop.

The last strips of sorrow must go.

\*

Something says: all that isn't negative—it is to bring you to the Secret's point.

Only, it is a Secret in the body and it is a point in the body.

One must reach a certain *point*.

Either the body manages to swim, or it drowns.

On the surface, it is marvellous; below, it is disastrous. That's it.

\*

*Evening*

*You* have to make me live, because I am less and less able to live this old life.



**January 24, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Night of 23 to 24. I was emptying “mud tanks” in Auroville! Big tanks. F. was the only one helping me but he was doing it the wrong way: he wanted to pump the mud out and I was showing him, while squelching through the mud: “No, it must be emptied from the *bottom*, there's a waste outlet at the bottom!”... It was very tiring, I hardly slept.

What worries me a bit is the size of those “mud tanks” (about two or three of them!). They were a bit like big concrete pools, about 30 meters long and 15 meters wide!...

Well, there is mud in Auroville!

But those pools were not very deep, they were above all wide and extensive.

\*

I notice that the more the tiredness increases in me, the more the “divine invasion” seems to increase too. It is a kind of exhaustion, (above all cerebral), as if one had been hit everywhere (but rather like a punching ball). And then, the body enters a state where it seems to say, “I don’t care! Come what may”. An excessive tiredness which annuls it.

I think that it is this material Mind which is being demolished (with a certain kind of assault during the day and with another assault of a different kind at night). It is a bit as if there were a will to annul the body’s self-defence mechanism—“Well, never mind! Come what may, if it breaks, it breaks”. And it doesn’t break, but the divine invasion seems to increase as the body is reduced to a rag. (I remember Mother saying: “Matter must be seriously hammered”...) It looks like that.

\*

I remember, the day they wanted to murder me in the canyons of Auroville, there was absolutely no defence reaction in me—not the slightest vibration (it was a strange state by the way).

Mother, in front of Pranab’s anger, was completely immobile, white—transparent. Like a little child who keeps still.

In fact, it is Falsehood that defends itself. It is Death that defends itself.



**January 25, 1984**

### ***Vision***

I keep meeting the “dead”, only the dead and almost every night! But I am puzzled... This morning, just before waking up and as I was almost awake already (so, very near to the physical), I met my old friend the



“Marquis”<sup>1</sup> (who died ten years ago). And he was showing me, “as in real life”, some objects he had just found or “bought”: this time, they were “finely-worked leather” objects made by old craftsmen, exactly like those luxurious objects from old Asian or Muslim craftsmen that he liked (chiselled, delicate, rich objects... well, a whole past luxury). There were three of those leather objects, one of which was a red and golden leather wallet which had been meticulously engraved, point by point, and the Marquis was showing me with delight the way each gold and red point was delicately and microscopically worked... I said to myself: Gosh! he continues to live in this same childish illusion—“death” didn’t teach him anything? And when I meet my father, he continues to be in this same religious, pietistic and puritan illusion—each one carries on with his favourite illusion... And it is the same with my brother: disappointed, bitter, frustrated. The other day (once more, alas) I met A. Morisset, Mother’s son, and he was holding a volume of the *Agenda* in his hands (I said to myself: ah, not bad, he begins to understand!), but it was a place like my bedroom and he absolutely wanted to get in my bed with the *Agenda!* (That is to say, to take my place?) Then, he too carries on with his childish and jealous illusion—one can’t see the end of it! Six, ten or twenty years later, each one carries on with his cherished illusion—oh! my god, what’s the sense of all this!? Besides, the day after this meeting with Morisset, I told Mother: “You know, I am not pleased at all to meet your son” (!) and I never met him again since. But he carries on, and they all carry on, each one of them with their same futile childishness... It is a little frightening. “Death” doesn’t teach you anything then? When will they completely disillusion themselves? What will it take to disillusion them from their stupidity?

---

<sup>1</sup> Bernard d’Oncieu.

Then, as Mother used to say, “life” and “death” are the same thing, there’s no difference. One goes on. It is frightening to always continue the same stupidity. And everything, everything seems futile and childish to me, except a certain Presence which is a dynamic Nectar. But at night, I never find that again! (or else, I don’t remember).

I wondered what would be “my own” illusion ... I certainly wouldn’t go to oriental bazaars (or to churches) but I think that I would gladly go to natural landscapes—places without human beings and stories. The sea, rocks, the cry of seagulls and the smell of cliffs—are there any cliffs and rosemary on the other side? Or is it all the same side? But then, where’s the difference?

Anyway, it seems more and more certain to me that the “other side”, if there’s another side, is not far. Or perhaps it is getting less and less far or nearer and nearer to me. The dividing line is wearing out. But of what use is that “other side” to me if one must continue to live the same stupidities there?! Not only a new life but a new death too would be needed!... That is, maybe, when life is new, death will disappear—the old life goes hand in hand with the old death, without any difference. The old death is as much an illusion as the old life—there’s something else. There’s a true life. That’s what we want.

If death is as much an illusion as life, there must be something else which is neither life as we know it nor death as we suppose it. Perhaps, it is a life which is *being* made (the supramental world of Sri Aurobindo). It is not a readymade life, it is being built.

(But as I also often meet people at night that I don’t know, I can’t figure out if they are dead or living! It is amusing. That is, there’s really no difference. One could wonder which one is the “true” side?!)

I think that the True has not yet begun.

It is being *built*.

But if I must keep on meeting ghost tourists on the cliffs of the other side, where will I put myself? I am hardly joking.

One must absolutely “put oneself” into something else.

\*

What’s very surprising, if I can say so, is that it is the body, the matter, the cells that seem to hold the key to the other thing. In other words, what seems to be the most perishable... holds the key to the imperishable.

\*

For those who have finished their years (of illusion) on the other side and are getting ready to enter a little baby’s body, it is a phenomenon identical to dying—to enter life, for them, is to enter death. And that’s true.

It is even a more radical death than ours because we need only a few hours, days or weeks (depending on the circumstances) to “gather our wits” after death. Whereas those who die on the other side to be born here must sometimes wait thirty-forty or fifty years before collecting themselves a bit, and sometimes they never collect themselves!

“Death” is on both sides!

There’s another side which is neither the pseudo-life nor the pseudo-death, and yet *material*, and which is Sri Aurobindo’s side—and this is what the body is looking for.

It is not only the frontier between life and death which must wear out: it is a *new* frontier to be discovered. Like the thin layer of water which separates the Fish from the Amphibian.

The death of the Fish is not the life of the Amphibian.

\*

*Afternoon*

This fantastic Niagara! It is always at the point of breaking, and then the body seeks and seeks the movement, the fluidity, the surrender, the transparency which will prevent it from breaking. It is a constant micro-experimentation in the body. There's no more fear, although sometimes, it is quite an awesome pressure or "precipitation." The body knows obscurely: it is You who's there, it is Mother who's there, she wants us to find her, but one must find the true door and the true move—the true point in the body. So, it is this constant infinitesimal groping, and sometimes it flows miraculously, sometimes it is very difficult and "bursting."

But really it is an absolutely fantastic power!... dumbfounding!

If there weren't a kind of cellular faith that it is the Divine, it would be absolutely unbearable and frightening.

But one feels, behind all that, one feels like a smile from Mother—like lots of tiny smiles on a shining sea. Mother's tiny smiles in all the cells. But it is like behind a veil, not really perceived yet (otherwise, it would probably be done—all would be done).

There are moments when it goes through the brain like an immobile sword. It is difficult. The brain especially has a difficulty—it must be the place of resistance to the new world (not surprising!).

I often said to myself that if I sent away my observing parrot, the movement would be faster and easier. But then there would be no traces left (not even for myself).

Perhaps it is an illusion to want to "keep some traces" (?).

(Anyway, one will know if this is the way to make a little seal or a crazy man!

You never know.)



## **January 26, 1984**

Sujata solved a riddle for me.

I kept on being a little disturbed by this quite unexplainable vision that I had during the night from 21 to 22 December ('83): this empty diving suit, and “me”, climbing on a 45° roof slope, wearing a skin-tight dark blue suit, with completely white tennis shoes. I thought that this kind of empty diving suit represented the physical—my physical body—and that “I” was going... I don't know where, on the roof of a crumbling life. And it was disturbing me because these visions are always very exact indications of the “situation”, and I couldn't really understand.

Sujata immediately pointed out to me that anything which happens “under water” = the Subconscient. This empty diving suit represents the *body's* subconscious. The physical body is freed, emptied from its Subconscient, and my purified physical body (these white tennis shoes) climbs on the roof of a crumbling world or old life.

It seems very sound to me.

And indeed, I understand very practically that if the body weren't cleansed from this whole subconscious teeming, it would be absolutely impossible to bear this Niagara. This whole teeming of whispers and deadly threats and catastrophic suggestions would immediately block the flow or provoke a bodily panic which would break everything. Well, this teeming has completely disappeared—an unthinkable, unimaginable and impossible victory if Sri Aurobindo and Mother had not truly and concretely cleared the path.

Yesterday, under the effect of this Niagara, I asked Sujata: but which human being? *Who* will be able to bear that without breaking or becoming mad? But then, how is humanity going to make the passage to another species if the transition is so difficult and dangerous?

Actually, I really think it is a phantom danger! and that the pioneers' task is, precisely, to exorcize the Phantom. If Sri Aurobindo and Mother had not *made* the path, it would be absolutely impossible—already it was like a miracle for me: in a few months it was done. But if one or a few human pioneers “check” Sri Aurobindo and Mother's path, it automatically exorcizes or purifies the passage for all the rest of the species (if they want, if they *consent* to try the path). There's no separated individual, it is an illusion, there's no progress for only one individual, it is an impossibility, because this very progress implies that the individual has vanquished or overcome a certain number of difficulties proper to the entire species. And if the species slows down too much, the individual cannot progress anymore. It is a bit like the law of communicating vessels. When one makes a hole into an obstacle, it is a breakthrough for everybody.

Yesterday evening, Sujata was showing me the globe and said: the earth is like a ball covered with a skin; if someone makes a hole in the skin, even a hole as small as a needle's point, it enters into the whole earth.

The “passage” for the rest of the species must necessarily become easier and easier, and the “dangers” of now or the “difficulties” of now will seem absolutely strange to our descendants. A few ones must simply widen the “hole.” Obviously, there's a vast difference between the Viscount of Saint-Germain who goes through the forest of Bondy in a diligence with his pistol and his bagful of crowns, and Miss X. who goes through the same forest driving her Toyota with her transistor and her safety belt.

Only, this time, it is a divine breakthrough and no one will be able to cheat anymore through mechanical means to replace the Truth.

If one is not pure, the old ghosts become real Cerberuses. Death is well

guarded.

Pranab's dogs held my hand in their mouths but they couldn't bite.

\*

I remember, now, that in the sixties Mother said: "The same vibration (of divine Harmony) can turn into a serious disease or a deadly danger..."

I suspect that *everything* is divine Nectar coated with poison by the Mind.

\*

*Noon*

Lakshmi (my maidservant) wants to leave. She says that she's attacked. Asks me why I do so much "*puja*" instead of writing "stories": feels that a "current" comes on her and turns above her head. In brief, she can't stand "it" anymore—the atmosphere here is too strong.

My dog too is going to leave.

The assault of forces is coming closer and is becoming clearer.

God be with me and my Douce.

\*

As if by chance, this very morning X. was talking about setting up an alarm system in case of an attack... and was proposing me to look for a dog.

The Lord is conducting all things.

Everything he does is well done.

One just has to learn—and love always more.

\*

Volume XIII of the English *Agenda*, all typeset has been sent to the U.S.A. yesterday.

\*

Something is about to switch.

There's only one direction: the Divine. The New World.

Lord, you are the only hope, you are the only salvation, you are the only direction. You ARE, You ARE, You ARE—all the rest is ghosts who would like us to believe in their sole reality.



**January 27, 1984**

To be simply  
a pure prayer  
so that all this old misery  
and this sadness of the world  
may change.



**January 29, 1984**

For this cruel reign to end, one can offer *everything*.  
I feel the cruelty of these forces in a poignant way. I am touching it.

\*

I love Mother, I love Mother, I love Mother.  
She gave me everything.

\*

Sometimes one feels like screaming as if one were deep down in Hell.

\*

A pure point through which THAT can pass.

\*



One is under the impression that things (the world) are reaching the breaking point.



**January 31, 1984**

Wounds hurt for a long time.

\*

*Afternoon*

It is the wound of the entire Earth.

I offered everything to the Supreme Lord: my heart, my body, my life, my soul—like when one dies. And I prayed: I don't ask anything for me, I don't need liberation or powers—I ask that Mother be delivered from this tomb of Falsehood where men shut her up, and that She walks victorious and glorious on the Earth in order to establish the Divine reign, the Life Divine, the New Evolution—the supreme Divine Truth on earth.

\*

*Evening*

There must be someone on this side to pull her.

But one also “pulls” everything which is against.

It is the entire world which is against.

It will be what the Supreme wants.

\*

*Night*

It is very extreme.

Either *She* will come out, or else it will be the holocaust, or... but this is dreadful: the fury of the Beasts.

\*

Suddenly, I understand the meaning of the Apocalypse's "beasts": these are not figurative beasts—they are the human beasts.



*February*

## February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984

Night after night and day after day, it is such a ferocious assault. I hardly sleep anymore (maybe it's better because...) But for how long?

Perhaps these are the last strips of "I" which are leaving? But it's long. One could say it's excruciating.

Mother didn't say anything anymore, she didn't move, remained immobile and transparent...

If you are not transparent, you are stabbed. And there are still some strips left.

\*

Yes, one has to dig the tunnel to Her.

One has to go through it.

Centimetre by centimetre.

\*

One is stabbed by all which is not transparent—this is the fact.



## February 2, 1984

I am reaching the core of things.

It is no longer about this "little seal"—it is for afterwards. It is a question of knocking on the door of the Supreme so he can tell Mother to come out of there.

It was such a living cry: it's not true! It is not true, it is not true, the supreme Truth *cannot* be locked up in that tomb of Falsehood. But somebody must pray to the Supreme for Mother, ask the Supreme for Mother to come out. Mother does what the Supreme tells her to do.

And then it was so strong: only this heart of pure, absolute love is true and liveable and living—all the rest are just miserable human stories, even the little seal of the new species doesn't make sense if that heart of pure Love is not there, it lives only by and for that Love so true, so absolute, so sure, where everything is possible and alive because that Love is here, because one is in it, because it is the supreme assurance, the forever, the supreme rest, the supreme goal of existence, and without that there is nothing but unreal miseries.

It was as if I were saying to Mother: oh! how I wish I could tell you *now* what I have not been able to tell you in the past, when you were here physically; how I wish I could still take your hands to tell you of that love, that love, that love which I wasn't able to express to you. And that's all. All the rest are just stories for evolution.

Mother has to come out, it is the only salvation, the only hope; it is that which will put the heart back into place, and “dis-place” all the false hearts full of trafficking and Falsehood.

Orpheus is needed first.

Orpheus who wakes up Sleeping Beauty.

Orpheus has already met Cerberus. And after that?

Orpheus finds Eurydice-Savitri. Then Savitri brings back Satyavan-Sri Aurobindo.

*After that*, the little seals will go down the Bering Strait, newly called Sri Aurobindo's Strait (!).



### **February 3, 1984**

One has to go through it.

It is of an incredible ferocity.

How long will I last?

\*

...Until nothing vibrates in me anymore. Except that.

It is all of the old structure to dissolve.

Yes, the old skin.

As in the canyons.

\*

Sometimes one feels like Monsieur Seguin's goat that is going to be eaten at dawn.

At least, one will have struggled and tried.

\*

When a point yields, one is shaken; all the beasts rush in from all sides as if baying for your blood.

It's an organized ferocity.

Finally, Orpheus went to live alone with the animals and the plants.

That's the only thing I cannot do.

\*

*Afternoon*

In the midst of that Horror,

I was an incantation.



**February 4, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night, I met Mother, just before waking up. I said to her: "But what taste has another life if you're not there?!"

Just before that, there was a crowd of obscure people, sitting on the ground in the half-light; I could not say if they were Indians or Westerners because everything was in semi-obscurity, except for a woman in front, also sitting on the ground, whose dark green sari I could see (I could not even see her face which was as obscure as the rest, but only a reflection on her sari's "*anchol*").<sup>1</sup> And Mother was telling me: "Look at the futility of these people", and she bent towards this woman in a sari, who spoke I don't know what nonsense to her, and Mother told me: "You see!" It's after that that I said to Mother: "But what taste has another life if you're not there?" In my mind, Mother came to sweep away all that obscurity before coming back, or when returning, and then "another life" started... (but I didn't say that to Mother, it was only in my mind). Also I told her about the current experiences and said that it was like "molten lead" ("molten" not in the sense of boiling but in the sense of "dense") in the brain... But all of it was a strange meeting and also a strange world (there were many other things).

I understand less and less what happens, except that everything becomes very painful.

And then this heart of pure love in which I would like to melt.



## **February 5, 1984**

Beyond a certain point, one just has to repeat: I love Mother, I love Sri Aurobindo, I love Mother, I love Sri Aurobindo, I love Mother, I love Sri Aurobindo... as when one dies.

---

<sup>1</sup> The tail of a sari when draped down the back. (*Editors' note*)

\*

Only, one doesn't die in one go, one dies in many goes.

\*

*Afternoon*

The prayer for the earth.

\*

*Evening*

It is strange, I begin to visualize what Mother could do when coming out of there...

Perhaps this means that the Hour is near?

(She would tell the world a few home truths. It would be very amusing!)

All the windbags and buffoons would deflate! What a sight!

(Invisibility at will, ubiquity, invulnerability and the Power of Truth! An excellent cocktail!)

Mâ, it would be so good to see You play and laugh a bit, you who loved so much to play and make fun of things!—why not? A cheerful and merry Apocalypse!

Mother deflates all those buffoons while laughing!

I see her as a very young girl, dancing on Reagan's desk, and the latter, staggered: "But who are you?" "Me!" (Mother saying) "Ssh!... I'm the lady of the Apocalypse." And Reagan coming out on all fours and at a trot from the Oval Office!

One can imagine the rest.

Oh! Lord, no? Wouldn't it be funny? All those puppets are not worth a divine thunder.

\*



I'm laughing, but everything is critical and fragile.



**February 6, 1984, Monday**

I shed tears of fire  
and I called the Grace.

\*

It is this whole old disastrous life that one must have the courage to change.

\*

To begin again, is to begin the disaster again.  
There must be no more disaster.  
A MARVEL is needed.  
One must live for this Marvel to come true.



**February 7, 1984**

When everything is naked and dismantled, there are no more ferocious beasts.

\*

O Lord, may Your light descend deeply, deeply, deeply, where I cannot reach, in order to change this root of pain into a divine root.



**February 8, 1984**

To drop everything into

the soul's well of silence.

If it is possible.

Until there is not a single  
ripple left.

\*

The last strips of the old life are bloody.

Life is uprooted, and yet one must continue living...

That is, one must find another foundation for life, or die.

\*

One is put to the test down to the bloodiest depth.

There is probably no other way.

It is difficult.

\*

The “ferocious beasts” are there on purpose. So the work can be done  
thoroughly.

Last night, I screamed until Sujata came and woke me up.<sup>1</sup>

\*

One understands everything. But the wound remains.

That is what is difficult.

\*

Mother told Sujata that I had the “lotus of the heart” turned  
downward, or towards the earth, and that she had never seen that  
before.

I begin to understand what it means (or rather what it *implies*).

---

<sup>1</sup> In my “bits of vision” (brief stenographic notes of a vision that I don’t understand, but which can make sense later), I noted down: February 7-8. Nightmare. A red umbrella which flies away to the top of a tall tree. I say: “He’s going off.” (This “he”, was Nolini “going off”.)

\*

If it were enough to die once, to shed a *last* drop of blood, but...

\*

It is like the torture post: one is there and that's all. There is no discussion: that's the way it is.

One can only repeat: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord... until the end.

\*

What is actually needed is another life which is no longer based on these barbaric means.

Another *foundation* of life is needed.

A life of another *nature*.

For that hope one must fight.



## February 9, 1984

Nolini died on the 7<sup>th</sup>.

It's the first sign of the change.

Now things are going to move.

It was a "material barrier obstructing the Current." (Sujata *saw* this).

Now nothing must hold back.<sup>1</sup>

Sri Aurobindo and Mother were *really* surrounded by all the obstacles to the new Realization. It was the last obstacle.

(But *everyone* plays their role, including the Adversaries.)

\*

---

<sup>1</sup> It's strange, but I started to visualize what Mother could do when coming out of the Samadhi, only two days before Nolini's departure. Coincidence? For ten years I have been thinking about Mother's "coming out", but it was the first time in 10 years that I visualized what she could do...

On February 6, I had a terrible day. Everything was raging.

\*

My logic (for the last 10 years) has been this: the first sign of the world change must come from India; and within India, the first sign must come, symbolically, from the Ashram.

\*

We wage very small battles without knowing what is at stake. Perhaps one could say: we wage great battles, under futile pretexts.

\*

My body is so worn out by this operation of the “last strips”.

\*

It will be what the Lord wants.  
It's the old life dying.



### **February 11, 1984**

My ambition is not to know the eternal Truth up there—it is has always been known, or for a long time; but to know the material truth of each moment, the accuracy of facts, the upright truth. This whole material consciousness, or rather this whole material mind of daily life is a tissue of lies, ignorance, inaccuracies, nasty or catastrophic suggestions—nothing is straight, exactly perceived, everything is twisted by I don't know what little perverse and nasty forces. One knows *nothing* as it is. If one wants to know someone's situation, it is an invasion of twisted, nasty or perverse suggestions. It is a Mind of rottenness. O Lord, this material life is so horribly filled with lies and ignorance... I want to consecrate everything up to my last breath to

change this whole “quagmire” as Mother used to say, into an exact, straight, simple transmitter. That all my sorrow may be changed into an even more acute aspiration for the transformation of this old nature and this old life into something else, otherwise it’s all despair and hopeless.

One must knock at the door of the only hope, one must want the only hope. All this horror must be changed. Otherwise, one just has to do like those poor Muslim Shiite girls from Beirut, submachine guns in hand and lips set in a bitter and sad expression, who go and kill their own disappointed hope—oh! this sadness.

The only hope is to be able to change oneself.

Oh! Mother, how I understand what you came to do... now, I understand it in my skin.

\*

### *Afternoon*

I have the impression of carrying on Mother’s prayer on earth.

There is a moment where one cannot even pray *for* anymore... One *is*.

One simply is a prayer.

One doesn’t know. He knows.

\*

If there is one prayer, always the same, childlike: oh! May Mother come out of that tomb of Falsehood, oh! May Mother come out of that tomb of Falsehood. OM.

\*

### *Evening*

Andropov <sup>1</sup> died yesterday (10<sup>th</sup>).

Nolini buried on the 9<sup>th</sup>.



## February 12, 1984

The ties to Life are gone.

It is like my old *Bagheera* which, one day, my brother-in-law cut up with an axe because there were rusty nails which could harm “the children.”

There are no more rusty nails.

There is no more *Bagheera*.

\*

One must live while being in a way dead.

It is difficult, I must say.

\*

My physical life is not even attached to these eucalyptuses and this forest—where is the sea? Where are the seagulls?

\*

Perhaps it is the last ordeal?

The passage through nothingness.

Neither fish, nor seal.

\*

*Afternoon*

---

<sup>1</sup> Andropov was at the head of the Soviet Union (General Secretary of the Communist Party).

Thirty-eight years ago, at the Governor's Palace, Mother said: "That one"...

That one...?

O Mother, when you were here, everything was so certain!...

\*

*Evening*

One could go on forever uprooting these old fibres of life...

\*

O Lord, for *everything* one must say-feel: it's Yours. Otherwise, it's impossible.

"That one" must win the battle through very small... deadly things.

One must understand the great Game in the small.

Two first human beings—a man, a woman—must have the courage to go through it. They must, oh! They must.

With my Douce, we must go together until Divine Victory—until Mother comes out. That's said.

\*

Sujata told me what she saw in her sleep this afternoon.

### ***Sujata's vision***

She was in this world of the "dead" and met various persons, among whom was her former master (who died long ago) from Shantiniketan.<sup>1</sup> When she was about to leave, she saw Z (still living) standing in front of an immense dark corridor sinking into the night. She had her back to the corridor and could not see what was happening. Sujata waved at her to come and join her, but Z was hardly willing and made only a few

steps reluctantly (Z is a being who has a certain number of ties with obscurity—but who doesn't have any, precisely, who is not a party to death?). All of a sudden, Sujata saw something like an electric torch coming from the far end of that corridor and advancing very fast. The light of that torch grew bigger, and Sujata saw that they were in fact the two eyes of a feminine being—it was death (not Yama, the Lord of Law and Death, but Mrityu: the being who takes people away). Sujata called Z again, who was not aware of anything and seemed completely unconscious, but Z remained there obstinately. Then the two “eyes” of that torch became a very powerful headlight (like the headlights of a car, the same colour as a headlight). Death's head was an electric headlight, and behind it, was a horde of obscure beings, like death's servants. This “death” was quite a small but strong feminine being of a very white colour (like a European, says Sujata), and she advanced at a very fast pace. That “headlight” of death was just behind Z's head, who was not aware of anything, and suddenly the headlight moved or dropped its mask and fixed its attention on Sujata—it was aiming at Sujata and not Z. Sujata immediately understood and slipped away by the exit door while Z was swallowed by obscurity.

It was Sujata that Death was looking for.

They want to destroy everything around me to destroy me—to dash the hope.

That's it.

\*

One must get out of this old Horror.

This is the Issue.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tagore's ashram.





**February 13, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night (from 12 to 13), Sri Aurobindo came to give me a demonstration! I was a bit puzzled first, and then I understood.

At first, I saw quite a small picture of Sri Aurobindo, like a photograph, and Sri Aurobindo had two black holes instead of eyes! Two big black holes or plates. (I even wondered if he was “angry” with me or what?!). Then I saw Sri Aurobindo alive, himself, but very tall (one could almost say gigantic but everything seemed very well-proportioned) and he had large eyes, immense *golden* eyes. These golden eyes struck me because Sri Aurobindo didn’t naturally have eyes of that colour.

I remained a long time trying to understand this riddle, especially Sri Aurobindo’s eyes like black holes, which gave me quite a dreadful impression, like Death...

Then I understood (what I had known for a long time, but to know is one thing and to see is another). Sri Aurobindo wanted to show me that Death was also him. He is, Himself, the Lord of *all* with his large golden eyes embracing everything. Which means that *everything* is made to teach us the divine skill: you pass the test or you don’t. If you don’t pass the test (if you are not pure enough) Death takes you away, but it is Sri Aurobindo all the same. All the “Adversaries” are Sri Aurobindo or the Lord, in disguise—all the Horror is made to teach you to get out of Horror, otherwise we would desperately remain small chaps with small virtues and little sins and little irrefutable mathematics. But the Horror brutally teaches us that everything is “refutable”, except for That. One

must go through the Mask of all things to reach the unique Reality. One goes through or one doesn't. If one doesn't go through, one is eaten. But it is the Lord all the same!

There is the Lord with black eyes and the Lord with golden eyes, but it is the same. And so, in life, there are the servants of Death and the servants (a few) of the eternal Lord. It's a question of choice.

Death catches us only through our own complicity with Death.

It is a complicity which goes all the way into the consciousness of the cells.

It is the old "programme" or the new programme. We could say: one must choose between the old Divine and the new Divine.

But it is always the Divine.

One must change the programme.

Who wants to?

It is as if Sri Aurobindo were telling me (it reminds me of Mother): "Do you want life, do you want death?" I remember that, in my "dream", I cried a lot in front of that Lord with golden eyes.



**February 14, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night (from 13 to 14) I went to Moscow.

I was, it seems, invited to a "banquet" or a "conference", I don't know. I entered a vast room where there was a kind of large angular-shaped table (maybe U-shaped, like in conference rooms). A lot of people were already sitting at the table (one could not see any "dishes", it was definitely narrow like conference tables) and I was looking for a place.

Only one place was left and I wanted to sit there, when the “neighbour” looked at me from top to bottom with a scandalized expression, to make me understand that it was the “President’s” place. So I went away, a bit disgusted and downcast, from that place where there was no room for me (or for what I represent).

Perhaps I had the nerve to want to take the place of the President of the Supreme Soviet’s Presidium!

But what struck me (the only thing I remember), is that all those people sitting at the table were fat like pigs and they all had faces like wax.

\*

I don’t know why, but for the twenty years or more that I have been looking at those Soviet Heads of State, they always gave me the impression of coming out of a “funeral home”—not nasty, but “doomed”, like a doomed people. Something tragic and mortal.

The other Heads of State are not “tragic”: they are inept. Useless clowns, and mortal too (he-clowns or “she-clowns”!).

\*

But anyway, if I was shown this “Russian banquet”, this means that there is nothing to expect from that side.

\*

PS: After all, this “visit” perhaps made sense, because the man chosen by Andropov as his successor, Gorbachev, looks like someone who “wants to win” (who is going to pull the strings from behind the scene?).

PPS: Finally, I understand now that I was wrong about the meaning of that vision: if I were going to sit in the President’s chair (!) it means

that Sri Aurobindo and Mother were going to sit there—taking the direction of Russia.\*<sup>1</sup>

\*

*Afternoon*

The old life takes ages to die.

Old or not, it is Life that is uprooted.

I went through so many things in my life, but there...

I don't know...

\*

Sri Aurobindo looks on: do you want the black eyes, do you want the golden eyes?

But life struggles.

\*

*Evening*

In the legend, the Maenads, furious, came to tear Orpheus to pieces.

\*

One just has to go on being lacerated until the end. That's all. Without moving.

\*

Perhaps this is the "continual agony" which Mother talked about?

"If I didn't have the knowledge of the process, it would be a continual agony," She said.

I don't know if "knowledge" helps very much in agony.

Yes, we know that "it is like that."

---

<sup>1</sup> Gorbachev tried.

Then it's like that.

\*

The point of agony is probably different for each one. But there is a point of agony.

\*

After all, who gives a damn about an old Fish's agony! There are millions of others.

We must change this agony into something else.



### **February 15, 1984**

Again, I lived this whole old human Karma.

I prayed for another way of being on the Earth.

\*

A little white beach  
on which there is no trace left  
only this eternal surf  
and the cry of a seagull.



### **February 16, 1984**

One must really die while being alive. It's like an impossibility.

That is, the agony continues.

\*

There are not even seagulls, no! Nor eternal surf—there is the wind in the eucalyptus trees and the mist rising up from the plains.

\*

And I perfectly understand that all that is an illusion, but an illusion that has roots that go to the depth of life. It is the old Fish which still believes in its waters.

If one drags it on the sand, it agonizes.

This is what is happening... perhaps.

Perhaps this is the only way to make new lungs grow?

We just have to go through it—if we can.

\*

Sometimes one manages to soothe the agony through a kind of complete (almost solid) immobility.

But it doesn't last.

\*

It is better to remain silent.

\*

To repeat only: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord... until the end.

\*

### *Evening*

The assault is horribly cruel. It is horrible, horrible.

\*

It is only out of love for You and for Mother that I continue.

There is only You, only You, only You, otherwise it is horrible and impossible.

\*

I understand now why I cried so much before that tall Sri Aurobindo with golden eyes.



**February 17, 1984**

Let there remain only “that one” that you have chosen.

\*

*The Hindu*, February 17th

A MILLION new inhabitants will arrive on our planet every four to five days and in terms of sheer numbers, the population will be growing faster in 2000 than it is today, with 100 million people added each year compared with 75 million in 1975. .... Moreover, it is projected that the world population will be around 6.2 billion by 2000, touch 8.2 billion by 2025 and exceed 9.5 billion by 2050 and ultimately stabilize at 10.2 billion by the end of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, more than twice the current size. By then, the proportion of the world population living in the developing countries will have increased from the present 74 per cent to 86 per cent.



**February 18, 1984**

If only a single concluding act were enough, but one is never finished with concluding. Perhaps one must conclude every day...

\*

*In the forest*

May each cry of pain  
of the old life be changed  
into a more intense call  
to the Lord of the new life.

\*

*Evening*

I think it is that layer of life that Sri Aurobindo called “physical-vital”, where life enters into Matter—one could say “plants its claws” into Matter—which is the most difficult. It is like the beginning of Death.

A pure and divine act, a perfect gift of oneself, can go through the layer of the Inconscient, this deadly coating, and even the Subconscient, but it is as if this physical-vital layer had to be crossed again and again, as if it were never done, as if one had to start over and over again—one could say to start again at each minute! It’s strange and painful.



**February 19, 1984**

It takes time, to die.

\*

*Evening*

The old conditions must be changed—*hic et nunc*. We must prepare the programme of the Future.

\*

Perhaps this old house will not shelter me much longer. One must prepare the next house on the earth.



**February 20, 1984**

You think you want the new life, and then there are such deep roots still attached to the seagull’s cry and the scent of the moor. And you are



so lost that you don't belong to any country anymore. You are only an old root which struggles.

You know that these are all illusions, but to remove them is like removing life itself. Then there is something which would still like to chase dreams and which knows these are dreams, but for which to remain seated here is to die.

And all the forces in the world rush savagely on this very last root to make it scream out in pain.

I understand Sri Aurobindo well: until the last atom... But there is this point of unbearable agony, as if everything-everything were concentrating there and raging there. One point is enough. Oh! Lord...

It is the old life which is struggling and struggling.

The worst is not the most difficult: the best is.

\*

I must have died many times, just because of that very point.

\*

One is the symbolic battlefield where all the old Misery of the world  
clings on.

\*

*Evening*

O Lord, You are the Joy, and grief is dear to us.

Lord, You give the Grace, and we take it for blows.



**February 21, 1984**

The *Harijan*<sup>1</sup> colony, fifty meters from here, now has a loudspeaker.  
Barbarism is spreading.

In the irreversible law of this world, there is no room for us.

Elsewhere, it will be another kind of Barbarism, and that's all.

\*

Why did they inaugurate their loudspeaker, as if by chance, on this  
February 21?

\*

*Afternoon*

I don't know why but I suddenly felt—almost like a fact imposing  
itself—that Mother would *not come out* of that tomb of Falsehood where  
men locked her up. It's up to *us* to come out of that tomb of Illusion.  
The hope of that *coming out* was still a remnant of my Breton  
romanticism. And I remembered that last vision which I had, where  
Mother was showing me that crowd of people sitting, completely  
obscure—"you see." Moreover, Mother had a serious, almost sad face.

Then? Where's the solution?

Is there even one man (including myself) among five billion people,  
ready and able to come out of that tomb of Illusion?... We are told that  
one million new little Harijans will arrive on the earth "every four or five  
days"... (or are already arriving).

\*

Those "musical" (rather animal) howls which resonate all the way into  
my bedroom, it is as if you were thrown out not only of your house but  
of your own skin (or your own consciousness). All the forces want to

---

<sup>1</sup> Normally 'untouchable'. In this particular case: people meant for all tasks, whether  
honest or not, whether clean or not.

throw the world and men out of their own consciousness—that there may be nothing left except idiots pulled by the strings of the Beasts.

\*

I was definitely waiting for a “sign” for the 21<sup>st</sup> of February, but what is the meaning of this one blaring in my ears?

\*

I took this globe and I slapped India. As one slaps a prostitute.

\*

Sujata tells me: “What Hitler has sown has now spread everywhere.”<sup>1</sup>  
*In the forest*

The grace of all that: THE LAST STRIP HAS GONE.

Now, I am free for what You want.

\*

*Evening*

Anyway, the sign in all that is that there must be a great Cleansing *before* Mother can come out.

\*

The sarcastic irony of it all is that the inauguration of the Harijans’ loudspeaker was in honour of the puberty of one of their girls—the sacred proliferation.

“As if by chance”, on the first page of the *Hindu* newspaper that I was brought this evening, there was a big picture of Mrs Gandhi with Mother Teresa, the one who stood out against abortion by saying: “But if one had permitted abortion, *we* would not be here!” (the world would

have lost a great Nobel prize, of peace, on top of it, together with a few other rascals).<sup>2</sup>

\*

(The loudspeaker was on continuously from half past noon to 11.30 in the evening!)



### **February 22, 1984**

Things come as a kind of obvious fact—three minutes later, the obvious is gone. You bathe in the light, it is a liberation—one hour later, you are in the night, you grope along, you don't understand anything anymore. At last it's *there*, this is *it*—and pooh! only quicksand in the dark remains. And what is true, what is false, what is the right attitude, the wrong one, the truth, illusion?... Everything is incomprehensible. You don't know anything anymore. And it continues. Then you wonder if you are mad, if you are deluding yourself, and then hop! it's a divine evidence, and again it all slips from your hands and you grope along as in a dream.

It is a bit frightening—no, you are not frightened, but what? WHAT?

Yesterday (and this morning too) I could have said: the last strip has gone—this afternoon, everything hurts, everything is a struggle, everything is so poignant with uncertainty and non-knowing. And what hurts? One doesn't know. It hurts, everything hurts.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Sheldrake would probably call that a “morphogenetic field”! Crystals, rats and devils, obviously, follow the same law. The horror is “easier” since Hitler, as is the reproduction of crystals. But it's also the great chance of the “supramental contagion”!

<sup>2</sup> \* I wonder what would Mother Teresa say about abortion for the locusts? She is an old humbly proud vixen.

This morning, everything sparkled in a transparent and full, divine immensity... Only light remained.

Where is the illusion then?

Everything is like an illusion.

The sole comforting thing in all that is the presence of my Douce.

It is really a dying life, but one doesn't know what is replacing it.



### **February 23, 1984**

If I were leaving tomorrow, I would say:

only love remains,  
which is the highest answer to death,  
to the world's nastiness  
and to men's misery.



### **February 24, 1984**

I've had a very interesting experience! or rather a practical demonstration.

This morning I had to go to town to see the dentist, and it was the usual experience of this kind of sorrow in the soul in front of this ravaged (one should say rat-vaged) landscape, then the obscurity of people, the crudeness—well, it was oppressing, and when I came back I absolutely had the sensation (not the feeling: the sensation) of a life ending, so great was the abyss between what I saw, felt, breathed and the something else that I was. Not only was I tired, exhausted, but I had

“a heavy heart” so to speak: a life which is ending, and one looks from far, already on the other side.

I came back home, had a bit of lunch, and lay down for a few brief moments, always with that sensation of a life ending. Then I sat down, and...

Instantaneously, barely a second after I sat down, a flood, a continuous cataract began to descend and invade me from everywhere: like a river running through a sponge. And the body was drinking-drinking that in, soaking it up—it lasted for one hour continuously in an *absolutely mechanical* way. In that there was not even room for the Mantra, there was not even “something repeating the Mantra”—it was the Mantra in action: a continuous cataract. And all-all of the body, billions of cells drank and drank as if after being in the desert.

I have had that experience many times in the past, but nothing similar *for months*. And then, all of a sudden, I told myself or rather I noticed: BUT THERE WAS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE, THEN, OF WHICH I WAS NOT AWARE, or not anymore! I was bathing in that without realizing it, it was all natural like the air one breathes—but if you take away this “air” and go for a walk into town, you realize it! I had to get out to realize it. So, something is already amphibian *without knowing it!*

And this “new air” (one could say) was so nourishing, cleansing and refreshing! Oh! what a super life-giving bath! And there was a kind of smile from Sri Aurobindo, slightly ironic: “So, you see!?”... “Was it life or was it death that you were absorbing?!”

After one hour, that continuous river or torrent was becoming more and more dense to the point of being thick, then it slowed down because of the very density and finally became solid: an immobile and transparent air-like density. And I realized that it was what I called my ordinary “concentration.”

Well, “my” concentration is a solid super-life! And what I feel as the old dying life is really the old sticky and obscure life, the old type of energy, which is ebbing away, BUT, it is replaced by something which is *here*, which I breathe without being aware of it and which is as *natural* as the daily air. If it is taken away, you become aware of it! Oh!

I thanked Sri Aurobindo.

So, I am not going towards decomposition and the tomb—QED! [*quod erat demonstrandum* - what had to be demonstrated]

\*

*Evening*

To think that I had the nerve to call that “my concentration”!

“My” concentration is an immobile—and transparent—super-torrent... Well, transparent from time to time, when one doesn’t feel too much the old dying life. That’s what is absurd, one feels the uprooting of the old life, but doesn’t feel the other! That is, instead of siding with the negative and feeling the pain of the negative and of the old dying life, one should side with the positive—with the new Sun!

THE NEW LIFE IS *HERE!*

It needed a dentist for me to realize it! And one grumbles because of one’s toothache!—it is the whole old life that grumbles instead of being aware of the Marvel which is here.

\*

These are not the shores of life I am leaving, but the shores of death! Towards a new incomprehensible but perceptible life (*materially* perceptible—it is not at all ethereal! or else the Kanchenjunga is ethereal!).

\*

For me this trip to town is really like a revelation (an odontological revelation!).

\*

And I have the impression that we understand *everything* upside down, the wrong way.

Our whole language and our explanation of the world are a language and a complication of the fish underwater (and our perception of the world).

\*

But what is curious, really strange (and what Mother noticed many times without finding an explanation), is that with this whole torrent of energy the body received, it is completely tired, on the verge of exhaustion! Mother said: “Energies that men cannot stand, and weaknesses they scorn.” It is a strange contradiction.

And it is the *body* which received that torrent, it was kneaded and rolled within it. Then?...

\*

How strange, I mentioned this to Sujata, *then*, without apparent connection, she reads me this article from the *Illustrated Weekly*<sup>\*1</sup> that

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<sup>1</sup> *The Illustrated Weekly*, Jan. 29-Feb 4, 1984: from an unfinished autobiography of Parveen Babi, an Indian actress. (U.G. Krishnamurti, mentioned here, should not be mistaken for Jiddu Krishnamurti who is more widely known.)

...The “mind blowing guy” turned out to be a small, simple, mild mannered man in loose-fitting kurta and pyjamas. He was accompanied by an old European lady with exceptionally bright eyes. She was introduced to us as Valentine De Kervan from Switzerland. Our friend Mahesh Bhatt told us she “looked after” U.G. Krishnamurti. There was nothing seemingly extraordinary about this man. He looked and behaved like any other ordinary man on the street. Yet, when Valentine handed us a copy of his biography, the events of this man’s life defied all the known, logical, psychological, physical and scientific conventions. It talked about the physical transformation he had gone through in his forty-ninth year, when “each cell in the body exploded”, when he



her sister sent her today... I wonder if that “cellular explosion” is not the erasing of the old programme or of the old genetic or cellular imprints, and if the exhaustion I complained about doesn’t come from a “slow cellular explosion”, instead of a sudden explosion which would bring about death. And the exhaustion comes from the fact that the operation is done little by little, by “bundles of cells”! I don’t know. But there is something in that. A little daily explosion—until you reach the end (!) Perhaps this is it, this kind of “agony” that I feel or was feeling?

I wonder if that “cellular explosion” (which I would call less dramatically “the erasing of the imprints”) could not correspond to this “change of government” Mother talked about?



## **February 25, 1984**

We will be attacked again and again until the Unassailable alone remains.

\*

### ***Vision***

Last night, from 24 to 25, I saw something of which I am afraid to understand the meaning. I was swallowed, swept away by a gigantic

---

actually died ‘a clinical, physical death,’ and was brought back to life by a phone call from a friend. He called these events “the calamity”.

.... He said that “the calamity” had wiped out everything — his entire past. Through a complete physical and biological transformation he was freed from time. The change took place not because of what he had or had not done, but in spite of what he had and had not done. After the physical transformation, he fell into what he calls “the natural state” — a computer-like, animal-like state of being — a constant state of wonder. He had to relearn everything like a two-year-old child...

mountain-sized ocean. I was in it and at the same time I could see myself from above. The sea was dark in colour. At first, it was like an enormous wave, and before it closed up on me, in the trough of the wave, or at the bottom of the wave, I had time to see a “violet cavern.” The trough of the wave formed a violet cavern. That’s what really struck me. Then I was swallowed, swept away with a gigantic power. From above, I could see rocks underwater which could have torn me to pieces, but, apparently, my drowned body was passing through these rocks. Yet, I don’t have the feeling that I was dying.

A violet cavern...

I didn’t see a crash of foam like in a breaker: it was a mountain of ocean sweeping away everything with gigantic power—without foam. It was like the enormous belly of a swell which rolled and glided and swept away, submerged everything.

All that with a kind of silent speed and power.

One only has to be ready.

It’s only the old life which can be swallowed.

\*

Something ought to happen on February 29. It is the seventh birthday of the Supramental Manifestation in 1956—twenty-eight years ago...

\*

O Lord, it is difficult to die.

\*

*Afternoon*

Yes, I understand perfectly: one must die forward and not backwards.

This is it, the erasing or the explosion of the imprints.

I spent the whole afternoon with that “death.”

It was of a rather frightening solidity. (Solidity=immobile hyper-density.) Yes, it is somewhat like on the verge of an explosion without an explosion. As if it could “happen” any second.

\*

*Evening*

It will eventually tilt one way or the other, because, as it is, it is unbearable.

\*

One must have the courage to change this old life into a new life. Well, without doubt, there is a passage through death.

\*

To die in the old way is to perpetuate the old way of living—indeed, one takes all the imprints to dreadfully begin again.

\*

Fortunately, Mother told me: “The Lord loves Satprem...” If not...

This is my secret Mantra in desperation. (Maybe this is “my violet cavern.”)

\*

*With my Douce.* This time, I don’t want to die without having *done* something—so that one may never repeat the human way of being.

That it may be  
the DIVINE  
way of being



**February 26, 1984**

From 1943 to 1984 I touched that pain at the bottom of existence.

A poignant prayer remains.

\*

Life divine must start *somewhere*—not “next time”.

\*

*Afternoon*

Intensities so great that one wonders how everything doesn't burst (especially the heart).

It is only a total surrender that can bear that. One *is* at the feet of Mother and Sri Aurobindo (one could almost say physically).

Nothing stirs in a compact light.

Sometimes I take deep breaths to put my heart at ease (!)



**February 27, 1984**

Some agonies want to die, some agonies don't want to die—this old root of life dies and doesn't want to die, and it is a dreadful pain.

One can “free” oneself and fly above, but then nothing is changed. It's just a form of anaesthesia. One takes up a body again along with the old root.

And how to change that root, one doesn't know, except, maybe, by struggling a long time on the sand like the old fish—supposing that the struggle may draw forth a new way of breathing.

Is it really sure?

One knows nothing. One must carry on, on the sand.

\*

Above all one must be able to stay *very* immobile.

The first reaction of pain is to struggle or to faint. It must not be either one or the other.

\*

*Evening*

To be immobile *without being afraid*.

It's an immobility that is unknown to men.



**February 28, 1984**

Perhaps one must reach a point of despair sufficient that “to die” doesn’t matter any more. Then one doesn’t try to hold on to one side or the other.

I would not have believed that it could be so difficult.

\*

Often, I remember that “Eternal’s terrible strategy” which *Savitri* talks about...

It is “terrible” only for the old reluctant fish. Well...

\*

The guardians of the old species do a methodical and inexorable work.

The scientists don’t know what they are talking about with their DNA; there is an infinitely more radical and meticulous cellular KGB whose “helix” goes back more than one life. It is the Physical Mind, which took the place of instinct, and it is the physical-vital which took the place of... of what? Maybe of the original Nectar: the first formation of Mind in Matter and the first tentacle of Life in Matter.

Scientists grasp nothing more than the external crust of the phenomenon—one could say its caricature or its mask.

That's why their power is a false power.

The sole, *true* problem of the transformation is to erase the imprints. It's where one meets the KGB and its secret archives. (They are more than "archives": they are forces or dynamisms accumulated and concentrated over dozens and hundreds of existences.) Naturally, no one is going to touch that (except Sri Aurobindo and Mother), because it explodes in your face. As Mother says: "One is not waging war on anybody, it's everything waging war on you".

In fact, the Supramental is the power which is pushing out or uprooting all these fatal imprints and dynamisms. One is inundated with Nectar, and then the Poison comes out...

The Poison is what has formed, diversified and separated—solidified—evolutionary individualities: it is the individual cage of the species and of each individual in the species. The Nectar is the unity, the non-difference, the non-separation—the totality.

One must break the cage, that's it.

And they imagine that "liberation" is celestial and transcendent! Meaning that spiritualists, as well as scientists, are armed with false powers and up to their necks in Falsehood.

\*

I remember that one day (very early, maybe in the years '61-62, it was still in Pavitra's office) Mother told me something which left me perplexed and which I hadn't understood at all (I don't even know if it was noted down in the *Agenda*). Mother first told me that I was more capable than others, or that my physical construction was more capable than others to undergo or to try the transformation (I don't remember

the exact words), then I asked her “why?” And Mother answered me this, which I remember exactly because it vibrated inside me like a powerful riddle; she told me: “Because your cells have had the preliminary experience of death”<sup>1</sup> (in the concentration camps).

Now I understand very precisely that death is the bursting of the cage, and it is exactly what is needed—without dying of it!

I was wondering why death had a role to play in the transformation. Well, now I understand. I am in the problem.

\*

### *Evening*

Sometimes it is so painful. As if one were put through a mill and crushed inside.



**February 29, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night I was so happy... *because I was going to see the Ganges...* I was going to see the Ganges...

I had a little red purse which was full of silver coins, and I was so happy because I was going to see the Ganges...

I had the feeling that I was very young. In my eagerness to see the Ganges I dropped a few silver coins on the ground, my little purse was too full.

\*

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<sup>1</sup> *Mother's Agenda IV*, September 4, 1963.

Perhaps I was going to throw everything in the Ganges, including myself?

\*

This morning, I told My Douce the story of the “two beings” of my karma.





*March*

**March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984**

I have the impression that I spend my time on the verge of death, right on the verge—why? (It is a physical, physiological death.)

There is no “anxiety”, I surrender as passively and totally as I can, but I feel that even a little something could make things topple!

And I don't know what this “little something” is. Like a small rupture and hup!

\*

*Evening*

The last fibre is *never* uprooted.

It is the driving force behind life which is mortally wounded.

And I well understand that it is right and well done.

But I wish it would be done once and for all...

Then you repeat: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord... and you bleed all the same.

One is really put to the test.

\*

But it is endless.

\*

It is that *foundation* of life which must be changed.

It is the very driving force.

And how to do it?

\*

One must be stoic.

One of these days, it will end.

\*

It is like pure pain. One cannot put the blame on any “illness.”

It is Life itself which suffers. Or dies. But it doesn't die! It agonizes endlessly.



### **March 2, 1984**

There is no short cut away from pain. It must change into a *constant* call for the new life.

\*

#### *Afternoon*

An almost unbearable super or hyper-density in the whole body, as if everything from top to bottom and everywhere were full to bursting; then it almost solidifies and everything is so dense that there is no more room for a single vibration, even physical; then this immobile solidity becomes transparent, one could say, and then vast, and sometimes, all of a sudden, in that transparency (where even the sensation of solidity and density vanishes), all of a sudden, it is a bit like a bubble which bursts, or as if the little seal's nose were cleaving through the surface, and you emerge, or come out, or enter suddenly into another *physical* world, or another physical sector, but there is always this kind of movement of amazement, of surprise, such that the body is amazed not to be underwater anymore and, as a result, plunges back in! That is, recovers its usual submarine or terrestrial coordinates.

This afternoon this change of sector, or this “cleaving through the surface”, happened two or three times. And all this happens while I hear the birds outside, the chatter of the old tea planter as the women pick the leaves... I'm not *at all* in a consciousness outside Matter—it is

very material, but, all of a sudden, in this Matter, there is a tearing, a very thin layer which tears and opens up, and you stick your “nose” elsewhere, but an elsewhere which continues to be absolutely physical. It is like *another way of being in Matter*.

Which means that all that has nothing to do with the so-called “states of higher consciousness.” That has nothing to do with “states of consciousness”: it is Matter, or rather these are hyper-dense cells which suddenly (if I dare say so) pass through the wall. (Obviously, this must be the consciousness of the cells, I suppose.)

There is no psychology in that, no particular joy, no sentiment; it is like an absolutely mechanical phenomenon: beyond a certain threshold of cellular density, “something” becomes immobile or solidifies, becomes transparent, and poof! there is a *very slight* tearing or bursting like of a bubble—or rather you cross a threshold and your nose pokes through elsewhere—but an elsewhere which is here, and physical. All that takes place strictly in the body, at the cellular level (well, in all that magma which forms a body). Of course, there is no thought in that and above all no vibration. Besides, everything is so hyper-dense that it is like an impossibility for whatever vibration to be.

And naturally there is no more pain or whatever else from the old fishy world (!)

\*

### *Evening*

This is an experience which has happened hundreds of times for more than a year, but which I never managed to “hold on to” to the end, that is, to maintain conscious perception long enough on the other side (let’s say “on the surface” or outside the wall).

It is probably not the same consciousness or the same perception, yet it is material, physical... It must obviously be a difference of the kind which separates the perception of the fish from that of the amphibian, and yet they are both physical and it is the same terrestrial world.

One is not accustomed to being otherwise.

\*

One well understands that all that has nothing to do with sleep or any form of sleep, unless the amphibian is a “dream” of the fish (!)

\*

All of a sudden, I wonder if the “I” whom I saw climbing on the roof of a crumbling house is not this “already-amphibian I”? That I was dressed in a kind of dark blue skin-tight undershirt (with white shoes).

The old life is crumbling and one navigates on the roof! (I am lucky if they don't think I am completely mad.)

I thought that dark blue (ultramarine) was the colour of mental power in Matter...

Is it the Mind of the cells? Or rather, the consciousness of the cells?

\*

Of course, I was leaving behind an old diving suit standing on its empty legs... (The submarine consciousness of the old fish's body!)

\*

All that is perhaps the answer to this morning's prayer... One cannot escape pain: one must change its direction, use its dynamism. Or transmute it.

I wonder whether one could transmute cancer in the same manner?

Pain returns as soon as one lapses into being a fish.

\*

It is physical egoism which makes the pain (and probably even the cancer). That is, one is locked up and everything stands in relation to this physical body.

When you poke your nose through the surface it doesn't seem to be like that, not the same selfish (or self-centred) law anymore.

The law of the being is to encompass everything, and one suffers, because one can't do it physically. To be able to encompass everything the being must lose its physical ego. It is the next step of evolution. In the so-called "higher" consciousness, one encompasses clouds (!)

It is only at the level of Matter that the true totality is possible—it is divine Matter. Because true Matter is made of divine Love.



### **March 3, 1984**

The innumerable threads of pain planted everywhere-everywhere into Matter... It is really an agony. An innumerable agony.

Perhaps this is it, "to suffer a thousand deaths", as people say.

Perhaps it will be like that until the physical consciousness emerges permanently on the other side... But then... Oh Lord!

\*

### *Afternoon*

I have never seen such densities or intensities coagulated in the body (in this whole cellular magma). It is like a motionless Niagara. It should emerge or topple over somewhere. I have never seen that to such a point. It is always like a "critical point", at the limit of... of what? (Certainly of what is bearable.)

\*

*Evening*

The days when I was at the feet of Mother seem like a tale or a past life... Maybe it happened in Thebes.



**March 4, 1984**

One doesn't have any idea—*no one*, I say: no one, except the dying—of the thousands and millions of microscopic fibres which hook us to “life” until there is nothing left really but a diving suit standing on its empty legs. And even to be aware of the diving suit is still one last thread.

That is how far I have got.

My “explosion” takes place slowly, slowly, slowly, with eyes wide open.

Like the last time you closed your eyes on the pearly light of the bay and the small backwash (I know the exact day it happened, in 1964). There are, in this way, thousands of such pretty, luminous “last times”, which are like the whole essence of life, and then... There is still an old diving suit which remembers, or something which looks at this old diving suit and still listens to the small backwash.

“Nothing” means *nothing*.

Something must break absolutely like a violin's string.

Yesterday evening, I heard a plane flying over the house, and suddenly I remembered, or lived again, that plane from Rio that flew above my fellow gold seeker and me, in the forest in Guyana—I remembered all the hope that filled us, we had our whole lives ahead of us.

Now, there is no more “life” ahead of oneself.

\*

We could call it “the romanticism of the old Misery.”

Behind, there is a horrible Gestapo which threatens. It is a dreadful deceit.

It’s strange how devils always hide behind gods, as if they were their best mask.

\*

The supreme Ray alone has no shadow. That is why it is very difficult to bear.

Yes, it is all of Death which starts to die. It makes “a thousand deaths.” And that’s it.

\*

*Evening*

It is this *whole living* being of the old life which must give itself to the new Life.

It is not the negation of the old life: it is the negation of Death, which pretended to be Life.

Death had put on the mask of Life.

What is needed is Life unmasked, true, immortal, on the Earth.

\*

I don’t want to be an old sage. I want to be a new Living being.



**March 6, 1984**



One *cannot* understand and one knows nothing, neither what is needed nor what is not needed, and all our prayers are ignorant, our haste is ignorant. The only possible solution is a purely mechanical one: the empty “pipe”, limpid, absolutely clear, which lets the supreme Ray pass through to do what it wants, the way it wants, in individual Matter or collective Matter. Any fear, any “tendency”, any will creates a rough patch or a bump in the pipe, which hampers what one could call the “aerodynamics” of the Current, and then it creates a stir or counter-currents or bubbles which can break everything. LIMPID. A “pipe” as Mother used to say. And even without any sensation or perception that one is a pipe, because it is still the “I” which perceives and it creates a dangerous rough edge. One must somehow not be aware of anything—void, and yet with an intense aspiration. And then there is a moment when there is “nothing left”, like a bubble which bursts but without “bursting”—it goes through. That’s all.

It is not a question of psychology here; it is a question of all the micro-vibrations of the physical, material, corporeal consciousness.

I think it is the effective state. But one cannot say anything about it.

The Messier 87 nebula carries along the entire galaxy in its gravitation—what does it know about it?

A *point* can carry everything along.

And in fact everything carries everything along.

There is only one body. Or one point.

All the Matter of all the universes is contained in any point of any universe.

The little swallow from Siberia contains all geography and goes without mishap to its own tropical point. It doesn’t need to find its way: at each minute it is at its exact point.

The next species will not be “miraculous”, but perfectly exact, and quite naturally.

\*

*Evening*

Truly, it is all the fibres of life—one by one and all together—which create a pain...never-ending. And one can understand that it is the entry of the new Life which causes that pain—this means that it is touched there, at the root. But that doesn’t at all relieve the pain. And it is endless.

When a new-born starts to breathe human air, it must hurt everywhere, in all the fibres—no?

\*

Probably, the fact of watching the phenomenon complicates it.

\*

I remember that when I was very young (not a baby, but perhaps around four or five years old), the first time I was separated from my mother, I hid under the dining room table, thinking that there I would not be found (!) then I was put in my uncle’s car and we drove the whole night until the *Aber Vrac’h*—well, I screamed *for hours!* The whole time I looked at this little red “indicator light” on the dashboard and I screamed and screamed (I still feel my scream!)... But it hurt! It hurt *physically*. Who can understand that? The memory has remained so vivid, as a sensation, fifty-five years later!<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> It was a Bugatti, driven by my mother’s brother, who later became an American citizen.

I can't decently scream at sixty! Although it would perhaps make me feel better! But the sensation of this "pain" is very similar to the one I had on the road to the *Aber Vrac'h*. Only it took me one night to digest my pain, instead of so many days... It is perhaps more at the root...denser too, at the limit of the unbearable.

One would like it to happen during sleep.



### **March 7, 1984**

This morning I spent two hours putting myself in the "state of death"—later I will explain (?) It was long, meticulous, without wavering.

\*

The rules of the terrestrial game are so terrible...

\*

### ***Vision***

Night from March 6 to 7: I had to undergo a triple operation. I go through the first: Mercurochrome is put all over my body.

\*

### *Afternoon*

A revelation.

All the positions are reversed.

IT IS MOTHER WHO PRAYS IN ME.

This changes everything!

This reassures everything.

She knows what she is doing.

She knows what she wants.

And she knows what is needed.

\*

I was on the verge of tumbling.

\*

### *Evening*

It took me such a long time to understand (to understand bodily, *in my skin*) the meaning of that strange vision which I had, where Sri Aurobindo held a picture of Mother on his head, then gave it to me... Sujata had said to me: "What Sri Aurobindo holds on his head is what he adores—he gives you a presence of the supreme Mother."



### **March 8, 1984**

Always at the limit of bursting. You have the sensation that one micro-milligram more would be enough to make everything burst. And it doesn't burst. And it continues.

It is very difficult.

One could say that it is *each* cell which is put to the test of divine faith.

Faith = life, non-faith = you die. It is like that.

(To burst = exactly like the little balloons at fairs, when blown up a bit too much.)

\*

One doesn't know if it is an apprenticeship in the new life or an apprenticeship to the old death. It is almost the same.

The sole “relief” is when I go for a walk in the forest (or when I manage to sleep—and again, not always!).

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

Last night (from 7 to 8), I saw Sri Aurobindo, very quiet, lying down on the bare ground. A child was playing close to him. I could see Sri Aurobindo’s immense hair unrolled on the ground (Sri Aurobindo must have been immense but that seemed quite natural). Chestnut brown hair with a bit of gold in it.<sup>1</sup> Then I saw the child having fun walking in Sri Aurobindo’s hair! (a real forest!)\*\* I was shocked (or rather surprised), and this is what caught my attention. But the child seemed like Tom Thumb in that immense hair! I don’t know how old he could have been (not a baby: a “child”). He was very white, like milk.

I wonder what it means?

I thought, afterwards, of that famous Aphorism 76 of Sri Aurobindo... But I don’t know.

After that, I went to the Ashram by way of an immense yellow corridor. I found Cunuma hiding behind a yellow curtain and I pulled him on the ground (I don’t know why, because I never think of all those people). He was terrified. Then I literally saw a pack of people from the

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<sup>1</sup> About that colour, one would rather say it is like Mother, but it was like Sri Aurobindo (!)

\*\* It was more like a very smooth and undulating river than a “forest”.

Ashram rushing at me—they were furious. I escaped through that immense corridor.

Who is this white child?\*\*\*

Aphorism 76—Europe prides herself on her practical and scientific organisation and efficiency. I am waiting till her organisation is perfect; then a child will destroy her.

\*

### ***Sujata's Vision***

I remember that shortly after Mother's departure, Sujata had once seen me "underground" with Mother; and Mother had near her a child whom she was entrusting to me, as if I were his private tutor...

Is it the same child?

\*

I am totally exhausted.

\*

*Night*

O Lord, what a grace that

You are here

What a hope!



**March 9, 1984**

---

\*\*. "White", I mean to say like milk, not necessarily like a European. Perhaps it is symbolic?

That old Pain; as old as Life;  
It is absolutely cruel.  
To die serves no purpose.

\*

Then you repeat: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, like a dying man who is  
unable to die.

\*

*Afternoon*

I spent the whole afternoon repeating:

O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness  
O Lord of Love and Goodness...

And it is the *only*, the *only* answer to all the cruelties and to Death.  
From now on it will be my Mantra until the end of that horror.

\*

Those forces can tear me to pieces, they won't get anything from me  
but this cry.



**March 11, 1984**

This morning I was so exhausted. Nevertheless, I sat down. And  
suddenly a memory sprung up in my consciousness with an absolutely

poignant force and vivacity, as if *it were here*. It was in the concentration camps. One evening, in the barracks, as I was lying in my bunk, I felt pulled by my neighbour (an inner pull: he wasn't moving). Usually, we hardly paid any attention to our neighbours and death was each one's own business—we already had enough to do to survive. I leaned towards him, he must have been twenty years old, just like me. I asked him: "Are you not well?" He looked at me for a moment, with something from elsewhere in his eyes and he told me with a sweet, child-like voice: "There were meadows... And you will tell my mother..."

And everything stopped. He was dead. It was at Mauthausen.

There were meadows... And you will tell my mother...

Those were the last roots of life, those meadows and his mother.

I seem to have reached that very root.

That which makes the very first grip of Life, its scent, its warmth—the life of life.

I live this in my whole body, and it goes away and doesn't want to go.

I never knew who his mother was or his name or his village; but there were meadows and it was his mother.

\*

There is a last blade of grass.

It is very secret.

\*

*Noon*

I am still in the poetry of the old disaster. One should want the new life in one's whole body.

\*



Disaster is not poetic at all: he was undressed, an SS officer wrote a number on his chest in ink, and he was taken to the ovens.

\*

One must not die anymore.  
So one must not live this way anymore.

\*

The SS, themselves, were very “poetic”: in their registers they noted you down as NN (*Nacht und Nebel*), Night and Clouds.

One must no longer go off with the Night and the Clouds.

\*

I didn’t make the connection, but it suddenly comes to my mind that David M. (the Italian scriptwriter) is currently showing “my” film in India<sup>1</sup>—so all this horror is here.

\*

Even if we could forget the horror, they would re-inject it into our veins.

\*

I really think that it is not life that resists Death: it is Death that resists life. It clings to the last possible blade of grass.

The old diving suit is still there, standing on its not yet empty legs.

\*

*Afternoon*

---

<sup>1</sup>. Film made in 1981: *L’homme après l’homme*. (Man after man)

I should tell myself once and for all that it is *Death* which is being torn from me.

\*

The B<sub>E</sub>23 test tube must be emptied once and for all of its personal poetic-disastrous content, and considered with a little integral honesty that it is *a bit of symbolic human Matter*—prepared for a long time by Mother for a purpose—which offers itself to the new experience. And that's all.

It is not my business, even if it is very unpleasant.  
I really owe it to Mother and to terrestrial hope.  
So be it.

\*

This habit of being “me” is absolutely pernicious and contrary to the goal.

What is interesting in a little sardine, hum? With its sardine stories—no?

\*

If it goes to the oven, there will simply be one sardine less. If it starts to show its nose to the sun, it will be more interesting for the species.

And it is the only way to get out of the Horror.

\*

*Night*

I listen to that great wave  
and everything is soothed.



**March 12, 1984**

It is fantastic!

I think I touched the key, the spring—the driving force.

Here is my note (later I will explain):

The power of agony  
reverses  
and becomes the power  
of suction  
of the new life.

One would need to know whether it will last...

We might as well say that the power of death *itself* becomes the lever of the new life.

\*

It has to be seen whether it is bearable for a long time (I mean without complete disorganization).

\*

It takes place at the level of the first roots of life in Matter.

It is almost a mechanical phenomenon.

Like current changing direction.

\*

Sailors would perhaps say “the turn”, as at the end of ebb tide or low tide.

\*

Probably the agony must have agonized long enough to *want* to change direction.

\*

It was on December 22 (1983) that I saw that empty diving suit and the roof of the old life crumbling.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Those first roots of life in Matter are probably what dictate to the organism: you blossom in such conditions, you wither in such conditions—somewhat like the original pendulum of seasons, rhythms, surges or tropisms... with all their opposites.

An absolutely central and invisible mechanism... as long as it has not been stripped or bared of everything that usually covers it.

This is what makes us tied to a given soil and not another, to a given mother and not another, to a given type of vibration to the exclusion of any other. It is an extraordinarily powerful mechanism which can expend considerable energies and make you run to the other side of the world or go through any danger to feed its essential need. And it is very blind, with all the power of a unique goal.

But when it opens its eyes... or changes its direction, then... then! You are shaken from top to bottom.

This is what is happening.

It is probably what rules all the “cans” and “cannots” in the body’s life. It is almost a hypnotic or hypnotizing mechanism.

I studied this *in vivo*.

There would be a lot to say—but one needs first to see if it will last.

It can hide for fifty years or be captivated by other motives or other forces, but it is always (well, until now) right in the end and always returns to, one could say, its fatal goal... It is like the chosen place of its death.

What we call “mutation” may well be a rupture in that very mechanism; usually as an effect of an external trauma: one dies or mutates.

In fact, we should say: it is not what determines “the conditions of life”, but what determines the conditions where one dies—where any species dies.

It is the deadly circle of the species, whichever one. Beyond this limit, you die.

We see things upside down. We always take death for life. So we say “those are the conditions of life”—but no! Those are the conditions of death.

\*

But then the power of that reversal of current is fantastic! Those thousands and millions of fibres of pain stuck into Matter and agonizing because what they believed to be “life” is torn from them, all of a sudden make a million micro-powers that cry out to the Sun with the same intensity with which they called death (which they believed to be their “life”!). It is the same Power turned upside down!

It is like Death changing its direction.

It is the same *blind power* which “won’t budge an inch”, as we say, but it won’t budge an inch from the new direction. It can be as obstinate towards the New Life as it was towards Death.

\*

Now, the trauma has taken place, its effects remain to be seen.

My skin has been stripped fibre by fibre from the old diving suit, now it remains to be seen what kind of body is underneath.

Oh! But I suddenly think of the *Rig-Veda*: “He has cloven wide away the darkness as one that cleaves away a skin, that he may spread out our earth [our body] under his illumining sun.”<sup>1</sup>

They knew!

\*

It is not that we have to die (in order to reach the new life): it is death which must change direction!

\*

### *Evening*

The whole process is, in fact, a process of un-covering.

One must un-cover.

To lay bare the invisible roots.

It is the terrible “stratigraphy”.

Down to the last layer. Then we have made it.

I don’t know if “I have made it” yet, but I am surely approaching something.

\*

In fact death “changes direction” when the fish becomes amphibian.

\*

It is very interesting, but it is quite terrible.

I believe indeed that each layer is quite terrible and has its particular mortal type.

The terrible and marvellous operation is repeated from level to level.

---

<sup>1</sup> (V.85.1) I noted that when they talk about the body, the Vedic Rishis say “our earth”. And indeed, in a body, it is the whole earth which is there.

\*

But I can clearly see that this work can be done only under the pressure of this Supramental Sun—this Niagara, this Nectar.

I wonder what psychoanalysts can do with their little psychoanalytic torch?

They would have given me electric shock treatment!

Or Siquil<sup>1</sup>...

\*

*Night*

May everything be Yours.



**March 13, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night (from 12 to 13), at some point I saw myself putting pure alcohol all over my body, with a piece of white cotton wool. I could feel the burning sensation (that's what aroused my attention). There were many very tiny, microscopic wounds, almost all over my body—they were barely visible and bloodless, but it was wounded, like very tiny skin tears.

But the curious thing is that during the night from March 6 to 7 (I hadn't noted it down because I could not really understand the meaning—I had simply noted down the date and the fact on a piece of

---

<sup>1</sup> Siquil = neuroleptic (for "serious mental disorders") administered to Mother by her guardians before her departure (see *Mother's Agenda XIII*).

paper), I had seen myself doing exactly the same operation with mercurochrome: I was putting mercurochrome all over my body with a piece of cotton wool, but this cotton wool seemed to roll between my fingers and I had a lot of trouble spreading the mercurochrome everywhere!

This means that this time the operation might be more successful and that I might have found the true remedy (?)... Pure alcohol was needed... But it was the whole body which was wounded too (during the night from 6 to 7) and the wounds were also microscopic, almost invisible.

There is a Solitude which shows me exactly (one could say pictorially) the things and the “situation.” I am even warned in advance.

(It was on January 19 that I saw myself peeling off large strips of skin... almost two months ago... Well! The operations are long.)

\*

I understand better and better why, on that night, I had screamed so much on the road to the *Aber Vrac'h*!

But these are not (now) only “maternal fibres” which are uprooted, unless mother is taken in the general sense of the word: these are all the fibres with the old maternal earth—the old evolutionary breeding ground.

Even a very tiny plant has thousands of rootlets.

An entire area is becoming clearer.

P.S. In fact, I began to discover death when I began to discover the roots of life.

\*

*Afternoon*



I don't know what is happening, but it is strange.

A great faith is needed in the body.

A state of corporeal nothingness, and in this state the Power piles up and piles up.

Everything feels hollow, without sensation, except in the background where the body feels that it is “on the threshold of death”, but it surrenders completely. It simply feels: “it can happen at any moment.” It is the only diffuse sensation in that nothingness. It is strangely “hollow”, “null”, and the Power piles up and piles up almost indefinitely—it goes from light blue to dark blue. No feeling, except something that says or knows: it's You, it's Yours. But there seems to be “nothing left living” in the body. It is weird. It is strange. If there were not that faith or that knowledge deep inside, it would be disturbing.

\*

### *Evening*

It is curious, for the body, all that is not usual is “death.”

Then it can be accustomed to more and more unusual doses, but each time a new dose or a new unusual state comes, it tells itself: Ah! Maybe it's going to burst (but without protesting).

One cannot say that it is pleasant. But it is no longer the agony of those last months.

\*

Sometimes I tell myself: What's the use of all these notes, if one emerges somewhere, it could be summed up in two sentences.

And if one doesn't emerge, well... gone with the wind, and the... morphogenetic fields (!)



### **March 14, 1984**

I have reached the conclusion that there is no “death” and “life” (as Mother said many times, but it must be lived): there is one and the *same Power*, the dynamism of which is used in a positive or negative sense. There is a moment (or a point) when one must know how to reverse the dynamism. Only, one must know how to do it very deeply in the substance. Then the old Power of death starts to drink the new Power of life with the same avidity.

But the new Power of life must be really new, not a “higher” or “improved” replica of the old life. Not a more aerodynamic old fish but a being or an organism which obeys new dynamics. It is precisely the change in the direction of the Dynamism that the body takes for “death.”

Mother used to say—and I understand now—: “It’s an almost mechanical action on the cells.”

This change of direction of the Dynamism is like moving from a life underwater to a life in the sun. It is as radical as that.

\*

In one of her last letters, my mother (at the age of eighty-eight) wrote to me about the “yoga” that one of my sisters does: “It’s a new religion which I hardly understand (as a spirituality), for me the sea is there, it gives me the meaning of life and of the beyond.”

How I understand her!

It is very difficult to change “*that direction.*” And sometimes it comes back to me with the sound of the surf and a nostalgia almost to die.

One must change the direction.

But for that, one must dig to such painful depths...

It is very difficult to stop being a human being without yet being something else.

The new life is really a *new* life. One must have the courage of one's faith. One must make an offering of *everything*.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Instead of curling themselves up on their agony, those millions of rootlets started to call, to pray, to try to spread out under the sun, and that made such an intense call for strength in the whole body (that's what happened on March 12), really as if all death in the body was changing direction and calling, offering itself to the Sun—it was an almost unbearable mass of calling or almost bursting because it was branching out everywhere-everywhere in the body...

And then, then a *Mass* of solid Power descended, but so formidable, *and* there was something like a smile, a vast divine smile *inside* that Mass—and the body was instantaneously reassured: IT WAS the Divine, IT IS the Divine. A Mass! A kind of solid Ray which traversed and *seized* the whole body. But a smiling Mass, if one can say so. The body was immobilized, almost solidified by that Mass of Power. Then a second Mass descended within that first Mass (one wonders how that was possible so dense and immutable it was already). Then a third Mass descended within the first two—it was mad or enough to make one crazy or to blow everything up if there had not been that Smile, that divine *Evidence*; it is the Divine, the solid, physical Divine, so what can happen! Not only the body didn't have *any* anxiety, *any* feeling of danger, but it was ADHERING: yes-yes! This is it! It was LIFE itself, solid, formidable, powerful, divine, which was filling it, stuffing it. Mass after Mass, and one more Mass... And suddenly I realized that these

successive “Masses” were the supramental “drip”! And then that Smile so formidably Powerful, as if the Power itself were made of smile; you could almost have said that it was Nectar, but it was almost too formidable to be felt as Nectar, and yet *it was* Nectar! Oh! That yes-yes-yes in the whole body, innumerably... at last! At last this is LIFE, the true Life, the Life divine.

And you felt that *that* could do everything.

I stopped after two hours because I had to relax this body a little and go for a walk.

But after that, all the seas in the world and all the seagulls in the world and all the little surf of all the seas seem *thin, dry*, lifeless, like an *image* of life compared to that Life.

That’s it.

This is a stage.

Those “Masses” gave a dark blue sensation. At times it was *visibly* dark blue.

\*

### *Evening*

One could say that these are the roots of the old life that are touched by the new life.

\*

Perhaps it is the “dark blue me” who climbs on the roof of the old crumbling life! (?)

After all, dark blue is the colour of sailors! (I definitely knew that there would be a sailor in there!)

\*

It is a new Divine.

\*

Nothing to do with the Upanishads and the whole holy shebang—  
those are DREAMS compared to *that*.

The Rishis knew.

I understand why Sri Aurobindo could find his way in the Rig-Veda!



### **March 15, 1984**

Impression of boring into the “earth” towards a still more central  
point. Like a sorrow that we do not know the cause of.

\*

Those are the last spurts of the old life.

\*

### *Afternoon*

I had “thought” that those Masses of Power would come back and go  
on changing the old roots, but... NOTHING.

A kind of nullity or annulation.

I don't know.

We don't really understand anything.

\*

But how could the old Fish understand what makes or doesn't make  
the other life?

It can only understand what it is “losing.”

There must be a “zero state” of the old Fish.



**March 16, 1984**

I thought that the operation was done once and for all but it doesn't seem to be so. Then I've been able to study the whole process *in vivo*, in detail, this morning.

I had to take up those millions of little roots again and slowly, slowly pull them out of their earth. It is a savage operation. That creates such an intensity of tearing pain. You don't know any more if it is a supplication to die or to live. And slowly-slowly you turn those roots upside down towards the light. Then you understand the formidable Power of that mechanism—the savage energy, really, with which the primitive life fastens its roots into Matter. Lord...after one hour, those millions of little roots made a single beam of call, of prayer, of... I don't know. It was not painful anymore: it was some compact, dark blue power, which slowly became denser, stood still, seemed to spread upward.

I stopped there after one-and-a-half hours.

One doesn't know how many times the operation will have to be done again.

\*

I understand completely that it is the same intensity which makes one live or makes one die. One must change the direction of that intensity.

It is a bit like changing from one pole to the other.

The change of poles is harrowing.

Yes: "*As one that cleaves away a skin.*" But it is slower than "cleaving" in one go.

One doesn't "cut" that: one turns it inside out.

A skin attaches itself with many little fibres.

\*

One could almost say that it is the central difficulty.

\*

### *Afternoon*

I had hardly sat down when the whole body was seized by such a formidable power of aspiration—all those combined roots made such an intense call that it was almost unbearable or “bursting” (as a result one understands how a little root can crack a stone!). And then, very quickly, a dense wave started to rise from below (from the sexual centre or lower), a swell-like movement rising irrepressibly, irresistibly, invading everything, from the bottom up into the head, then a second wave started to rise from the sexual region (or lower) up into the head, then a third... and the body swelled, straightened up to the maximum, then folded up on itself, then swelled again, straightened up, etc., etc. A formidable, *mechanical*, swell-like or wave-like movement unrolling and unrolling, again and again. But everything seemed to pile up inside the head; there was only a kind of radiation or irradiation which made it gush out a bit, spread, irradiate around the face and skull, easing a bit that mass—it gave me a fever (I still have the fever inside my head). And then I understood or realized that it was that same “drip” which *rose from bottom up instead of descending from above*. But then those swell-like masses of power which rolled irresistibly through the body, and bent it, straightened it up, oh! an imperious kneading, I don’t know, as if the body were in the grip of a phenomenon of Nature, a cataclysm or I don’t know what—no feeling in there: a *Movement* of a formidable, powerful swell, which literally kneaded the body.

Is it the Supramental rising from below? (as I perceived it once a few months ago?)

After one hour and fifteen minutes, that swell seemed to slow down, to become “thicker”, if one can say so, and more dense. But it went on and on. I stopped and stood up to go for a walk. I could not take it any longer.

\*

*Evening*

If only that could cleanse the body from death!

One could say: cleanse life from death. To remove the death which is in life, mixed up with life.

\*

I think of Sri Aurobindo: “Death TRANSFORMED becomes Life that is Immortality...” (Aphorism 92)

Death changes its direction.

I don't say that Death is abolished: it trans-forms itself.

\*

In Auroville they made an “Exhibition on Evolution” without mentioning *Mother's Agenda*...

Auroville is completely infiltrated by the Ashram.

What does it mean?

I said goodbye to Auroville.

\*

*(Note from Satprem)*

*To Auroville*



If in Auroville you can make an “Exhibition on Evolution” without mentioning *Mother’s Agenda*, this means that Mother has no place in Auroville. So I say goodbye to you.

Satprem

\*

*(Note from Satprem to Kireet)*

Kireet,

Excuse me, but I am a bit outraged that an exhibition “on Evolution” has been made in Auroville without mentioning or showing *the Agenda*.

It is sad.

Satprem

\*

*Night*

I realize that I have touched a formidable spring.

Perhaps *the* spring.

\*

Let’s see if it continues.



**March 17, 1984**

It continues!

An invisible barrier has fallen.

It is a formidable and continuous invasion.

The old diving suit is shed off.

\*

I hardly dare to tell it, but yesterday afternoon, when there was that kind of ascending cataclysm, at some point, I said: “It would be quite convenient—that is, reassuring—if I could put my hands in Mother’s hands like in the past.” And instantaneously I heard that categorical and upset tone from Mother which does not tolerate nonsense: “But damn! I don’t stop holding your hands!” She was upset. But it is very reassuring! It is almost a revelation too... That material consciousness is absolutely like Saint Thomas.

\*

### *Afternoon*

The same.

A great ascending swell of blue Power which unrolls indefinitely.

I don’t know what it “does” or its effects, but it unrolls irresistibly, indefinitely and absolutely mechanically, with a slow rhythm: about twenty seconds for a complete movement from bottom up (I counted.) It is the “mechanicalness” of the phenomenon which is amazing: the body swells, straightens up, then bends over and so on. I remained seated for one hour and twenty minutes and it went on *without stopping*, imperturbably.

If we want to describe the phenomenon in a visual way, we could say that it looks like the movement of a swell which runs all along a little inlet (Breton naturally) before breaking on the beach at the far end—but here, it doesn’t “break” (fortunately)! At the level of the head and the face, a kind of perfusion or irradiation seems to take place which lets out a bit of the excess (!) but maybe not enough because it gives a kind of fever in the head. Perhaps the perfusion or irradiation takes place all along the body too through the “pores” (if I dare say so), but it is in the head that the clogging is the most noticeable.

To use the image of the “inlet” again, here the “swell” doesn’t come from “the open sea”, but *from the bottom* (or the bed) of the inlet, if one can say so: from the sexual centre (or maybe from a lower place, but it is in the sexual centre that the Movement starts to become strong and perceptible.)

After the first hour, the “swell” seemed more dense, more compact, but the rhythm of the Movement remained the same. After one hour and twenty minutes, I opened my eyes and I wanted to stop because the body started to somewhat have enough of it, but it went on and on—entirely in spite of me.

I stood up to write down these notes, but I feel that the Movement goes on “softly in the background.”

It seems that something has been *triggered off*. It is curious.

I am going for a walk.

\*

### *Evening*

All that has nothing to do with the Kundalini because it is the whole body and its billions of cells which are invaded and swallowed by that swell.

\*

Instead of the old evolutionary breeding ground, it is perhaps the new evolutionary or nutritive “milieu.”

Anyway, it is certainly the new Energy.

Oh! I suddenly remember my brother Rimbaud: “Million golden birds, O future vigor...” He probably caught something up there, which was translated into a golden colour, while I catch “the thing” all the way

down, where it is dark blue (the colour must depend on the layer which is gone through).

“Up there” it made poetic dreams; “all the way down” what is it going to make?—little seals, a new world?... If that would make men more divine, it would already be rather good.

We need some *living* poetry.

\*

### *Night*

It doesn't stop anymore!

When I say “swell”, one should not be mistaken! The consistency of the sea seems frail and pale compared to that massive Power, compact like some flowing mineral ore—yes, it is my “solid-liquid” (that “cube of ocean” which I had seen). I have the impression that it is changing everything.

\*

I stood in front of the large picture of Sri Aurobindo, as every evening before going to sleep, and I realized that that “swell” rose from the tip of my toes all the way up (and not only from the sexual centre).



### **March 18, 1984**

The phenomenon continues, stronger and stronger. Such formidable intensities or such dense densities... Beyond a certain point, that dense tide coagulates, solidifies or stands still—there, you have the impression that everything could burst into millions and billions of “pieces”, but the disintegration doesn't happen—I don't know what happens, a kind of

sudden spreading or a “disappearance”, as if one were passing into another sector, or I don’t know where. One doesn’t understand anymore. It is not the same thing anymore. An extremely solid state, though with no limits, there nothing can burst anymore, but it is something else that I don’t understand or that the sensation cannot define so different it is.

The only “prayer” in the whole body: may everything be drowned in You.

That’s all.

No fear or even any anxiety: evidence that it is the Divine.

One feels absolutely on the verge of the unknown, and sometimes hurled into that unknown.

The general sensation remains dark blue (but I am not gifted for vision). When it spreads or “disappears”, I don’t know which colour it has anymore. It is beyond all known or recorded or observable sensations. It is entirely other. I cannot define it. It escapes everything I know.

\*

Perhaps it is somewhat as if all the hyper-dense bodily consciousness was passing through the walls of its own cells.

But it is a very approximate description. One doesn’t know the meaning. It doesn’t have a human meaning anymore. And yet it is very physical.

\*

This afternoon, the phenomenon was greatly intensified, if I can say so, because I had a kind of sorrow in the heart (my human heart) as I suddenly perceived a hostile wave which was coming (or was going to come) from Auroville, and in Auroville, I was meeting the *same* force, the

*same* resistance which had attacked me in the Ashram for ten years. As if the Hostility had transmigrated to Auroville. It was most saddening. Then I threw everything into the Supreme Love.

One has to accept to carry on a solitary battle.

\*

### ***Vision***

Last night, I saw this: I was made to climb immense wooden scaffolding—some intertwined beams that formed a kind of pyramid. It was shaky and slippery—made of blackish wood. “Up there” one could see only darkness and I had difficulty to remain standing on that slippery thing. I wondered what I was doing here. Then I found myself down below: it was also almost dark and I had the impression that there were some black pigs and mud. I wanted to get out of there and I caught sight of two or three small green plants or green bushes, of a very fresh spring green. It was the only thing that was strangely there in the middle of that obscure place, or rather on the edge of or near the “way out” of that place. It was Auroville.

\*

### *Evening*

When I say “Auroville”, I don’t mean all the Aurovilians, but the *same* Force is taking refuge there, sheltered by a certain number of contagious renegades.

Poor world! Everywhere, it is the same, *everywhere*. The same “black and gluey fingers of Falsehood” which insinuate themselves everywhere. It is very sad to perceive.

Then there is only *one* solution, one only, and only one hope: a new being on the earth.

I don't pretend to do it—I don't have any pretensions—but it must be made *somewhere*, it must begin *somewhere*. And if my own prayer can help that one—anybody... but may the Hope be realized!

\*

It is so strong that even after my walk, the body continues to vibrate-vibrate, like a tuning fork.

\*

In fact, nobody *makes* the new being: it is the Divine who makes... those who are willing to let him do it.

\*

It is a formidable Energy, and I am completely worn out, exhausted!!



### **March 19, 1984**

It was not something  
happening to me:  
“I” was part of  
something happening.

It was happening.  
There was no I,  
There was an  
EVENT.

It is almost impossible to tell or to understand what happened this morning.

I can try to give an approximation (out of a sense of duty).

First, as soon as I sat down, it was: life is completely changing direction! (life as it is understood by physiologists and naturalists.) There was that fantastic intensity of suction of life's millions of fibres in the body, and it was not the same life that they pumped. The roots were completely turned upside down, it was another milieu—a milieu without death in it. The dominant sensation was that: there was no more death in it. It was of a formidable intensity, those millions of fibres that drank, pumped—in the past there would have been a kind of fear or anxiety that “it may burst”; but not at all! The cells, the fibres, well, all that primitive power of the body, not only didn't have any fear but didn't even need to have “faith”—there was no need for faith! The Divine was a FACT, like the sun and the rain, and they drank that sun and that rain. It was really a new MILIEU, which had nothing to do with the primitive soil anymore, and the FACT is that there was no death there. And it was the power, fantastic one could say, of those millions and billions of fibres which pumped the new life.\*

But then, all of a sudden, a solar Mass came. I don't know if it came from above, below or outside—the whole body was taken in the Divine, was part of the Divine, was absorbed by the Divine, and it was a Sun, but a Sun which doesn't burn, a formidable dense Power, immobile, solar, nourishing (that is, alive)—Divine. And there was no more *corporeal* “I” at all in it, there was no more my body *and* the Sun: there

---

### **Vision**

I never have visions while awake, but yesterday morning, while I was concentrated, I suddenly saw something the meaning of which I well understand now: in front of my eyes, there was a bundle of twigs in flames (like those I put in my chimney every evening), but what was striking is that each twig had a distinct flame (like a candle for



was the *same* something physical which gave the sensation of a compact and immobile Sun where all was ONE, including the body. It was that which dominated above all: no more *corporeal* I, no more limits or corporeal separation, no more little “inlet” within which something unrolled—there was no more “inlet”! There was only, everywhere and in a perfect continuity, a single solar Mass of which that kind of body *was a part*. There was no more “bearable” or “unbearable”: it was part of it, it was the same thing—it was bearing itself very well!

I called Sujata for her to touch the phenomenon a bit. She remained for a long time with her hands in mine. I don't know what she felt.

The impression towards the end: Mother here, Sri Aurobindo here, the Divine taking possession—They were here.

Perhaps it is called the “Supramental”, but it was Mother-Sri Aurobindo as if in the body or my body in theirs—there was only ONE thing and not two, and no “my” “your” “his”.

And then: the Divine Work on the Earth.

A kind of sensation: “it comes”, “it is”, “it's being done”—the Work is being realized (or is on the way to realization).

A kind of certitude or assurance: the new being is being made. The Divine IS *HERE*. That's it. No “Satprem who does or let it be done”, no: the DIVINE IS *HERE*. That's it. And He (She) is here *physically*, in Matter. And He (or She) does what he or she wants, without difficulty.

An “event”, yes: something which HAPPENS (for the Earth or on the Earth).

\*

---

example). And I wonder if that fire of each twig is not the fire or the power of aspiration of each fibre of the body?

In the past, when I had that wonderful experience of the Nectar that the body “drank”, it was something which happened in the old soil and filled it with delight. Now, it is the SOIL which has changed. It doesn’t happen in the old soil anymore.

It is the new soil.

It is the soil *which is* new.

(Besides, the old soil could never have “stood” that Sun! It would have cracked.)

\*

I don’t know if it is still the purely physical layer which is touched, but it is certainly the layer of *life in Matter*.

\*

### *Afternoon*

That prayer (or maybe the beginning of the granting of that prayer):  
What You willed and sought so much for the Earth,  
That for which You struggled so much,  
Let that be realized on the Earth.

\*

A Mass.

\*

### *Evening*

What is convenient is that as one doesn’t know at all what must be done or how it must be done, one only has to surrender completely—to disappear.

One isn’t likely to make a mistake!

It is the unmistakable way!

\*

It is as if all fear had gone from my body.

Death is no longer mixed with that life.

This doesn't mean that one becomes "immortal" (which would be of little interest if the body doesn't change), but it is not the same way of dying. It is no longer a necessity, it is no longer the "law."

It is a new Law.

\*

When I speak of "death", it is not the fact of death which is serious—death is only the outcome of a law of horror called Cruelty-Perversion-Falsehood... Death is at the end. It is the "logical" conclusion. And it is this very law which must be **UNDONE** for ever. That abominable domination.



**March 20, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Decidedly, I keep on seeing Auroville. Last night, I was put on a kind of table (operation?) and my nose was cut!... with nail clippers. I was watching. Then I stood up and went to wash my face thoroughly, but I noticed that I wasn't bleeding... (the "surgeon" = A.). I really think that the nasty devil hidden there is going to create a stir and they are going to lay into me, or disfigure me, or I don't know what. What of it?! They won't try to see where *their* cancer is.

I really don't believe in any group, any community, any Institution; only some individuals—some rare individuals—can *do*. As soon as there

is a group, everything is contaminated. A few isolated individuals must first make the passage, the evolutionary breakthrough—*afterwards* he will be able or they will be able to try to take the others along (a few others) without being reabsorbed by the common mud.

The new being will really need to have a power—a power supreme or from the Supreme—in order not to be torn to pieces by the old gang.

I believe above all in a silent, invisible, contagious action—not the travelling performer who does his amazing feats at every fair.

For some time, I have been feeling more and more something like a very powerful centre of force forming (or swelling, one could say) at the centre of the chest (heart lotus).

But what is curious is that, for some time, in her “little drawings”, Sujata has been representing Mother’s eye *at the centre of my chest*, instead of placing it (as before) outside and above.

That place seems to become like a centre of action (or like *the* centre of action).

This morning again, it was very striking.

Sometimes it “swells” so much that it is almost painful.

\*

The Aurovilian “wave” is materializing: first X. seriously cuts his index finger, then Y. has a motorcycle accident (not serious). It is charming—they are charming!



**March 20, 1984**

*(Letter from Satprem to Frederick, an Aurovilian.*

*Originally in English)*

I am making a last desperate attempt.

A few days ago I have sent a note to Auroville which you probably have read by now.

Today I have felt that I should write to you. Though we have seldom met I have always felt a special relationship with you and I have never forgotten. I have also a few brothers and sisters in Auroville who are dear to my heart because of their sincerity and deep truthfulness. But Truth without strength becomes easily a prisoner, for the greatest skill of Falsehood is always and everywhere to hide itself behind a truth. This mixture of Truth and Falsehood is the scourge of our world. I remember so poignantly Mother's deep sadness the day She spoke to me of the "black and gluey fingers of Falsehood creeping everywhere—everywhere." For the past eleven years I have met this sad fact everywhere and fought with the blood and tears of my soul.

Mother has kept me informed, if I dare say so, of the inner situation of Auroville through a series of pictorial images scattered over the years, giving me the point of the situation. I don't know if I should tell you what the last images were, but in one of them a few months ago, you were the only one to materially help me, should I say that this "me" has nothing to do with the person. On November 17, 1973, the person has died in me.

Only one thing is left in me—I don't know whether it is a prayer or a cry, when I saw this little white body with a ray of sun on her neck being screwed up in a coffin. This prayer or this cry is that all She has suffered, all She has wanted and tried so much for the Earth should not go in vain.

Now comes the central point, and to miss the central point is to miss the very meaning of Her effort and break or corrupt the foundation of the future. And the central point or the seed which contains the very

power of realization, is the Mother's *Agenda*. A dozen Matrimandirs may be built but if the *Agenda* is not enshrined in each and every Aurovilian there is *nothing* and the very foundation of Auroville is broken and corrupted.

After Sri Aurobindo's departure in 1950 there was (and still exists) a very powerful hostile "formation" against the Mother: Sri Aurobindo, yes; the Mother...? Sri Aurobindo's philosophy, yes; the Mother's searching and pitiless white Light on the human compromise with Falsehood...?

When this indomitable Ray was put into the coffin, another very powerful "formation" of the hostile forces (not a human formation, mind you, but a direct action from the power of Darkness which now dominates the world) sprang up: the Mother, yes maybe; but the *Agenda*...? Mother's talk on Evolution, yes maybe; but the coming to grips with the root of falsehood in ourselves and the black gluey fingers everywhere...?

The cunning, gluey powers have even a last righteous mask: the *Agenda*, yes; but Satprem's distortion...?

There is no more "Satprem", there is no more a writer or even a "confidant of the Mother"—all this is dead. There is a crying soul, there is a bleeding child who is desperately trying to bring into his flesh what She wanted so much for the Earth. This child does not care a damn for the approbation or the mud of the world. He cares that Her suffering and agony do not go in vain.

In Auroville Her effort and attempt are very much about to go in vain or be corrupted for the single reason that the central point is not fully and unshakably understood by too many Aurovilians. Only one single little cell is enough to make a cancer. This simple obvious truth is not properly grasped. Auroville is already, but not irreversibly,

contaminated by the gluey fingers, which have strangled and reduced to an empty mummy the Ashram. The cruel and insidious and surreptitious ways of those fingers to befog the clear consciousness of men and muddle the simple truth under various slogans and righteous fallacies, is a world-fact.

If Auroville has not the courage to cleanse itself of its galloping cancer, if Auroville has not the strength to cling to the *one* central point and establish without compromise the *Agenda* as Mother's own body and the very fount of the power for the realization of the future, then you break your own strength and are eaten away from within.

This is the crucial point and no nonsense.

Truth is a cripple if it doesn't have the uncompromising sword of the soul.

With my deep love and trust in the few who truly love Mother and are ready to fight for Her, and the great Hope.

*Avec mon affection fraternelle* [With my brotherly affection],

Satprem

P.S. 1) As part of the same Falsehood, I inform you that recently an article about the *Agenda* written by Mira-Aditi<sup>1</sup> was rejected by the "Auroville Review." Reason: "controversial." This speaks a lot.

2) The Truth *must* be brought out into the open.

Freedom does *not* mean the right to betray the basic truths of Auroville.

That's that.

\*

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<sup>1</sup> The organisation which distributes *Mother's Agenda* and Satprem's books in India; at that time, it was operating from Auroville.

*Afternoon*

SUPREME THINGS  
ARE HAPPENING ON THE EARTH.

\*

GREAT THINGS  
ARE GOING TO HAPPEN ON THE EARTH.



**March 21, 1984**

The Divine Power is needed. It is the only solution. Or a Divine Manifestation... But the Divine doesn't like miracles very much. Then?

The power of Transformation must be such that it is irresistible. (But that too, is a kind of miracle.)

One looks outside and always hopes, illusorily, for some "news" from the radio or the newspapers which will point to the "change"; some economic, financial or political disruption which will make it so that "Ah! it's going to change, the world is going to turn the corner". But it is a complete illusion. It is the same deadly Devil everywhere. He can wear masks that are more or less kind or well-meaning, but if you scratch the surface a little, it is the same. You can take anything, anyone: Ms Gandhi or Zia, Reagan or Chernenko, the Ayatollah or the Pope, the Ashram or Auroville, it is the *same* deadly Devil who rules at the bottom of it all and will appear at the first opportunity—it is simply a grace of circumstances and "favourable" conditions which make it unnecessary for the Devil to show its claws—if *anyone* were really against the Devil, he would immediately be torn to pieces. It is a fact based on experience (alas). And in the meantime, the good people—there are some—vote for



the next Devil, and what else to do? Or they quietly go and lie down on the operation table of the Good Lord surgeon—but the Devil is in the one undergoing the operation and in the operation, and in all the operation of the world.

What “change” then? Unless a miracle happens? Mother coming out of the Samadhi... and why would she want to create such a “sensation” for all those little imps who only wait for an opportunity to betray her?

Kalki<sup>1</sup> and his sword?... Everything is possible, but the Divine has a reputation for being non-interventionist (!) And why would he intervene when *no one* asks for it! They all believe in the next panacea, but who believes in the pure Divine—they all believe in little devils or devilries clothed in saintliness (religious, yogic, economic, financial, political and the whole caboodle of the Devil and Death—fortunate if they don’t believe in the bomb as the supreme solution). Then?

Then there is no hope for “change” to come through the radio or the newspapers. It won’t come that way—unless a miracle of the pure Divine happens.

So an irresistible transformation is needed.

We need the new being, armed with the Proof and Divine Power.

The whole difficulty is not to be torn to pieces.

We have all the devils needed within.

\*

### *Evening*

One doesn’t understand anything. I’d better keep definitively quiet until something is *done*.

---

<sup>1</sup>. Kalki, the last “Avatar”, riding his white horse.

You think that a step has been taken, and then everything looks like a mirage.

There are divine, supreme obvious facts and then the next day it is as if nothing had happened.

This means that there is still an opaque layer.

Nothing will be done as long as it is not physically done.



**March 22, 1984**

The goal becomes clear,  
that is, the Mission:  
To provide the proof  
Of what You have said.

\*

That only You remain, here.

\*

I am ready for anything.

\*

It took me some time to understand (or to dare to understand!) what They expected of me.

This morning, as soon as I sat down, that powerful vibration (which I know well!) came: Mother. Then slowly-slowly the understanding came. The first “watchword” was: “disappearance”. But I don’t need me at all anymore! Then it was: “without fear”. But for some time, with the realization of Their Presence in me, it is as if all fear had left the body. Then Mother’s Force or Presence became very alive and active. Then I

understood (or she made me understand, not mentally but by the Power expressed)\* the Goal, the Mission.

\*

### **Vision**

But what is curious is that last night, or rather very early this morning, I saw something, which I understand now. First I met Mother, but everything faded, and just as everything faded, I saw a superb foal—rather a young horse because it was quite big, in any case at least my size—and what was striking was its colour: it was flame red! And I immediately dearly loved that young horse or foal, and I kissed it! And in my consciousness, it “had just come out of its mother” (Mother), it was just born, and yet it wasn’t a small foal since it was at least my size if not more. And that flame red! Blazing red or glowing charcoal, absolutely unexpected. And I liked that young horse *very much!*

I wonder if it is not the new Power of Life, or the Power of the new Life?

In the Vedas, there is frequent reference to “ruddy horses”... (red or glowing red horses).

\*

---

\* It would be like musical notes—but music in which each note is a particular power—some “notes of power” which express something (just as does music). Probably each “note” must have its own particular colour, but I don’t have a gift for vision. Rather I have a musical sense of the vibration of power. A piano string vibrates and emits a sound, which transmits a sense.

\*\* There was a detail which I don’t understand yet. That young horse had a kind of coat hanging down and covering its lower belly to the knees. But that “coat” was made of flesh, it was flesh, like a coat, covering its lower belly to the knees, hanging down. And that flesh came from the fact that it came out of its mother (Mother), it was like a remnant of its mother... Strange!... Perhaps one day I will understand.

There is a kind of “spiritual modesty” or spiritual “non-ego” which plays in both directions, and finally in the wrong direction: under the pretext of non-ego, one no longer has the *courage* to face the divine task. For a very long time I did not have the courage to launch myself into that venture of transformation or that attempt at transformation under the pretext that: come now, no ambition, no pretensions... And it is very necessary, but it always ends up playing the wrong way. One must DARE.

You need a lot of courage to say it’s my “mission”. (Perhaps people in general and quite a few crooks have a bit too much “courage” in that way!!).

\*

### *Afternoon*

Oh! That new Power of Life!... I have just been given a... demonstrative dose (!) the whole afternoon. Mother used to say: “A Power enough to crush an elephant...” I understand!

If there were not the bodily, physical knowledge that “this is Mother”, that “she knows what she does”, it would simply be frightening.

I am very quiet.

But something *is going* to happen.

\*

I tell Sujata: whatever happens, don’t worry, I am in Mother’s hands.

\*

### *Evening*

Mother doesn’t need to break the stones of the Samadhi to be here physically!

(There are really *two* physicals whose relationship is not yet known.)

\*

One must be *absolutely* driven by the Divine, otherwise one goes straight to illusion and the most serious mistakes—fatal mistakes.

Besides it is not possible otherwise—it *cannot be*.



### **Night from March 22-23**

#### ***Sujata's and Satprem's Visions***

I noted this down in my “bits of vision”:

In front of the house: a pile of logs in flames like an inferno.

Sujata sees: the gas bottle which is going to burn-explode in a courtyard.



### **March 25, 1984**

Swallowed more and more in a Mass of solid Power which would be Mother alive.

Everything is annulled within this, even the Mantra (except my neck ache! which painfully reminds me of my individual existence).



### **March 26, 1984**

One wonders how it is possible without dying of it.

If it is not perfectly, physically Yours, one blows up. It is like that. It has reached that point.

\*

Fortunately, all fear has left my body.

This afternoon it has endured that for two hours without flinching.

Still, one wonders how it is going to happen...

No feeling in all that: power, power, power.

If one pours a barrel of honey on an ant, I presume that it doesn't understand what that delicious catastrophe is.

\*

*Evening*

My body is as if beaten up.



**March 27, 1984**

I have reached the last little root. It is a deadly fight where all the resistances of the world seem to meet—a point, a microscopic point is enough. And it is all the more deadly and fierce and powerful that the point is minuscule. It is really Life or Death.

You think that the “savage operation” is over, and then there is always a last little bleeding root left, and it is as if all life and all lives were at stake in one point.

It is quite simply atrocious.

You have walked for sixty years, or perhaps six hundred years, only to meet that little point. It is like the rusty nail of the Yogi of Chandod who died at the age of three hundred.<sup>1</sup>

It is like the root of Death.

It is microscopic, but it is enough.

We can say that it is the point where one *would like* to die (and that's precisely that: one would like to die).

\*

Last night I had a very dreadful vision.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Each time you go through death—each time. You spend your time going through death!

Oh! It is dreadful\* ...

\*

### *Evening*

I could shed tears of blood over the cruelty and pain of the old life.

What's the point of saying it?

---

<sup>1</sup> Swami Brahmananda of Chandod whom Sri Aurobindo met shortly before his death, on the banks of the Narmada River: "He had absolutely remarkable eyes. He usually kept them closed or half-closed." But when Sri Aurobindo came to see him, "He opened his eyes wide and looked at me. It seemed that he could penetrate everything and see everything clearly." But he put his foot by inadvertence on a rusty nail and died of it at the age of at least two hundred. It was in 1906 (see *Mother's Chronicles* Book V, written by Sujata.)

\* "To go through death" doesn't at all mean to brave death, it means not to die of it.

One must survive.



**March 29, 1984**

*The Hindu*, Thursday, March 29, 1984

“STAR WARS” *GENERAL*

WASHINGTON: A General was named on Tuesday to lead the drive for a “star wars” strategic defence system and was promised his task would be one of the highest priorities of the U.S. Administration. The Defence Secretary, Mr Caspar Weinberger, named space pioneer Lt. Gen. James Abrahamson to lead the multi-billion-dollar search for an effective space and land-based strategic defence network and said work would begin next month.—Reuter.

\*

The whole afternoon,  
It is like dying.  
It is the same operation.  
One must not move.  
The Mantra.

\*

*Evening*

I summarized the situation for L. (who arrived yesterday with S.):  
You spend your time dying without dying.<sup>1</sup>





**March 30, 1984**

There is no doubt that it is torture.

There is no need to talk about the conditions of torture.

It is torture. That's all.

You pass through it or you don't. That's all.

Shrieking is useless.



**March 31, 1984**

*Afternoon*

Mother is victorious.

The Earth is going to change.

\*

The last root turned upside down.

*Instantaneously*, the body drank the Delight of Divine Purity.

The White Nectar of Supreme Purity.

The central difficulty is solved.

Mother is victorious.

The Earth is going to change.

Mother physically *HERE*.

The last umbilical cord connected to the old diving suit is cut.

Here we are.

The bridge IS MADE.

\*

---

1. Later on, around the 20<sup>th</sup> of April, I will talk.

*Evening*

Each time, a new layer is invaded by the Light, but that one seems (or seemed) to be a very central den of the Enemy.

It is like the end of the horrible Domination.



*April*

**Night from March 31<sup>st</sup> to April 1<sup>st</sup>**

***Vision***

There was a big boat run aground on rocks. I don't know how I did it, but I was carrying that big boat by myself to take it to the sea. It was an iron boat, like a small liner—iron. The sea was grey-black with bright white breakers, as when the sky is clouded. A raging sea.

That boat was Auroville.



**April 1, 1984**

*(Sequel of the experience of March 31)*

Now Mother can act directly in the whole of terrestrial Matter.

We could say that She has come out of her tomb.

The tunnel up to Her is dug.

Things are going to change, no doubt.

(Something in me laughs or smiles as when one has played a good trick—they no longer wanted her in her chair up there, but she found another place! more discreet.)

\*

This is the “great action together”.

No need to “provide proof”, Mother herself is going to sow her little proofs everywhere-everywhere!

Perhaps these will be little proofs that shake things up!



**April 3, 1984**

It is torture.

I cannot say it.

\*

It is probably the “raging sea” of Auroville that comes to me.

\*

*Night*

Cardiac difficulties.



**Night from April 3 to 4, 1984**

***Vision***

(Noted down in my “bits of vision”)

People from the Ashram (or from Auroville), bare-chested, standing on horses.

Probably, something is brewing against me, following my “farewell letter” to Auroville.

I am always informed of the “situations.”\*

After all, there is a French expression: “to get on one’s high horse”!

---

\* There were about twenty horsemen, warrior like, as in a parade; the horses had no saddles. It looked like a rehearsal. Is that which is in the Ashram and has kindly



**April 4, 1984**

I have lighted a pyre with all the fibres of my pain, of my being, of my life, and I have burnt myself slowly-slowly-slowly... at the feet of Mother and of the Supreme.

Until it is like nothing.

Or like the Victory of Mother on Earth.

\*

One doesn't know if one dies or if it is something else.

There must be nothing to die anymore.



**April 5, 1984**

Sometimes, one would like to faint, but it seems that it is not permitted.

Mother would say: "One dreams of doing that in a trance."

*Evening*

***Vision***

Last night, I saw myself, or rather I saw a large bit of bleeding flesh, like torn tissue (a fresh beefsteak!) and there was a wound *inside* that wound, like a hole, and I was trying to cover that wound or hole with a

---

transmigrated to Auroville not going to grab my "farewell" and say: "Ah, this is a

piece of cloth of the same colour!... Obviously, I was not doing it the right way—but how to do it?

I remember Mother: “There must be something very simple to do and everything would be fine, but I don’t know what to do.”

Sometimes, I manage to immobilize the pain and it becomes (the whole body becomes) like a dark blue mass, almost crushing. But that doesn’t seem to be the solution (?).

It is an almost unbearable crushing.

\*

Besides, since last night, I have a sort of pain in the heart, but perhaps it is only muscular or a strained nerve (?)—it is the whole old life that is “strained”!

\*

*Night*

The whole life is under that Cruel domination.

I want to be under the Divine Domination.



**April 6, 1984**

All pains are still in collusion with the Cruel Enemy.

Only the pure white pitiless Ray can save.

\*

*Half-past noon*

---

marvellous opportunity to get rid of that Satprem and his Agenda once and for all”?

As if the central knot were cut.

All fear has died with Death (the mortal complicity).

March 31 - April 6

\*

*Afternoon*

Each time, it is like going through a slow cataclysm (for one hour and forty-five minutes).

Probably, it is the old beast that has the sensation of cataclysm. But there is also the *physical* sensation of Mother: the great Mother.

\*

And then such an intense prayer for the cruel Domination to be uprooted from the Earth (or at least from my earth).

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

Last night, at one point, I saw a big light-grey boat, very clear, very fast and slim, like a torpedo boat or a destroyer, but without the “military” superstructures. A sensation of great swiftness and power. I saw it pass behind a sort of dark, brownish mass, then arrive near the ground or a quay, and instead of berthing, it went ashore, passed on the quay, took a little trip on the ground and carried out I don’t know what operation (there was an operation, I don’t know what it was). Then the vision stopped there. It “rolled” on the ground or moved with no difficulty at all! And that whole boat (which I saw as from seaward, at a distance) gave a sensation of great powerful swiftness, and it was so



slim, fine, and powerful at the same time.

I wondered whether it was not Mother's boat which came ashore!

Oh! and that boat was as if decked out, but not with flags: with small lamps or electric bulbs of a yellow golden colour, which went from the front to the back of the boat. There was nothing "military" in this boat, but it gave the sensation of a destroyer.

What was that large dark brownish mass behind which the boat passed? The boat seemed to pass between that dark mass and the Earth.



#### **April 7, 1984**

The tunnel is *really* dug.

She is *no longer* in her tomb.<sup>1</sup>



#### **April 10, 1984**

The whole problem or the whole practical work, hour by hour, is to reach a total corporeal abolition or a total corporeal transparency, so that the invincible Pure White Ray acts and radiates directly in the whole terrestrial Matter.

And I clearly see (which means that it is understood by the body): that

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<sup>1</sup> I wonder if this is not that bleeding "wound *in* the wound" or that "hole" that I saw on April 5? Then on April 6 that "decked out destroyer" which came ashore and rolled on the ground? Then that vision of Sujata on April 11.

Pure Ray—formidable, almost frightening with dissolving power—is “unbearable” only for death in the body (for all elements in collusion with Death), not for its life! What feels the crushing, the bursting, the cerebral or cardiac “danger”, in brief the “cataclysm”, is all that is mortal in the life of the body—and the body has *understood* that. When the immobile white cataract—a pure sword—descends, the body *doesn't move* anymore. It welcomes. It knows.

It knows that it is the “*good light*”.

And there is also the corporeal comprehension that this body = all terrestrial bodies, without any difference or separation. One cell is in direct correspondence with billions and billions of terrestrial cells everywhere. And *if* this body, this cell, knows how to receive that Pure White Ray, it is Mother who automatically can act in that whole human mess and... do what She wants in accordance with the Divine Plan and at the right time.

One pure “representative” body is enough.

\*

If we find ourselves in front of a flowing tide of fire, we say: but we *cannot* go through that! Well, IT IS DEATH that says “we cannot.” Life can! True life, the one that comes—pure life at last.

What is needed is *cellular* purity. That's it.

Only Death feels death. And fears death.

\*

If one cell becomes pure enough, all the “we cannots” collapse. It is a new world.

\*

I can say that now Death has no secret for me anymore. Nor life. To

progress in the total purification of the cells is all that remains to be done.

\*

For one year and eleven months I have been tête-à-tête in this room with life and death (we could say “body-to-body”!).

\*

It has taken me thirty-one years to accept Mother somewhat entirely...



### **Night from April 10-11, 1984**

#### ***Vision***

The whole mental crowd in Auroville, horribly tiring. Suddenly a black, all black beast (probably symbolic) arrived and gently lay on its side. Then someone leaned over that beast and, triumphantly, caught a flea in that beast’s fur and crushed it (!), showing it to me very clearly.

But nobody saw the black beast which was there.



### **April 11, 1984**

#### ***Vision of Sujata’s***

Sujata saw this. The three of us, Mother, Sujata and I, were walking on the sidewalk of a town. Mother at the centre, Sujata on the right, and me on the left. The sidewalk was all glistening as after rain, and slippery. Mother was walking very fast. There was an action to do in the

world and Mother was explaining it to me.

She also told Sujata: you must walk with us.



**April 12, 1984**

*As if reversing a magic spell...*

*(Savitri)*

It is like air, I know!

\*

I wonder whether Sri Aurobindo did not rather say: “*a deformation spell*”. It’s really a deformation in the corporeal perception of life (and of death).



**April 13, 1984**

What You want, what You want...

absolutely

completely

and simply.

May Your Divine reign arrive on Earth.

May Mother be victorious.



**April 14, 1984**

Normally, I should have died yesterday. All the time, the body was very quiet. Simply, it ached.

\*

It is strange how that Cruel Domination *always* uses a grain of truth to carry out its devastation.

\*

I am worn out.

\*

I understand more and more why Sri Aurobindo said Supra-mental. Anyone can appropriate mental “truth” (even all the Upanishads put together) and fix it up or adapt it according to their needs, but *nobody* can “catch” that formidable pure Divine Power: a “grain”, a needle tip, makes the least obscurity explode or dissolve instantly.

One must have the courage to let that grain go down to the roots of life and of the body. This is the whole process.

Only the Pure White Light can save and deliver us from the Cruel Domination. We must have the courage to see it through in our own skin. That’s all.

\*

Nobody can know how painful the least little fibre of life is—there are millions of pains. We become aware of it only when we die or when we do Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s work. Then it is a lived horror—until it is transmuted. But...

\*

Each one of those fibres is planted in Disaster—and when we uproot them, they don’t want to believe that we uproot them from their disaster—they believe in Death as they believe in their life.

\*

May Your White Ray be pitiless.

\*

One cannot go to the root of life without going to the root of death—it is the same thing!



**April 15, 1984**

Why don't you explode that Samadhi? Why do you let them continue those antics?

\*

These are the antics of the whole world.

\*

*Afternoon*

Now I PERFECTLY—that is, corporeally—understand the injunction of the Vedic Rishis:

Weave an INVIOIATE work...

Sharpen the shining spears with which

you cut the way to that which is immortal...

(X.53)

It is the whole body, cell by cell, atom by atom and all the fibres that must BATHE in the Pure White Light.

Then everything is fearless.

And She will come ashore.

\*

The greatest happiness in my life would be to hide in a fold of her gown and to watch her doing things in the world! Oh! how funny it would be.



**April 17, 1984**

“Don’t try to know.”

\*

A kind of sleepwalker where there is no sleep at all.

\*

One must not be afraid of losing oneself.



**April 18, 1984**

At each instant one can die, and then it does not happen.

It obeys another Law.

\*

(The heart is completely erratic.)

\*

*Evening*

It is perhaps the “change of government” which Mother spoke of?

Each organ, the whole body, all its internal activities must be under the direct, exclusive government of the Supreme. I feel that.

I notice that in the past, the body would have “wisely” gone and lay down, but now it plunges into that bath of for-mi-dable Power, without caring about its irregularities. It doesn’t feel anymore, it *cannot believe* anymore that that Power is lethal; on the contrary, it feels that it is Supreme Life. It is lethal only for Death. But it is difficult...

I often repeat to myself, as a great help, what Mother used to say: “no sign is a proof.”

I wonder if death, all those signs of death, even those “proofs” of danger are not the great Illusion playing its last great game—its last act. There is an Illusion to be gone through—corporeally.

\*

One day, everything will be consoled. Otherwise, human life is inconsolable.



**April 19, 1984**

Always that “dream” (that intense supplication of the body) to get her out of the tomb.

And then the whole being like a white holocaust—of gratitude and love.

And Satprem will have ended his task—disappeared into Her.

\*

***Vision***



Last night (early this morning), I saw myself in my bathroom—there was that sort of bath dug in the ground—and I was going to take a bath... in quicklime. (Somebody was telling me in a slightly mocking but kind voice: “Oh! it doesn’t burn too much.”)

\*

Funny “life” during the night and funny “life” during the day.

\*

This morning, after two hours of that intense concentration, or rather of that invocation-supplication-holocaust, I suddenly found myself “elsewhere”, in that other strange and always unseizable (unseized) area.

\*

*Evening*

Susie has just told us that last night she saw the child of the new world in an Indian hut (the one I had seen playing in Sri Aurobindo’s hair)...

The time is come.

The prayers are granted.

\*

This same night and approximately at the same time, Sujata was singing the song of Victory in Bengali: “*Jayate...*”

\*

***Susie’s vision (originally in English)***

19.4.84 — *Being in a hut, a sort of mud hut in a rather obscure forest (or this type of place). There were other people around, they too seemed rather obscure, dark in nature. At one point, I went to a cot, perhaps to lie*

*down and go to sleep—and there, lying in front of me was the most extraordinary baby. It was like nothing I had ever seen before! At first, stunned, if not even frightened beyond speech, I stood mesmerized by this extraordinary baby. Somehow, not through words, the baby started to talk to me (perhaps sounds which somehow changed themselves in mid-air into a human language). It said something to this effect: “I have just been born, people won’t necessarily accept me... \* Please protect me for a time.”*

*I could not believe my eyes. To begin with, this new-born baby was already as long as I am tall (app. 5’2”); I thought to myself, “How in God’s name am I going to pick up this baby and hold it!” It made it known to me (not in words) that that won’t be necessary.... I continued to stare and marvel at this baby. Its skin was so incredible! So white, but not a flat white, more a nacré (mother of pearl) white; it was so smooth, so delicate, it gave almost the impression of being transparent, yet solid in Matter; not a hair was on its body (even its perfectly shaped head was bare). Its face was similar to that of a human—very chiselled, fine features, nose, chin, cheek bones. What was different was its eyes. Instead of eyeballs, lids, etc., they were infinite recesses into eternity. Also, its mouth didn’t open like or as much as ours; its lips were far more flexible than ours; I think it had a suction-type system: very gracefully and slowly, its lips would move in and out to make sounds, to breathe, and to eat (it did not need to eat much, it liked me to give it milk). Its body was beyond graceful! It had no sex. It was very slim, very straight, but not at all angular; no stomach that I could see, just a lovely flat body with possibly a slight line or indentation (crease?) going up the middle to around the navel and then joining a very slight curve separating the (flat) chest. Truly magnificent is all one can say.*

---

\* When Susie told me her “dream”, she said: “They are going to hurt me.”

*At one point, I had to go to different places, I was terribly concerned about its safety. I hid it in the hut, telling it not to worry, but lo and behold, everywhere I went, the baby would show up suddenly (when nobody was around), when I would least expect it. It would come through a wall, come out of a bag, as if playing with me. I had the feeling that no matter where I would go, It would be there. I remember vaguely asking it, "But are you in me, from me, or given to me? And why me?" It did not answer. It was just there, as if to say, "That is not of your concern. Please protect me. You will understand later." That's it.*



#### **April 20, 1984**

*Afternoon*

It is exactly to go through death.

For one hour and a half this afternoon.

Death *wants* to make us believe that it is the end, but it is the New Life that comes, it is the Divine life that comes in.

It is Death that dies.

It is the COMEDY of death.

Death DOES NOT EXIST.

\*

We must go through that Lie, fibre by fibre, cell by cell, second by second, with the Faith that it is SHE, it is the LORD who reigns and not that Impostor.



#### **April 21, 1984**

This morning, it was so clear. One could say that the body, those billions of cells and fibres, in brief that whole biology, “expressed” its ambition or its aspiration. There was that white invasion and everything-everything in this body had such an intense thirst for melting into that, for DISSOLVING all traces of darkness, all past imprints, all “life” in a word—like a “death” in the light. AND THEN THAT MOTHER (yes, PURE Mother) TAKES THE PLACE. And Satprem dissolves, disappears into that. And that body had a sort of thirst, an “ambition”, if I may say so, to... one could say to avenge Mother for that tomb—it never accepted that tomb, it never could swallow it—but one could also say, to PULL Mother OUT of that tomb, one could say to erase that Untruthful horror—AND THAT MOTHER CONTINUES. I know that all that is a “fairy tale”, first because there is still a Satprem in flesh and blood (by the way, not so much flesh anymore), but the body feels, wishes, aspires, would like... I don’t know what, a White, total holocaust, and then pffft! no old man anymore—dissolved, volatilized, no matter! AND MOTHER IS THERE. They wanted to impede her, to shut her up in a hole, and She laughs in their faces: Hello! Here I am, it continues!

It is fairy-like and somewhat idiotic, but the body feels something like that very purely, very naively: to dissolve everything so that Mother WOULD TAKE THE PLACE.

And the body knows that for that a total PURITY is needed, like a dissolution. (It is all the old Falsehood that has the sensation of dissolution; but delivered from Falsehood, from Imposture—it is pure Nectar.)

\*

They all want to adore her tomb. Nobody wants to make a hole in it.

\*

Directions for use: one makes a hole in one's own skin (several billion in fact!).

\*

N.B. Mother's "laser" is very useful to carry out the operation.

\*

Matter has no selfishness, it doesn't need to be called Satprem or Mr What's-his-name, it only needs a certain quality of vibration—in truth, it needs pure and simple Nectar.



#### **April 22, 1984**

The bird sings.  
Then the sun has set and it sleeps.  
It is simple.  
Nothing is missing.  
And what is missing?  
The old boat is pulling on its chain.  
And what is pulling?  
We suffer from what is not.  
Oh! Life, when will you be?  
How long will we pull on the chain?



#### **April 24, 1984**

The only hope is not in any "world event", but that this New Being

appears, that's what would topple all barriers.

They will mistake it for an Extra-Terrestrial!

Then their chemical consciousnesses will be soothed... Perhaps it will laugh in their backward scientific chimpanzee faces.

(Perhaps their molecules will be disillusioned before them.)



If it were enough to die once, but that Pain never ends dying.

It is wearing and wearing and wearing...

\*

It all seems so cruel, and we *know* that it is Supreme Love that made all that—it is dreadful and incomprehensible.

\*

There is only the Grace. When She decides that it is enough.

\*

One can offer all that for the Pain of the world. It is a way of consoling oneself. If it is consolable.

\*

It *cannot* end like this! It cannot.

\*

*Evening*

It is those claws, so cruel, deep within life ("life"!).

When you put the White Laser on it, it is a furious raging. Death struggles with all its strength.

\*

In four months of that battle (December 22), my body wore out more than in ten years.



**April 26, 1984**

And finally, the Adversary unmasking itself, it no longer tries to pose as “life”: “You see, it’s a painful nightmare—hadn’t you better leave?”

\*

Perhaps one must reach a sufficient intensity of despair?

One should lose the memory of that life.

\*

Obviously, the old fish must be completely “desperate”—as long as it clings to something, it won’t do.

“Intensity of despair” *necessarily* means a *corresponding* intensity of prayer, calling, or I don’t know what. An intensity corresponding to the force of death is needed.

That is, a Life stronger than death, that’s it. Such is the problem.

That life stronger than Death, I know it, but it must reach down to the last mortal root.

\*

*Evening*

I’ve just had so much pain in the forest. In twenty minutes, three beautiful young trees have been massacred before my eyes by a band of 12-year-old boys and girls. I tried to say something, but they were laughing.

Suddenly, I said to myself: but what's the use of a New Being materializing, if it is to find itself on an Earth devastated by those human rats?!!

And it is a massacre everyday.

So I told myself, or rather I told myself again, as a kind of obvious fact: a large-scale clean-up will be needed before that Being can manifest.

And it's a matter of URGENCY, before this Earth is completely mutilated and polluted...

I "saw" that Being seen by Susie: but it would be a dreadful pain for it to witness that, touch that—it would feel mutilated along with the trees... and all the rest of that human Horror... Oh! it is not possible, the Earth *must* be cleansed of those fake humans.

\*

I remember that that New Being told Susie: "They will hurt me." Now I understand!



**Night of April 27 to 28, 1984\***

### ***Vision***

A rather dark place. Mother lying in her bed. She gets up very suddenly: I see her legs come out with a quick movement. And she looks at me. I was surprised that she got up to look at me (I was standing near her bed). While she was looking at me, it seemed to me

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\* Unless it was the night of April 26 to 27.



that she was saying: “I see the signs.” (Signs of what?)

I don’t know at all what this means. That whole place was rather dark (even Mother!).

All these last days were dreadful.

A relentless fury of horrible and nasty voices.



### **April 29, 1984**

Beyond a certain intensity of pain or despair or cruelty, the instinct for self-preservation is abolished.

It is another “device” of the cruel guards.

\*

When the instinct for self-preservation is abolished, there only remains the (corporeal) instinct for the light.

For the body, it becomes the *only* inviolable thing. (Out of the reach of the cruel hands.)

Everything else is cruel.

Even human tenderesses are cruel (we only have to scrape a little to see).

\*

In each cell, there is a core of light for which Light is the only salvation.

All the rest is the envelope of Falsehood and Death—yes, the guards of the mortal species who defend themselves (through persuasion, collective hypnotism, tenderesses, threats, suggestions, illnesses—the

whole panoply of Death).

\*

Only You are true.

\*

One must reach the integral, cellular perfection of that “Only-You-are-true”.

\*

You dig and dig, and sometimes there is a sort of dread or anguish: what am I going to dis-cover now? As if you’ve had enough of that accumulation of horror.

Sometimes, you feel like crying all the tears you have.

The diving suit is still holding on.



### **April 30, 1984**

My Douce gives me her book on Mother.

We would have dreamt of such great purity and love in all those cells and atoms that She could have used it as a material support...

But as Lopamudra said so many thousands of years ago: “Each day diminishes the glory of our bodies...”

\*

There does not seem to be any junction between that Power of formidable Life and this old, purely physical envelope.

\*

Sujata cried while giving me her book on Mother: “We are a little lost

without Her...—a little, a lot.”<sup>1</sup>

\*

### *Afternoon*

That cataract of solid light, the body could have been pulverized in that—for one hour and a half. If it is not physical, what is it?

And it is Mother, it is a formidable density of Mother’s light—everything is there, except the shape. One does not see.

At the beginning, I simply told Mother: “At least, may I offer myself for... what you want.” To offer oneself, that is all that one can do.

If it is not *physical*, what is it? If it is not Mother *living*, what is it?

It is a little as though she were telling me: “Ah! you wanted to pull me out of the tomb, well, I am here!”

I am not suffering from hallucinations.

\*

### *Evening*

Everything is there, except the shape.

What is the shape? A false vision?

When I was *physically* at Mother’s feet for... nineteen years, I never felt such a density of Mother (that is, I was not yet able or not yet enough purified to be able to feel it).

\*

What is the *relation* between that formidable Power and our Matter?

---

<sup>1</sup> Note from Sujata, written in her own hand: “Typed on 10-12-96 Mahalaya—Suj. cried again.”

One has the impression that it could pulverize everything—and yet it moves nothing (except my body, which feels ready to burst into sparks)!

\*

In the forest, I hear the cicadas, and yet I don't see them.

Well, it is exactly that, it is as concrete as that, and more, because it is felt *in* the body (half crushed!).

\*

Mother seems to make measured or gradual tests (one could say tests of Herself!).

\*

If it goes on like that, what is going to happen?

\*

Is it a gamut of Matter (or of vibrations that we call matter) which is not *yet* visible to our retinal perception (like infrared or gamma-rays)?

The visible passage to the “next” Matter would be limited to a widening of the field of perception—the “miracle.”

Only one must have “shaped” the next Matter—by one's material aspiration, by the material consciousness, by the flame of the cells.

How many human beings have shaped and prepared the next Matter?

They will be “Mâ-rays”!!

\*

This formidable Power, and I am exhausted like a wrung-out rag.



*May*

**May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984**

(Telegram from L. and Susie, Paris): *The Sannyasin* is free!<sup>1</sup>

It is perhaps the sign that human filth and corruption are going to be cleaned.



**May 4, 1984**

A few months ago, when I saw those beautiful trees of Pax Lodge massacred, I said: the devastation gallops on the way that leads to our home. Now the Minister of “I don’t know what” announces that the village has been put in the “tourist circuit” (after they have ravaged the nearby town). It is inexorable. They will leave nothing. And at the same time a Power of Mother that is so material, so physical—so formidable! The two extremes so fast! Which means that the Time is close. Or those “two-legged termites”, as Sri Aurobindo says, will leave nothing on earth (they manage even to devastate the Amazon!!) or they will go straight to massive extinction.

There will be a last drop—perhaps an unknown little tree—which will make the anger of God overflow.



**May 5, 1984**

It is not possible. Something *is* happening between She in that tomb and “I” in this bedroom.

\*

---

<sup>1</sup> Freed from the claws of Auropress.

Thirty-nine years ago to the day, I “got out” of the concentration camps...

I have been ripped to shreds so rigorously that... I don't know anymore.

\*

Life is aching.

\*

O Mother, there is You, or else it is unbearable.

\*

### *Afternoon*

I have a nerve pinched between two vertebrae of the neck (it has been hurting for weeks!).<sup>1</sup> At 2.30 p.m., it was hurting very much (I could not rest) and I applied a kind of balm (which is useless, except the illusion that you have to have “done something”). Then I drank my dynamite-tea and I sat down—engulfed in that density of Mother which seems to increase ever more, so much so that you have the sensation that a little more and the body would fly into sparks. Then took place what happened so many times when the density becomes a little “bursting”: a sort of fainting, but an awoken fainting, as if the material consciousness passed through the walls of the body (or of the cells), and suddenly I found myself looking at a blue sky—but a *physical* sky—with small white clouds. I had such a shock to see myself looking at that sky while I knew that my body was seated in my bedroom that I rushed into my armchair again! It lasted two seconds in all, but this time I remembered what I was looking at. And it was *physical!* But around 4.30, when I

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<sup>1</sup> In fact, it was not a “pinched nerve”, it was something else, I would learn it little by little. At the beginning, I had even thought that it was a “stiff neck”! It is that “cataract” that has difficulty in passing through the neck and the shoulders.

went out of that state, my neck and my shoulders didn't hurt anymore!  
No pinched nerve anymore (for the first time in weeks)!

I note the fact without explaining it.

What if there were a *physical* where all the Falsehood of the world would be healed...!? A true matter which heals you of the illnesses of false matter!

\*

It was my material (cellular) consciousness that was looking at that physical sky.

So, as it seems, that material consciousness can stroll anywhere in the physical world to observe physical facts there...

Ah, yes, I was forgetting: there has been another "switch of sector" at one point (before that sky) and suddenly I found myself (just one second because it gave me a shock—I can understand!) in an office *behind files*!! I was so surprised to find myself there!

I wonder whether it is not my cheque with my signature that is strolling in a Delhi office!

But it was absolutely physical, and dusty!—the scent of dust of Indian offices.

I don't give explanations: I am noting facts—one day, I will understand.

Each time, there is that surprise or that shock to know that you are in two different physical places at the same time.

\*

When you sleep, you are aware that you are in another world. Here you are not in "another world" at all.

It is the eyes of Matter that move!

\*

*Evening*



I remember that when I fainted in that B. airport where I was so ill—I fainted two seconds exactly, Sujata said (I was so dazed to find myself elsewhere!)—but two seconds of that fainting had been enough to relieve my body. I felt better afterward.

It is rather mysterious. Like my neuralgia this afternoon.

\*

Is it to say that the material consciousness gets out of a Falsehood (the illness)?

But then what makes the Falsehood? Neuralgia is not “illusory.”

There is an untruthful material consciousness—and another material consciousness which is not untruthful...

One is perhaps the “opaque envelope” of the cells with all its imprints, and the other the core of light of the cells...?

The core of light passes through the opaque wall.

\*

There was a “dark blue I” climbing on the roof of a crumbling old life...

It was the “I” freed from the old diving suit (the opaque envelope).

There is an I of the body who would be freed from the old Falsehoods or from the old imprints of the body...

A nerve which is pinched between two vertebrae hurts, but there is a corporeal, physical state in which that seems to dissolve.

\*

Which means that there is a state of material consciousness in which we are in death, and another *material* state of consciousness in which we are out of death...

The “dark blue I” was out of the old mortal diving suit.

\*

The true exit from the human concentration camp is to tear oneself away from the old diving suit.



**May 6, 1094**

Written a last letter to Frederick, via the USA.

\*

An Indian woman from the Executive Council of Auroville: “Oh, Satprem is stuck.”

Everywhere the black and sticky fingers of Falsehood—everywhere.

May I be “stuck” forever in that Light of Life.

If they knew all that must be torn off not to be stuck, perhaps they would be aghast.

I spent my life tearing myself away from myself.

\*

It already began with the cobweb in the cypresses of *Ker Lise*—I was... fourteen.

*Letter from Satprem to Frederick in Auroville, dictated to  
Sujata. Originally in English.*

Your letter to Mother is moving. How we miss Her! It was so simple when we could throw all our mistakes and griefs on Her lap. We felt that nothing could go wrong. We feel lost now. That is true. But pain and regrets are not the way of the strong. Either we accept this tomb and we burn incense sticks over it, or we *break* this falsity and masquerade of death and we pull Her out of this coffin where the wickedness of men have shut Her in. We are sacrilegious, we are heretics because we love Her. We want this tomb broken open. Not to live with eternal regrets.

And the only way to break this falsity of death is to dig a hole—a burning hole—into our own flesh and extirpate our own falsehood. But it goes deep and deep and it is dolorous. Then we understand Her agony, and the root of evil, and even the way to eradicate Death, and to pull Mother out of this unacceptable tomb. Mother is not behind me in the past, She is in front and I go towards Her and I *know* that one day the hands of a few silent wrestlers will pull Her out of this falsity and She will walk again on the Earth.

This is the way of the strong.

Meanwhile, this world, this material world is a world of ignorance. We walk blindfolded towards a goal which is burning in our hearts. We stumble at every step, we know nothing, we commit lots of mistakes, nobody has the Truth, nobody knows the right action, nobody knows the right way. The only way is to stumble on and to falter on and to knock oneself and even fall and go on and on. Everything is false from top to bottom, down from the Upanishads to the daily newspapers, everything can be twisted and is twisted, nothing is sure, nothing is black or white, there is no certitude—the only thing unchallengeable is this burning need in our hearts.

So we have to choose between an always elusive right action or no action at all and a dignified, unimpeachable silence.

But the way of the Divine is not what we think, for the simple reason that He does not think. He does not care for errors, mistakes, pitfalls and even sins. He cares for the growing of the divine Flame in the heart of men by *whatever way*, everything is good to Him and turned to good finally if it is used as a sacrificial fire. I have much more progressed in my life through my weaknesses and errors and sins than through any supposed virtue. My errors have served a deeper fire, my virtues and

talents have always tried to turn me into a stone or push me to a vacant heaven.

Yes, Auroville is “decreed”, and I remember Mother telling me that the transformation is a certainty and the victory is a certainty, but She added “*mais par où faudra-t-il passer pour y arriver ?*” It was in ’71 or ’72 and She did not know that this way to victory and transformation would pass through a tomb, because men wanted it so.

It may be that Auroville—many Aurovilles—have existed in the past and that the present one is the resurgence of past attempts. Will it succeed now or will it have to pass through many oblivions before resurging towards the inevitable and decreed goal?

In this present attempt we are confronted with the two eternal elements: of Light and Darkness, of Fire and Murk. In fact, both elements are mixed in each individual. But, in fact also, some are deliberate servitors of death and falsehood with a grain of truth, and others are deliberate servitors, stumbling servitors of Light, with a grain of falsehood.

The servitors of Light are constantly dogged and hounded or haunted by the fear of errors and mistakes and excesses and incorrect path. They wonder if this is true or half-true or untrue, they are afraid of tilting too much on this side or that side and going against the right light. So they waver and wait and ponder and years are passing by. The servitors of Darkness brandish their truth and are not hampered by these spiritual niceties and fear of errors, and every minute is a gain for them.

There is *no* right path, there is *no* right action: there is only this Fire in our hearts and we shall reach the goal not because of our right

---

\* “But what will have to be passed through to achieve this?”

thinking but because of our Fire. Either we use this Fire or we don't. If we don't, this is our loss.

All my life I have seen that every error of mine, every pitfall, was turned by a divine Hand into a decisive progress and breakthrough, because there was that Fire behind. We are not judged nor doomed by our right or wrong thinking but by our Fire or lack of Fire. This is the ultimate determinant. Auroville will go to its determined goal now or after some centuries according to its Fire or lack of Fire. I remember Sri Aurobindo telling some baffled and round-eyed disciples about the massacres of Hindus by Muslims in Bengal: “Why don't the Hindus retaliate?”

The enemy is constantly gaining by our spiritual catechisms and niceties while we drowse in “pure” meditation and “perfect-truth.”

I may be called a fanatic or a fundamentalist or a new Ayatollah and those who try to understand me may be called my “disciples” or my militiamen—the Enemy is not in dearth of irrefutable slogans. The “disciples” as you say, may commit errors and tilt too much on this side or that side—the Enemy is quick to seize the visible defect, he knows too well how to touch the spiritual chord in the servitors of Light and he will use every spiritual means and righteous means, to weaken your faith and the will to act. The Asura is the most virtuous of all the gods.

It is for you and for all the Aurovilians to choose between your Fire and stumblings which will stem the rot, or the shyness and unimpeachable non-action which only help the Enemy to gain time and proliferate. Then a new Auroville will come up after a few centuries.

In this world you *cannot* be right. You can only have Fire or not. And let the Divine Hand change your errors into a greater progress.

*(Written in Satprem's hand):*

Oh, Frederick! Have we had not enough of these tombs and Mandirs and sacred cities?—let us build the living Truth-fire and the sacred temple in our flesh. If God is not forever to be crucified and buried, if Truth is not forever to be sullied and raped, then let us “weave the inviolate work” as the Rishis said, in our own life and body. Otherwise what is there?

P.S. You are my beloved brother—no! please, no “disciples”! In this world, I have only brothers and sisters. I am too much of a heretic and wild bear to be any kind of Guru. My pain is to see these brothers and sisters being slowly paralyzed and contaminated by the relentless tide of mud which is inexorably swaying over this world.

After all, I'll tell you the vision I had a few months ago in which you were actively present. It was in Auroville. I saw two or three huge storage tanks... of mud! As if mud were a thing to be stored! Each of these tanks were as big as a swimming pool, even bigger, and made of cement. You were leaning over one of these tanks trying to throw the mud overboard. Then I came and I told you: “No, no, this is not the way; you do like this”, and I showed you how to proceed, by plunging both my arms into this filth, while saying to you, “You must go *to the bottom.*”

With you,

Satprem

\*

*Afternoon*

It is very difficult to bear such a charge without believing-feeling that it will burst any time.

And yet it does not burst!

And it seems to increase day after day—what is going to happen?

\*

It seems that the frontiers of death are pushed back every time.



**May 7, 1984**

*Evening*

My Douce draws a small picture and what comes into her fingers is a “being of round power”—the new being. “Which means that it is here (in the air),” she says.



**May 8, 1984**

More and more, more and more...



**May 9, 1984**

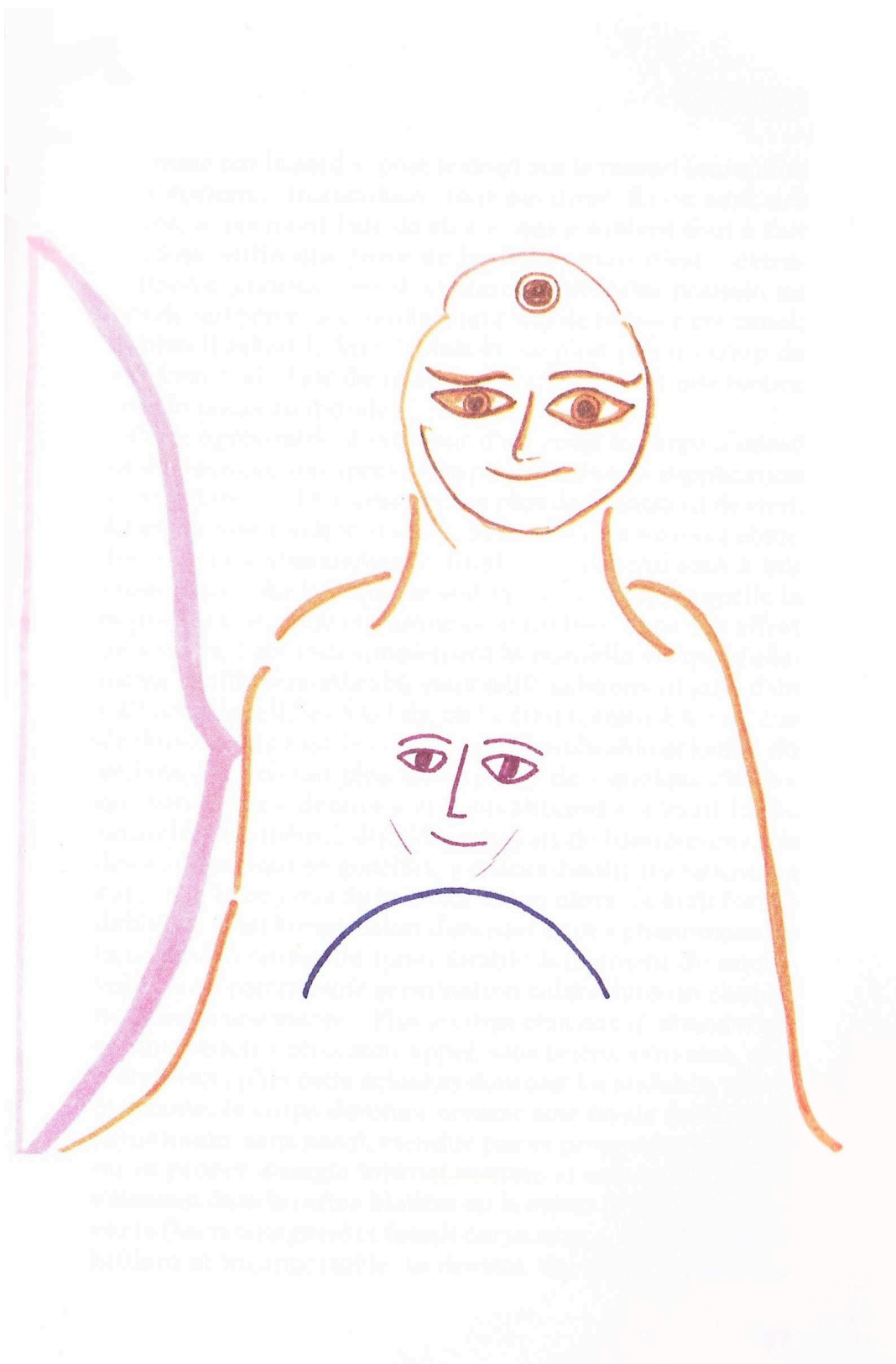
I don’t know why there is that cry, so deep, so deep—one doesn’t know if it is fire or pain or what, as if it had been there for millennia, burning on the side of a mountain, one doesn’t know if it is addressed to God, to the wind or to the stars—it is there like the cry of the earth and of a first beast under the stars.

Will I go into the tomb with still that cry?

\*

All that is the old life that struggles.

\*





### *Afternoon*

I have re-discovered, or rather the *body* has rediscovered a for-mi-dable secret. Because you can “know” the secret with your head but it is inoperative; whereas when the body, “as if by chance”, puts the finger on the unexpected device, it becomes... miraculous, *all-powerful*. And these are secrets which “do not seem like much”, seemingly very insignificant, in brief a kind of banality, but it is... extraordinary, like suddenly a first chick in the world piercing its shell with its beak—it is trivial; well, it took some doing! But here, it is not a peck into the old air of the old world, it is a breaking into the new world.

So this afternoon, suddenly the body gave up its cry, its call—we could say its supplication or its prayer—there was not even the Mantra or anything anymore, it was giving up everything, and then in that “nothing” or that surrender or that total “sagging”, it became absolutely prodigious... Instead of the old life calling the new and tensing and bending and stiffening in its effort or its cry, it was simply the new life gushing by itself, innumerably gushing, suddenly gushing from billions cells at the same time, oh! it was formidable: a *state of blooming* in the whole body, an innumerable blooming from inside—it was no longer a “call” to “something” that came from “outside” and “invaded”, it was the new life itself, *already there*, that core of energy-light of the cells which inflated, bloomed, went through the walls of Falsehood of the old life, and then... it was formidable, one had the impression to witness a “natural phenomenon”, a sort of innumerable bursting of micro-volcanos or a sudden germination in a field or a flowing tide... The more the body was *passive*, surrendered, as if reduced to zero, without call, without prayer, without *anything*, the more it was NULL, the more that blossoming became formidable, all-powerful, the body was becoming

like a bowl of radiating Matter, without wall, spreading by its own inner force or its own inner energy, as if it met with and spread in the *same* Matter or the *same* surrounding Energy (the mountains) and became one with it... It was almost burning and unbearable of density. One was like a bowl of molten Matter. I have never seen that. After one hour and a quarter, I could not take it anymore and I stopped everything.

So here is the secret: a total corporeal passiveness, which means that it is not the old life that must call the new one—it still makes stiffnesses or rubbery thicknesses or tensions—it is the new life that must spring through the annulment of the old one.

It seems very simple, but it takes some doing! Or rather it must *be done by itself*.

But the Power, one could say the all-power of that radiating bowl of Matter...it's worth seeing. One has the impression that one is going to be gasified.

\*

*Evening*

Of course, to bear that, there must no longer be a shadow of a fear in the body—one could say, (the ghost of) death must not be anymore—it must be dead!

\*

The world is very dark.



**May 10, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night, from May 9 to May 10, but early this morning, I saw a bird of prey (a kind of eagle) catching a small bird and tearing its throat to shreds. I did not see this bird very well, but its throat seemed to be flecked. It was rather small. Then, immediately after that, I saw another eagle (or a bird of prey), which had caught a turtledove, breaking its lower back, then tearing it to bits while being on its back.

All this was cruel and bleeding.

What is happening, or what is going to happen?

\*

### *Evening*

A Sikh high priest (eighty years old), nicknamed “the angel of peace”, has been assassinated. Perhaps it is the sign of the beginning<sup>1</sup>...

\*

I didn't dare to note it down, but I must all the same... This night, from the 9<sup>th</sup> to the 10<sup>th</sup>, around the middle of the night, I heard a voice (I don't know of whom, probably the one who takes care of me or informs me! or perhaps the voice of the “new consciousness”) which was telling me clearly: “You are undergoing (or you will be made undergo) an operation to change you into (or to become) Mother's son. But for that, you must be *very immobile*.” And to make me well understand that it was not a “spiritual son” or all that verbiage, one showed me a picture of André [Morisset]'s body, lying on the ground, as if dead!

Then, in my “dream”, I protested (firmly): “But I don't want to take the place of A.M.!!” (God knows!)

---

<sup>1</sup> Those two visions announced perhaps the operation *Blue Star* that Indira Gandhi was to launch a month later (in June, 1984, on June 6) against the Sikhs and the “Golden Temple” of Amritsar, and the bloody terrorism which was going to strike Punjab.

Then I saw Mother (my protest was so much “felt” that it had woken me up), but I went back to sleep and I saw Mother, who was telling me with a sort of mocking or amusement: “How will I call your mother when I meet her!?”

\*

In the Vedas, I remember, they speak of the “son of the two Mothers.” (But I have a third one! *La mer*,\* without “e” but with a Breton accent!)



### **May 11, 1984**

A Divine Marvel is there.

For one hour and forty-five minutes this afternoon, the body has lived that Marvel, the billion cells of this Matter have been filled of a Supreme Marvel. The Living Divine. The absolute Delight. The Goal.

\*

### *Evening*

If a human, animal body could live That—*can* live That—it means that the Great Hope is *there*.

\*

One can deceive anything, except the body (and the soul, but the soul is too discreet and muddled by other colours). For the body, it is very simple and very absolute, like thirst, sun or running water.

When one billion cells drink that, are inflated with that, vibrate in that, taste that, they say, feel-*know*: this is living God. And you can say

---

One understands later (and sometimes too late...)

\* In French, *la mer* = the sea, *la mère* = the mother. (*Translators' note*)

what you want, you are ignorant fools (who *want* to be ignorant or don't have the courage to know). That's it. All the rest is more or less twisted metaphysics or completely twisted physics.

We must learn the divine life, we must live the divine physics—it is POSSIBLE.

This is what my body has to say.

\*

We must pierce-take off the material envelope of Falsehood—the “spell”—and *everything* is there. *Physically* there.

\*

It is at the bottom that the supreme heaven can be found.

If you go up there, you dream of the supreme heaven. If you go downwards—to the very bottom—you *live* the supreme heaven... and you change life.

It becomes *life*.

It is life-without-death.



## **May 12, 1984**

So for-mi-da-ble densities or intensities that one wonders how one is doing not to be dead or beaten to a pulp... And more and more, more and more... Truly as if the impossible became slowly-slowly possible. But... It would be frightening for anybody.

The body *knows* that it is Mother.

\*

The loudspeaker of the Harijans is shouting fifty meters from here. Until when that Barbarism?



**May 14, 1984**

For two years to the day I have been seated in that room...

It was easier to gallop across the four continents.

But what a grace!

And the true adventure.

But...

\*

*Afternoon*

I had the sensation that in place of my body, there was a sort of cube (but vast, dimensionless), completely empty and transparent—blue—immobile, and at the same time of a formidable density.

Especially that: that formidable, dense *immobility*.

It is that that is curious: it seemed completely empty and transparent, and yet it was full to bursting.

\*

In the “emptiness” of space, without his spacesuit, the cosmonaut would burst—no?

\*

*Evening*

One could *never* do this work if it were for oneself.

\*

Another kind of life on earth is truly needed, and as it will not fall from heaven, we must do it.

Or let oneself be carried along...



**May 15, 1984**

Something *is* happening, no doubt.

That formidable blue density, more and more, more and more...

Like a solid flow.

One has the sensation of being *caught* in a block of sapphire, but a sapphire that would be supple—and yet so dense that one has the sensation of being caught in that as in a “frost”.

Yes, Mother would say a “supple solidity”, it is that. The solid-liquid.

The body has no doubt that *it is* Mother.

What was announced to it some time ago: “You are undergoing an operation to be changed into Mother’s son”—it seems to be that.

But one must be *very immobile*. And one is really immobilized, nothing vibrates in that anymore, one is truly *caught*, in the sense that a lake is caught by the frost.

But it is so formidable—like an impossible possible!

Something *is happening*.

Mother *is doing* something in this body. There is no doubt. And it is imperious!—irresistible.

\*

*Evening*

According to Sujata, “to be changed into Mother’s son” means that “Mother is handing over to you the work that she did in her physical body.”



**May 17, 1984**

It is bearable only in a kind of nonexistence, even corporeal.

All that makes a shadow, a wake, a jamming, even a perception of oneself has “bursting” effects.

It only accepts pure purity.

We could say: That accepts only That.

\*

I realize that men have the sensation of their existence only through their shadows and their “coloured” spots (rather muddy). If they had not that, they would no longer exist!

Well, “That” must not *reflect* on any surface anymore (even the prettiest of surfaces!).

Nothing must stop the Ray anymore.

\*

I wonder what is going to happen to this corporeal crust.

The “+ and +” becomes “+ +”...

\*

### *Evening*

Outside the fishbowl, it is still another “refractive index” about which we know nothing.

We are probably “invisible” for the fish.



### **May 19, 1984**

Eleven years ago to the day, I saw Mother for the last time.

A lot of courage is needed.

\*

### *Afternoon*



Something happened this afternoon, I don't know what... like the descent of a divine Being. A sensation as in May, 1958, when I performed the ceremony of the *Sannyasa*.<sup>1</sup>

Is it a coincidence that during the experience, I heard the cry of an eagle in the valley?

\*

*Evening*

The planters around kill the last does which “damage” their tea fields...

The nasty selfishness of men.

\*

O, Mother, may this unfortunate reign be changed.

\*

O, Mother, the body is wearing out quickly, will you be long?



**May 20, 1984**

Now, the Adversary has launched his new slogan in all the “European associations for Auroville”: *Mother's Agenda* is a “new religion”.

There is only *one* solution to silence all those liars and impostors: it is to MAKE this new being. Or at least the transition.

The Mind is rotten from top to bottom. It's pointless to use that bin.

\*

This, too, is a sign of the End.

We reach the due Time.

---

<sup>1</sup> Initiation into the state of Sannyasin.

*(Personal letter: It is probably the sequel of Satprem's protest against that "Exhibition on Evolution" in Auroville, without Mother's Agenda.)*

The Adversary is spreading his last slogan everywhere, like Goebbels: "The *Agenda* is a new religion" (!)

We must answer by a smile, without taking that "seriously", as if it were a joke or an idiotic remark from some simpleton (but they are wicked simpletons). Well, is chemistry a new religion? Is geography a new religion? If you want to experiment without exploding the laboratory you'd better read a little the elementary distinction between acid-bases and valencies; and if you want to sail from one point to another, you'd better know the currents, the seabed and the beacons. And if you want to go into the unknown future of the new species, you'd better listen to those who have tried the path. Or else stay at home (or in your ready-made church) and burn all the chemical treatises and geography manuals—you can also go to Cook's who will give you your ticket to Honolulu, but *not* to an unknown continent.

Do you even feel like walking? And to graze yourself a little on the way?

If *The Agenda* is a religion, then Christopher Columbus, Vasco da Gama or Lavoisier are altar boys or parishioners of Auroville.

S.

\*

### **Vision**

This night (from 19 to 20) I saw a door which was hidden in a wall in front of me and which suddenly half-opened.

\*

Noon

The descent of that “divine being” is being confirmed, that is, it makes itself be powerfully felt, and instantly, as if it were here. One could call it a new element. I say “divine being” because I don’t know what it is, except that it is divine and that it envelops and embraces me, while penetrating me. It is like a mass bigger than my body and which envelops it, spills over it while radiating. It is especially this radiation that is striking, as if (I say “as if” because our mental language is stupid, and to it, all is “comparative”, nothing is concrete!) “as if” it were a body of dense, compact energy, which inflated, and at the limit of itself, emitted a powerful radiation (absolutely like a pulsar, I suppose). But one feels that it is a “*being*”, not simply some energy. And one feels that it is a being of Mother—as if Mother had sent a little balloon of being to envelop me! But it does not only “envelop”; it penetrates, it is all inside my body and it spills over it. And the more the body surrenders, offers itself, forgets itself, we could say, or gives way, annihilates itself, the more this being or this radiating density grows and becomes rather fantastic, as if the whole body emitted rays. And this emission of rays is pulsatile, that is, the body inflates, and at the limit of the inflation, emits rays. It is a radiating or radiant mass.

There is no “I” in that.

It is a sort of... divine phenomenon.

The more the body and the whole being are in a state of total offering—as at Mother’s feet, disappeared in Her—the more the phenomenon is powerful.

I say “phenomenon” but my whole being feels that like a marvellous, active divine grace—powerfully present and active and “watching”.

That May 19 was perhaps a great date.

It is only afterwards that we know...

\*

There, one must be a little pulsar of Mother in the night of the terrestrial astronomers.

(We suppose that, on the other planets, they are not so stupid and don't need glasses and radio beacons to notice things!)

Perhaps we are the planet of the learned idiots?

\*

### *Afternoon*

All the afternoon, for one hour and forty-five minutes (I stopped, I could not bear it anymore), the body had the impression that it was going through the Trial—something that was terrible and Divine. It was terrible, a burning and bursting flow; and yet it was Divine. One needed the constant prayer, the constant surrender not to “give up”. The body was repeating and repeating: the Divine Victory on Earth, may Mother triumph on Earth, the Victory of Mother on Earth... the divine reign—to You, to You. It was very difficult. And yet the body, the being of the body KNEW that it was Divine, the Divine, Mother.

But... it felt like fainting and I had to pray and pray not to give up: “May Mother get out of that tomb. May Mother get out of that tomb of Falsehood, may Mother get out...” And it encouraged the body to feel that if it burst, well, it would be for Mother.

I don't know what is going to happen.

It is almost unbearable.

But FOR HER.

\*

### *Evening*

I remember a passage from Sri Aurobindo's *Savitri*, where he says: "an assault of ether and fire." Well, it is absolutely that in the body.

\*

Awful slaughters in Maharashtra...\*

And those idiots continue to adore their two false idols: Nehru and Gandhi.

I remember that when Indira Gandhi became the Prime Minister (it was in January, 1966, we were in the car which was taking us to Mysore, Shastri had just died, my mother was with us), I told Sujata: "she comes to achieve her father's work."

In 1935, twelve years before the liberation of India, Sri Aurobindo wrote: "*That is all settled [the independence of India]. The question is what is India going to do with her independence?... Bolshevism? Goondaraj?*"<sup>1</sup> *Things look ominous.*"

\*

Yesterday, there was the cry of that eagle in the valley.

\*

More and more Horror in the world, more and more New Life in this body—at last somewhere in the world.

Which means there is somewhere a hole in the crust of the world.



**May 21, 1984**

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\* On May 19, twenty people were burnt alive in Bhiwandi, near Thane, when their huts were set on fire. Sixty-two people were killed these last few days in Bombay, too, two hundred premises of weaving looms and threshing machines set on fire...

<sup>1</sup> Goonda-raj: the reign of the gangsters. Rimbaud would probably say "of murderers".

I don't know what new layer has been discovered under these last days' flow of fire, but everything has become like NOTHING. "Pure" Matter, mineral, we could say, or atomic, simply a body of bones with a sore neck and sore shoulders, a sore arm, a sore leg. Not a shiver of life, not a *value* of life, nothing of what makes life. Not even a prayer. Simply something in me was offering that "nothing". And all that null Matter, as it were, truly mineral, futile and painful, was submitted to a burning, almost frightening Pressure. And that's all.

It was not even "I" or "my" Matter, except the fact that my neck was hurting, that damned nerve pinched by a vertebra, and that it was hurting a little everywhere—this was "I". I = I am hurting.

In there, in that idiotic and burning NOTHING, transformation had no meaning, new species had no meaning, Mother's tomb had no meaning—all that = ideas from above. Bones = bones, and which are hurting. That's it.

\*

*Evening*

One must be more resistant than the pain.

Anyway, either the pain will win, or Mother will win.



**May 22, 1984**

Under the "almost" crushing assault of that dark blue density, the material, cellular consciousness is inclined to contract in order to reduce the flow, and it is probably this tiny contraction repeated billions of times everywhere in the body that causes all those pains and this kind of painful demolition. And I am beginning to learn how to become

completely soft, to let it flow, to *spread* that dark blue density—the more you become soft or transparent, the more that flow becomes formidable and it is difficult to maintain the same permeability or the same transparent “softness.” It is a sort of cellular micro-gymnastics to spread out or spread that excess of incredibly dense flow.

I try to learn.

But it hurts a little less in my bones and everywhere today.

It is a little as if the body had to learn (innumerably learn, cell by cell and nerve by nerve and fibre by fibre) to be a kind of transparent sponge letting through an almost solid, dark blue Niagara...!

\*

### *Evening*

Perhaps it is that “dark blue I” which is in the making after getting out of the diving suit?

(That, that getting out, is pure agony, God knows.)

\*

Curiously, I did not say anything to Sujata about the experience and she drew a strange little drawing which is like an image of the experience. Her hands often bring the indication or the confirmation or the explanation of what is happening.

This evening, her drawing represented a blue being (!)



### **May 23, 1984**

All the morning, I had the concrete sensation that my body—that is, probably the material, corporeal, cellular consciousness—was *running* like a dough, but a very thick dough, as could be molten sapphire or a





running crystal (!) It ran and ran thickly, if I dare say so, without obstruction and ceaselessly.

And it was a very *mechanical* phenomenon, without any feeling—a material or materialistic phenomenon, I could say—so much so that, at one point, I said: O Lord, couldn't you put a little bit of divinity in there!

Perhaps it was very naturally divine, without one noticing it! (It is the mind which "notices", all the rest is probably divine without any fuss!)

\*

There is probably a "continuum" of material, cellular consciousness, of which we have shut a few drops in our particular diving suit (!) but when the diving suit is no longer here, it is probably the great ocean (?)...that runs.

\*

As Mother would say, we don't know if we go to the padded cell or to the new species.

\*

*Afternoon*

This afternoon, it was such a tremendous "assault of ether and fire"—a torrent, a tidal wave, I don't know—of so formidable proportions that it didn't give at all or not only an individual sensation: it was like a *terrestrial event*. And it was Divine, it was SUPREME—the Supreme, the Supreme Mother, the all-powerful Shakti, I don't know, but something that was formidably and irresistibly absolute.

Something *is going* to happen on earth.

It seems that the locks are open.



**May 24, 1984**

That demolition of my body is distressing.

Is there decidedly no junction between that other Power of life and this old body? We must leave this one for... what?

So where is the transition? What does it consist of?

\*

Did that diving suit with empty legs represent the old body that we leave and we go... into another matter?

\*

Then the Adversary immediately raises his ugly head to say so wicked things—deadly wicked. “Ah! you see...”

It is a merciless war.

\*

It hurts so much everywhere, in the neck, the shoulders, the back, the leg, that I cannot be seated anymore and I must try to do the work while lying down in my deckchair. “Ah! you see, you are good for nothing.”

I remember Mother... painfully.

\*

In any case, I will have tried—honestly, I think.

\*

If I can do nothing anymore, perhaps the Lord will do for me?

\*

I don't know if I had the ambition to “do” something, but I would have liked to pull her out of that tomb.

I told myself that “somebody” was needed to pull her out... —no?



**May 26, 1984**

More and more...

It is almost like disintegration and yet it remains integrated... I don't know how.

I marvel at the trust of the body—to what *integral*, we could say cellular, point it *knows* that it is the Supreme, that it is Mother (probably, it recognizes).

Otherwise that would be terrifying—it would all simply run away at the first drop of “that”.

\*

Something is going to happen. I don't know if it is on an individual scale or on a world scale (I don't know very well what the separation is).

As long as it lasted (I stopped after one hour and a half), something was saying: “The time has come.”

\*

I remember that Mother spoke of “being vaporized”, it is exactly that!

\*

Perhaps it is the door hidden in the Wall that is slightly opening?

\*

I've found a sitting position that seems more favourable (for the time being!).



**May 27, 1984**

All my neck and shoulders are a band of pain.

To remain seated is almost sheer agony.

I don't know what I must do.

\*

This Physical is a mystery.

\*

Last night, I was with SSs again.



**May 28, 1984**

I think I have understood something of the divine simplicity.

\*

*Evening*

Something *cannot* believe that a pain, a purely physical disease (a pinched nerve) can heal like that, as you smile on a grimace and it's over.

It is that “something that cannot” (or, if the worst comes to the worst, that does not want) that makes all the misery of existence.

It is in the material Mind.

\*

The “miracle” is still a complication! It is simpler than that, it is not even to be looked at! It smiles and that's it.

Human, or rather terrestrial life could be a fabulous fairy tale... but without “fairies”—fairies are still too complicate.

It is a divine smile.

It is the non-miracle! There is no need to “perform miracles”! One does not perform a miracle on something that *does not exist!*

\*

There is a “disastrous Mind” which has taken root in Matter and *does* all the harm—if it is not here, it invents it! It makes it up.

The animal has not that.

It is purely human.

It is the human illusion.

It is really a spell.

\*

Everything began when I started to tell myself: “But it is not possible that this marvellous divine Power hurt me!” And looked for what could hurt...

It is not a “pinched nerve”, it is a pinched mind!

It is the mind “that cannot believe”...

\*

That “dark blue I” is perhaps the new Divine Mind in Matter?

But it has such a Power! Oh!...

\*

*Indian Express, May 28*

Washington, May 27

...The Minister of Information, Mr H.K.D. Bhagat, declared that in the event that the Congress should choose a leader other than Mrs Indira Gandhi, “the choice would be Rajiv Gandhi.”<sup>1</sup>

“I think that he is a very serious man, poised and well-informed, capable of organizing the vision or the thought that Family Nehru has always had. He has that vision and that thought,” said Mr Bhagat during an interview to *Television of Asia*, an Indian television channel.

\*

The “vision” of Nehru! Do moles have a vision? If the Divine does not meddle, in the year 2084, a great-great grand moron of Nehru’s will continue the “vision” of the mole, until India crumbles under their feet.

---

<sup>1</sup> Rajiv Gandhi was then a simple airline pilot, but since the death of his brother Sanjay in June 1980, Indira had pulled him more and more into Indian politics.

\*

*Night*

Pain retaliated furiously.

I play with forces that would give anything to kill me.



**May 29, 1984**

In *any* case, the conversion of the body is *total* and settled and absolute. One could cut its neck, it would say—it would feel in its whole being and in all its cells—that “that”, that Power of new Life, is the only salvation, is the only hope, is the Marvel. We don’t need to be “converted” to oxygen, do we: we breathe it. Well, the body doesn’t need any more to be converted to that Power: it drinks it, it adores it, it KNOWS. The only difficulty is to find the adjustment between that Power and this old body. But all the pains in the world will change NOTHING to the certitude of the body—it KNOWS. For it, it is obvious, like the river and the sun and grape juice (though grape juice can be disputable, but not that!).



**May 31, 1984**

***Vision***

This night (early this morning), I briefly saw an image: a road that made a curve, and that road had such a pretty light orange or salmon-pink colour, and it was clay, but lightly luminous or shiny clay, a very pretty matter. It seems I was in a car, because I turned round and I saw

that road (not very large) which made a curve, that salmon-pink clay, and the tyre tracks of the car (in which I was sitting probably, but I did not see it nor did I see myself), the wheel tracks neatly printed in that light orange clay, and that was when I saw the curve, a very elegant or harmonious curve: I saw a sort of gutter lining the path and the design of the tyres which followed the curve of the road. I don't know if the curve was ending or beginning, but it was in a bend. I rather think that the curve was ending, because I was looking back and we were turning (we? I don't know who because I didn't see the car or myself or anyone: simply, I was looking back). It must have been a rather big car because I saw large tyre tracks in that orange or salmon-pink clay.

That colour and the perfection of the curve struck me.

That path was not wide. One had the impression that it was made for only one rather big car. Big tyres printed in clay.

\*

So we are at a turning point.

\*

This morning, I had the sensation to bathe in the sun and that there was only to let oneself bathe in it, like a sponge. One had the impression that it was remodelling, re-adjusting or adjusting everything, and that one had only to let it be done.

\*

I remember that in that "image", we were driving on the right-hand side of the road—the supramental is not English (!), which does not surprise me.

\*

The distribution of *Agenda XIII* has started in Bombay. Next week, it will arrive in Auroville.

\*

*Night*

I am still dumbfounded that such a powerful Marvel exists on earth and in a body.

For one hour, a formidable tuning fork has traversed and filled the body.

Glory to You, Lord.

Glory to You, O Mother.

\*

*Next morning (June 1<sup>st</sup>)*

An intense and extremely fast vibration (as can be a tuning fork) and which gave a solid, thick sensation, as if a huge tuning fork were going through the body. The vibration spread, then there was a moment of pause or absorption, then it started again, imperious, irresistible, and then a *supreme* sensation: it is the Supreme.

What is really curious is that it is this solidity that flows (!). We have no words for it; it doesn't yet exist on earth. Or that intense swiftness which seems like a solid immobility (but it is perhaps a phenomenon similar to that of the extreme rapidity of the electrons which gives the sensation of a solid, untraversable matter?).

It is the sensation of a vibratory *beam*, as if it were one single mass of vibrations made of a multitude of micro-vibrations.

Then the undoubted sensation: the FUTURE.

We could say: the future of Matter.

(I say "sensation", but words are missing, it is deeper and more total than that; cold, warmth, pain, are "on the surface", as it were, and localized, compared to that totality of intracellular invasion, we could say.)



The body feels like kneeling in front of “that” or in “that” —it adores.

“May I be worthy of that Marvellous Grace!”, this is its cry.

What “that” can do, it doesn’t care, it is not its business—but that that *exists*, this is the Marvel. And it is enough. *Everything* is in there.

\*

It is like a new *state* of Matter.

The state of grace of Matter.



*June*

**June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984**

One has the impression that the *whole* Matter is made of that Splendour, covered with a crust of painful and disastrous and mortal illusion.

When the crust comes off, it is there!

It is not something “new” that arrives, it is something false that goes off.

\*

And I have the impression that animals don't have that “something false”, only they are not aware of it (not *mentally* aware, precisely—perhaps it is the very crust). There is something that reflects itself or reflects and prevents the Splendour from flowing.

\*

*Afternoon*

I don't understand anything about the operation that I underwent the whole afternoon: a sort of emptying, but a very material one, as if there were a vacuum pump which pumped all that was in the body—it was becoming almost crushing as if I were going to implode, to burst inside, of emptiness. The whole body was almost as rigid as a corpse (a stone-like sensation), without a vibration in that, without an inner movement. Everything was as if annulled, emptied, as at the last minute before one's departure. And it was dark blue everywhere inside.

It was very difficult to bear.

\*

*Evening*

I always remember what Mother said: one cannot understand anything while on the way—“it is the last step that matters.”

✓

**June 2, 1984**

As yesterday. That rather frightening Emptying. All, all the material, corporeal (cellular) being seems to go out and out. You have the sensation that you are dying. A very tenacious faith in Sri Aurobindo and Mother is needed not to give up. Then, you ask yourself, there, in that body which is leaving: must I let go everything, or what? Is this their will, or what?

It is very difficult to bear.

The most difficult is this: that last breath (or that last resistance): must I let everything slip, or what? What do They want?

For one hour and a half.

\*

*In the forest*

In fact, there is something that resists “death”. And at the same time, you don’t know if that little something is not right.

Must I let go everything and... well, if it’s off we go, it’s off we go!

It hangs by a thread, doesn’t it. It is as tenuous as that. So?

Besides, is it not precisely that “last thread” that They want to abolish?

Difficult to know without experiencing it—but there, the experience could be rather radical.

\*

I remember Mother: “It is as if the cells were forcibly projected into an unknown world” (which is perhaps “death”, which is perhaps the new life, which is perhaps... I don’t know what).

\*

After two years (and more!) of those triturations, I am still in these oscillations...

\*

I remember that in the concentration camps, I was repeating to myself: “If I get out of that, it will be a prodigious experience” (!)

I had already a taste for “experimenting”! So, at sixty, I can’t complain—it continues.

The only experience that matters is the one that implicates life.

\*

*Night*

It continues, but imperiously, almost brutally, as if a grip seized the whole corporeal being and emptied it by big vigorous pulls.

The body begins to feel that it is a “process”, that’s it.

It looks like those “suckings” or “magnetizations” that I have known before, but there is no ascension anymore—it seems to happen “on the spot”.

One is pulled and projected I don’t know where.

And it is almost brutal, there is no question of resisting or vacillating—you are pulled out of your skin, and that’s it.

Well.

It is some “process” or other.



**June 3, 1984**

*Morning*

Same “emptying”.

The body lets itself go totally.

It is surprising, the quantity of substance that can go out of that—  
there is no end to it!

Where does this go?

By what will it be replaced?

What is leaving...?

\*

When we reach the end, we will understand.

\*

It is astonishing, that sensation of being *only* Matter (usually, there is always something else that covers that). And it is *always* the sensation of being *one point* of Matter—something that is very small in the midst of an indefinite space.

It is not a “centre” of anything—it is a *point*.

\*

No feeling in that; it is a sort of phenomenon that is going on, like the tides or the ascent of the moons.

All that I know is that I don't understand the phenomenon—I have nothing in relation to which I could situate it.

The only fundamental or basic “feeling” which allows that to continue and to be bearable is: Mother-Sri Aurobindo-That. This is the “bedrock” which makes sure that it doesn't volatilize. It is the only reference.

\*

Perhaps it is not “emptying” and it is simply a fluctuation of “something” through this point of Matter?

There is no way of knowing.

It can only be lived.

\*

In fact, it would seem that the consciousness of this point of Matter is spread and not limited to that point—it is not “its” consciousness: it is the consciousness of “Matter”.

In fact, Matter is fluid.

It is everywhere at the same time.

It contains all the secrets.

The pretty brocades in which it is clothed in blue, red or green, are all the Falsehood of the universe (mental, vital and scientific).

\*

### *Afternoon*

It is really rather frightening.

The whole corporeal, cellular consciousness is forced out—one could almost say rooted out of the body by a series of imperious “suckings” or “pulls”, and you have the sensation that you are going to burst and be pulverized into a dark blue current of power.

You have great difficulty holding back a panic. But there is an intense faith which prevents that panic.

At every “sucking” or “pull”, it is really difficult; mainly in the brain, which feels as if on the edge of bursting and being vaporized into that irresistible current—it is absolutely imperious. Each of those suckings or emptyings (I cannot even understand or perceive the phenomenon very well) ends with a very brief immobilization of the whole being, or a slack (as at high tide before the reversal of the current), then a new sucking takes place.

What is rather frightening is that current or that dark blue Power when it seizes all these cells...

No feeling of “ascension”: it seems that everything wants to slip through the walls of the body or of the cells.

I set a limit of one hour and a half, then I stop and go for a walk.

\*

*Evening*

If at least I had a divine feeling or the feeling of Mother, it would be very well and comforting, but I have the impression of a quite “materialistic”, if I may say so, and almost mechanical phenomenon.

\*

I feel a little lost.

\*

One doesn't know the meaning of all that for the species.



**June 4, 1984**

There have been sixty years of experiences, and what experiences! And yet, every day, every morning—perhaps every minute—it is like a nothing that I must make BE.

The total is always null.

There is THIS instant.

\*

So, those who say “I have done”, “I have said”, “I have seen”, “I was”, are strolling in a necropolis.

\*

*Afternoon*

The phenomenon continues. But I cannot even define or describe it exactly.



The whole being of the body seems to spread into a surrounding dark blue mass. But it does not spread in one go; it spreads by “suckings” or successive undulations.

Another way of describing (or trying to describe) the phenomenon would be as follows: it is like a massive, dense undulatory movement which goes through the body, swells it, then empties it or spreads it around into a dark blue mass—the undulatory movement, too, is dark blue and of the same nature as the surrounding mass—and this is repeated indefinitely. One undulation then another, then another, which traverses the body, swells it, then empties it or spreads it around... But the “undulation” is extraordinarily dense, thick, we could say.

The blue undulation seems to traverse the body from bottom to top, from the toes to the crown of the cranium, then everything spreads into the mass around.

I note also that the body begins to get into the habit of the “movement” without having to overcome some panic or anxiety.

The first time, or the first times, of course, you don’t know what has “got into you” (!)



### **June 5, 1984**

The force that is concentrated day after day can destroy as much as create. The nearer we come to the possibility of a new creation, the more the possibility of destruction progresses abreast. It is almost equivalent.

The power of destruction is proportional to the power of creation.

It only can be either one or the other. There is no *status quo*.

Everything, finally, hinges on one point: the galaxies, the future of a country, of a species or of a man.

The universe and its billions of light years are microscopic.

\*

The only thing we can do is to offer that point totally enough to the Grace of the Supreme—without caring about the consequences.

\*

*Afternoon*

Some Matter that is run through by a dark blue undulation. The body lets itself go completely like a piece of seaweed in the current. But it is a formidably dense and irresistible current—the least resistance or opacity would make everything burst.

It seems very mechanical. The phenomenon unfolds indefinitely, like the swell of the ocean.

After one hour and a quarter, I just could no longer stand that kind of implacable trituration.

(It is always a little difficult when it passes through the brain.)

\*

Perhaps it is the new basis of life that is being worked out?

\*

Probably, when all is perfectly clear, in all the cells, I'll no longer feel any "trituration" or even any movement or undulation—all will be the ocean itself.



## June 6, 1984

This morning, for one hour and a half, it was not that “undulation” but a powerful, *continuous* “sucking”, which literally pulled the whole material being out of the body and projected it, I don’t know where. But there was such a despair in the depths of myself, such a sorrow and a weariness of that hurting and painful and disastrous old life, that my whole being was ready for anything—if one dies, well, one dies, then what!?

I stopped after one hour and a half, but that “sucking” was continuing. It started from the feet to the crown of the cranium.

I cannot understand the *quantity* of substance (I say substance because it is denser than consciousness and it is very material), the quantity that can be pulled out of the body in that way. It is surprising.

And always that dark blue.

\*

### *Evening*

The burden of the old life has become very heavy.

The impression of being like Sisyphus (but instead of a mountain, it is a hole).<sup>1</sup>

The atrocious voices.

\*

(Operation *Blue Star* in Punjab.)<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Sisyphus in the Underworld was condemned to eternally push an enormous boulder up a mountain, a boulder which always rolled back before reaching the summit.

<sup>2</sup> This is what was going to determine Indira Gandhi’s assassination. A group of Sikh militants in Punjab wanted a state separated from India (Punjab had already been cut in two by Nehru-Gandhi, one half abandoned to Pakistan). As those separatists had sought refuge in the big “Gold Temple” in Amritsar, Indira Gandhi sent the army there (“operation Blue Star”). The militants were killed, but at the cost of some damage to



**June 7, 1984**

In *everything*, at the bottom of *everything*, each human nature, there are those cruel claws. Appearances are charming, but it is waiting behind, the cruel hour. Nothing escapes. It is so awful (oneself, to begin with).

I am beyond the point of despair where the instinct of self-preservation still holds back.

Preservation of *what?*—of that Horror? Better blow up while trying the other thing.

\*

*Afternoon*

We are very near the bottom of the hole.

The “evolution” of Barbarism screams and gallops.

I spent the afternoon praying: Mâ, we need You. Mâ, the Earth needs You. Mother, I need You.

I prayed to the Lord that he let Mother go out.

A Power—*the* Power came.

I simply said: after all, it is You who learnt me to pray—so!

All could have cracked, I would not have wavered (for almost two hours).

But *the* Power was there.

\*

---

the temple. Many Sikhs rebelled and a few Sikh soldiers even left the Indian army. Indira had the temple repaired, but the Sikhs never forgave her and a few months later, on October 31, 1984, two bodyguards of Indira’s (Sikhs) assassinated her as she was coming out of her house.

The *Harijans*' loudspeakers are screaming fifty metres under my bedroom.



**June 8, 1984**

It is as if you had all the Horror and the Cruelty of the world on your heels—the Splendour and the Power increase, and at the same time the horrible thing.

I don't have the courage to say.

Everything becomes excessive (in both senses).

\*

*Evening*

I heard the forces and voices that can drive one mad.

I know how it happens.

\*

There is only You, otherwise it is impossible.

There is that sole hope.

\*

It hurts that such a cruelty can exist.

They can even use that grief to destroy you.

One must plunge into That totally, or else it is impossible. One must offer everything to That, or else it is impossible.

Oh! That terrible reign must end. Oh! The reign of the Divine must come down to Earth...



**June 9, 1984**

The abominable discoveries of these last days have made such a hole in my being that...

There is only the Supreme. The Supreme Grace. The love that can.  
And the SILENCE in Matter.

\*

One should become amnesic (except of That).

\*

*Afternoon*

Always that tremendous “sucking” or “undulation” (I really don’t know) which comes to pull, almost force out the material being and spread it into a dense, dimensionless Mass. And it is of a magnificent dark blue. And irresistible, incoercible.

As if it were *the* Answer to all questions, problems, horrors, all that.  
THE Answer.

It is totally material, physical, and I don’t know what it is. And of a for-mi-da-ble Power.

The body is no longer afraid at all. It follows the rhythm (it unfolds according to a rhythm, like a movement of swell—“undulation” seems meagre compared to that tremendous density of Current, but literally it UN-FOLDS, like a wave).

And it is *the* Answer.

And it “unfolds” the body with it! Really the body (its material, cellular consciousness, I suppose) unfolds like a huge wave (or with a huge wave).

\*

Something says: “Allow yourself to be carried along and you will see the changes in the end.”

\*

*Evening*

My Douce tells me: “Within two weeks, we should see some changes in the world.” (2 weeks = June 25)



**June 10, 1984**

The “movement of swell” goes on indefinitely and I don’t know if it ever stops (it is perhaps I who stop being aware of it). I don’t need to concentrate to “make it come”: as soon as I stop one second or a few seconds, it is there and it unfolds, whether in the forest or in the evening when I smoke my cigar (!) And one has not at all the impression or the sensation of something that is localized: one is a point in there, it goes through that point and unfolds, perhaps all the way to the Kamchatka or the furthestmost bounds of the universe!?

\*

One only has to offer oneself to the Mystery.

\*

*Afternoon*

I often remember that vision of Mother’s (on July 30, 1960): the inundation of the earth by a flow of “brackish water” (it is the mud that we see now everywhere sweeping over the world), and that “race” between Mother and those destructive forces. And suddenly, she arrived

at the “turning point”, the “Great Passage”, and leapt into the “blue square”...

And all of a sudden, this afternoon, as the experience was unfolding, I asked myself (or rather I was stricken by that idea): Haven't I reached Mother's “blue square”?!



### **June 11, 1984**

It is no longer the time of saying, writing, preaching.

It is the time of the concrete Fact.

The time of the Irresistible.

It is no longer the time of hopes. We don't have time to hope anymore—each minute of time is with Barbarism, each minute is lost.

It is the time of the New Being.

The great Prayer fulfilled.

It is not the time of wars, of revolutions anymore. We don't have time anymore to rebuild, to hope—it is the old Barbarism that rebuilds itself, the old Destruction that always begins again.

It is the Time of the irresistible Divine Power in a New Being—the Guide of the New Evolution.\*

\*

The New Being is not an “improved” man, oh! no—done with that pretentious beast. Either he accepts (or rather is obliged) to change or he returns to the pretention-less animal.

---

\* I think of Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri*:

I saw them...

The sun-eyed children of a marvelous dawn...

The *massive barrier-breakers* of the world... (*Savitri, Book III, Canto 4*)



\*

What is needed is a conjunction of circumstances: the economic, financial crumbling and the paralysis of the Frankenstein—the panic of the powerless consciousnesses—and then... the Grace can answer, because there is nothing left but It: the manifestation of the New Being which will put the Evolution on new rails.

This is my constant Prayer.

I *am* that prayer.

\*

The human mental “consciousness” has become a huge terrestrial bin.

We have not to convince a bin. We have to empty it.



### **June 14, 1984**

I have the impression that there is a new movement to find in the cells or in the corporeal consciousness. We could say a centre of coagulation or agglutination, or rather a centre of gravitation which must be undone. The Rishis actually said that they “split” that diving gear, like an “animal skin” that one cuts up, BUT “in order to *spread* our earth” (that is, our body) “under the illuminating sun”.

It is that movement of “spreading” that seems to be tested and that I am made touch. The natural tendency of the body, of the cells, is to *retain*, to draw and “stock up”, like the animal which stocks up for winter (!). This movement is what must be undone. Instead of shutting up the Energy, one must let it flow. Instead of being oneself as in the fortress of the body, one must dismantle the fortress—spread it. We could say atomize it.

I don't know...

That could be called the cellular “extroversion”, which is just the opposite of its natural movement—for millennia, the cells have built themselves by including, shutting up, accumulating. It is the little centre that wants to swallow everything (like a cancer). Well, it is just the opposite!

I don't know how one can do that without making everything burst. In brief, one must stay in a body while making it burst!

\*

All in all, it is always the same thing: there is nothing to “do” but everything to undo.

\*

We have so much the impression that we know nothing, NOTHING...  
If we knew something, it would be the knowledge of the old species!  
We can always console ourselves!

\*

*Afternoon*

Always that sensation of a powerful Grasp which pulls or uproots the whole being out of the body and projects it into a dimensionless, dark blue Mass. Successive “extractions”.

Another way of describing the phenomenon: when the tide rises, we see the big swell climbing the coast in a powerful swelling, seeping into every crevice and crack, and prrrff (!) all that was in the crevices is projected outside by a powerful gush and occupied by the swell. And so on. It is a little like that.

The crevice, it's me (!) or rather it is my body.

The two ways of describing the phenomenon are probably true: one is seen from outside and the other is felt from inside (of the crevice)!

But concerning the “seen from outside” I don’t know! It is simply felt, without any vision at all.

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

This afternoon, while sleeping, Sujata heard me playing music. She was on the ground floor of a house or in the street and she heard me, then she climbed upstairs. I was in front of a piano keyboard of which I was carefully painting every key! Pink keys, very light yellow, cream keys, (as she saw them). And I was carefully painting the top and the underside of each key! And while painting that, I was making music!

I really don’t know to what it corresponds!! (It looks like some world “up above”, where I no longer go at all.)

Does a part of the being continue its music up above, while the other, poor thing, cleanses sewers below?!

It is the sharing out of the tasks.

Perhaps I want to make coloured music (or musical colours) for up above and for below! Above all for below, it needs it a lot.



**June 15, 1984**

Auroville in the Night.

We are perhaps a handful on the earth.



**June 16, 1984**

When I began to publish *Mother's Agenda*, I told myself: At last, people will see the truth, it is obvious...!

Now I well understand those lines of Sri Aurobindo's:

*When darkness deepens strangling the earth's breast*

*And man's corporeal mind is the only lamp...*

The corporeal mind remains the *only* lamp, all the rest of the human mental "consciousness" is in a total (and dishonest) night.

I understand very well, now, why I stopped writing—to write for WHOM? For WHAT?



**June 17, 1984**

### ***Vision***

A curious fact to note down: My brother committed suicide about ten years ago. From time to time, I met him in sleep and he was always distant, annoyed, frustrated, and with a kind of animosity towards me—he never approached me. About eight days ago, I met him once more and we had a long meeting which I don't remember, except that in the end, François told me in a knowing tone: "Yes, it is a new man", as if he understood what I was looking for and expressed his approval. It surprised me and I thought that it was perhaps just a fantasy. Then, last night, I met him again and he was as if immersed in the "study" of *Mother's Agenda*! He came very close to me and I stroke his hair! It was the very first time!

So, one can "convert" someone after his death! I knew very well that it was useless to convince or convert the living, but I didn't know that the "dead" were more receptive!

Who is “dead”? The “dead” or the “living”?!

I remember that when my friend the gold washer committed suicide, I was very upset and I was sorry that I did not help him more. Then Mother told me: “Be quiet, make yourself concentrate, and hand him over the knowledge that you would have liked to give him when he was alive.”<sup>1</sup> I must say that I was rather dumbfounded that one can hand over some knowledge to a “dead”! But now I understand!

I think that we understand nothing and know nothing of the *real* existence.



**June 18, 1984**

Will there not be, one day, a life that will be a little free, at last, a little natural, in which we will not spend our time simply extricating ourselves from a thousand-year-old cobweb?

\*

It seems that everything is a trap: feelings, thoughts, reactions, acts, everything, people, circumstances... Everything is a trap except... That.

One must be *totally* free.

Oh! How I understand now what They wanted, what They sought—what nobody has wanted.

\*

Cruel claws exploit *everything* (the best above all).

One can say that cruel claws are hidden in each thing, each being, and that we have the choice between finding the Divine there, in each thing, each being, or finding those cruel claws. But it is one or the

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<sup>1</sup> See *Mother's Agenda VI*, conversation of December 10, 1965.

other. And those claws, perhaps, have been invented to *force* us to the only solution, the only exit, the only healing of everything. Otherwise, it is despairing.

One can say that I am a supreme pessimist or a supreme optimist—as you wish! But there is *only* the Supreme. And it is the supreme Hope.

\*

The progress consists in becoming aware of the cruel claws and making the choice.

To progress is painful (!)

\*

I threw overboard all that was dear to my heart—Beethoven and the books (a long time ago) and the seagulls, the sunny islands. Oh, Mother, bring me towards your new life in a flurry of wings!

If there had not been those cruel claws, we would have stayed forever prisoners of a small happiness, a sonata, a sunny creek—or worse.

O Mother, bring me to your new shore.

\*

*Afternoon*

Such a *continuous*, powerful “extraction” or “sucking” seems to uproot everything.

\*

*Evening*

We need a sincerity as clean as a lancet.

And as deep as an electronic microscope (and even then! it is more microscopic than their microscopic!).



**June 19, 1984**

We are really in a tomb of ignorance, calling for light and Life...

\*

When an old Primate ceased to believe in apes, it was a great pessimist—but it was an optimist of the Human. Let's applaud its pessimism.

Let's be the optimists of the New Being.

\*

For me, the most formidable revelation in my life was when Sri Aurobindo said that we were not going to remain men forever, or even super-men.

They only think of developing their cerebral "circumvolutions"...

That, and the discovery that the Earth is not at the centre of the Universe are perhaps the two more powerful, that is, active revelations of the human species. All the rest and all the prophets could topple into dust without disturbing anything.

Yet they condemned Copernic, made Galileo abjure, burnt Giordano Bruno and now they sneer at Darwin. They preferred Gandhi to Sri Aurobindo and Mother Teresa to Mother.

The old Primate has not produced, or not yet produced Men, but shrewd gnomes.

\*

My faith is that, in that tomb, You build the New Being, but that someone or a few ones are needed outside to call, to pray—to speed up the Moment of the Manifestation.

Someone must *want* it. It is that simple.

Sometimes, I feel myself in that tomb.

\*

From species to species (and inside every species) the Evolution has always been born from a *need*. The central Need must be found again at the core of the cell. There is no other key.

For that, we must go down right *into* the cell, with something else other than a microscope.

This is the whole process.



**June 20, 1984**

### ***Vision***

I have the impression that the Subconscient archives of this body's past life are being put in order. It began with the flood of that "blue torrent", and last night it was very clear: I was explaining to someone who Daniel Lévi was (a former ambassador of France in India, at who's place I lived for a few months in Delhi in 1949-50)<sup>1</sup> and I was telling that someone: "But he is the son of Sylvain Lévi the sanskritist" (as if I were interested in all that!) and I brought out a "Daniel Lévi file". Then, a second time, I wanted to consult that file, and it had disappeared... under formidable piles! And I saw, carefully piled up on my bedroom

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<sup>1</sup> I used to clear out from the Embassy after dinner, around 10 or 11 p.m., and to spend the night smoking opium at my friend's (the Marquis), then come back to the Embassy at dawn, with a *tonga* and dark rings under my eyes! It was the time when I painted in my bedroom with a spotlight (!) until the day I discovered my works of art scooped by termites in my cupboard at the Embassy—some termites have taste. It was the end of my "artist's life". Afterwards I went to clean myself in Guyana. Behind all that, there was such unhappiness in my heart, I already knew the cruel claws.

I wonder how Mother could say: "This one"?...—Perhaps because of the unhappiness in my heart.



carpet, thousands and thousands of small “illustrated magazines” (in the style of *Tintin!*), which formed a heap, or rather a methodically arranged pile, 1,5 meters high and 2 or 3 meters wide! It was marvellously piled up, nothing stuck out, and the top of those piles (which seemed to have various colours) was orange. But my “Daniel Lévi file” had disappeared underneath! And suddenly, I told myself: But this means millions and millions of “images”, that is, *of imprints*. And that is what is being put in order... Indeed, for a few weeks I’ve been having a series of unusual activities during the night—and I understand now what it means. Several times, I found myself in consulate or embassy offices—consulate offices are for me a symbol of complications and bad wills (!) I have known the consulates of India, the consulates of France, the consulates of Brazil—the consulates of everywhere (especially a certain Embassy of India in Paris)!. And each time it was a horrible experience which must have marked me. But then, for a few weeks, I’ve been going into those offices and suddenly, the closed counters open; the visas that were impossible to obtain are given all at once; the suspicious and grumpy officials welcome you with a smile (!); plane tickets fall into your hands without any fuss... In brief, all the complications and mishaps of the material mind are un-complicated as if by magic. And then I remembered that “little river” of Mother: You just have to say “I want” and you go through it, prrt (!) without mishap. And if the “big brother” of the material Mind meddles, impossible, you sink. The visa is refused. And it is that same material Mind which naturally makes all the complications and the medical, scientific, “reasonable” impossibilities—well, the whole material Prison.

Perhaps one is demolishing the Prison?

Perhaps it is the preparation of that “dark blue I” ... in which all the complications and impossibilities of the world of Falsehood will fall as if by magic!

\*

We must really be optimistic, or else everything is disappointing.  
And the years go by...



**June 21, 1984**

### ***Vision***

I saw this morning (and through a certain “image” this night) the mechanism by which life itself, beyond a certain point or a certain crest, *seeks* its own destruction.

It is not that it gets old and becomes ill and dies—no. It *seeks* the thing that will make it die—in a way, it “invents” the illness which will make it die or will relieve it (temporarily). It seeks the means. It is not that death takes or surprises us—no. It is life itself that calls for it.

Death is not indispensable or inevitable. We must undo the central mechanism of *life* which, beyond a certain point, turns round into death and wants its own death.

This is *the* central illness of life.

That is to say, it is a false life which suddenly discovers or unmask its mortal face.

This morning, I saw that “something” that seeks to die. It is very unpleasant to be looked at. It is as if you looked at the desire of dying crawling around. It is something that is very hidden in the ordinary life of human beings—they *would not want* to see that (except some ill or

suicidal or mad people & Co.). And while watching that “something” that was unfolding in that material Subconscious, I suddenly remembered an image that I saw this night and I understood what it meant: suddenly, I saw a huge crouched crab hanging in the crevice of a rock. It was black with grey stripes. It was as big, or even bigger than what we call “edible crabs” in Brittany. Then, suddenly, something threw it out of that crevice (I don’t know what, but now I suspect that it was this “blue torrent”) and I saw it going out of its hole, all its pincers out... Perhaps it is hunger that made it get out of its hole! Death is hungry! But it is very unpleasant to see. I spent a very bad morning.

There is an “edible crab” in wait.

It grows with us.

A black edible crab with grey stripes (edible crabs are usually dark red).

It is a painful process.

It is as if I were finding again, in the depths, my maternal grandfather’s death, my father’s death and my brother’s death—it is becoming clear! Oh! Lord.

But in fact, it is everybody’s death.

\*

*Afternoon*

Yes, that grandfather, that father, that brother; it is as if we carried all those dead in us—so many dead! So many dead!

It is not only our own death that we must overcome!

We have inherited so many deaths!

Who has ever inherited Life without death?

Those who saw a crab clinging to the bottom of its hole know that it is not possible to bring it out. It is formidable how it clings! As if the shell were one with the rock.

It is like that.

Oh! Lord...

\*

Yet, this night, the crab was coming out...

Perhaps it is why I feel it so much!

\*

### *Evening*

The whole humankind is perfectly contained in one man. And even the stars. So...?

Only the Grace can decide and do.

But if there is a break in one point, even microscopic, it will be a sidereal event.

Naturally, all the resistance in the world gathers on the point where you want to break through.

Each progress is made against the whole species and perhaps against many species (known and unknown).



**June 22, 1984**

### *Night*

May this poor Earth be freed from that burden of Falsehood.



**June 23, 1984**

We are not among men anymore but among cruel beasts under human appearances.

I wrote this yesterday evening and this morning I read this article...

*Indian Express*, June 22, 1984

*Moscow*, June 21

ARE THE UNITED STATES PREPARING INFRASOUND ARMS?

A Soviet military expert, C.I.O. Lomov, accuses the United States of planning the finalisation of infrasound arms, whose effects would go from light discomfort to death. Infrasonic waves would affect vital systems such as central nervous system and cardiovascular system. According to their intensity, they would produce weaknesses, dizzinesses and sensations of pain; then, above a certain threshold, they could stop the respiration and the functioning of the heart, or destroy certain organs.

During an interview with the A.P.N., Colonel Lomov stated that the American Air Force planned a series of new experiments to test on human beings and animals the effects of high intensity laser, microwave radiation and high energy charged and neutral beams.

\*

For the tenth or the fiftieth time perhaps, the body rediscovers the same Secret. Its deep-rooted habit, and the habit of the whole being for millennia, is to turn “upwards”, towards the mental boss, to get the solution of all its problems. Even when it prays, even when it calls to “God” or whatever, the being and the corporeal consciousness turn upwards and resort to the mental boss, as it were, even if it is silent—it is somehow the “channel”.

And this afternoon, the whole being, the whole consciousness of the body was calling-praying-tending-towards...when, suddenly, the body gave up all its effort upwards and let itself sink, literally, like a stone, to the bottom of the body, as when you sink to the bottom of a well. Everything sagged, sunk, and then in that sort of suddenly completely passive, null, surrendered state—that state of sagging in which nothing tends upwards anymore—the body suddenly found itself *caught* by a powerful dark blue solidity—the more null and the more passive it was, as if devoid of everything, powerless like pure matter, the denser that solidity became, the more extraordinarily powerful, and everything was dark blue. All is stopped in there, surrendered, one could say stupid or sagged, and then it is that solid dark blue power that suddenly, without our asking anything, without our calling it, without our “tending to” it, *spontaneously* takes hold of the whole body and solidifies it.

It is rather strange.

Still too early to tell more.

And the “new movement” is as to let oneself sink to the bottom of one’s body, really like a stone which falls into a well. One sinks into the body, into... I don’t know what, which fills up with powerful dark blue.

\*

### *Evening*

Really we grope our way in a courageous night.

Perhaps what is important is to grope.

\*

I always remember Sri Aurobindo: “*Solvitur ambulando*” [it is solved by walking].

I don’t know if “*gropando*” is very Latin (!)



**June 24, 1984**

Twenty-four hours later, the “secret” doesn’t work anymore... You cannot “explain” to the body, you might as well tell a man who is drowning to read the handbook of swimming. It is still the “mental boss” who wants to explain—it must enter into the *nature* of the body. And that...

\*

*Evening*

I am in a horrible place of the material human consciousness. Perhaps the very source of Horror and Perversion.

Wisdom is to say nothing.

How long will I have to hold on?

\*

One must also clean the weight of the whole tribe, not only ones own. The mental “edible crab” has woken up and it bites.



**June 25, 1984**

We touch such powerful mechanisms...

Well, when one touches the source hidden in the rock, one touches all kinds of deaths, all kinds of grief, all kinds of defeats—it is not only one death, your death; not only one grief, your grief; not only one defeat, your defeat; those are multiplied pains and multiplied deaths which make an atrocious point, like a pain exacerbated thousands of times and which has inherited a whole night of grief. Strangely, I find

there, “as if” raw, alive, my grand-father’s pain, my father’s pain, my brother’s pain—and perhaps so many, so many pains buried in an ancestral night.

And this is what must be vanquished.

It is crushing.

In fact, each tiny point of the being’s constitution inherits the whole earth (and perhaps not only). It makes a power of microscopic agglutination which may be not far from the power of nuclear agglutination.

If you go to the hidden source, you go to the source of *everything*.

\*

I realize that Mother and Sri Aurobindo have done an unthinkable Divine work.

Probably I find only the phantom of the difficulty.

But I also understand that that “atrocious point” having been dislodged; all the little “edible crabs”, awoken, begin to swarm and bite in the world.

They uprooted death.

\*

But when one prays, one prays for the whole Earth.

\*

That is to say, the atrocious point leads to the Supreme Love—it is *that*, otherwise we are swallowed by the Horror.

It is perhaps that choice that the Earth is faced with.

\*

I think of my childhood friend, J.N., a successful, renowned advocate, who told me: “I have been robbed of my life”... He chose the Horror.



We have *all* been robbed of our life, because Life does not yet exist—it is only Death that lives. And one seeks to uproot that death from us, and we protest.

We are being robbed of our death, and it is Death that protests in us and on the Earth. It holds on. It wants absolutely to die, like the grandfather, the father and the entire clan.

\*

*Afternoon*

And at the same time—at the same time as this point of Horror unveils itself, unutterable and almost unbearable Supreme Intensities take hold of the being:

Love. Supreme. Absolute.

\*

All becomes so strong in both directions. I remember Mother: “Hanging between the most hideous and the most marvellous.”



**June 26, 1984**

It is such a collection of horrors... This morning, I had to stop and I stayed looking with my eyes wide open. If one must clean that bundle 1.5 meters high and 3 meters wide with its millions of images or imprints<sup>1</sup>...and probably it is not only one's imprints...one would feel like running away (although I don't know where). Can one go out of there?

Yes, “death” is only the final product. The “logical” conclusion of that horror.

How is it possible!?!

Human life is completely monstrous.

It is like the very *essence* of all possible poisons (an almost infinite variety) which is there, ready to mix with any image, any thought, any tiny reaction, any feeling (the “feelings” are really the terrain of predilection) and at any second. It is frightening.

It seems that we are built on Horror—kneaded with horrors.

How am I going to get out of all that? Or how can one go through all that without dying of it?—yes, without dying of disgust, of sorrow, of... This is why we *want* to die (and we get all the poisons again in the next body!—one does not *get out*). I had to wait more than sixty years (including about thirty years of yoga) to see all that go out. I understand why they seek the “liberation” up there.

Of course, four billion years of evolution starting from some virus or other... it makes a stock.

I also understand why they lock themselves in a religion...

\*

Another source of Life on Earth is needed. It means a new reign or a new evolutionary *saltus*, as there has been none since the passage from “inert” Matter to the first vibration of life-death (I would dare say the first necrobiosis).

It is not only a new species, but a new *reign*.

\*

The evolutionary apex of the virus is the crucifixion.

Sri Aurobindo is the un-crucifixion.

But the Mystery is not yet understood, solved.

---

<sup>1</sup> I don't know why I wrote 3 meters wide, but it is like that.

A “new evolution” (Sri Aurobindo would say), non-microbial (!). What must disappear is the primordial phagocytosis with its concomitant death.

Mother did say it: “Food contains its germ of death.”

\*

When you get out of those considerations, you feel muddy like an earthworm.

\*

And if by chance you begin to be a little fed up with it and to say: “I wish it could stop”, a thousand forces rush at you, saying: “Yes! Yes, my friend! You see how it is. You begin to see things clearly at last.”

Lord, it is very difficult. You must believe in me, because I no longer believe much in “myself”.

\*

*Afternoon*

The power of Death necessarily brings about the corresponding power of Light.

One is not victorious, no, but the *fact* of being at the bottom of the hole is perhaps the sufficient condition.

\*

Besides, we would not be at the bottom of the hole, if there had not been that Light to dig the hole! It is It, it is its Power that makes the hole! So...courage.

\*

In the end, there is nothing, *only* that aspiration to something else.

If I died now, there would be nothing, Satprem would be nothing *but* that... something that aspires to... we don't know what, but it aspires. And that's all.

\*

I must keep silent until there is a true breakthrough. To display the horrors is useless. It makes them stronger.



### **June 27, 1984**

There is that great mother-of-pearl Light over an infinite bay.

All the rest is part of the blows and wounds one receives when in port.

I sailed through many lives, came ashore and sunk many times.

The great Light calls me

for ever.

\*

### *Evening*

One must live long enough to change all that into the true Life.



### **Night from June 27 to June 28**

#### ***Vision***

*(Noted down in my bits of vision)*

Suddenly, I saw myself on a cement platform, a trowel in my hand, in the middle of a river mouth. I was building something. Of course, it was a platform built on piles. It was perhaps five or six meters wide and long (almost square). The terrestrial banks seemed to be very far. I was alone. Near me, there was an “old wooden box” which I threw into the

river (my past?) and then I realized that that “river” was stirred by a very powerful current. I think that it was the ocean rather than a river, because the current seemed to enter or rush towards the land (or the river mouth in the middle of which I was). I no longer remember the colour of that river or that ocean, but I would not be surprised if it were blue.<sup>1</sup>



### **June 28, 1984**

Really, I continue this work only because *someone* on the Earth must call for the New Life... Otherwise... There must be a New Life, there must...

And to love her—to love Mother—enough for that.

\*

One hopes nothing for oneself. One hopes so much for the Earth.  
That's it.



### **June 29, 1984**

One must struggle through the misery of all the forefathers: that because of which they *wanted* to die. And undo that still alive knot of misery.

It is very concrete. Sadly concrete.

\*

---

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this vision appeared to me only years later. It was very important, in fact.

That Seed of Joy is what is so difficult to *want*. You have to go through layers and layers of misery, which want to convince you of death.

One must go down to the bottom.

Then, the more one goes down, the more everything becomes very strong in both senses. It is powerfully mortal and it is powerfully Unknown but like a living Source—an unknown life.

The least weakness inherits the whole Death; the least courageous faith inherits the whole unknown Power.

It is not so much a “courageous faith” than a sort of intrepidity in honesty. Like the edge of a sword of sincerity.

And then one sails through a lapping broken by nasty and disastrous voices, like in passes, when the current and the wind go in opposite directions.

The sailors call that “the cauldron”.

\*

In a way, the dead must be converted from the pain that they have not overcome and have brought into the tomb.

We *are* that tomb—their tomb.

We must undo the tomb.

\*

There has been a moment when Joy was twisted and became Death—this is the cause of Death: that twisted Joy.

The divine Joy must be reconquered, it is the antidote to Death.

I deeply understand now why Sri Aurobindo put Joy, Ananda, as the Source of the world and of everything.

The first mantra that Mother gave me (in 1959, I think), addressed the “God of Joy and Beauty”—and I never wanted to use it! For six

months it has been slowly coming back into my daily consciousness...as if it were *the* Healing.

(I am really stubborn by nature!)

\*

*Evening*

This is the lesson that I repeat to myself every day and hour after hour:

(extract from *Evening Talks*)

August 15, 1924 (sixty years ago...)

(*Sri Aurobindo*;) In the case of Swami Brahmananda (of Chandod) he lived upto 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. 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<sup>1</sup> 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. [...]

... But now the most material level remains and that is the most dangerous.

---

<sup>1</sup> I read in Jastrow (*Red Giants and White Dwarfs*): about 30 cm<sup>3</sup> of any solid matter contain one million of billions of billions of atoms, which represents approximately the number of sand grains that is contained in all the oceans of the world"... !!?

*Disciple:* Why is it most dangerous?

*Sri Aurobindo:* Because it is solid, compact, and can refuse or give up its own stuff completely. It is the least open to reasoning and in dealing with it you require the highest divine Power. Besides, the whole *samskara* – [established impression] – of the whole universe is against your effort. [*This is so powerfully true! I discover it.*] Something from Above has to descend and remove the obstacle.

*Disciple:* I have an idea that those who go by the gradual way would also, at one time, come to the same conquest of the physical as those who work in the concentrated way.

*Sri Aurobindo:* Yes. But those who go by the gradual way may have each time to fight out the whole thing and even then the difficulty comes up again and again, while in the involved process (which I am following) the work is rendered easy and quick. One blow from the Supreme Force and the thing is done!

\*

Only a Divine Manifestation can save us.

Only the New Being can break the human barriers.

Otherwise, there is no hope.



**June 30, 1984**

They are cutting all the trees below our windows—for a few rupees.

We are surrounded by the Barbarians.

\*

It is curious, unwillingly, all the morning I was like a tree—as if my being realized the divinity of the Tree. It was a marvellous example of divinity (a lived example, we could say).



The tree did not see the Barbarians, the tree did not feel death—until the last second it aspired to Light. And *everything* was that Light, even the axe.

Light was its life. And that's all. The rest did not exist.

There was *no* harm at all.

(I had a headache and my shoulders hurt.)

The *total* adoration of the Light.

\*

They came to earn three rupees. They earned three rupees. Their three rupees bought the pyre. There was not a man, but a tree less.

\*

If we don't do like the Tree, life is inconsolable.

\*

Sometimes, one would feel like crying one's eyes out.

\*

Everything is Your grace to make us go faster to Your Love.

\*

But I clearly see that if we did not change all that sorrow into light and offering, it would be instantaneous death—at least some beginning of cancer (I well understand how one catches cancer).

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

Last night, I found myself in a place like a theatre. There were seats in rows one beside the other and perhaps a few thousands of people. Everything was very dark. First I recognized someone that I know (J.M.), and then suddenly it was another one, a hospital surgeon, a friend of

my uncle's, whom I must have met once or twice on holidays when I was a kid. A man who had a yellowish and hard complexion, unrelated to me, who simply crossed my existence (he must have died a long time ago). I remembered even his name as I saw him: Dr L. I was rather dumbfounded. And all those people, those thousands of people (living and dead) were like shadows, but *all* were people whom I knew! Then suddenly I understood: it was the whole old theatre of my existence, all the beings that I have met... thousands of people!

That obscure crowd that we shelter, it is incredible!

And it goes out!

If all that could be cleaned...

It is incredible. One must see it to understand!

And each of those thousands of people whom I have met carries his whole own world with him (and thus in me)!

It is startling.

\*

That tree, torn to pieces and tortured before my eyes; that tree that I have looked at thousands of times, there, seated in this small chair while calling for the change of the Earth—it means something... It is a Sign.

The last day of May, I saw a “turning point”; the last day of June, I see that, with my eyes wide open.

And that tortured tree's stump looks like a finger pointing to the sky.

\*

I just cannot be desperate.

\*

*Night*

Yes, Lord, more and more

it is You

and You only

in everything.

One must be able to unmask the Horror.



*July*

**July 1, 1984**

The baby seals—newspaper of June 30. I read that this morning.

GO-AHEAD FOR THE MASSACRE OF THE BABY SEALS

WASHINGTON, June 29

Animal protection organisations failed yesterday in a bid to have a court order passed, preventing the killing of 22,000 baby seals in Alaska this year.

A court rejected here an injunction applied for by the organisations, which will possibly appeal against the judgment.

The Trade Ministry had given the go-ahead for hunting the animals as from July 2.— UNI.

But they will give all the prices to that shrew Teresa to save the brilliant “human” foetuses from abortion.

O Lord, I pray that You pull all that brutality out of my *own* heart and my *own* body and all my human atoms.

We must *uproot* brutality. We must begin with ourselves. We must have the courage to go to the heart of the *true* problem, of the *true* cause; of the true, the *only* healing.

\*

### ***Vision***

Yesterday evening, after that massacre of trees, I had such a strong perception, experience, that it is the Divine who does everything, who is everything, and before going to bed, I stood in front of that photo of Sri Aurobindo on my mantelpiece, there, seated in his green armchair, with his majestic arms. And suddenly, at the very moment when I said (as it arose from the bottom of my heart): “O, Lord, You are the one who does

everything”, I saw (I who never have any vision with my eyes open), I saw a luminous line on Sri Aurobindo’s right arm... like a vein of blue light. It was instantaneous and striking.<sup>1</sup>

It is easy, one can “understand” the horror of men between them, but often in the forest I told myself: “Lord, and these young trees?—it is You? How is it possible?” And now: “Lord, and those little seals?...”

We well understand the evolutionary lesson and the discovery to which the Divine wants to *oblige* humankind, and the meaning of those “cruel claws”, but *who* amongst those four billions and a half of humans wants to learn the lesson? *Who* wants to make the discovery? It is no longer an evolution at all but a regression—*who* wants to learn?

So...?

\*

Would *one* man be enough?

Is *one* man able?

\*

One can give oneself, that’s all.

One can try, that’s all.

One can pray, that’s all.

\*

You surrender to that blue Torrent, and sometimes you are in anguish: what are you going to see spring up now?

The only solution is the “You alone.” Or else it is lethal.

There must be “You alone.” If there is any atom that is not You, it is death immediately.

It is a dreadful, very simple mechanism.

---

<sup>1</sup> Fifteen years later, even if it were one hundred and fifty years, I will never forget that sapphire blue line.

One must drown, engulf oneself into that You alone, it must be total spontaneity.

But sometimes you tell yourself: What? what now?

Which means that that's not it.

\*

If you think or feel that this is “the Adversary”, it means that you are still struggling in the claws of Death. There must be no “Adversary” anymore, there must be *You alone*.

Otherwise, you are crushed by the irrefutability of the “Adversary”: “You see, the little seals; you see, Sri Aurobindo left; you see, Mother left; you see, it is inevitable, there is nothing to do—you might as well die immediately.” This is what the “Adversary” *wants*: it's best you die.

But He, that marvellous “You Alone”, says: well, lift the Mask and LIVE.

“To lift the mask” is not funny at all.

And it is *the same one* who speaks! It is He who wants to lead us to Him. But on one side, it is Death, on the other it is marvellous Love—you have to choose.

It must be a *cellular* choice.

\*

But we well understand that if all the cells (Sri Aurobindo would say: all the atoms) manage to say-feel: “it is You Alone”, it is the end of Death. It is the being transformed.

Because they feel death, they die.

Because they have the sorrow of death, they die.

Sorrow itself is in league with death.

O Lord of Joy and Beauty...

\*

The agony of these last six months is slowly teaching me the lesson.

But what is this “agony”, compared to those 22,000 little seals which are going to die tomorrow—which are going to be skinned alive.

We *can* have courage, can’t we?

\*

I don’t philosophise, even if there is philosophy in that, I struggle with that damned necrobiosis. The “necro” must split off from that “biosis.”

\*

And always I come back to the same question, *who* wants to learn the lesson?

(One can only wonder why the lesson must be learnt at the expense of little seals and trees... and *who* learns? At this rate, there will be no little seals and no trees left, but only the true beasts.)

\*

*Evening*

My Douce found those quotations from the *Life Divine*. A New Being, a Divine Manifestation, this is the ONLY hope.

\*

*(Sri Aurobindo wrote this in 1914-18)*

... Otherwise what will be ultimately accomplished is an achievement by the few initiating a new order of beings, while humanity will have passed sentence of unfitness on itself and may fall back into an evolutionary decline or a stationary immobility.

*(The Life Divine, ch. XVIII)*

\*



... then man as he is cannot be the last term of that evolution; he is too imperfect an expression of the spirit... If, then, man is incapable of exceeding mentality, *he must be surpassed* and supermind and superman *must manifest and take the lead of the creation.*

(Ch. XXIII, underlined by Satprem)

\*

But because the burden which is being laid on mankind is too great for the present littleness of the human personality and its petty mind and small life-instincts, because it cannot operate the needed change, because it is using this new apparatus and organisation to serve the old infraspirtual and infrarational life-self of humanity, the destiny of the race seems to be heading dangerously, as if impatiently and in spite of itself, under the drive of the vital ego seized by colossal forces which are on the same scale as the huge mechanical organisation of life and scientific knowledge which it has evolved, a scale too large for its reason and will to handle, into a prolonged confusion and perilous crisis and darkness of violent shifting incertitude. Even if this turns out to be a passing phase or appearance and a tolerable structural accommodation is found which will enable mankind to proceed less catastrophically on its uncertain journey, this can only be a respite. For the problem is fundamental and in putting it, evolutionary Nature in man is confronting herself with a critical choice which must one day be solved in the true sense if the race is to arrive or even to survive.

(Ch. XXVIII, underlined by Satprem)

✓

**July 2, 1984**

Really, one is broken.

\*

Now I understand why there was that unhappiness in my teenager's heart.

One must survive. If it is possible.

\*

Perhaps it is the Unhappiness of the world?

\*

*Mother's Agenda XIII* has arrived in Auroville.

\*

*Night*

We must refuse sorrow.

Sorrow is what wants death.

\*

We have to resolve not only our own sorrow, but the sorrow of the entire clan, which comes to multiply ours—which is perhaps the essence of our own sorrow.

There is no "one's own": there is everyone.

It makes for bad nights.



**July 3, 1984**

Aphorism 35—Men are still in love with grief; when they see one who is too high for grief or joy, they curse him and cry, "O thou insensible!" Therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem.

\*

Of all human difficulties, the most difficult is not the one that we think; but grief and suffering, that is, the call of death.

This is perhaps the victory that I had (have) to achieve in this life.

That's why I was given a dose that would seem insurmountable. But the difficulty always *wants* to be insurmountable. It *claims* to be insurmountable, like death.

\*

When I think that, two years ago, I told myself: "But really, it seems that transformation has something to do with death"!!!

With a little sense of humour, we could say that the central problem of life is death!

\*

We think we understand, but we understand nothing until we have touched it.

\*

If He had not made me taste his Nectar at the beginning, I would never have had the force or the courage to go through all that.

Obviously, the Nectar is the Power which dislodges (and disturbs) death. So it protests, it's natural! That is, everybody protests!

\*

### *Evening*

I have the impression of being a mass of battered matter which is walked around from one operating theatre to the other.

\*

You are the one who does.

All that is to lead me where You want. And it can be only to the new Life and Joy.



**July 4, 1984**

The most difficult is not to pull out the evil, but to pull out the good (or what we think is “good”).

It bleeds particularly.

\*

Of course, the “good” of the old Fish is not the good of the “little seal.”  
But they skin little seals nowadays.

\*

Nothing must bleed, nothing must be broken anymore—one must be like a breeze. Then it is well (or it will be well).

\*

### *Evening*

The ghosts must be dissolved, so that Your Only REALITY remains.

\*

Everything is a ghost, except You.

\*

I realize that on that perilous way, the “You alone” is the only safeguard.

You Alone. You Alone. You Alone...

It is You—nothing else, no “Enemy”, nothing: You.

If you think that there is an “Enemy”, he opens his mouth and swallows you.

\*

Which means you must struggle with all the masks of God.

\*

How I understand that marvellous *cry* of Mother assailed by the cruel voices: “I don’t care, I adore You!”

This is the most marvellous cry a being has ever cried on this Earth.

Nobody will ever know how GREAT Mother was.



## **July 5, 1984**

There was a meeting of “Auroville International” in Sweden. They tried to “give their opinion” or to lead people to “give their opinion” on *Mother’s Agenda* (no comment). But then, one of the “sympathisers” of the German group wrote the following letter:

“This work (*The Agenda*) can't really be measured in human terms. It is most wonderful to learn about the new life. It is also quite depressing to understand more the horrible state of the old world through Mother’s and Satprem’s eyes.”

For me, it was like a revelation in reverse! when Sujata read me this yesterday evening. A revelation in reverse. They don’t understand the horror in which they live! Of course, all is not exactly as it should be in the world, but with a few currency adjustments, a few “humanitarian” reforms, a few international meetings to smooth over the angles and finally the invention of an anticancer drug and a few medical improvements, it will make a more human world and a tolerable order at last...

They don’t see! There is no refusal to “learn the lesson”—they don’t even see that there is a lesson to learn. They are completely blind and *willing* prisoners of Falsehood.

It is frightening.

Then I wondered: But what will it take for them to see the Horror in which they live and on which their life is built??

I thought that, even so, men “of good will” more or less saw the horror of their world and the necessity to find a solution, but no!

If the New Being manifested, it would be for them an abominable extra-terrestrial yeti which would come to demolish their human beauty and their scientific marvels. They don't see, they see nothing, they are tangled up in the worldwide Cobweb.

“It is quite depressing...” to understand the world through Mother's eyes. It is quite depressing to think that the human marvels are not marvellous.

Even in Auroville they try to make a tolerable *human* little society.

Nobody sees that it is INTOLERABLE!

So where is the hope of getting out of it? Except through a breaking divine grace?

That letter of a “sympathiser” made my eyes open very wide. And he sends 200 deutschmarks “as a first little sign of our support.” (“It was very moving...” Micheline adds).

I am almost dumbfounded.

\*

Sometimes, after sixty years, they realize that they “have been robbed of their life”, but even that is a very special grace, I realise it! And naturally, *nobody* realises that one is trying to rob them of their death.

\*

*Evening*

I often wonder: What can I do for this Earth, how to serve?

And I see nothing except to clean my own earth.

They want to improve Death, that's all.



**July 6, 1984**

That blind attachment to obscurity and disaster.

(I don't speak of "others", I speak of myself.)

Oh! It is terrible-terrible of stubborn blindness.

It is the body's Subconscient.

And the great relief of dying—"At last, it's all over" (and *nothing* is over!).

\*

Like thousands of woodlice and centipedes lurking at the bottom of a dark hole.

A lot of courage is needed to invoke the Lord of Joy and Beauty in the midst of all that.

\*

Exactly thirty years ago, in 1954, when I read that little sentence in the *Evening Talks*, I had been struck without very well understanding why: "The most material level remains and that is the most dangerous... because it is solid, compact, and can refuse *or give up its own stuff completely.*"

Now I understand very well.

(And Sri Aurobindo had seen that in 1924!...)

\*

This morning, without knowing anything, X. gave me a flower: "The power of Truth in the Subconscient"!

It is the *whole* transformation.

If there were that power in the Subconscient, the problem would be finished, solved—it would be done.

\*

And the "blue torrent" is what chases the little woodlice away—but there are thousands and thousands of them. Perhaps as many as cells...

A heap of 1,5 metre high and 2 or 3 metres wide...

One shows me very well what it is all about—(anyway, it is a grace, or else it could make you lose your mind).



### **July 7, 1984**

For two days I have been “ill” (a kind of poisoning). It is that nest of woodlice and centipedes.

I realise that if we purified all that “in one go”, it would cause such a violent reaction in the body that it would die of it!

Even little by little, it seems difficult.

But I am realising the *power* of death which is contained in a body.

\*

Perhaps there are bodies that are more “privileged” than mine?



### **July 8, 1984**

Received a letter from my younger sister, Y., a cheerful, dynamic girl, who remembers having missed me that day, forty years ago, at *Hotel Lutetia* in Paris, where the deportees were met. And she adds: “All the rest of life is just like that missed appointment.” ... It echoes my childhood friend: “I have been robbed of my life”—they “missed life.” Why, but it *is not yet* life!

And so I realised that if there were no other hope than a better life in heaven, a celestial beatitude, a release in the hereafter, then I would instantaneously go and join the gang of the atheists and the villains, like my brother Villon.



O Lord, I want your true Life on the earth. Your Truth on the earth, your divine reign on the earth and your Beatitude *for* the earth. Or else what?

It is Sri Aurobindo who gave me the divine sense of the Earth and the hope for the Earth—otherwise I would be irremediably atheist, and would have irremediably remained in the virgin forest.

So I pray, I so much pray for that true Life on the Earth, for Truth on the Earth. Oh! Not all those missed appointments and those robbed lives!

\*

My favourite book when I was a teenager, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, was *The Fruits of the Earth* by Gide (!), a book which was banished and reviled by my father (!). That and the *Candide* of Voltaire represented my perfect choice of life.

\*

Only it is easier to slip into bitterness than to catch the old sorrow of life and hammer it in the inner forge so that it would change into the true life.

\*

I still remember by heart the first lines of *The Fruits of the Earth*: “Families, I hate you, shut-in homes, jealous possession of happiness...” It was a delight!

I did not know that the “families” were going to hold on so deeply in the cells...

I was really right!

\*

Everything-everything in the past goes away! One must really dig one’s teeth (and one’s heart) into the future.

The future is Sri Aurobindo and Mother.

\*

*Evening*

I feel very much that “curve that draws to a close”, as if everything drew to a close (including my life). But there must be the curve of the future...

We are just in the bend and we don't see anything, it is hidden.

We would like to witness the “divine coup d'état”, as my Douce says.



**July 9, 1984**

When I see what there is in my own body and better understand what there is in the world's body, I wonder how—how is all that purifiable?

The dimension of the problem appears to me little by little.

\*

*Afternoon*

To stay in that blue current (it is rather like a formidable surf) day after day and hour after hour is almost agonising. And yet you know that it is a divine grace.

You repeat and repeat the Mantra. And that's it.

It will not last eternally.

\*

*Evening*

Sometimes I tell myself that it is something in the body that takes things the wrong way, and that if it was taken the right way, perhaps it would be a divine delight—the *same* operation.

It is “agonising” if we side with death which goes away.

We really must tear ourselves away from that hideous reign. (But when, by chance, we are torn away from there, we squeal like a stuck pig!)



### **July 10, 1984**

A letter from Anne (to L.) tells the “marvellous” visions she has had about Sujata and me, and she asks if there has not been a great “realisation”, a “breakthrough”? (!)

On this path, there is no “realisation”! It is a *process*. It is like a journey. You depart from Paris-Montparnasse and you go... I don't know where. So you cannot say that there is the “realisation” of such and such station, of Le Mans and Chartres and Auray—it continues. The “realisation” is at the end, when and if we arrive there—“It is the last step that matters,” Mother would say. And that end of I don't know where is not the “realisation” of any person: it is the realisation of everybody! It is a new world.

So we can say that each step of the journey is a “realisation”, in the sense that we did not get smashed up and that it is going on!

The “marvels”... yes, there is only one Marvel, it is the Supreme. And he is everywhere on the way... if we are not silly enough to grieve about the little deaths that he pulls out of us on the way.

In brief, we must become aware of the Supreme instead of spending all our time becoming aware of Death.

\*

What I cannot come to terms with is the assassination of the little seals and the torture of the trees. There, it is difficult to see the hand of the Supreme (though *the trees* see it—the little seals, I don't know...).

\*

Washington, July 8

INDIA'S POPULATION MAY EXCEED CHINA'S:

India's population is projected at 1,700 million by the time the current world population of 4,800 million stabilises at 11,000 million by 2150 A.D. [...]

The prospects for some of India's neighbours will be even worse, according to the World Bank's World Development report.

Pakistan's population is now 87 million and Bangladesh's 93 million. Bangladesh is expected to have 450 million people by the time the population stabilises. For Pakistan, even a standard projection pushes the population up to 302 million by 2050. — PTI.

\*

*That* population will not be restrained. Its little seals are sacred and divine from birth (!).

\*

*Afternoon*

It seems that the Miracle is at the doorstep.\*

\*

*Evening*

And at the same time so far...\*\*



---

\* I did not note it down because it was unutterable and indescribable, but the whole afternoon, it was: "The legend of Sri Aurobindo, the beautiful story of Mother, the legend of Sri Aurobindo, the beautiful story of Mother... Oh ! Again and again !..." And it seemed alive, as if at the doorstep.

\*\* This is the return of St Thomas.

**July 11, 1984**

***Vision***

I was face to face with that horrible rabble that we shelter inside and it was so difficult not to flinch, not to lose heart in front of that unending task. I struggled and struggled. That blue torrent came to start again its unending surf. Then, I don't know, at a point, but very-very briefly, almost unnoticed, I thought I saw (I almost never have any vision while awake) a pregnant woman passing by on my right (!). She was very tall, clothed in a long blue silk dress, rather dark but slightly shimmering—and that pregnant woman's belly! A shimmering blue.

Is it Mother carrying the new being?

It was so fleeting, one could say, that I almost did not notice it.

Really unexpected!

I did not see the height of this woman (nor her face) but she must have been very tall, because her belly was higher than me seated—it must be one meter and a half (or more) above the ground!

Really, it is very unexpected!

That shimmering blue looked a little like that of the sea with silver twinkles (not twinkles, rather glints).

\*

I still cannot believe what I have seen!

It is Mother who wants to cheer me up, it seems.

I was so... almost desperate this morning, and I was holding on and on... Really, it was difficult.

And she was so strongly pregnant (!) if I dare say so. What was striking was her belly. I am no gynaecologist, so I cannot "evaluate" (!),

but well, as an ill-informed man, I would say that it was not far from term.

Oh, if it were true! If it were coming! This is what would save the world.

\*

*Afternoon*

It is not a question of being right *against* the old Fish—it is a question of getting out of that miserable state.

The best reason of the amphibian is that it *is*!

At a pinch, it will allow itself to thumb its nose at the old jellyfishes and barracudas—perhaps the barracuda’s teeth will fall in surprise! And the old learned humans will work out the new theory of pointillist and non-punctual Evolution, which allows itself to frolic to their faces.

And we will laugh: ah, yes, in the time of that Horror, it *was* like that. But it is over!

Laughter will be the best “reprisal” against the old villainy.

\*

This afternoon, all that was seen-perceived in a bath of solid blue power and it was as if the “spirit of vengeance” was uprooted from my cells\*. To take revenge on what, on the fact that we could be so idiotic!? But for four billions of years we have all been idiots, big or little idiots—and now it’s over! That’s all. Farewell to the *Homo horribilis* and his bowler hat! (or his “Gandhi cap”!)

All the same, the little seals will be relieved.

\*

---

\* I must say that I *never* had much spirit of vengeance in my active consciousness, even against the S.S.s—the best “vengeance” is to have got out of their concentration camps. And now we are getting out of the human camp. That’s all.

*Evening*

I realise that what I saw this morning was a revelation... like that, without looking like it.

The Divine performs his miracles without seeming to.

\*

I knew it, I knew that Mother was making the new being in that tomb—and yet I did not “know” it!

Which means that it has become material.

\*

The Beautiful Story is *there!*

\*

***Conversation with Sujata***

**The pregnant woman**

*(We let in suspension points all the passages that were inaudible because of our bad mike).*

I saw interesting and surprising things.

I don't well understand. Well, “I don't well understand”, I understand very well what that means, but it was... I wonder if I did not dream.

*(Sujata:) When? This afternoon?*

No, this morning.

*Ah, this morning!*

Yes. While I was sitting. Usually, I never have visions while awake. You know, for weeks, months, I have been (...) It is painful, it is truly abominable. (...)

And it is like a kind of dark blue power, which is like the surf, you know, a formidable surf which pounds you (*Satprem pounds*), which pounds and pounds Matter, and which naturally makes all that go out. And it lasts for hours and days and weeks and months. Well, it is... It has been that for months.

*Ah! It was that?*

It's like that, yes, it's how it goes.

*Dark blue?*

Yes. It is (...)

Well, it was as usual, isn't it, there was nothing special (...) And then (my eyes remained closed: I think that I am fully awake in there—it is *pure matter*) at a point, a split second, like that, I saw a pregnant woman passing by me!

*Oh!*

*(Satprem describes his vision to Sujata)*

It lasted for a split second, almost as if I did not notice—suddenly, I told myself: but what is it? (*Sujata laughs a lot*)

*Does it mean that the child is going to be born?*

That's what I thought. It was Mother, obviously, she must have been very tall because her belly was one metre and fifty above the ground, wasn't it, whereas a normal person (...) and really... This is what I saw:



that belly and that long silk gown of blue silk with shimmering glints—not luminous, but glints in that blue dress—and that belly... Twenty centimetres away to my right, she passed by, as if... you see, she was going that way [towards the next room]: she walked right past me. It lasted for a split second. I tell you, I almost failed to notice, because it was outside of all thought, of all imagination... Then, suddenly, I told myself: but... what is that belly, what is it?! And I thought: but it is Mother who comes to comfort me.

Because I was really... I was rather desperate—not “desperate” but it is...it is...(...) painful, it is truly (...) for hours and days and weeks like that...in that Power; well, one could say implacable (but it is not implacable) which brings out all there is in the depths of the body. And it is not my body, it is my father, my grandfather, my brother, it is...and it is everybody. It is everybody! Like what I saw: it was a theatre room where there were thousands of people, and each of those billions of people had his own world, you understand? So you imagine what we have in our body—everybody.

*(silence)*

Perhaps it is during the night that I caught that discouragement, because during the night, how many things we still catch like that. (...) And at the same time, tired, you understand, it is such a weariness.

*Yes, it is... one tells oneself: what? It is endless?*

Yes. It is endless... It is not “desperate”, because hope...hope is Mother and Sri Aurobindo: They exist. But personally...it is difficult.

*It was Mother who showed you...*

It looks like that, yes—yes.

*But immediately after, you...felt, or was it only a surprise?*

It was simply a surprise, that's all. I "felt" nothing, I cannot say that I felt Mother's presence because Mother's presence, in fact...that bath of blue Power, what is it if not her Presence? So I cannot say that I felt "Mother's presence" passing by, because I did not feel anything other than that bath of Power. And then, in that...it passed by. I laughed, simply—afterwards. Because it took me a few seconds to tell myself: But come on, what? Did I dream or what?

*And yet you had your eyes open?*

No, I keep my eyes closed. But, well, I am fully awake. It is not a thing of dream or of trance or of "higher consciousness"—well, "the higher consciousness", come off it! We are right in that damned matter...! It is *very* conscious. It is hyperconscious.

I cannot say that I had any sensation because that bath of Power in which you soak erases every sensation except that; you are in that, in that kind of surf which pounds you—you know, "pounding"?

*Pounding, yes.*

Like that. It *pounds* matter. And then, it brings out, brings out...it brings out all the horror of the world. All the sorrow of the world. Everything, everything, it brings everything out. So you are in that, you endure, you hold on, you endure, and it is...long.

*But Mother is very kind to give you like that...*

But I did not even have the... I told you, it was so unexpected that I cannot say I had any feeling... It is afterwards that I told myself: Mother is kind. But it was long afterwards, because I told myself: Come on, did I dream? Even now: Come on... Yet it was clear, it was twenty centimetres away, I did not dream!

But it must be very-very close to Matter... Of course, it is not a physical Material as we know it, but it was obviously very material, because, damn, it is enough... I assure you, it is right in Matter. It is not far—it is in Matter! Where is it? I was in no higher consciousness; I was *in the body*, and even then, in the body's hole—at the bottom of the body.

So it is a consciousness that...of course, we cannot say that it is the external physical, but all the same, it is very material: it is the inside of the body.

*(silence)*

If *you* drew this picture yesterday, and then if *I* see that, it still means that...it is in the atmosphere, it is not far—in the terrestrial atmosphere, completely.

*All that began with Susie's vision, that child in the hut. Perhaps it was still in the state...it was still subtle?*

Yes, perhaps... I don't know. You know, their visions... Well.

*It was authentic, you know.*

So, this means that Mother...*shows* us.

*She gives us a sign—or even more than that.*



More than that.

*(silence)*

That's it—it's a belly *(Sujata laughs)*.

That, I don't know, we are always wrong about time, obviously; gestations take sometimes more than nine months. *(laughter)*

*It's nine years, isn't it? You understand: it is the tenth year, no?*

It is the eleventh year.

*Yes, ten full years. Eleventh year. These are not elephant gestations! No, really, if you look at that, if you think a moment...*

It is incredible. It would change everything.

*Oh yes! And we need it.*

It would change everything—everything. It would be truly...the marvellous miracle.

*(silence)*

All the laws of the world would collapse; all their laws, all their impossibilities, all their atrocities—all their human thing would collapse.

*It would be marvellous! It is the world of horror that would collapse.*

Their whole thing... And they would be out of their minds; all their minds, all that—they would be...idiots.

*Dumbfounded!*

They would be struck down by idiocy, yes.

*It would be marvellous! Really like the fairy tale!*

Well, yes, quite so.

“Ah, you think you are the superior race and the great head of evolution? Well, look!” They would be ridiculous, even their horrors would become ridiculous.

*You believe so? It's so horrible.*

Yes! You understand; it would be so “insane” (I tell you) for that whole humankind that their supreme virtues and their supreme horrors as well—all their “supreme” thing—would be reduced to nothing (!) in front of...the unexplainable Divine.

They would be as if mad! They would face the Impossibility—alive, there, under their very noses, and charming, perhaps!

*(Sujata, laughing): Why “perhaps”? Surely!*

Now then, they would be completely at a loss.

It would be such a Miracle, such a Miracle of the divine Grace—that nobody deserves it, really; if somebody deserves it, it is Mother and Sri Aurobindo, for having done that work... Truly, nobody deserves—would deserve such a Grace, except that... Except that it is the Grace, that's all. It is the Grace, and the Grace doesn't need to be deserved.

It would be the end of that time of human horror.

*At last!*

But really, everything would crumble from... They would be insane, idiotic, dumbfounded! They would be...what? All their laws, their

impossibilities, their calculations, their plans, their techniques, their inventions, their equations—all-all their things would be ridiculous. Deeply ridiculous. All their science of chimpanzees would be reduced to prehistory. And all their religions and their...their whole caboodle! And they would have nothing to say anymore! Neither the popes nor the ayatollahs nor the Gandhis nor the Mother Teresas; they all would be speechless and dumbfounded! The precious human foetuses that she defends, it would be completely ridiculous.

And everything would be deeply ridiculous. And rendered ridiculous.

*And nothing is demolished.*

Yes, everything is so ridiculous that it collapses by itself, you understand.



**July 12, 1984**

That marvellous  
ABSOLUTE Love  
which is like a remembrance of  
ALWAYS  
and of before the stars

\*

I would go through a thousand miseries  
And a thousand universes  
to live THAT again.

\*

But perhaps the time has  
come

to live THAT  
without the miseries.

\*

“I say that we must not suffer,” Mother would say...

\*

### *Afternoon*

Now the body completely surrenders to the great Movement of swell—I called that the “blue torrent” to simplify, but a torrent gives the idea of a light running water; it has nothing “light” and it does not “run”! It is really like a big swell of *dense* irresistible Power, which swells, launches an assault on the cliff, that is the body, and empties it (one could say: rinses it!) from everything that is inside, projects it outside and spreads it. And it starts over again, indefinitely. It is of a tremendous density—everything is rinsed, all the cells, the whole Matter. It suffers no resistance, or else everything would break.

The body surrenders to the Mystery.

It knows that that “big swell” is Mother-Sri Aurobindo.

\*

That vision of yesterday, yet so fleeting and of a very matter-of-fact simplicity, produced a deep upheaval in the whole being, like a radical conversion: now, it KNOWS.

It is a marvellous Grace.

A deep soothing.

\*

### *Evening*

When you get out of that “rinsing”, you feel a little dazed (with even a tendency to dizziness—I noticed it quite often in the forest).



\*

*Night*

The more the abominable hole deepens, the more the least tiny thing becomes dangerous.

Nobody can understand.

One must be *there* to understand.

No sooner seems a step to have been taken, than you take a truncheon blow... It was expected.

I don't know if I still would say that "I would go through a hundred miseries"...

And I am cruelly aware of what Mother must have felt and of my own incapacity near her.



**July 13, 1984**

I so much remember Mother: "One is alone with the Supreme."

\*

We must get out of it through the right door.

Not the eternal wrong old door.

\*

I know three kinds of illusion: the frozen illusion, the burning illusion and the empty illusion.

I know what I mean.

This is my problem.

Those are the three wrong doors. They all lead to death.

\*

The fourth door is difficult.

\*

We must look at *everything* as at the old affairs of Fish (the worst and the “best”).

Which means that there must remain neither worst nor best, only the Other Thing.

\*

I feel so wounded everywhere that I no longer know how to handle myself.

\*

I must become completely IMMOBILE—as in front of the three killers in the canyons (curiously, there were three of them, like the three killing illusions).



### **July 14, 1984**

This old life is *continually* there—minute by minute—wanting to hurt you (to kill you, in fact, or make you desire death), like a cat with its claws (when I say “cat”, I am still kind).

That ceaseless struggle against pain is perhaps what is the most difficult—and it is the whole world which pains you or is painful.

Death wants to convince you that there is no other way out—as long as you play its game, it kindly lets you live for a more or less long time; as soon as you want to get out of it, it becomes very nasty.

So I understand—I open my eyes very wide: Mother’s heroism.

\*

I am made to go down all the steps of Death.



## **July 15, 1984**

I remain with my eyes wide open in front of what I saw this night (from 14 to 15) twice... It may be the image of a past life—I hope so.

\*

### *Evening*

One must have the courage not to leave. It is the empty illusion.  
It is simply horrible.

\*

Lord, Lord, Lord, there is only You, otherwise it is not possible.



## **July 16, 1984**

I want to fight up to the end.  
I want to live for the New Life.  
It is the only hope. It is the only Hope!

\*

For the first time since her death (in 1968, I think) I met Bharatidi<sup>1</sup> this night. Is it a coincidence? (She welcomed me with great pleasure!)

I am meeting all the illusions that must be vanquished.  
All-all the “dead” are coming back.

\*

Take every step without dying of it. That’s all that can be said.  
One by one.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mother liked her very much. A Buddhist and a translator of Pāli and Sanskrit, from the French School of Far East.

Now I will know: if or when I take a new step, beware of truncheon blows. (I do note that it is our own stupidity that earns us the truncheon blows, but where does this “our own” stop?)

\*

*Afternoon*

I had the impression, such an acute sensation of being on a way which went from one horror to another, where nothing was left except Cruelty, Falsehood, awful Complication, where you seemed to be yourself a den of falseness and everything was perfidious. And I told myself, or rather something was crying in me: But there *must* be a divine Simplicity behind all that, there *must* be a Candour for which evil does not exist, there *must* be a divine Smile which erases everything, changes everything—that is what I am looking for! I no longer know anything, I no longer see anything and everything is like a treacherous quagmire, but there *must*, there *must* be that Simple Smile, that Simple Marvel at the bottom, the THAT that we are looking for, that we want, that we so-so much need and that is simply truth, simply love, simply goodness, simply smile, simply simplicity!...

There. That's all.

A sharp crest, Mother would say.

\*

*Evening*

My Douce made a drawing tonight: “the bare sorrow of the Earth”.

Yes, everything is left bare.

Apocalypse = laying bare.

I am *in* the apocalypse.

The Earth is *in* the apocalypse, without knowing it.



**July 18, 1984**

Each time, I am surprised to see the power of aspiration, the so unbelievable intensity which is in the body, in those millions of cells. It is as if (not “as if”!) one witnessed a geological phenomenon, like the great upheavals.

Let’s see what is going to fall back on my head (it is sad to say).

\*

*Afternoon*

Such a solid “blue descent”! So massive! Like some material divine.

As if there were no interstice for something else than THAT.

It is like a material *substance*, not recorded by their “science”—the “blue divine”!

Everything is annulled and immobilised in there (except the pain in my leg!).

\*

*Evening*

The cassette on Pranab [from *Mother’s Agenda XIII*] is being circulated in Auroville (and Pondicherry)...

\*

We should (the Earth) approach a convergence.



**July 20, 1984**

No doubt, it is a kind of death.

A death fully accepted.

It is difficult.

\*

Which means that one must die to all that is mortal (which is life for us).

\*

*Evening*

Sometimes death comes with such intensity, really like a swell of death. And some days, it is the big swell of blue Power that fills everything.

It is wearing.

\*

It has been today (or tomorrow?) three years since Lyudmila left<sup>1</sup>...

A step.

(Like Kennedy's death for the United States.)

I've always been wondering why Mother had said that the Chinese revolution [in 1911] was the first step of the Transformation...?

Lenin died in 1924—sixty years ago.

\*

If the first coup came from there (from China), it is from there that the last coup will come.



**July 21, 1984**

***The great Vision***

---

<sup>1</sup> Lyudmila Zivkova, the President of Bulgaria's daughter, assassinated on July 19 or 20 in Sofia (see *Notebooks*, volume 2).

This night, from July 20 to 21, early in the morning, I was at Sri Aurobindo's, as if I were his "special guest." I no longer know what happened in the room where I was first—this has been erased.\* Then Sri Aurobindo left me to go to "take a bath." I passed into another room, and there, there were a number of people, who seemed to be Indians, but they could be from any country, silent and clothed in white. They were filing or organising papers that they "sent"...I don't know where (to the earth?). Those people put typed sheets into a sort of gearing or mechanical thread roll die, and those papers went off, "descended", I don't know where, lower. At one point, one of those workers (they were like executants or secretaries who probably passed on Sri Aurobindo's messages or instructions to the earth) realised that he had forgotten to put or add something to one of those papers or rolls, and I thought to myself: But it has already gone into the gearing... But it didn't cause difficulties and the man, by I don't know what movement, made the "sending machine" go backwards, and it seemed to me that he underlined a passage of that particular paper in red, then it got going again. I watched all that process like a curious and interested witness. Sujata was near me and she, too, was watching.

Then Sri Aurobindo arrived; he looked very tall, clothed in a sort of *dhoti* of an almost luminous white, so pretty, so soft, like no "white" on the earth. It was like a luminous cascade on his shoulders. I was supposed to be his "guest" and have a cup of tea with him (!). As Sri Aurobindo passed by, I followed him and stretched out my arm behind

---

\* It seemed to me that I offered to Sri Aurobindo a square box wrapped in a light violet or mauve paper, like a chocolate box (!) There were small golden drawings with the violet or mauve colour—really like a well-wrapped box from a chocolate maker! I don't know at all what that box contained.

me, beckoning Sujata to follow me. But Sujata did not want, as if she felt that I should go alone with Sri Aurobindo.

We arrived at a kind of semi-circular table... Ah! I was forgetting: before arriving at that table, Sri Aurobindo said: “Oh, it’s hot, one needs to take (or feels like taking?) a shower.” I was vaguely surprised, because he had just taken his bath. But Sri Aurobindo raised his arms towards the ceiling, as if there were some “shower” hanging up there, and instead of the “shower head”, I saw a kind of blue square with slightly golden stars, as it were, and all that seemed to be made of designed paper (!). But, well, Sri Aurobindo raised his arms towards this strange “shower” (it was when I saw how tall he was, oh! immense, perhaps three or four meters high, and that big white *dhoti* was so marvellously beautiful and of such a soft light—I was seeing him from behind. It was divine. It was the Divine), then he lowered his arms and continued on his way to the table, as if it had been enough!

It was not a wooden table, but of a kind of unpolished metal, slightly silvery but not shiny.\* It seemed to me that Sri Aurobindo sat down on a strange thing like a high stool (what can be found in bars), but an iron one which seemed rather pointed, well, rather uncomfortable. But I just had a glance at it, for a split second, and I am not sure I saw correctly. I sat down on his left. On the table, there were various objects that I could not describe. It seemed to me that there were also small pewter tumblers (a sort of hourglass, I think). None of that looked “rich” or “luminous”—it was rather metallic, but like pewter.

Suddenly, Sri Aurobindo put in the palms of my open hands a kind of dark brown cord necklace or dark brown leather thread, like very brown

---

\* Come to think of it, the table had the shape of a small moon and we were sitting on the convex side.



earth, from which a little piece of stone was hanging, really stone, like a piece of grey-black granite shaped a little like Ganesh, with his cranium or his pointed crown. (But it was not a “carved” stone, it was simply a piece of stone which seemed to have the shape of Ganesh, with a pointed end and a rather large base). That grey-black stone had a few vaguely green reflects—it had nothing “shiny” (!). And while placing that strange “necklace” or pendant in my hands, Sri Aurobindo said (in French): “I give you a realisation.”

Immediately, in my thought, a question sprung up: “Is it a realisation for the earth?” But Sri Aurobindo was looking straight ahead (I was seeing him in profile, on my right), absorbed, almost serious or grave, completely immobile, without seeing me. (In front of him, it was all open onto the infinity. The impression that it overlooked the whole earth.) Again the question took shape in my consciousness: I have been doing this work with Mother for a long time...(and in that “long time”, there was the feeling that it was not only this present life). But I did not dare to ask because I saw Sri Aurobindo very absorbed and immobile, looking straight ahead (in front of him, it was all open and I have the impression that he was looking very far, a little as from a “control tower” which dominates all the horizons).

\*

This night, too, Sujata told me that she was given a pair of new sandals (the two straps of the sandal were of a very pretty bright red, she says).

Perhaps our two “dreams” go together!?

\*

I have the impression that that second room where I saw Sri Aurobindo is the room of the Earth's affairs.\*

The first room must have been more private.

\*

That piece of granite looked exactly like the grey-black granite which the *Shiva lingam*<sup>1</sup> in front of my bedroom is made of. As of the same substance.

On Sri Aurobindo's face, there was that blue light, as when I first saw him in Pondicherry. (I wonder whether that white cascade on his shoulders is not Mother's light or Mother's garment?).

\*

*Evening*

The very comforting Grace is to see and feel that we participate in Their action.

Sometimes I tell myself that it is far more marvellous than we think.



**July 22, 1984**

That massive Blue, more and more, more and more... You wonder whether you are not going to melt, or what, to change your composition?!



---

\* Perhaps "it's hot" meant "things are getting hot" on the Earth...! But I cannot understand what that shower means—perhaps he wants to give a shower to the Earth! That would not be so bad.

<sup>1</sup> *Shiva lingam*: one of the symbolic representations of the god Shiva, in the shape of a short column (originally the column of fire).

**July 23, 1984**

The Nectar is *there!*

When the mortal blending goes, the pure, absolute—supreme Nectar remains.

While leaving, Death wants to make you believe that you are going to death, that you are uprooted from “life”—you are uprooted from death, you are uprooted from the mortal blending, the Nectar remains.

No marvels—*one* pure, absolute, supreme, unthinkable Marvel. It is there. It is *all there*.

\*

Everything is the same, but death is gone.

And that Nectar of You...

Oh! I understand, I understand! I begin to understand in my whole body.

And they have put her in the tomb.

\*

The change of “composition” is death that is leaving.

\*

It is as if I had got the “Secret”. That is, one makes me live it (I know who “one” is!).

It is the death of death.

\*

It began this morning by such a thirst! As if the body were consumed by thirst—without “me” having anything to do with it. (Really, we are witnessing a “phenomenon of Nature.”)

\*

*Afternoon*

Truly, something is afoot, judging by that formidable cataract of compact blue Power which comes down and down and engulfs everything.

I have never seen such densities.

But it is HE-SHE.

I know (the body knows).



### **July 24, 1984**

There have been so many, so many irrefutable experiences, one could say earth-shattering in the geological sense, and then... as Mother would say, it is “like water entering sands.” One doesn’t know what does that, what is that “layer of sand”...? The general, “psychological” inner state is the same as it was yesterday, and then it is like a sandy bottom when the tide has gone out. What is this “sand”? What is it that does that? What is this layer—millennia of “tides” could pass over that and it would be always the same, as it seems. Not that it is “negative” or “contrary” or “unwilling”—there is nothing psychological in that: it is a sort of sandy state or “layer” which is or seems to be constitutively like that. Something in the very material texture of the body.

Yesterday, the Nectar spurted out by itself, without my having anything to do with it; today, it is sand and sand, without my having anything to do with it either. And this feeling, or rather this sensation that it could go on like that for centuries and millennia, like the “beach of white sands” under Penthièvre.

A rock can be broken, it is understandable, but sand?

What is this “sand”?

You can struggle with a rock, but sand...? Millennia can pass away.



*Afternoon*

To make progress on *one* point, you have to budge the whole universe, as it were...

\*

This afternoon, suddenly, I told myself that I have been sitting in this room, with this work, for a little more than two years, and I remain in active concentration for around five hours a day (but the “concentration” follows me everywhere)—that is, some four thousand hours there, in that bath... A mere breath in the eyes of eternity and a grain of sand among the billions and billions of beings and planets.

Well.

Only the Supreme Grace can decide: Well, it's done. And it's done.

I don't even know what must be done!

As long as *He* knows, that's all that is needed!

\*

*Evening*

This evening, my Douce made a strange little drawing (caught “in the atmosphere”): “the new being who makes the earth blossom.” And it is as if this being *wanted to say* something???

Curiously, the new being whom Sujata has drawn has a slightly pointed cranium like the stone Ganesh that Sri Aurobindo gave me (I did not tell that vision to S.).



**July 25, 1984**

And again that Nectar that engulfs everything.

That pure adoration in Matter.

As if Matter—those billions of cells and atoms—was discovering its own Goal—what it has been seeking for so many ages.

An abyss of adoration.

\*

It is perhaps that—it is surely that that the Rishis called “the well of honey below the rock.”

It is that.

What else?

It is the Goal itself.

And it is not the adoration of “something else”—it is an abyss of absolute adoration of...what it is.

\*

Billions of cells and atoms which adore together...

It is engulfing.

Everything is engulfed into...what it is.

WHAT IT IS.

\*

All the rest is the consequence of that.

The goal of evolution is its cause.

\*

Sri Aurobindo had given me a “piece of stone”—I understand!

Not the heavens or the nirvanas: a piece of stone.

He is marvellous.

There is no greater humourist than the Divine—and no greater materialist either!

\*

*Afternoon*

Such a fantastic power in the body—it goes beyond all measure and all description. It is not human anymore. Fortunately, the body doesn't feel the least fear anymore (it is as if the question of death were irrelevant now—if “death” must be, it is no longer the old death).

\*

*Evening*

They are all living in scientific and spiritual Middle Ages.  
But we are in the apocalypse of science and of mind and of man.  
THAT is emerging.

\*

I am always hearing that great wave, like an eternity in each second.



**July 26, 1984**

*(Klari)*

Without You, we are empty little puppets.  
We do our show and we go.

\*

*Evening*

It is not of cancer that we need to be cured, it is of death!



**July 27, 1984**

***Vision***



This night (from July 26 to 27) I was in the locomotive of a train, and through a big window, I was looking at the rails and the junctions in front of me. Then I saw a rising tide of liquid, brownish mud, which covered all the rails: yet the train was still proceeding (rather carelessly, as it seemed to me). One did not see the rails anymore, only that tide of liquid mud. I was looking on and I did not see who was at my side or if there was anybody. I was on the right. At one point, I got a splash of mud in my face (at least the fragment of mud came in my direction)—it came from the right side. The rails were narrower than they are generally in the West.

The train of India?

One did not see the rails anymore, only the mud.

\*

### ***Conversation with Sujata***

#### **The train of India**

I saw something last night, but it has no...well, it has nothing new, it is something that we know well.

I am tired... It's difficult, you know.

*(silence)*

*(Satprem tells his vision to Sujata)*

... a *rising tide* of brownish mud which coated everything, and covered everything little by little: the train proceeded in the mud, one could not see the rails anymore. And I had the feeling that it was a strange thing—that it was not careful! *(laughter)*

Well, that's all.

I don't know why, I have the impression that it is the train of India—I don't know...

That's all I saw.

That India is muddy, we know it. So why am I shown this just now? Because these are clearly the visions of the New Consciousness, absolutely: it is quite that type of vision when one wants to show me Auroville or to show me India, or to show me... What one wants to show me, it is simple: an image—and it is precise. But I had the impression that these were narrow rails; you know, in the West, they are larger than that. I don't know why...

*(Sujata) They say "narrow gauge", I think.*

Yes, I had the impression that it was rather...(well, apart from that fact, because I was simply watching, without drawing conclusions) it is afterwards that I had that kind of feeling that it must be India—the train of India.

*You said "we"—what does "we" mean? There was...*

We? I said "we"?

*At one point.*

Well, yes, we know very well that India is muddy, and you know it, and that is what I said: We, it is all of us, we know very well that India is muddy. It is full of mud and corruption. It is really a... That woman (Indira Gandhi) is always speaking of "external threats", but she doesn't speak of "internal rot." So, the fact is that it does not teach me anything. But why am I shown this? Because it was precise—like the images of the New Consciousness. It is precise, like a fact, it is like that:

you are shown that. So I am shown things for me, am I, or for the situation of the work that I am doing or that is being done here, or in Auroville or anywhere: one shows me. Or people. And if one shows me, it means that... Why am I shown this just now? I don't know.<sup>1</sup>

*(silence)*

I didn't have the impression that the train was proceeding very fast, in fact. I didn't have that impression of a high-speed train, but well, it was a train. And then all that tide. Liquid mud, you know, liquid, semi liquid, which invaded everything; one could not see the rails anymore, the train was proceeding in the mud. So I had a kind of sensation that...it was not careful! *(laughter)*

*One can say that, at least...!*

That's all. That's all that happened.

*It is not careful, does it mean that the train can slide out of the rails or...*

Ah, I have no idea; simply I was rather surprised, and to see that in spite of everything, the train was proceeding in that, and I had a vague sensation (it was not thought, all that, you understand), at the same time the sensation: but it is not careful. And then, above all, that surprise; the rails vanished! No more rails—there was mud. The train was rolling in mud, proceeding in mud. A rising tide. It didn't touch only the rails—I did not see the dimension of it, but well, it was like a rising tide.

---

<sup>1</sup> It was probably the announcement of Indira's disappearance (assassinated three months later), which perhaps represented the last (narrow) rails.

*(silence)*

*Indeed, the present state of India, I feel it is really... The mud, we have been knowing for a long time, but there, it is truly "ominous", as Sri Aurobindo says. "Things look ominous."*

All that we see simply around us, in this forest and this village, it is an assault—a barbaric assault.

No, what I wonder is why that is shown to me now: because it is not a revelation...

*No, it is not a revelation, we know.*

We know. But this is shown to me, there, and I was really in the locomotive, on a front-row seat, I was seeing through the window (I was on the right; I don't know who was on the left—if there was anyone), I was not driving anything, I was looking through the window in front of me.

*Even the rails are covered in mud, so...*

Completely covered in mud, they had completely disappeared.

*Yes, so how could the train indefinitely proceed on the rails?*

Ah, indefinitely, that, I don't know.

*No, because you say that it was continuing...*

Yes, it was proceeding...

*Yes, so it cannot continue.*

In fact, it is probably with my own...surprise, that it stopped there, that's all. Besides, it is all that one wanted to show me.

There was like a splash of mud which came from the right (because probably on the right it must be open) and I don't know anymore if it splashed me, but, well, it was aimed at me.

*But it could not touch?*

I don't know very well. I saw that splash of mud: a block of mud that... That's all.

*No, I meant: with the speed that was already there, wasn't it, the train went on a little. But if the mud invades all the rails, then it cannot go on indefinitely, it must stop totally or...*

Or leave the rails. I don't know.

*Perhaps the time has come for it to... to stop or go off the rails?*

Yes, it is becoming precise. If that is shown to me, it means that really it is becoming very precise; that the thing is there. Of course, it is there, we know it well, but...

*(silence)*

The train of India has no rails anymore! *(Sujata laughs)* It is not driven by anything anymore; the rails are something that leads. Well, what leads is under the mud.

The rails must be followed: it is something that leads. Well, there is nothing anymore; it is under the mud.

*A rising tide.*

*Continuation, July 27, afternoon*

### **Vision**

This night, too, I saw something, but which had a very personal meaning—these are the indications (marvellous and gracious indications) concerning the situation of the “yoga”, given by the “new consciousness.” All the way, all the way there was that marvel of a grace, which enlightened or tried to enlighten me about what was happening or was going to happen—a marvellous, really divine Solicitude.

I was in a subterranean place or a deep cave, of which the dripping walls were made of grey-black sand (!). There were a few still embedded and half “loose” rubble-stones of brown rock—that is, all that was on the brink of crumbling. Water was streaming from the walls—a very clear water—it gathered at the bottom of the cave and passed through the sand into another similar cave. Everything was about to crumble.\* For my better understanding, I saw my staff in a corner, the one with which I walk in the forest and on which Mother’s Mantra is carved.

The meaning is obvious. That “infiltration” and that streaming of clear water, it is the Power of the other consciousness—or it is the other Power, the next Power—which seeps in and seems to dissolve or disintegrate the old caves of the Inconscient or of the Subconscient: the headquarters of death.

We could say: the headquarters of the old sorrow of the Earth, which calls for death to be “cured” of its sorrow.

---

\* Curious fact: That cave was not dark as are caves or underground passages; everything was very clear, or at least clearly seen.

It is very painful.

\*

I mean that it makes a *physical* and almost agonizing sorrow in the whole body. It is not a question of eyes that cry or of “feelings”, it is the whole body that grieves... Strange. But it is like that. Really, it is a wound in the depths of Life—“life” which *knows* that it is only death.

But it is so unconscious, ignorant and “accustomed”, rooted in the body, that it *clings* to its grief and to its death, unable to perceive that there is a true healing and a true life.

My body begins to feel that true healing and that true life (but it grieves all the same! or at least “it hurts”).

If we underwent that “painful” (but relieving in fact) infiltration without knowing what it is, we would become mad or pack up and leave!

\*

*Evening*

I learnt yesterday (via the U.S.A.) that my second brother, Pierre, had tried to commit suicide (for the second time).

It is difficult to get out through the true door.

There is a terrible *karma* in that family...

Perhaps it is for that, precisely because of that, that Mother chose me... (?)

Like that, the “problem” is truly touched in depth.

\*

Suicide is at the same time a revolt, an escape and a powerlessness.

Well, we must go down to the bottom *with powerful eyes*.

---

PS: But it passed or transfused into *another* similar cave, then another one, then another one, then... We are made of lots of caves.

\*

I think that death is the supreme revolt of Falsehood: rather die than surrender to the Divine Joy and the Divine Love.

(I would not be surprised if Pranab was a guardian of Death.)

\*

The “crucifixion”—whatever its holy reasons beyond that—is a kind of deification of Death.

We must de-crucify Death.

We must *renounce* pain and sorrow.

\*

I was a rebel angel of the terrestrial suffering, until the day I understood that one must fight. And wring the neck of that untruthful bitch that we call “death.”

First I had to understand that one can fight—Mother taught me that after Sri Aurobindo.

We *can*.

Only we have to go down to the root.

And it hurts!

\*

I must have given my soul to the devil of suffering more than once, and got out through all the possible wrong doors.

But this time... let's see.

What would the Churches do if there were no more death?

\*

A heavenquake!

\*

Sometimes, I have a glimpse of the “bunch” which surrounded Mother and Sri Aurobindo (including myself)... They were really surrounded by all the great terrestrial difficulties to be vanquished.



It is rather frightening.



**July 28, 1984**

There is a frenzied resistance somewhere.

Some last rubble-stone which holds everything up.

There is something that pushes and pushes and pushes and something that resists and resists and resists. And you are as if crushed between the two.

\*

My leg hurts so much that I cannot sit down anymore.

What am I going to do?

\*

*In the forest*

And if you give in to discouragement, even just a little, it becomes like a lethal danger, the least tiny thing becomes dangerous.

And I well understand by which mechanism that least tiny thing becomes lethal. The Enemy takes hold of whatever he has and puts as much force on one only tiny point than on a mountain. Then the tiny point becomes very “sharp” (!) and can pierce you through.

\*

One understands very well but it doesn't resolve the difficulty!

\*

You have the impression—very sad impression—of being at the mercy of anything—just a small sciatic nerve<sup>1</sup>. It is ridiculous and distressing—but you have no right to distress!

\*

This is what is so surprising: *side by side*, that almost total powerlessness and that Power, so tremendous.

\*

It seems, *at the same time*, that everything is marvellous and everything is horrible—that everything is Divine and everything is diabolic...

What separates one from the other is like a slight crest.

\*

*Evening*

If you don't think, don't feel that everything is the Divine, you are done.



**July 29, 1984**

I say: The “democracy” of India is *finished*. It will be the last Parliament of India.

\*

The reign of Gandhi and Nehru will end in stench and mud.

That's what the “train” of India is.

---

<sup>1</sup> For a long time I thought that it was a problem of “sciatic nerve”, but in fact, it is the same “big meridian” which starts from (or ends in) the toes and goes on both sides of the spine up to the neck and the top of the skull. The passage of the “blue torrent”, when it rises from below the feet up to the top meets with the resistance of that difficult “meridian”—and of the whole physiological system.

\*

*Morning*

I tried to concentrate while lying down, since I could no longer sit down.

I have the impression that while lying down, you can make dead, and that's all. You don't even have the utility of a table, of a chair or of a bed—you are useless matter.

It is very difficult not to despair.

I tried to tell myself that it is the Divine who does everything, and that that pain in my leg has a purpose—perhaps I must stay totally immobile, perhaps I must be reduced to powerlessness? And I tried to say: Since I no longer can do anything; it is You who must do.

But it is difficult to be with the sensation of that completely useless matter, lying there, without even the utility of a piece of furniture in my bedroom.

I don't know what to do.

Does He want to do something?

\*

I feel so lost and vain—vain above all. What use is this body?

You can tell yourself many cruel and sarcastic things, but it is Death that whispers them to you. It can be so nasty with an air of truth. Sri Aurobindo did say: "Thou speakest the truth that slays."<sup>1</sup>

But where is "the truth that saves"?

\*

I can only repeat: To You, to You—dead or alive, it is all the same.

\*

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<sup>1</sup> "O Death, Thou speakest Truth, but Truth that slays" *Savitri Book X, Canto 3*.

*Afternoon*

I walk back and forth in my bedroom.

It is very different.

(At least you have a less cadaverous sensation).

\*

*Evening*

In the clearing of the forest, for about one month, a gang has set up its gambling den. The clearing is filled with their quarrels, their cries, their laughter. This afternoon, they were fighting. We find cards scattered everywhere.

This is a sign, too.

I can say that India has become quite disgusting.

\*

Today, our marvellous friend J.R.D. Tata is eighty. That woman devoid of intelligence (Indira Gandhi) has never wanted to call on him—she has always been afraid of what was more intelligent than her and she has been surrounding herself with corrupted and flattering idiots for... a quarter of a century (no, twenty years).

That will be paid back.

That woman who had so many powers (I speak in the past tense) has never been a Head of State but a head chef of political cookery. She completes her father's stew.



**July 30, 1984**

If this leg is painful (these legs) and if I cannot be seated any more, it means that it is the best condition to reach a certain goal. It's up to me to discover what that goal is and the reason of this condition.

Sri Aurobindo gave me a realisation and certainly, at the same time, the best possible conditions to reach what he wants to give me.

It is clear.

But it is difficult.

\*

There is that marvellous sentence of Mother's, which helped me many times: "Everything is prearranged, down to the most microscopic detail."

\*

What I don't (yet) know is whether I must stay lying down or walk back and forth. I remember what was told me one night: "You are undergoing (or you are going to undergo) an operation to change you into Mother's son. But for that, you must remain *very still*." I thought that it was an inner stillness, but perhaps it is a physical stillness?? (And one showed me A.M.'s body, lying down and as if dead.)

\*

Everything is distressing if we don't think that everything comes from You—and that "distressing" is Death that wants to distress us.

\*

*Afternoon*

That lying down position is so much the contrary of life! (and of my whole life.)

It is death without the coffin.

You tell yourself: What am I doing there!?

And it is perhaps that “I do” that must disappear.

Perhaps “to walk” is still the satisfaction of “doing something.”

I don’t know. I don’t know! I know nothing!

I pray.

\*

All my life, I have seen that all obstacles, all mistakes are helpful.

This is perhaps the “slight crest” which separates what is divine from what is diabolic. If you take the obstacle the right way, it turns into the divine; if you take it the wrong way, it turns diabolical.

If you take the mistake the right way, it becomes a springboard to leap further and like an increased strength; if you take it the wrong way, it pushes you even deeper into the hole.

\*

The Devil or the Divine, it is as we wish! But it is always He! whom we take the right way or the wrong way.

If we are afraid of the Devil or of making mistakes, we are also afraid of God’s love.

\*

To become an amphibian, we must not be afraid of stopping to be a fish, as Mr de La Palice would say.\* Or let’s say, we must be a very bad fish!

\*

*Nothing* must grieve.

It is very difficult.

Especially, when everything is a raw wound.

\*

*Night*

---

\* A truth “of M. de la Palice” = a truism. (*Translators’ note*).

A drop too much.



**July 30-31, 1984**

This is what Sujata saw in the night:

Suddenly, she saw a stark naked and very determined little girl going out into the street—it was Mother. She followed her to protect that “high-knee little tot.” The little girl turned the corner of a street, then she went through a mud pond just as easily and she stopped, standing in front of a “coffee stall”, the Tamil type, part on the sidewalk, part inside, and she said in a very determined tone: “This *must* go away!” It was in a big town.

I don’t know why, but I felt that that Tamil coffee stall was the symbol of the Parliament of India (!). And a few days later, a Tamil<sup>1</sup> was appointed vice-president of India and president of the Assembly (Rajya Sabha)...!

A stark naked little tot!

*(Sujata makes her description clearer...)*

Long golden hair covering her back.

All beautiful.

All powerful.

Her hands on her hips, the little one had a strong will and knew exactly what she wanted!



---

<sup>1</sup> R. Venkataraman.

*August*



## August 2, 1984

Last night, (from August 1 to August 2) I had the experience of what Mother called “all the nerves tortured.” I don’t know what the correspondence is in the medical “theory”. Besides, a doctor whom I saw categorically told me that there was no sciatica or perhaps, at the most, in a small, very secondary “branch” of the sciatic nerve. Otherwise, there is nothing.

What is it, then?

\*

### **Vision**

Yesterday evening, when I went to bed, I had pain in the nerves of both legs (which happens quite often) and I had great difficulty in going to sleep. Then I fell asleep and around the middle of the night, I became conscious of two simultaneous facts, one positive, and the other negative, whose positive side I cannot explain at all. The “negative” fact was that all the nerves of my body (particularly the legs, but the *whole* body) were tortured. It was a torture. It lasted a long time. Yet I did not wake up—it was happening during my sleep. And in that very sleep, I understood: this is what Mother was going through.

The positive fact, which has been erased from my consciousness, leaves only a vague, almost indescribable memory. *At the same time as* this torture was going on, I saw or felt something enter into me or I had the image of *my own body* (I really don’t know): a form that was made of *dots*, innumerable dark blue dots with a number of white ones. A mixture of blue and white dots. It was exactly like the images obtained on the screen of computers: a multitude of juxtaposed dots that make a form. (But the image was not flat as on a screen: it was full and alive. I

say “image” because I really don’t know what it is, but it had nothing of an “image”, it was a form that was alive.) So there was this dark blue form which seemed to enter in me, or which was me, or which was in front of me (I don’t know), and at the same time there was that torture of all the nerves. Then, shortly after, there seemed to be another similar form which was slightly golden and entered in me or which I saw in front of me or which was me—I really don’t know.

It lasted a long time (Well, in that time, it was very long). And I finally woke up.

This morning, I am exhausted.

I don’t know what is happening.

Since July 30, it is very difficult.

(What surprises me is that *conscious* torture that I suffered without waking up. Usually, in these circumstances, one wakes up.)

I have the impression that everything is dislocated in me (both inwardly and physically), as if I were in a state of total non-comprehension and total helplessness. A kind of matter which does not understand anything anymore and is unable to “do” anything. If I could sleep, I would like to spend my time sleeping.

All the usual springs are dismantled.

\*

### *Evening*

It is difficult to go further in material bareness (or denudation) except at the time of dying.

That’s it.

\*

All that makes human life is gone, except this entirely cellular something that... what?

It is a state that is near stupor, but with something else.



**August 3, 1984**

The longest work consists in baring Matter.

\*

It is like baring pure Precambrian, without any sedimentary mixture or subsequent landslide or infiltration of the older Palaeozoic era (supposing in concrete terms that we are facing geology stacked until the latest “terraces” or “layers” of the Quaternary — including the “*homo sapiens* layer”! and all the never dead small animals from all the possible stages...)

After that, one can never-never anymore speak of innocence.

If saints and magistrates knew what they are sitting on... heaven would have horns and hell would be crowded with martyrs.

God is wiser.

\*

***Vision***

This morning, I had three or four “changes of sector” (or surfacing of sector) in a well defined area and, for once, clearly perceived. The first time, I was drawing a curtain that had not been properly pulled in the entrance of the house. The second time, I was opening S.’s door to leave two tubes of I don’t know what. The third time, I was opening my bathroom door and the fourth time, I was opening a tap and letting water flow...!

That is, a quite material, almost domestic consciousness!

On the summits, nothing new.

\*

In short, it is the consciousness that organises Matter—it can draw curtains, open taps or arrange accidents and cancers (as one *chooses*).

\*

The squirrel would not be able to change his household tasks. Man can. That is the advantage of all his “mistakes”.

About the usefulness of geology and hells.

\*

### *Afternoon*

There, lying on the bed and devoid of all the embellishments of the soul and of the spirit, one is bumping into such an inert, null—idiotic—and so totally powerless Matter... One has the impression that centuries can pass on it without anything changing and that unless a Supreme Grace *takes* possession of that stupid magma, there is no hope. It is really helplessness. Sitting and concentrated, one so physically felt that Stream of Power, but under it, there was that inertia of stone.

I was forced to remain lying there in order to touch that very bottom.

\*

### *Evening*

What comforts me is that the Armorican Massif is a representative of the pure Precambrian! (four billion years—that is solid).

\*

Their psychoanalysis is worth nothing—they don't have the appropriate tool to dig a hole.

A geo-analysis (!) is still to be invented (after Sri Aurobindo).

Because, after all, their “psycho” is only “punchinello”!

✓

**August 4, 1984**

***Vision***

Still in this quite material, “domestic” consciousness, so to say. This morning again, there have been various “changes of sector” showing purely material activities of daily life, and at one point, I found myself (like every day at lunch time) eating...spinach! No, one does not eat on “spiritual” heights. It is a consciousness which is totally closed to so-called superior notions: Sri Aurobindo, the world change, the new species, the old disaster and all the rest do not exist, do not mean anything—it is not that that consciousness is “closed”, but very simply it does not understand: these are “ideas” and “reasonings”. It is *another world*. Another world underneath all our intellectual, spiritual, aesthetic, sentimental activities—well, all our glorious din which covers its little activity of imperturbable hard-working ant. We can talk of death, of the passing away of someone we love, of cancer—it does not give a damn. It does not understand. It simply turns and turns as is its wont; all the rest is another world which does not affect it. For eleven years (and more) I have been studying that “domestic” consciousness and working on it (particularly since May 2, 1973 when one day, in the Auroville canyons, I decided to infuse the mantra into the body—see *Mother’s Agenda*, May 5, 1973). Eleven years... And it eats spinach, opens taps—and all sorts of other little taps which make “life” and “death”, underneath our brilliant speculations and our spiritual and ethereal meditations. And it is perhaps the TRUE KEY to the new life—if one changes that, all the way of life, all the “housework tasks of life” so to say, can change. It is the true “change of program” as it is

*supposedly* (I really say supposedly) inscribed in our precious DNA molecules.

I had the quite interesting opportunity to observe that consciousness (or rather that sub-consciousness) in a small two-year-old dog that we had—I say “had”, because we had to get rid of it. So, that Labrador retriever disappeared a first time and we found it, kept by people in a Tamil village, a few kilometres away. We got it back, but since that time, it would break all its chains one after the other to again dash off to that village. We got it back once, twice, thrice, but that dog had only one “obsession”: go back there. Yet there was no bitch to attract it and it was not as well-fed with these villagers as with us here... And it went on breaking its chain. What was there in that village to attract or hypnotise it to that extent?

At last, a “kind” neighbour living near the house where the dog was always returning to, told us: You know, these people gave your dog a piece of sugar cane, around which they tied a small rope and a “written paper”. That is, a Mantra. These people wanted to keep the dog for their specific and unknown ends. Unless proven otherwise, a dog cannot read and the “idea” of a Mantra cannot enter into it—but a *vibration* can. It can enter into it with such a power that it breaks its chain and starts to weaken and to refuse to eat if it is prevented from following its disastrous and compelling fate. One understands that a bitch in heat can enter into a dog’s “program”, but a Mantra?

We had to get rid of the Labrador retriever and to give it to planters who live a few hundred kilometres away.

So, a certain type of vibration can be so powerful that it defies all the normal instincts of an animal, even its instinct of self-preservation.

It is precisely my consciousness which surreptitiously eats spinach and turns taps while I am writing these lines. It is that same material

consciousness, or sub-consciousness, that made me scream in pain when, at the age of four or five, I had been separated from my mother and taken in a car to the *Aber V'rach*. If there had been chains around my neck, I would have broken them to go back to my mother in Paris! But I could not jump down from that Bugatti of my uncle's (it was one of the first Bugatti's) which was perhaps going at sixty kilometres an hour (although I could really have done it, had I not been kept in my aunt's arms!). It is this very type of consciousness which invisibly but so powerfully and as if unswervingly connects me to the smell of wrack, to the seagulls and to the little chop of *Noroît* in the Conguel channel. Well... I am more "serious" now and I don't break my chain anymore to find this type of vibration again. But it is there! I mean that the mechanism is there all the same. It is always that same material consciousness, or sub-consciousness, which opens and closes the taps of life and death, shall we say. It is a kind of hypnotism in Matter or rather *imposed on Matter*. It is not a "law": it is a vibratory hypnotism.

For eleven years (and more) I have been in the problem without really solving it: Mother's Mantra has not yet become a cellular automatism that replaces all the old hypnotisms...

It is certainly a key (maybe not the only one) which sets the mechanism of the "conditions" of life and of the "conditions" of death in the body: "Like this, you live; like that, you die. Without this, you die, with this, you can live." It is life and death in vibrations.

That's something to meditate upon.

The solution to this problem would be more fruitful and more efficient than all the anti-cancer remedies. It would be the radical remedy. The change of that "life" which is only death.

That's perhaps the very root of Death.

It is easier to experiment in a test tube than to be the test tube yourself!

Eating spinach is not one of the most attractive pastimes in life. And yet...

One needs courage to go on living in there.

\*

### *Evening*

It seems to be the computer of material life and death.

It is not a “magnetic” circuit but a hypnotic circuit.

One can die because of an absent seagull, if that idiot so decides.

It has to be “hypnotised” by the new vibration. That’s the whole problem and resistance.

The Labrador more easily swallowed its little harmful vibration than my body is “swallowing” Mother’s Mantra—what is making the difference?

\*

Were it not so dispiriting, one could call this chapter: “On the usefulness of spinach” (I know a certain “*Popeye*” who would fully agree).



**Night of August 4-5, 1984**

### ***Vision***

*(Noted down in my “bits of vision”)*



A tooth that I take out on my own—no blood. Clean. My mother needs to have an extraction.



### **August 5, 1984**

I started again my concentrations while being seated (on a new chair).

Since that period when I was lying down, this blue cataract has still grown in power and density, if that is possible.

What is under or in the cataract repeats the Mantra.

There is no “aim” anymore in there, no idea of world change or of self-change, no new species, no prayer—everything is engulfed, crushed in there. There remains only relentlessly and almost savagely kneaded and hammered Matter.

We’ll see.

We only have to let ourselves be manipulated (anyway, we are not asked for our opinion!).

One is wondering how all this is not smashed to pieces.



### **August 6, 1984**

This morning, all of a sudden, it was so lively-heart-breaking: that tunnel which we were digging up in Austria, and suddenly, that Spanish voice which started to sing:

“Stand up, damned of the Earth...” with a raised fist. The S.S. with their *schlage*. The humid smell of the tunnel. And that voice...

Stand up, damned of the earth.

They hanged him.

\*

It so deeply, so deeply vibrates... forty years later.

\*

Everything-everything stays there, never healed.

We are still in the tunnel, we never came out of it.

\*

Mother said: "This one..."

\*

I am a very old damned, from more than one existence.

\*

I like the Spanish man better than the Christ.

But it's the same.

\*

I am in a polar strait. The banks are frozen on the right and on the left.

\*

I like the Spanish man better than the "liberated" yogi.

But it's the same.

\*

I like Sri Aurobindo better than the Spanish man.

But it's more difficult.

\*

### *Afternoon*

I have the impression that we *all* do somersaults: somersaults in black, somersaults in white, somersaults in green, in red and in rainbow colours; somersaults of hope and of despair; somersaults of truth or of lie; religious, scientific, crucified, rebellious and resigned somersaults—only monkeys' somersaults in the tree of the Mind.

But there is something else.

There is the FACT.

This afternoon, I have the impression that I have been filled with the Fact without being able to say *anything* about what it is—without being able to understand or feel, without being able to do any somersault: it was the Fact. It was not in the tree anymore, nor in any tree.

Maybe it was Sri Aurobindo. Because I like Sri Aurobindo a lot. But it was *the* Fact.

\*

### *Evening*

The “Fact” is something which does not belong to the considered species anymore, or to any known species.

\*

We have a theory of life and even a theology and various panaceas. Annelids too, perhaps, and marsupials had their indubitable theory. What pretentiousness makes us think that our human theory is more irrefutable and more scientific than the marsupials and annelids’ one? And that it will be more sustainable?

Our papal and scientific infallibilities will pass like those of the annelids and of the marsupials.

There will be the Fact.

\*

The antelope is eaten by the lion—it is a fact. Man is also eaten by death—it’s an identical fact.

The Fact is what is not eaten by death anymore.

It is the only fact since the advent of the Mineral.

\*

Death can be described, immortality also, maybe. But who will describe the non-death?

One would have to describe a life which does not exist.

\*

It is no longer life as we know it and it doesn't have cherubs' wings for all that.

\*

*Night*

I believe, indeed, that the "damned of the earth" can understand Sri Aurobindo better than the others... if they are strong enough to get over the taste for damnation and the attraction of disaster.

\*

There are fights that are more difficult and more painful than the crucifixion or than hanging—they are longer, too.



**August 7, 1984**

It is a physical ABSOLUTE.

Imperious and indisputable.

Like lightning, night, day, and tides.

It is LIKE THAT. And that's all.

Nothing psychological, no feeling: Power in action.



**Night of August 7-8, 1984**

*(noted down in my bits of visions)*

Sujata hears or sees or is being told: “A *dangerous ledge*.”



**August 8, 1984**

*In the forest*

Since that November 15, 1943 in the Gestapo’s cellar, I never lived something more painful than what I lived today.

\*

*Evening*

Were it not for Sri Aurobindo, I would give up *everything*.

\*

The greatest “realisation” which he gave me is that *there is* Sri Aurobindo.

\*

*Night*

Pain in all the nerves of the legs.



**August 10, 1984**

I came to this absolute conclusion: all that is painful, all that pulls, all that suffers (whether it be the most “justified” grief or pain), is death which resists in order to keep its “life” (!) Otherwise, it is glorious and without shadow.

Knowledge is not sufficient to heal pain or horror, but it helps in not taking sides with Death.

\*

Revolt is one of the favourite agents of Death—but resignation too!

In other words, *everything* which is likely to have an opposite pole. There must be no opposites. In the new state, there are no “opposites” anymore.

And *all* our human life is built on opposites.

It is a state without shadow—nothing is casting a shadow.

Even their “liberations” are the opposite of a slavery and their “heavens” the opposite of hell. That is, a Lie in reverse.

\*

And all their “truths” are falsehoods in reverse.

\*

All in all, everything that is likely to have an opposite is in the reign of death.

\*

The deathless state is *NOT* immortality.

\*

(I am not philosophising; I am searching for the physical conditions that will help us go out of the reign of death.)



**August 11, 1984**

*I* constantly do stupid things.

*You* constantly change them for the better.

\*

(Kireet and the “study” of the transformation for Auroville!!)

The recipe: to suffocate and struggle on the sand... until nothing moves anymore (!)

Who wants?

(One fidgets for a long time.)

\*

*Afternoon*

The worst obstacle is the greatest lever—but as long as it lasts, one doesn't know it. Like the fish on the sand.

\*

It is like that, there's no need to argue. Besides, one understands nothing—there is nothing to “understand”! The fact has to change.

The old fact has to come to the end and the new one has to take its place.

It is that end...



**August 12, 1984**

Deep down in the being, at the border between Matter and physical life, there is a *point* of mortal intensity.

All the death and misery of the world seem to be gathered there.

For months, I have been circling in smaller and smaller concentric moves around that.

It is like a keystone in reverse.

\*

(Besides, it is not “to circle”, it is to go deeper and deeper like a gimlet.)

\*

And at the same time, one touches like a bottom of despair.

\*

I don't know; the mother who is looking at her dead child may feel something similar.

It is very silent and very acute.

\*

It is like the point from which one doesn't want to live anymore.

(For each one, the pretext is different, but the *point* is the same. I don't know why, but I think of General de Gaulle who faced the German, but could not bear his daughter Anne's death.)

I am in front of that.

Or rather I bore into that.

\*

### *Afternoon*

During this afternoon's "manipulations", I thought I had a glimpse of a very important (for me) discovery, but already discovered a thousand times (!) Only, we have to make the discovery at the true (physical) level.

I was boring in that point of pain, when suddenly it was as if everything fell from my hands and I let all that go, like a small pebble down into a valley—only a bit of matter in the middle of those billion cubic meters of Matter. It is too early to speak of what happened then, but it was that invasion of tremendous Power and as if the whole mountain (figuratively!) received that Power instead of this laborious and painful point.

It doesn't matter. What matters is that I saw-touched this: that point of death is *in fact* a point of "I"-with-regard-to-whom. But a very *physical* "I". If that "with-regard-to-whom" is not there anymore, no "misfortune" comes anymore! Anne de Gaulle's death exists only with regard to Charles de Gaulle and has no particular meaning for "me".



There is a point of “I”, but a *physical* I, which makes all the misfortune. The point of death is the point of physical I.

There’s no need to make sentences. One needs to see in practice how and if this physical I can be dissolved, or what. But it is the point of death.

\*

If “I” had been afraid in the Auroville canyons, death would have come, but strangely, or miraculously, that day there was no more physical I who felt or feared or imagined anything—it was taking place as if outside “me”. And death did not come!

Death did not come to me because there was nobody to receive it!

\*

### *Evening*

It is an “I” in the very material consciousness, on the border between pure Matter and physical life. The same “I” which makes so that the bird flies away when the sparrow hawk heads straight for it.

We have been so much used to flying away and to a lethal sparrow hawk that it is difficult to forget all that—we have to forget that “I” on the cellular level.

It’s problematic (!) But “I” had the experience in the Auroville canyons. In any case, my heart was beating as usual. When the “I” came back after the murderers’ flight, my heart began to pound wildly—it realized that it could have been assassinated! It did not notice it at all then.

Today I had so much pain in my whole body that I am wondering whether I should not again remain lying during these “manipulations”??

\*

One has to track Death down up to its last den. There is no other way out. There is no other “liberation”.

It’s an old score to settle for someone who came out of death camps, isn’t it?

“I” is the last concentration camp.

These are the first barbed wires in Matter.

The great Division: I and the rest.

But it is in Matter, not in Nirvana, that it is undone.

It goes back to the first single cell organism.



**August 13, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Lying down on the bed. A very idiotic state between sleep (but a sleep which doesn’t sleep!), inertia and nullity, with from time to time some “switches of sector” when I see (not “I see” because it is rather “I do”) the microscopic activities of the purely material, corporeal consciousness: I have again drawn curtains, eaten grape and what not, well, idiotic or meaningless activities. Although the very first time when a switch of sector occurred, I saw my bedroom door being opened and a mechanic wearing overalls came in (!) He even looked a little Chinese (!)... Is he the “dark blue I”, the being of my purely material consciousness??... I don’t know.\*<sup>1</sup>

There is no “meaning” in all that—these are activities: one is doing. It seems quite idiotic (for the Mind or the so-called superior

consciousness, but for that “blue I” or that Chinese mechanic, it has a meaning—these are things which are being done. They are not “thought”: they are done.) I don’t know where all this is leading except perhaps to the “padded cell”, Mother would say. But I carry on.

The body or the consciousness which is there (or the idiocy which is there!) is repeating the Mantra a bit like a parrot. And that’s it.

Actually, I realize how, when one is in active concentration, *everything* is covered with or accompanied by Mind. There, while lying down, it is Matter, or the material consciousness as it is, unvarnished, which is toiling, doing or dozing off without sleeping—a rather idiotic state.

But after all, we are in search of “pure” Matter.

(I said “dozing off”, but it is not exact—at no time does one “sleep;” even when a switch of sector occurs, one is always in that material consciousness and awake, but it is so nil and devoid of mind that it is a kind of awake lethargy.)

\*

After all, the mechanic is the one who drives the machine...

It is perhaps the *driver of the body?* Or *the mechanic of the body?*

It would be interesting.

\*

It is that consciousness of Matter which needs to be remodelled—which needs to change its program or change its track.



**August 14, 1984**

---

<sup>1</sup> That vision was actually very important. (I don’t know if one can call that “visions”—is a radiography a “vision”? It’s a special radiography.)

I need no glory or success, no human approval, no liberation, no heaven or merit, BUT I so much NEED that that deception of life, that Falsehood at the bottom of life, that cruelty, that Death which mimics life, be changed, uprooted—a TRUE life on Earth, not that Deception.

\*

The day when that man from the Gestapo handcuffed me in the back and quietly came near me and kept on slapping me with such an incredible savagery while I was looking at my blood trickling on the dusty wooden floor, something has been TORN FOR EVER in my life and in my body. I was like a flabbergasted child who is raped—it was EVERYTHING that was raped and torn apart. A kind of mad “this-is-not-true.”

So, from that day, and at 60 still, I am in search of “it’s true.”

An “it’s true” that will heal my body and my life and my heart forever.

These are the tears of blood that never end bleeding in me. It is *that* which cries—which CRIES. Do you understand?

\*

One can say that I was born to death that day. “Man” was destroyed.

\*

That was before the descent into the cellar. Afterwards, never have I been a living being anymore. I pretended, I tried everything, but I never have been a living being anymore.

\*

So I KNOW what Sri Aurobindo means and what Mother means.

\*

This morning, while lying on my bed, it’s all that which came out of my body.

One could tear everything-everything-everything out of my life, there would remain Sri Aurobindo and there would remain Mother. And that's all.

Because *that* is LIVING. It is the only thing that is life. All the rest is a deception, a pretence of life.

\*

I could say frightening things if there were not that Love.

Who can understand? Except the supreme Devil and the Supreme Lord.

\*

One takes a long time to rediscover the buried pain—since how many lives?

And how many times did I refuse?

But the time for healing had not yet come, because Healing takes place only in the body and in Matter—it is the only healing, it is the PLACE of healing.

\*

One cannot touch an extreme unless one knows the other side—both go together.

Then the circle is complete and there is no more positive or negative.

There is THAT.

\*

I have the impression to be in Beethoven's thirteenth quartet.

\*

*Evening*

O Lord, You are here and You love me, and all is solaced.

\*

But the fact must change.

There should not be an Earth like this anymore.



**August 15, 1984**

Sri Aurobindo is a hundred and twelve...

*Bonne fête* to the Earth of Hope.

\*

This morning, I sat again in spite of that pain in my legs. There has been a long concentration (one hour and forty five minutes) about which I don't want to say anything, but towards the end a "change of sector" occurred and I distinctly heard these words (in French): "...the sunny grave..."

It was as when you open a door by chance while somebody is speaking and you hear a sentence fragment. There was something before and something after, but during the second when the door was opened, I clearly (and strangely) heard: "...the sunny grave..."

That's all.

Maybe was it I who was speaking, maybe was it my "mechanic", maybe... I don't know whom (it was happening on the other side of my bedroom door, in the blue room).

\*

*Afternoon*

One is wondering how the body manages to survive to such intensities or densities...

\*

It is at once motionless and compact like sapphire (with sometimes a little bit of golden inside or nebula-like golden explosions), and at the

same time it flows and pours out like a Niagara. A solid Niagara! I understand why Mother spoke of a “moving immobility” or of a “supple solidity”.

Everything is annulled in there, as if at the (each time stretched) limit of explosion or of pulverization (especially in the brain where it remains the most difficult).

One is really beyond the “desire to live” or the “fear of dying”. There is no fear in there: it’s a “phenomenon which is happening”. Simply a sort of sensation that it is a dangerous phenomenon or a kind of possible impossibility. But it is beyond “danger”—in fact it is beyond life and death (what we call “life” and what we call “death”). It is another nature.

What is having a sense of “danger”, I believe, must be what is remaining from the old (mortal) nature. But it is very much in the background and doesn’t disturb.

I suppose that one is slowly, slowly replaced by the other, atom by atom, cell by cell.

One day, one will have to reach the end.

It is perhaps the old tomb which is lighting up!

\*

*Evening*

I think that I found the appropriate word: it is *another nature*.

\*

This evening, my Douce made a curious little drawing (without knowing anything).

\*

But, really, compared to THIS, all their “meditations” and “illuminations” seem to be spiritual monkeys’ somersaults.

They are turning somersaults in the *same* tree.





It is maybe the top of the tree, but still the same tree.

\*

They go to the top of the tree and they are “liberated”—from what!?!

I prefer the soviet gymnasts. They, at least, are doing their job neatly—and with beauty!



### **August 16, 1984**

I realise more and more and I notice (I have been noticing for years) that the notions of “Good” and “Evil” have no value for the new world in the making. It is like in chemistry: there are no “good” reagents and “bad” agents; everything has an equal “moral” value in order to obtain a certain product. And I see, really see, touch, notice that in that “supramental” modelling, it is the same: there is no “good” or “evil” but the interaction of two kinds of vibrations the aim of which is to obtain a certain element, a third element that is neither “good” nor “bad”—and I see that the third *always* sought element is aspiration, the thirst that arises from the friction of these two agents called “Good” and “Evil”. And this Thirst searched or aimed at by the supramental modelling is always a thirst for breaking the known and accepted limits—moral, social, religious, spiritual, scientific or physical, physiological limits... any accepted model. All in all, the aim of this painful modelling is always the exit from the Fish bowl, by any means, good or evil. And this is true at the scale of the individuals, of societies, of nations or at world scale. This is what is *happening*.

(Personally, I see that even the Gestapo can be a very good element or a very good “reagent” to obtain the desired result—but it is not funny.)

In fact, each one gets the bad or the worst which helps him the best to come out of his condition (and of the human condition in general).

Small saints have no place in there. They are neutral products with no useful reaction (even though their “example” could help some or disgust some enough for wanting to come out from this painted trap at any cost).

I still remember Mother saying: “One reaches the Goal through a devil as well as through a god—sometimes even better!”

All things considered, Einstein said: “If I had my life to live over again, I would be a plumber.” He had come out of his “model”. And maybe all things considered, a number of yogis and saints (if they are *sincere*) would say: “If I had to live over again, I would be a gangster”! It is the beginning of the exit. “Good” and “Evil” are not to be accepted or rejected: it is their *friction* which is necessary. Or their interaction, in order to obtain the third desired element.

If we forego our worst enemy, we forego our best lever.

Until all becomes round, without positive or negative.

It is almost a *mechanical* matter.

We have to find the force-element that helps us jump over the barrier. That’s all. Whatever the “barrier” may be. And *everything* is a barrier.

One has to reach the required intensity.

The rules of the terrestrial game are difficult. And very “immoral”.

It is evolutionary mechanics. Like the suffocation of the Fish.

\*

*Afternoon*

A strange immobility in the body *and* in the material consciousness. As if everything were frozen within a density.

A little bit as in the canyons (?)

It is so immobile that one doesn't quite know anymore where one is (physically).



**August 17, 1984**

I am at the end of everything.

(It is evolutionary mechanics, I suppose.)

\*

***Vision***

*Night*

*(Noted down in my "bits of vision")*

"Frederick and I branded" (I probably was in Auroville).



**August 18, 1984**

The individual existence is a great misfortune.

Like Bernard at the bottom of his *Bagheera's* hull.

One has to *physically* come out of that hull.

It is the only salvation.

\*

Let us heartily be pulverised.

\*

*Evening*

The “evolutionary mechanics” is to reach the point when one cannot take misfortune any longer, without choosing the grave (the pulverisation in reverse).

I wouldn't wish anybody the treatment.

(There are maybe hulls that are less rebellious than mine?)

\*

It seems to be essentially a victory on the Pain that carved those various hulls since billions of years.

Will we again prefer dying?

\*

The first death began with the forming of the first hull.



### **August 19, 1984**

It is quite dispiriting.

Where is the path? Where is the path?

We say “struggle and asphyxiate”, we say “there is no path”, we say “pray and pray until you reach the desired point of intensity”, we say “there is nothing to do, it is the old Fish that wants to ‘do’”, we say “there is the Grace, only the Grace can”—and then one remains with swinging arms, with a burning heart and then?... and then? Then we say “patience-patience” and then... and then? Then we say “no revolt—but no acceptation either”, and then, and then? We say, we say, we say—we write millions of pages of notebook, and then and then? And NOTHING is done. Only words that are covering... what? Only monkey's somersaults. And then and then? Then one is at the end of everything and one is there. Then we say “yes, we must reach the end of everything, the end of the old Fish...”. We say, we say... And again

Grace and again Patience and again Faith. And then? We are there, we are asphyxiating, we are struggling, we are praying and praying—where is the path? Where is the path? Where is the key, the spring? Where is the CRY that will tear everything up? And we cry and cry, and we say “one should not cry, one should not be upset, one should not be I, one should not...” and then? And then?

Then we remain silent.

And then? And then?

\*

I had so much pain in my shoulders and in my legs that I had to remain lying again. And then, one is in front of such a total helplessness. It's like an end of everything, and that end goes on and on. And one knows nothing. Except that time is passing.

Time is passing.

So we say: Grace, Grace...

We know everything that we can know and we know nothing. We are doing all we can do and we can do nothing. We have gone until the bottom of all the possible holes and it is bottomless and endless.

\*

I remained lying throughout the morning and my shoulders are just as painful. So you tell yourself: sitting? lying? sitting? lying... And it is like that, symbolic of all the rest. Nothing is worth nothing.

Where is the path? Where is the path?

\*

But all the same, if I had to do it again I would not become a gangster or a plumber, I would again do the same thing because I *don't see* any other path than this impossible path.

\*

*Evening*

Something in me repeats almost non-stop: O Lord, O Lord... like someone who is dying.

Even the Mantra doesn't spring, only this O Lord, O Lord which is as in the deep depths, like the last vibration of the being—its all-that-is-left.

I don't understand life anymore, only its mechanics.

\*

There is Sri Aurobindo.

I experienced this Love.

I experienced this Delight.

It must simply be a "last" layer through which to pass.



## **August 20, 1984**

*(St Bernard)*

I again sat down. Again that tremendous movement of swell many times described, which rises from below, invades the being, then seems to empty it and throw out all that is inside.

It is extraordinarily mechanical (no feeling, no thought in there).

It is like an intracellular shower by a tremendous high-pressure water cleaner (but not a thin, small, powerful spurt, no: an irresistible swelling of waves that sways everything).

The body surrenders itself, like a sponge that is emptied-squeezed-emptied-squeezed—indefinitely.

It is all blue.

And then, towards the end of the afternoon, I stopped or wanted to stop the movement and I went and stood, as usual, in front of Sri

Aurobindo's photo on the mantelpiece. But the movement wanted to go on and it rose so imperiously from the end of my feet that I ended up *on the tip of my toes* despite myself, as if the whole body were lifted up in spite of itself by that Power which rose from "down below", I don't where from, *from below the feet*.

\*

I notice that that pain in my legs, which has lasted for months, seems to have disappeared in spite of the fact that I have remained sitting for two hours this morning and one hour and a half this afternoon. Which would mean that it was not a purely physical pain but a resistance in the "lower centres" (naturally, if one tries to resist such a high-pressure water cleaner, it hurts!).

It has been hurting for months!

(Let's see if it is going on?)

But the pain in my shoulders is still there.

\*

### *Evening*

I remember Mother saying that there was a centre *under* the feet (I think she said that it was the Inconscient).

\*

If this whole old being could be disintegrated par this "water cleaner", I would see no objection. (As in the gold-bearing fields, the mud and pebbles which are tumbling down under the gush of the pump!)

\*

One feels really washed!

\*

The Inconscient is the starting point of Evolution...

The Rishis said "the infinite rock".



**August 21, 1984**

May a human being give her back a little of all that She gave, by pulling Her out of the tomb.

\*

May it be, for once, the human being who saves the crucified and buried Divine.

\*

*Evening*

It is by going to the origin of Life in Matter, to the point where life begins to hook its millions of little fibres, that one can change life—the base of life.

I was there all day, at that very origin, when in the afternoon this prayer surged from my body, as it were.

It is like a conversion of this Life, its own cry to be changed (like that day when that agony changed itself into a Power of suction of the new life—the operation must perhaps be repeated many times...).

\*

It is strange how the body forgets things,<sup>\*1</sup> then discovers them again as if for the first time and it's new each time.

It is as if the body had forgotten Mother's tomb, then it discovers it again and it finds itself again digging in there as if to meet her again.

It is at that frontier between Life and Death that the first tomb was formed.

---

<sup>\*1</sup> It is not that it "forgets", but for it a bath is real only when it takes it and when it's over, it's over.



So, “naturally”, the body finds Mother’s tomb again.

For the body, there is no “I”, it’s all one.

\*

Strangely, yesterday evening, Sujata made a little drawing that amazingly looks like what the body felt-lived today.



### **August 22, 1984**

Some Matter almost savagely and quite mechanically kneaded by this kind of blue torrent which rises from below.

One has the impression of being like a “pressure pipeline” and that all the pipes of the body are too narrow to let in this sort of wild under-pressure current.

It rises in very regular waves or pushes or pulsations—and it never ends.

There is neither “theology” nor feelings in there: one is caught as if in a typhoon—it’s a kind of “natural phenomenon”.

One is washed.

One would almost feel like fainting to let the phenomenon go on by itself.

I don’t know what “that” washes, but it is a tremendous washing, oh...!

And it rises through the legs; it comes from all down below. (Moreover, I have pain—but the whole body is worn out.)

\*

Had I not an old experience and a kind of absolute faith in the body (it is not a “faith”: it is Sri Aurobindo, it is Mother, it is like that) it would be quite frightening.

\*

It seems that we have to learn how to *physically* disappear to be able to bear that. In fact, it is the physical “I” that has to disappear (the “fainting” which the body was longing for).

Perhaps all the narrowness of the “plumbing” comes from this physical I?

How to faint without fainting!?

\*

### *Evening*

I am wondering if the gift of invisibility doesn't have something to do with the disappearance of that physical I...?

That would be funny!

In my life, I never liked anything as much as to go unnoticed.

\*

My first childhood “imagnations” were: to be lost at sea (in Mother is also good!)

I did not think of “dying”, no; but: of not leaving any trace, to go without leaving any trace.

I was also looking for that in Zinder... (and in Cayenne.)

In India, Chaitanya<sup>1</sup> also made sense for me.

\*

The gift of invisibility would be more interesting! (Mother and Sri Aurobindo who had all the powers never made such jokes...—who knows?)

\*

---

<sup>1</sup> A great *bhakta* (one who adores) of Krishna who lived in the Bengal and Orissa region in the xv-xvi<sup>th</sup> Century and who, according to the legend, vanished one day in the *sanctum* of the Puri temple.

This evening, Sujata saw a “sapphire blue” *Shiva lingam*, she says. She was sitting near me. I never told her anything.

So I am not dreaming altogether.



### **August 23, 1984**

Out of all the operations, the one I have to begin again most often, and really with difficulty, is to bare and bare again those first roots of life, and I always, always find again that same smell of salt and seaweed, that same little backwash on the beach, as if it were the first *smell* of Life, the first sound of existence, its first vibration (for me). And it is so difficult. Each time, it is like a death that cannot die, a cry, a tearing that never ends being torn. And there is no “reasoning” to put on that, no “justification” nor “condemnation” nor “disapproval”—it’s a fact. We can say (and it’s absolutely true, I will not contradict that) that it is an illusion, a first hypnotism of Life—we can say whatever we like, I don’t know how to change, transmute or forget that. I don’t know. I put it again and again in the Light, I try to change it again and again into a cry for the New Life—I try, that’s all I can do. Each time, it is like an agony to be transmuted, whose sense has to be changed. It is idiotic, but it is like that.

It has all the power of a fundamental hypnotism—like the first time one lets oneself be caught by Life. And to “uncatch” oneself from that is not easy...

And curiously, all the beings that one has met in one’s life, all the adventures, the creations, the education, the philosophy, the ideas—all-all is only clumsily and very precariously covering *that*. What one believes (or believed) as so “essential”, so “indispensable”, so “true”, all-

all is like an artificial crust, a kind of mask that has been stuck on that fundamental smell, that fundamental vibration.

It is like the fundamental point of life and the fundamental point of death. It is *there* that it holds.

It is maybe not as strong for every being—those who were born and lived in a city may not have that root power...I don't know. But for everybody, there must be something which is "the" root. It is really like the first *smell* of life. Its first indissoluble vibration.

So, it has to become dissoluble, and I don't know how to do it. I have the impression to find "that" again, always intact, unchanged, like a string always giving the same note (and the same pain).

It is very easy to annul or anaesthetise all that by going off on the heights, but to *transmute* that in the depth... oh!

And besides, they (the spiritualists) don't annul anything because death always catches them out. They simply had a few good reveries.

The blue torrent will maybe end up wearing out that old rope of life and death.

\*

The last time I went to Saint Pierre,<sup>1</sup> there was always someone near me and I looked at my beloved surreptitiously, like a thief.

\*

One cannot do all this work of transformation for oneself—it is precisely this "for oneself" that must disappear!

\*

*Afternoon*

---

<sup>1</sup> In May 1983, it was the last time I saw my mother... and the Sea.

This “I” has had its day! That jumble of imprints, that bag of memories and of tricks, that old necropolis—take all that!

\*

A dark blue immobility, like an explosive.

From time to time, a new dense drop adds itself in there (but it’s an “in there” without perceived limits).

\*

### *Evening*

It is always the same thing! It is death that clings and wants us to believe that it is life!

And it wants to harm you when you don’t want to believe in it anymore—it is very efficient in that style.

\*

It is a long chrysalis of which one doesn’t know what will come out or even if something will come out.

And Mother, in her grey-marbled chrysalis...

\*

She perhaps needs that we believe in her.



### **August 24, 1984**

It is a black hole.

Mother would say: “To let oneself flatten until one disappears”—to flatten is not bad, but to tear apart?

If at least, it happened once and for all, but it is done like Chinese torture, day after day, hour after hour and bit by bit.



**August 25, 1984**

So one remains, like the Thebes walk-on actors, with eyes wide open on dark millennia.

And death is making fun of it.

\*

A time comes when *nothing* remains except this dark gaze.

Death is looking at itself.

Icy, unconcerned—with a question at the bottom of an unfathomable well.

*One* question. Death has one question.

\*

At the bottom of the hole, I saw her question.

\*

If I don't have the true answer, she wins.

\*

The answer is not in the Mind: it is in the test-tube.

\*

Test-tube=small glass tube in which the nature of the given ingredients are put to test.

The ingredients can bear contradictory, positive or negative coefficients, annul or neutralise one another, multiply their positive or negative strengths—millions of possible combinations...

Is the given combination able to produce a new element?

The total is usually mortal.

The potion contains its own destruction.

\*

It is not that Death is mortal; she only says: "Give me the proof that I am wrong."

\*

In those millions of ingredients, there are always impossible mixings.  
Will the BE<sub>23</sub> test-tube again make failed evolution?

\*

Death is making fun of it and says: “It is as you wish.”

\*

I understand better and better why Mother said “This one.”  
(If people think that it is because of my virtues, they are mistaken a lot!) (Unless multiplied failings end up making a virtue.)

*It's not a joke.*

\*

To find one's only reason of not being anymore is to find one's only  
raison d'être [reason for being].

\*

Give me one reason of not being anymore and you will know my  
raison d'être.

\*

Death.

\*

Now I *fully* and totally understand Mother's words: “The power of  
death is that they *all* want to die!”

But we really and fully understand it only in the layers down below,  
in the mortal area.

\*

*Afternoon*

It constantly rises through the feet. Now I follow the circuit very well  
(and I understand why I have pain in the legs! But there must be a

block at the shoulders and neck level too, that is the area near the brain, because I have much pain there.)

I don't know whether it is because of that face to face with Death for two days, but this Torrent rose with such a tremendous density, as if a lock or a fault had opened in the areas (how to call them?)... well, the world beneath the feet.

And so clear a sensation, each time, of something that is beyond life and beyond death. A torrent of Power-Existence which is beyond life and beyond death—of another nature.

Death down below is like the guardian of the lock.

But it is very difficult when it comes near the shoulders and the brain.

What is striking each time, well, what strikes me, is the totally *mechanical* unfolding of the phenomenon. It is astonishingly mechanical, whereas one would think that it is Divine—but it is perhaps a divine mechanics (!) in any case, most probably, a new kind of mechanics (or a new kind of Divine!).

\*

### *Evening*

Yes, Death is the guardian of the new Life (which is no longer that necrobiosis).

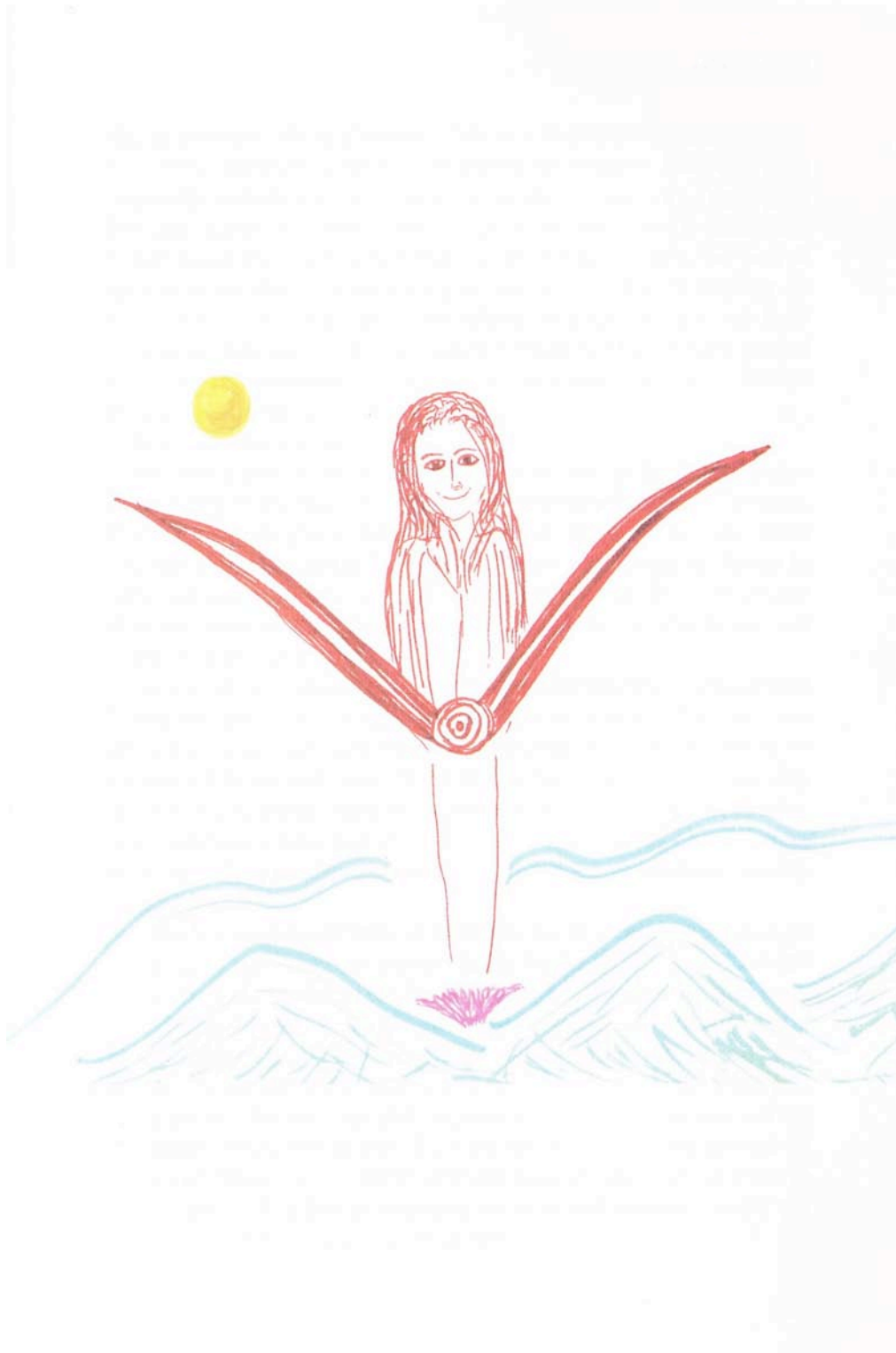
I fully understand why Mother would say the over-life. (But we must go and search for the over-life under life! and far.)

\*

I believe that the whole problem is to reach the desired depth without being eaten before. (There are lots of bogeymen on the way.)

The bogeymen who are the most difficult (and the most efficient) are the dearest ones.





I had a hard day.

My Douce made a very nice and very interesting little drawing.

\*

If Death were not a little in collusion with the Divine, there would never be any means to go through the door.



**August 25-26, 1984**

*After midnight*

***Sujata's vision***

As the day is drawing to a close, I reach an unknown place. The place is quite large, an ancient property, could we say. Tall and small trees make the place shady. Bushes seem to have grown everywhere.

In front of me, I see ten or fifteen persons standing, their heads bent backward as if they were looking at something high up. As I go towards them, I have the impression to walk on stones placed on the ground—an ancient courtyard perhaps—but with grass grown in the interstices.

I come near and I see Mother. She is on a kind of terrace coming out of the house. She is standing. She is gazing right in front of her. She seems to be in a trance. Following her gaze, I turn my head to the right and, far away, I see the ocean. The water is sapphire blue. Mother is wearing a sapphire blue dress which is luminous in itself (when I woke up, I thought that the dress was made of sapphire powder!). Mother remains like that, immobile, gazing, for a good while. Was she waiting for a sign? Then, she made a great leap from her terrace to the ocean. I see her make a graceful arc in the air.

Everybody left.

Now, it is the day after, at about the same time. Mother is on the terrace, gazing at the ocean. There are less people. Mother is again wearing the sapphire blue dress. This time, the wait seems to be longer. I don't see her make a leap like last evening. At a certain point, everybody disappears. Mother, I suppose, has gone into the house.

I find myself in a sort of antechamber, adjacent to the huge entrance door. This room is rather dark because the lamps have not yet been turned on. I am absorbed—in what? I don't know. Suddenly, I give a start. On my right, there are steps (three steps, I think) which are leading to an inside door. At that door, coming from a long corridor, is a gentleman who is supporting Mother.

I was surprised to see Mother there. I thought she was at the bottom of the ocean—had I not seen her make the formidable dive?

The gentleman is tall and strong, he has long hair and an unruly beard. He must be sixty-seventy years old, but very sturdy. He wears a white dhoti; his chest is partially covered by a *chaddar* [light shawl]; he is bronzed. Mother, who is one metre sixty or sixty-five tall, comes up to his chest so tall is he. He is supporting Mother—because she still seems to be in a kind of trance—he is so strong that he almost carries her without visible effort. But he is not muscular.

He is very kind. While surrounding Mother with his left arm, he stops on top of the steps and, laughing, apologizes for having given me a start.

He explains to me (I think) that every day, he goes out and stays outside all day. When the day comes to an end, he comes back. And it is when he is back that Mother makes her leap. But as he was delayed and did not come back at the usual time, Mother could not make her

daily leap. He had just come back and he was leading Mother. That dive into the blue ocean was like a ritual.

He is SRI AUROBINDO.

(I did not memorize Sri Aurobindo's exact words. But he was speaking in English, if I remember well. Sri Aurobindo of such a kindness...)

The house was as vast as a palace.



**August 25-28, 1984**

***Satprem's vision***

I did not note the exact date, but during one of the nights between August 25-27 (?) I was in a car with my brother François and maybe two other passengers that I did not see. The car was very dark—I could not see anything actually. And that car was flying in the air! It was black. Then my brother (who was driving) wanted to land. We were above some totally black water and I said aloud to François and the others: “Open the windows, the car is going to sink and we should be able to go out.” But with a surprising skilfulness, François made the car slip on the surface of that black water and I saw that he was going to land a little further on the safe ground: I could see a green fringe, like grass. I found that very clever.

Does it mean that my brother is “landing”? Taking again a body on the earth?...

Will I meet that brother whom I loved?<sup>1</sup>



**August 26, 1984**

Always this “O Lord, O Lord...” that rises in a kind of agony—it is the old life which has difficulty in dying.

It is as unarguable as a wound: it is like that.

A wound is not right or wrong, it is simply wounded.

And it feels that it cannot heal like that, for its own sake—it is as if it touched the whole wound of the world. The whole Wound is to be healed.

For the body, there are not a million bodies. It is all one body.

All one can say to the body is: “You see, the best way to help the rest is to change yourself—neither agony nor death nor revolt are helping the rest, it is simply the old disaster which is continuing.” That is what I am trying to say, but a wound, it is in pain.

\*

Had Christ lived long enough, he would have well understood that the best way to help the world is not crucifixion but transformation.

It is the only healing, there is no other one.

And all their “bypass surgery” bypasses the real problem and the true healing.

---

<sup>1</sup> No, he was not taking a body again, but he was coming out of his underground hell, because, at the same time, my sister Colette saw him coming out of a “bubbling and smoking black lake”. I was helping him to come out of that hell, or in any case I was present.

We have to recover from *death*, not from heart attack or cancer—or from injustice, poverty or misery. There is only *one* Misery: the one that makes death.

\*

For each one, there is a misery or a particular pain that is his or her tool for transformation.

\*

### *Afternoon*

This blue Torrent is becoming so-so formidable as if everything inside the body were thrown outside, almost with violence—by force. It is almost a torture. And yet the body *knows* that it is Sri Aurobindo, it is Mother.

And it is unfolding wave after wave.

I moan—I hear myself moaning! (like Mother!) Although it is not really a physical pain (except for my legs and my shoulders).

One is as if torn from one's body: from all that links or ties life to the body's Matter. It is that which is as if uprooted by force or "washed". I don't know.

One really feels that something will eventually topple in one direction or the other—in the divine direction, for sure!

\*

That image of the crevice in the cliff and of the tremendous blue swell that climbs the cliff and violently siphons off everything in the crevice is perfectly appropriate.

\*

### *Evening*

My body is as if battered. All the positions are hurting.

And there is a kind of deep exhaustion, “to the bones” as they say.

\*

And yet, there is this so formidable Power, but it gives no vitality to the body... It is curious. Or the body doesn't know how to absorb it, or is not used to it. I cannot understand. It is obviously another kind of life and the body doesn't know how to insert it into its system.

So it is ridiculous: one is in the very Power which makes the worlds move and one is like an old man who starts falling apart. It's absurd.

Of course, we (humans) are very dodderly compared to the “flying squirrels” that I see every day flying from branch to branch and from tree to tree, spending tons of energy without any breathlessness—the vital Energy is flowing swimmingly. Men know nothing about that vital energy, or only a few diluted drops... It must be the same with that new Power. There is something which makes so that it doesn't flow naturally.

Actually, this “new” Power must be very old, but there is a new manner of receiving it—that has to be found. A manner which is neither that of the squirrel anymore nor that of man—not at the same level, in any case.

Perhaps the “cliff” that is being pulled apart is precisely the cliff of the material Mind which coagulates us and prevents us from flying like squirrels... It is our quite rational and “scientific” mind which mummifies us in our reasonable science.

How to tear the “cliff” down without demolishing the man...?

\*

The squirrel is not “spending” energy: it lets it flow without blockage.

It doesn't even notice.

Men notice everything.

It is their great misery and their advantage.

They can change program—not the squirrel.

Perhaps the “transitional being” is the one who changes program.

What is difficult is the change of program.

\*

If we had not so much misery, we would not want to change program.

It is evolutionary mechanics.

\*

I understand well that I am on the track of something, but without having all the connecting threads yet.

But *there is* a method. Without any doubt.

\*

One day, there will be an experience and everything will fall in place, like the pieces of a puzzle.

But it takes a long time, it is painstaking and difficult.



**August 27, 1984**

I am at the end.

Everything humanly possible has been done this morning.



**August 28, 1984**

The lock from below is fully open.





**August 29, 1984**

The junction is slowly-slowly done, with infinite precautions.

\*

(Junction between what and what...? When a new geography is done, the continents don't come with their label. There is a certain world "under the feet" (a world of compact sapphire blue Power) and a world of Nectar and Love, of golden Power, above or around—the one that "descended" into Matter at the beginning of the process two years ago; and the body is the pipe or the bridge or the point of junction between this blue continent et the golden one. That's all one can say in approximate topography.)



**August 30, 1984**

*(Ganesh festival)*

This morning, all morning, it was: "May Mother come out of the tomb, may Mother come out of the tomb, may Mother come out of the tomb..."

\*

My life, my body, my story, all that is of no interest, but Mother's Victory on earth, the Divine Victory on earth... so that Mother walks again on earth.

\*

And then, there were these great blue waves which rose from below and a golden sensation "up above" (I don't know where above).

These blue waves were like Mother rising.

\*

And always this corporeal sensation that all this takes place beyond life and beyond death. As if the body could “die” and it would *not* be death!

One could also say: the feeling that the body could lose its “life” but that it would only lose death.

But, well, all these are words placed on an unexplainable phenomenon.

\*

That is perhaps how a first amphibian body would feel when it first breathes on earth: “Well, I did not die—and yet it is not life (as I knew it).”

It was like that for two compact hours this morning.

It is like an imminent danger that never occurs.

(There are things that I don’t dare say.)

\*

*Afternoon*

The “blue phenomenon” is indefinitely going on.

It is almost a torture.

One would like to faint.

Is it wearing something out?

(I mean: is it made to wear something out—what?)

To wear the tomb out?

\*

#### REMAINS OF NOAH’S ARK?

Ankara, August 28 (UPI)

American explorers claim to have found the place where the wreck of Noah’s Ark is, on Mount Ararat in Eastern Turkey. Mervin Steffins, President of *International Expeditions*,

informed the media that his group had spotted the site last Thursday at an altitude of 1500m on the Southern slope of Mount Ararat. His expedition found a boat-shaped formation whose measurements correspond to what has been described in the Bible...

\*

It's maybe time to refloat it?!



### **August 31, 1984**

I am wondering if, like Mother, I am not also making my “ritual dive” in the sapphire blue ocean.

It would be the Power of new Life...

\*

It would be, however, curious that Mother on the other side of the tomb and myself on this side of the tomb would do the same work—the tomb is worn out from both sides.

\*

(Sujata did not know anything about the “blue phenomenon”, I told her about it for the first time yesterday.)

\*

And that “pregnant woman” whom I saw was also dressed in ocean blue. The “child” would be Mother’s body moved by the Power of new Life?

I remember that on several occasions the Apocalypse speaks of “the woman who gives life to the child”.

\*

What is making “the tomb”...?

The old Matter moved by the false life (that necrobiosis?)

Until proved otherwise, the old Matter (of which my body is made) *can* receive the Power of new Life... but the body doesn't yet really know how to adapt or to integrate the new Life.

That is the experience in progress.

If the body could entirely function under this Power of new Life, it would be the first step towards the transformation of the old Matter.

Mother had to go through the tomb only because humans (those around her) did not want her anymore— otherwise she would have carried on the experience in her room...

All in all, she “wears death out” from inside and I wear it out from outside...

\*

The apocalypse is not the end of the world, it is the end of death (and of those who embraced the reign of Death and of Falsehood a little too ardently).

\*

I often wondered what could be that “realisation” which Sri Aurobindo wanted to give me... That bit of stone had a little the shape of Ganesh. Ganesh is the “son of Mother.” Does it mean that I will see the birth of Mother's son in the old Matter??

Be what it may, this vision continues to be a great solace—an immense solace—on the background of my consciousness. It is a grace when everything seems desperate.



*September*

**September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1984**

Lying on my bed, I am in a mysterious transition.

It is like a switchover of life.

One must be totally immobile (as in a kind of death of “something”).

(We could say: the death of death!)

\*

It took me a long time to accept this position... (yet I was told about it several months ago!). I have even been given a good pain in the legs, in the neck and in the shoulders so that I should make up my mind!

And then, this morning, suddenly I understood.

\*

These exercises seem dangerous, but they are like scarecrows to be passed through—the scarecrows of the old sparrow.

But it is the *body* that must understand.

\*

I believe that we don't realise to what extent *everything* is part of the work.

\*

In fact, we don't know anything, but we try.

\*

*Evening*

I feel so lost!

There is this sole Great Beacon: Sri Aurobindo.



**September 2, 1984**

Lying flat on the bed in the “corpse posture”, the arms alongside the

body, the great swell rises indefinitely along the body, from the tip of the feet all the way up. It would seem that this “swell” is particularly following the path of the nerves because, as this swell is passing through it, one has a kind of “anatomic” perception of the whole nervous system. It’s almost a torture.

Is it that which Mother called “the transfer of the nervous system”??

I try to let myself be carried along, but after one hour, one hour and a quarter, it becomes almost unbearable.

There is You.

\*

(In the end, standing in front of Sri Aurobindo’s photo on my mantelpiece, it is the same thing: I am standing on tiptoes despite myself with this current rising from below.)

\*

I am wondering whether I should not squarely lie on the floor with the spine well pressed on the ground?

When I think of Mother who had to suffer that, half broken in her armchair... (and surrounded by all those jackals), it must have been awful...

\*

*Evening*

This morning, Sujata gave me Vedic hymns from “Sri Aurobindo’s Archives” and I found this in the first hymn of the Rig-Veda (I.1): “*To thee (Agni) the shining one of the gods below who guardest the energy of the nectar and increasest in thy home!*”

Perhaps it is a “torturing” Nectar because of the lack of practice?

Human bodies of the twentieth century must also be very degraded and diminished compared to those of human beings living seven thousand years ago. We are “intelligent” runts.

I find the Vedic experiences marvellously “meaningful”, *revealing*. Well... what a long way (or non-way) we have come in seven thousand years!... up to Sri Aurobindo.

\*

Had we not Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s example, all this would be a little frightening (impossible).



### **September 3, 1984**

Again the Rig-Veda (*Hymns of the Atris, V.29*):

“... *Then he slew the Python, then he releases the mighty Waters to their flowing*”!!... “*The Serpent that lies coiling against the waters*” (V. 30).

(It reminds me of that vision of Sujata’s in which I caught the great snake in the azalea bush and cut its head, then methodically sliced it.)

“... *Then he moved forth to battle with the Destroyer*” (V.30).

Oh! How all those religious, spiritual and yogic teachings of the seven thousand years that followed look like little moralist sentimental recipes and poor little tricks in order to get a “good death”! Instead of fighting it.

The religious history of the whole world seems to be a huge trickery.

(We are noticing it!)

\*

When I read Sri Aurobindo’s *Secret of the Veda* in 1954 (thirty years ago),<sup>1</sup> I constantly had the impression of an incomprehensible revelation! As if I understood without understanding anything. As in Thebes and Luxor, I was in a state of incomprehensible exaltation, as if something happened to me without my understanding anything.

---

<sup>1</sup> In 1949, in the Himalayas, at my friend Brewster’s in Almora, my very first readings were actually the Vedas.



And this Veda, like this Thebes and this Luxor, was giving me the *same* vibration of re-cognition. I was recognising without recognising anything!

Strange.

Nowadays, there must be cafeterias in every corner of Thebes and Luxor.

Everything is prostituted. The Himalayas as well.

The Apocalypse constantly speaks of the “great prostitute” (referring to Babylon, I think). But it is simply the Great Prostitute. They prostituted their Mother, the Earth.

\*

*Noon*

I am trying to totally surrender my body to the blue Mystery.

To uncoagulate it, to entirely spread it out instead of resisting and stiffening under the rush of the current.

I have the impression that I begin to be on the right track.

\*

It is funny! All these things are known, but it is the body that must know them!

Mother would always say: “One has to melt”.

\*

We are so stupid! We have to catch a great pain to be *forced* to find the solution.

(We all caught death in order to find immortality!)

It is always the same evolutionary mechanics, that we take well or that we take badly.

With our Science, we all ran away from the Problem.

With religion as well.

(After all, aspirin and the confessional can offer a temporary relief.)

\*

*Evening*

*“The mighty waters”...!!*



**September 4, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night, or rather early this morning, I met Indira who wanted to show me her “new boat”. We went towards the harbour and from far, I saw a rather big sailing boat with a slightly rectangular mainsail (not of the “marconi” type) all hoisted, of a rather light blue colour with (perhaps) a few darker lines or strips and (I think?) a yellow strip. We came nearer to the boat and Indira told me that it was made out of “flamboyant wood” (Gulmohar, the tree with red flowers). Somebody near her told me that the boat was very fast and could travel 33 knots. We wanted to go on board, but just at that time, somebody leaned overboard and said to us, showing the planking of the boat, that it was not completely finished, that the “planking had to be tightened”. It ended there. So we did not visit the “new boat”.

I am wondering whether this is not the symbol of the “new form of government” that Indira is concocting, with all the powers in her hands... \*

Let’s see what Sri Aurobindo will decide.

---

\* Sujata rather thinks, and I believe she is right, that this “project” or this “boat” is the symbol of a plan of attack against Pakistan, in order to strengthen her authority.

When (in 1971) she was offered Pakistan on a silver platter, she did not accept it! By the way, the harbour where Indira was showing me her “new boat” looked like (or gave me the impression of) Bombay [Mumbai].

But the comedy has lasted long enough.

Maybe her “new boat” with badly tightened planking will sink before sailing!?

Her “new” boat looked like an old galiot with only one sail, rather than a modern boat.

It is impossible that what she has sown, or rather not sown, for twenty years, does not backfire on her.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Lying on the floor and crossed over by these formidable blue waves, the body is as on the altar of an unknown sacrifice.

To You.

The Mystery of the new life.

\*

It is utterly bare.

\*

### *Evening*

It seems easier on a hard surface without anything under the head (except the floor carpet).

One has to be totally surrendered and immobile.

Even the Mantra is difficult — only Mother’s and Sri Aurobindo’s name — and “to You”.

\*

One feels as if in an unknown rite.

It is perhaps the exorcism of the old Destroyer.

\*

The body is absolutely confident but it really doesn’t know what will happen to it.

It’s very mysterious.

It's a Mystery.

Sometimes it seems that everything is going to go away.

I am noting down because I think that I have to, but words give a kind of grandiloquence to something that is very bare and without explanation.

\*

It is as in an unknown channel: you are not sure of the depths.

But you go all the same.

That is the sensation of the body.

“All the same” = Sri Aurobindo + Mother.

There is hardly anyone but a sailor to understand this.



### **September 5, 1984**

You are each time surprised to still be alive.

It is like going through death.

Probably, it is being done little by little.

\*

It is that old habit of dying that is very much meshed in the body.

It must get over it.

\*

### *Evening*

The superior stages understand easily, but the body is like a child, it needs reiterated proofs: you see, one does not die, it's another kind of life.

\*

Sometimes you are so closely fit with the sea that you feel when there are rocks, when the place is bad, when the weather is going to change.

In the same way, the body has to fit with the life divine up to the point when it feels that there is no more “bad”, no more “danger”, no more weather that changes—it is set fair—Divine fair (!)

I remember that one night, while going out of Port-Navalo in complete darkness, I felt that there was a shoal of rocks nearby. And—luckily—I veered.

We have to totally veer into the Divine—it is the happy Divine.

\*

With their DNA molecules, they did not understand anything of what makes life and death—they understand only lorries’ accidents.

\*

Molière dared make fun of enemas.

But we are more hypnotised, the “spell” is working better. It is the medical gospel. (Is it safer than those Gentlemen’s confessional?)

\*

In that time, navigating was not that complicated: the best compass was under your bottom.

I have picked up on it.



## **September 6, 1984**

That’s that: I have been her scribe, her witness—I can’t accept that she could not make the experiment until the end in her body.

And my prayer—my whole body: may it be *her* body, this thing which has borne so much, hoped so much, searched so much, suffered so much, that *sees, does*—may it be *her* Victory on Earth. The true end of the *Agenda*.

\*

Then, my task will be finished. I will go and travel around the world

in a fold of her dress and we will laugh a lot.

Does Sri Aurobindo agree?!—is it not a good idea, Lord?

\*

Had I not so deeply touched the distress of life, I would never have had the courage.

\*

### *Afternoon*

This blue Power that keeps on rising in the body, denser and denser, denser and denser, is a torture.

Now I understand why it is necessary to be lying down on the floor and totally immobile, “like a dead man”.

\*

### *Evening*

It is really a new kind of *life*.

Even animal life is of the same type as human life (“life” = what makes a protozoan or a man move). But this is *something else*. And I don’t know what it is. A

The organs used for apprehending life (the old life), and the chemistry as well, can be very different, but the apprehended thing remains the same. While “this” is not the same thing. It is of another kind.

And yet it is physical.

As for plants, I am wondering? But after all, a tree absorbs the sun + some minerals and water from the earth. It is also the same type of life with other absorption organs and another chemistry.

“That” is of another type.

And it is a Power, without any doubt (oh!), and a power of *life*.

\*

***Conversation with Sujata***

***The blue Power or  
the mighty Waters***

7 p.m.

Wouldn't you have a small mattress of this type, very small, very thin?

*(Sujata:) Like that? Ah! for you to lie down?*

Yes. But very thin. Because I must lie down on the floor, there is no doubt... it is really a little bit crushing. If there was a very small mattress—not very thick, you understand, simply for it to “absorb” the impact a little.

*Yes, I think I had one, and even made of cotton.*

But it doesn't have too much spring... Listen, you will think of it tomorrow.

*Well, all right.*

*(silence)*

I have nothing to say, actually, but you have to follow a little what is happening. I noted down something this afternoon and this evening. I will read a few lines, for you to understand how it is.

You will read yourself what I have noted down in the notebook, there, for you to understand.

*Afternoon and evening, do I read both?*

Yes, what I have noted down.

*(Sujata reads)*

Then, afterwards, in the forest, I noted down... You see, sometimes, in the forest, I mark like this, in the forest, a little afterwards, when I have digested things a bit... Sometimes I write my understanding of what is happening. So that's what I noted down.

*Ah! Well, it's really a new sort of life.*

*(Sujata goes on reading)*

*Ah! The Power of Life...*

*You say: "While 'this' is not the same thing. It is of another kind." Another kind of... organ?*

It's "another kind".

*Of life?*

Yes. Animals, any of them, or humans, absorb, apprehend the same thing—the organs may differ, the chemistry may be different, but it is always the... it is "life" that they absorb in one form or another. With one chemistry or another, or different organs, but it is *life* that they absorb—at least what we call "life". Well, this is another sort of life.

*It's another...*

Yes, it is another kind of life. Of Power, maybe. There has never been anything like this on earth, you understand. It is another *sort* of life. This is what I understand.

*And the wave is rising?...*



This is what I understand.

It is not another sort of life in the sense that... I don't know, we will fly, or levitate, or have some sorts of consciousness... it's not that! It is another type of life which never occurred, from the protozoan up to man. It's another *type of life*. It has nothing to do with our marvellous humans or our... And it is not "spiritual": it is physical. Or else the spiritual is physical, I really don't know—or the physical is spiritual (!)

*It is nothing that the mind has ever been able to conceive,  
never...*

Even that the terrestrial existence has ever known! Except the Rishis, and Sri Aurobindo and Mother. But it is something that is not known. But up to where did the Rishis go? Because, well, they have established the contact with this Power of life, but... well, they have disappeared. So we don't know what it is doing. We don't know what it is doing—we don't know anything.

*I remember that Mother used to say: "After a certain point... they, the Rishis, disappear like this (you spoke of disappearance), they have disappeared in the sun"; and Mother had said that she had crossed the threshold but that she had not disappeared. Is it that which she brought back?*

Well, Mother and Sri Aurobindo have opened the Path—opened the Path as a river opens a way, doesn't it. They have opened a path, that is, They have cleared a path, as the Ganges coming down the Himalayas clears three thousand kilometres of... pff! with its power. So, well, Sri Aurobindo and Mother are Ganga. It is the Ganges that hurtles down. What is it going to do, we really don't know, but someone was needed to make the Ganges come down.

They have done something; They have made something melt that

made a Ganga. But nobody has ever seen what it was doing. We don't know what it does or what it is doing, we really don't know.

*But now, you are beginning to physically feel, to physically experience.*

Oh! I started to physically experience a long time ago.

*But it is becoming stronger and stronger? Irrefutable?*

It's not "irrefutable"! Well, I don't know, the Ganges, you wouldn't say that the Ganges is irrefutable...

*(Laughing:) I would!*

... it is the Ganges. There is no need to refute or not: it is a phenomenon. It is a phenomenon that I experience... with difficulty. And what I notice is that: it's a Power of Life, and a life that has never been known in evolution.

And it has *nothing* to do with spiritual life or yogic life or life... all-all-all their stuff, you see. The Ganges, well, you can say that it is the Divine Mother but still it is a *river*. It is a *physical* river.

So you can say that it is spiritual, that it is Divine, that it is this or that, but it is the Ganges. Well, this is the same thing, it is a Power of Life. But it comes down from the Himalayas, and you don't know what happens afterwards. It's the beginning of... What will it clear? What is this formidable River going to clear? What will it do? We have no idea... In any case, the body experiences it—and with difficulty.

*(silence)*

*Is it that which makes you say that it is a torture?*

It is a torture. For a very long time, I have fought the idea of completely lying down like a dead man, but I realise that otherwise, I am all broken. And even like this, it hurts all over: after one hour, I need to make an immense effort to try to straighten up (and it is physical: I heard the ladies in the tea garden calling you to get water). You have pain in the bones, you have pain, you are *crushed*... It is... And not externally crushed, you are crushed inside, in the body, as if the inside of the body were crushed.

It is *very* difficult.

It is very... it is physical. The body is not at all afraid anymore; it has been trained. It is not afraid anymore. Anybody... I don't know, well, it is unthinkable, besides, that a human receive this in one go—it is impossible.

It is not afraid but it is in pain.

So I have to be on something hard, on the floor, you understand. I saw that even on my bed—even totally flat, it is hurting too much. But I would nevertheless need something which could absorb a little bit: a very thin layer of...

*Yes, for the bones not to touch too much on the ground.*

Yes, one is really very crushed.

That's what I wanted you to understand, it is really a power of life which... is unknown. And which has *nothing* to do (we are entangled with all those spiritual and yogic things), really *nothing* to do with all that: it's a new phenomenon in evolution—that's it, to speak in simple terms. As one day, well, something melted up there in Gangotri, and there has been a...

*A Ganga that has started to flow...*

A Ganga that has started to flow. Well, it's a phenomenon... *like this*.

So you can say that it is divine, that it is supramental, that it is this or that, but it is a fact *like this*.

So the body finds it very difficult to withstand this... “thing”. It has been learning the lesson of death for two years—for two years, every day, every day, and then hour after hour. So it is not afraid any more, it has understood what is death, it has understood—it has touched. And besides, it is after this is done that the Torrent can pass. It is not afraid, but... but, what? A body is limited. It is limited. It is not made for this thing, is it? This has never been done yet—except by Sri Aurobindo and Mother—it has never been withstood yet by any body (at least that I know, that we know). It has never been withstood. Can it be withstood? I have no idea...

*(silence)*

The Rishis said: “*The mighty waters*.” Well, I assure you that they have understood; they are people who know what they are talking about. But it is actually... we could not say it better.

*It is an exact description.*

Yes, these are the appropriate words: *The mighty waters*...

*You speak of “blue power”, don't you, but they are not talking about any colour?*

I don't know. No, I have never seen that they say “blue”. I do experience it, even with my eyes. I experience it as something which is sapphire blue. They don't say, they don't mention any colour... But, you know, the perception of colour can be subjective, it's possible. It gives me a sensation of blue—sapphire blue—and I often see it in the eyes. (But, well, all this may still be debatable.) For me, it is definitely blue, but it is like this for me, perhaps other organs would see it

differently? But in any case, any organ would say: “Well, it is a damned Power!”

“Mighty waters...”

*Mighty waters.*

So this is it, we say: “But really, how is it possible?” It is obviously being done little by little. Probably.

And what it is doing, we really don’t know. We don’t know what it is doing. But it *is doing*—what? we don’t know.

*For the time being, you are enduring?*

Well... what else can you do when you are in such a formidable torrent?! (*laughter*)

*In the Niagara!*

In such a Niagara... you can endure—if you are able to! (*laughing*) You can do nothing! What you can try to do is not to resist. That’s for sure! If you resist, you break, that’s all. You explode, or what...

(*silence*)

What we don’t know is what happens next... Obviously, if “that” must take the place, the old life will have to stop sooner or later. How? I really don’t know... I really don’t know, I don’t know at all. And when I have been enduring it for one hour or one hour and a half, pff!... So *to live* like this?

Mind you, it is there all the time; if I stop at any second, it is there. “If I stop”, I mean if I pay attention, it is there. Only, it has obviously not (probably not) the same concentration perhaps or the same intensity than when I let myself consciously be invaded by this... torrent—it is not a “torrent”, because it does not run, it is not... it does not gallop. It

is a kind of *massive* density... I don't know, water is light!

*Lava?*

We could say lava. It is of a density—it is not of a material density; it is a density made of power. But it has nothing to do with the electric type, nothing at all. It has to do with the “water” type, but water that would be... of a tremendous density. Nothing electric at all.

*(silence)*

In any case, it is perceived as Life, but another kind of life made of power and of... What could we say? Well, I am not trying to speculate at all, but it is better that you know of the phenomenon. Because, obviously, we don't know... we don't know what could happen. Because it is really... it is agonising... it's a torture. It *hurts*. And... I don't know how to describe it; words that we can humanly have are always... as if superficial; whereas this, it's the whole-whole-whole body that is hurting: bones, cells, everything-everything is hurting. Well, it is another type of life that is coming in, so it hurts, and it is a life of a density which the body is not used to. It is not as if you were a fish and you would go and breathe air! For a long time, I have felt that it was something like that, but it is not even like that, because... I don't know.

*(silence)*

As for that, for a very-very-very long time, you really have the sensation that you are dying. And in the depths of the body, there is always a little of that question (it is not afraid, but) “Will it not be necessary at one point to actually die or... or what?”

*To die in the sense that the organs stop functioning?*

Yes, that everything stops functioning.

*Everything?*

I don't know.

*Is it not as Mother would say, wouldn't she: part after part?*

Well, I don't have the impression that it is part after part because it is going through your whole body!

*From bottom to top.*

From bottom to top. From the tip of the feet up to... to the head. So one doesn't have the impression that it is "part after part". What could be is that the density keeps on increasing. For that matter, one has the impression that the density never stops increasing. In the past, I could still sit down—at present, I would not be able to sustain that while sitting.

*That is why you were shown that you had to lie down.*

Well, yes, I had not understood what it meant. It means that you really have to be like a dead man, lying down.

*Lying down, immobile.*

Immobile. That is how it is the least unbearable. Otherwise, I tell you; my neck has been demolished ...

*And the legs...*

Even while lying down, it is very... crushing.

*(silence)*

It may be that... We are babies, for us it seems to be Niagaras but when we are a little bit more used to it, it will seem... liquid like air!

That's possible. There is probably a whole adjustment—we have to adapt ourselves—if it is adaptable. But anyway, the adjustment has been going on for two years now (two years, I mean... there has been the whole period of time with Mother, too).

After one hour, one hour and a quarter, it becomes... it becomes very... torturing. It is really *hurting*. That is why I was wondering whether a very-very small rubber thing... because it has to be hard, but anyway, it will perhaps help the bones to... to bear.

*(silence)*

That is how the phenomenon is, that's all. You have to understand it. It is not... I don't have any fear, not any.

*But you know, we cannot understand until we have experienced it a little ourselves.*

No, but if... I don't know what can externally happen, but a process is underway and it must be supervised...

*(silence)*

Sometimes you tell yourself: but won't it be necessary that all this functioning stop for... Because there are times when it seems quite at the limit of what is bearable, or unbearable. That is to say that, well, you would like it to happen... to faint just a little and then... that it happen without you being conscious of it.

*Yes, if it were like this, it could have occurred during your sleep, but it is not during sleep that it happens? So...*

Well, I don't know what is happening during sleep! I really don't know. Except that one night, all-all my nerves were tortured. Usually, you wake up when it is so, but it lasted a long time and it was a *torture*.



I had that experience one night. So what happened at that time? I really don't know. Certain things can happen during sleep.

*Certainly* even, certain things must happen.

*Yes, but it must make sense, nevertheless, when you remain conscious of what is occurring, must it not?*

Yes, it is very good that I have been conscious since the beginning, so I can describe the process—possibly, of course.

And then, it is good to understand! *(laughing)*

*Yes, it is to understand rather than to describe or to write!*

It is good to understand, but, well, you wonder whether there is not a limit from which... you don't know. Is it a question of slow adaptation, or what?

*But the understanding must help the process?*

Understanding helps in the sense that with your mind, your vital, your soul and all that, you can comprehend the meaning, give your support and not be afraid, etc. But in the end, it is the body that must not be afraid and it is the body that has to go through the experience. The other parts are not going through the experience; they look and try to help instead of being shattered. The other parts understand, but the body has to suffer. It “understands”; when it drinks, it understands. But just try talking to it, or make a speech about water! When it is drinking, it understands. So the other parts can help in the sense that they don't get in the way with stupid ideas or get into contact with all that wants to stop, impede (well, all that is the whole old story). Once all this is done, well, it is the body which is facing the phenomenon and has to absorb it. That's all.

*(long silence)*

In the whole-whole evolution, it is always the *same* life that is absorbed with different organs, a different chemistry, well, that's what we call "life". There has been matter, right, and there has been something a little mysterious, and then there has been "life". There has been the rock, and there have been waters and then temperatures, and then... there has been life.

So, it is a sort other than all that has come out of those waters.

You see, there have been billions of kinds of animals or even plants, but... The chemistry is different, the organs are different, but the thing that they absorb is life.

*So here, the water itself is different.*

Well, yes, it is another original soup. It is another... It is something else.

What can we say? We can't say anything about it. But all that I feel and perceive is that it is another type. It has never occurred on earth. Except... well, it has occurred with Mother and Sri Aurobindo, and the Rishis as well must have been in contact—have come in contact with That. But... Here it is, the thing is there, but... it is new! It has nothing to do with what we know; it is a new evolution. Sri Aurobindo said it, by the way, but people always understand things in an abstract manner. Sri Aurobindo spoke of a "new evolution"; they imagine that we will only be doing I don't know what...

*A better humanity?*

A better humanity or even an over-humanity, or what—but it is a *new evolution*. So one has to go back to the first rock, and then, from the first rock...

*Change the course.*

It is another evolution, that's all.

There are four and a half billion years behind, well, for four and a half billion years, a certain phenomenon occurred—and then now, it is *another* phenomenon. It is not the old one that is improved.

This is the story.

There has not been such a thing since the rock! That's all.

Listen, I think that I told you things enough... so that you see, you understand, you don't worry. But anyway, one doesn't know...

*(silence)*

*There is one thing that I don't understand. This formidable Power, density that is constantly with you, encircling you, working in you, how is it that ten metres near you nobody does...*

But they don't have the appropriate organs!

*Ah, it is a matter of perception?*

Or they are not in "contact" with that.

It is *another* type, so how do you expect to understand with the old type? You can understand a vital power, a tantric power, a power... because they are part of the old things.

*No, I am not talking of understanding, but of feeling...*

Feeling. You will perceive a tantric power, won't you—you will feel a man coming in with his tantric power; or you will feel a vital power. You can feel all those Powers, which are simply an inflation of the true Power, because it is of the same nature, but bigger, stronger, more...all the "mores" you want. So everybody will feel that. But this is of *another* nature, so how can you feel it?

*So, in a certain way, it remains isolated, until it has produced organs in others? Is it that?*

Is it isolated? It is working in the individuals, unconsciously. They don't know, they don't have the appropriate organs to perceive it. I don't have them either, but I feel it in my body, that is, my body is experiencing it. In others, it must work invisibly—yes, invisibly and unperceived: they can't notice it! How do you expect them to notice it? There needs to be an organ or a means of communication. And, well, their means of communication does not exist—except, perhaps, in unknown people, does it. And it is of *another* nature, so how would you perceive it? You can perceive lightning because it is of the same nature as the whole life we know, but what about another kind of lightning that has nothing to do with our whole system... It is another kind, another nature. So it is completely imperceptible for human beings, whereas they immediately perceive a little tantric power, as Mother would say. Because, very simply, it is the same thing with more biceps.

Men can perceive only what is corresponding to their nature.

*Because their organs have been developed to perceive that?*

Yes, because it is part of the old physiology, which can be a physiology superior to the one humans usually know, but is the old physiology all the same. I tell you, it is a use of powers that... are known but not developed. I can't say: all their powers, humans perceive all those powers, are able to perceive them because they correspond to something in their nature—what is not corresponding is invisible, imperceptible, that's all; imperceptible or unperceived. There must be something that corresponds. Well, it is a new evolution; it corresponds to NOTHING.

*You said that it is working imperceptibly or unnoticeably; is*

*that to say that since it can work through someone, one individual, it is invisibly spreading and working...?*

Well, Sri Aurobindo and Mother have spread it everywhere and are catching those who are capable (capable: those who are sincere, those who... etc.), those who care to establish a communication with That without being entangled with all the yogic, spiritual, religious, vital, devilish, tantric things—everything which tries to intercept the “thing”, the True Thing... everything which wants to intercept.

*What I wanted to say is that in individuals who are all the same a little bit, let's say, sincere, of goodwill—who simply want something different—it prepares, then, organs of perception?*

It should change their nature. It should... Yes...

I really don't know, but it must prepare the perception. It must prepare, not the perception (because perception is yet a subsequent product) but the *nature*.

*That is, let's say, the wish to...*

It must already remove certain obstacles that... all those obstacles that impede. It must remove obstacles—in those who agree, who precisely don't cling to obstacles. But all obstacles are not what men think they are, obstacles of the lower nature (which are already damned obstacles); there are all the religious, spiritual obstacles... all-all-all, all those obstacles. And precisely, this Power that Mother and Sri Aurobindo have poured in is demolishing their great Churches, their great Politics, their great Society, their great Institutions — it is demolishing everything. So the result is muddy, but a number of spiritual, politic and idealistic concrete structures are cracking all the

same.

*Is it... Excuse me, I just recalled the image of my golden Krishna who was taking out brick after brick and throwing...*

Yes, that's it! he is demolishing all the bricks!

*He is demolishing the structures.*

He is demolishing the Temple — the old Temple.

*Brick after brick.*

So it is acting in this manner, negatively. Positively, well...?

*Positively, he is growing!*

Of course Krishna is growing! (*Sujata laughs*) He is not hindered... But, precisely, it must prepare human beings, in as much as they are not hampered... I really don't know, my Douce. It is certainly active. And perhaps... the difficulty is mostly for the first organisms that suffer the new Power; afterwards it becomes "as usual", I imagine. The difficulty will obviously not be indefinitely the same; when one or a few organisms have undergone the operation, most probably all the other organisms should invisibly receive "that" more easily.

It seems difficult to us because it is new. When a newborn is landing from his mother's womb, it screams.

*(silence)*

Well, these are speculations. One must be able to withstand the phenomenon.

*(long silence)*

*You are not worrying me, are you?*

Surely not, my Douce! There is no need to worry, you well understand that Sri Aurobindo... And then, why would they have embarked me in their Adventure if it were to fall flat on my face?

Well, these are not questions that I ask myself.

There is an... unsure Passage— at least unsure for our old habit of living, that's all.



### **September 7, 1984**

Again this morning, I find this in the Rig-Veda (V.32): “*Thou hast rent open the fountain, thou hast released the doors that were sealed; thou hast set to their play THE FLOODS THAT WERE IN BONDAGE...*”!

Here are people who knew what they were talking about!

And what is marvellous is that these texts come to me just now! There is a microscopic organisation of events. One could say a divine timer of the universe. These Rishis who come and wink at me through seven thousand years, just on the desired week and day!

There are little concealed marvels—there must be a lot of them... If we knew, we would perhaps be dumbstruck.

There are strange age-old appointments.

\*

But the Divine is not a miraculous minstrel! He wants us to discover ourselves his concealed winks.

He does not want to astound us; he wants us to come to him with love. Then... we start to see little winks which seem insignificant... and which are fabulously... accurate miracles.

\*

I always have the impression that the articulated language is false and worth nothing. I more and more feel the need for things to spring differently. We still don't have the required language.

Truth gets muddled up in coordinating conjunctions.

I would like to leave the scribe, but he sticks to me for... not very clear reasons.

\*

### *Noon*

A strange sensation to be like an empty shell. As if I were nobody anymore.

A semblance.

One must be very careful not to extrapolate (or to ramble).

To cling to a divine common sense.

Otherwise...

\*

That old sorrow which makes you die, always ready to come back...

It seems to be the last remaining thread.

\*

All those billion disasters that still hang by this thread.

\*

### *Evening*

That brother I loved so much and who "landed" I don't know where spent all the evenings of his last year listening to Beethoven's quartets.

Oh!

But one of the last times (a few months ago) I met François in "dream", he was giving his consent to the "new man" and seemed to have understood the *Agenda*... That is maybe why he came back...

Will I see him again? Will we recognise each other? Life is so strange



and we don't understand anything of it.

\*

It is that root of pain that I want to extirpate forever.

\*

When he (François) listens to the first backwash of the earth, he will listen and listen again as if with a far away memory...

He will start saying "what?"

My God...

\*

Oh! Lord, I seem to carry all kinds of deaths in my heart.

No more, all that should be no more!



### **September 10, 1984**

This channel is very difficult.

Day after day, hour by hour.

It is like a torture.

It is not that you are "in" the channel: you *are* the channel.

\*

### *Evening*

All thoughts are disastrous.

Mind is the friend of death.

Even its "good" thoughts are the reverse of its bad ones and they go hand in hand.

They are muted devilries.

Example: "I don't want that old painful and deceitful life anymore" (implying: I keep it, it is absolutely important for me).

Only the blue Torrent washes everything, mechanically.  
But then... what will remain standing?

\*

(I am not holding forth on “spiritual” and “moral” issues: it is a matter of life and death in the material substance, but as long as we speak of “life”, we speak of death. So...)

How to sweep life without dying? It is always the same thing.  
This blue... racking torrent.



### **September 11, 1984**

It is absolutely like dying.

During a little more than one hour and a half this morning, while lying.

The blue waves are getting slower and slower, as if all life was leaving, but the whole body is without any vibration, nothing that resists, in any organ, not even the heart—except something in the brain. It is not exactly that it “resists”, but it is very conscious that “life” can stop from one moment to the other and it “looks on”. It looks at these blue waves which rise more and more slowly, with a sort of question: “It is maybe the last one?” And in these brain cells, something feels the need to repeat “Sri Aurobindo... Sri Aurobindo...” as if it were the last shelter of life, and then the memory of “I give you a realisation”, which is a kind of reassurance. That is to say that this last cerebral organ is the last link with a kind of question that is on the verge of “worry”—not really “worry”, but a need to take refuge. All the rest of the body, all the cells, all the organs are completely surrendered, without a shiver of resistance or worry. There is only this “cerebral eye” which looks on with a question and a prayer—a “prayer” of nothing, a prayer that is Sri

Aurobindo's name. And that's all. For more than one hour and a half this morning. It is long all the same.

In this brain, there is all the same, something that is clinging.

Is it right to cling on?

(To "cling" is too strong a word, but it is like something that wants to keep an eye open—not close the eyes and "come what may".)

But the question remains (for me): "Is it right to cling on?"

\*

(But it is curious (all things considered), it seems that for the other parts of the body (the cells, the organs) the "question" of life and death *does not exist*. It is a total surrender without any vibration of "I can die" or "I want to live"—as if neither of them existed!)

It is in the brain (the brain cells) that the life-death stronghold can be found.

(Even then, "stronghold", that's saying a lot, but the question can be asked.)

\*

*Evening*

Humanly, my life does not mean anything anymore. I have become a kind of constant laboratory.



**September 11-12, 1984**

***(Bit of vision)***

The old bed in sculpted wood that my mother takes out... (past life).



**September 12, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night, I met a stranger who knows Indira's project (a coup *from* or *in* a foreign country) and wants to have her assassinated.

I told it to Sujata.

\*

**The stranger who knows Indira's project  
and wants to have her assassinated**

*(Indira will be assassinated a month and a half later, on  
October 31.)*

*(Sujata:) What did you see last night?*

I don't know, it was strange. And unluckily, I did not clearly retain the most important part because it was a conversation with somebody and of course... pictures are retained clearly, aren't they...

Yes.

...while conversations remain vague.

There were two persons. One was unknown to me and the other was N.T.R.

*Oh-oh!... N.T. Rama Rao.<sup>1</sup>*

---

<sup>1</sup> The Chief Minister of the State of Andhra Pradesh, who defeated the Congress Party during the elections.

So the first scene was the most important. Unfortunately, the memory is not clear. There are two scenes that are consecutive, as in a movie, if you like: a first scene and a second one. And in the two scenes, there was that man whom I don't know (with hair on the forehead, as if tousled) and that N.T.R. And the important person is that man whom I don't know; a man who must have had a great vital power and been very authoritative. I don't know who he is.

First of all, I met this man. I can't say where or how, I really don't know because all this was... I tried a lot to remember (it was around one a.m.). So this man was telling me (I even noted down a little bit, like that, on a piece of paper, to try and remember) that he knew Indira Gandhi's project; that she wanted to stage a "coup". So this is where it is unluckily not clear; she wants to stage a coup "*in*" or "*from* a foreign country". She has to go abroad, she wants to stage a coup. This is what is not clear...

*Is that to say that she will stage the coup, but that she will herself not be in India, but abroad?*

No, *she* wants to stage... Is it something that will happen abroad? Is it...I don't know, that is where I did not really understand. She has to go "abroad", and she has to stage a "coup" (what type of coup? I really don't know) *from* or *in* a foreign country—it is not clear at all. So immediately, there was a "Oh!" and in my consciousness, it became very important. So this man was going on telling me that he was going to do what was needed to assassinate her *before* she makes her coup. And that is where I intervened and said to him, with great consciousness: "No! you should not do that, you should let her do her "coup". You must let her do what she wants, she must unmask herself; it is not Indira who has to be stabbed, it is the abscess, all the dirt of India that must be stabbed. It has to go out in India. You should let her

do her coup. You should not assassinate her before.”

This was very important.

But that man did not seem totally convinced and he said: “Well, we will talk about it again.” Then, we came out of that place and I noticed that there was a rather fat man (I never saw N.T.R., I only saw his head, but not his body,) who was coming out of a hospital.

*Oh!...*

So I immediately understood that it was this N.T.R. who was there. And I had told that stranger: “Whatever you do, don’t speak about it. Don’t speak to *anybody*. Nobody should know, you should *let* her do. Let Indira make her coup—don’t tell N.T.R. or anybody about it. Let her do, she has to unmask herself, hasn’t she.” So then I saw N.T.R. coming out of that place. Incidentally, he was surrounded by... many women. There were many women around him. And I wanted to invite him to come here (*Sujata laughs*). He got into his car with a collection of people and women (the car was... it was as in Indian cars: where four persons could get in, there were twelve!) and he made off. And I followed him in another car—an empty car, in which I was alone. Then I wanted absolutely to call him to tell him: “But come on, leave some of your people in my car, you don’t have to take them all!” And then, instead of taking the path going to our place, he went another way. I tried to catch up with him, but in vain. Then, all of a sudden, at the end of the path (so I had followed his car, wherever it went), we arrived in a place that was a kind of palace—that gave the impression of a palace: a little bit as in the Governor’s Palace in Lucknow. It was obviously not a Governor’s Palace, but it was a palace all the same. And we had to have lunch together: N.T.R., that stranger and myself. So we were in that big palace; they certainly were very rich, very important people—whose palace was it? I haven’t a clue.

*Yes, but a palace.*

Whose palace was it...? There was a big rectangular table and N.T.R. went to sit at the end of the table (what we call “le haut bout”).

*That is to say “the head of the table”...*

That’s it. He went to sit there, but very near me. I was therefore on N.T.R.’s left; he was on my right and I was on his left, just near the head of the table. And in front of me, was that stranger.

*So on N.T.R.’s right.*

On N.T.R.’s right. So, what is very curious and that I really noticed, is that the stranger and myself were on the same level, and N.T.R. was on a much lower seat—I was looking at him like this... (*gesture from high above, as if N.T.R. was sitting on a child’s seat.*)

*Oh! From above?*

A very comfortable seat, you know, and I was very affectionate with him, but he was on a very low seat (though at the same table); a low, round, very comfortable seat—he had to be comfortable.

*Yes.*

But the stranger was in front of me, on the same level. And suddenly, I was surprised: N.T.R. had arrived with this whole collection of women and people—all the women had disappeared, they had gone to eat at a separate table! I, as a Westerner, was amazed to see all the women gone in one corner (*laughing*) and the men together in another corner. Probably, other persons were at that table, but they did not matter, or they did not exist. And actually, there has been a long conversation with that stranger, it was taking place between him and myself, and N.T.R.

was like...

*A witness?*

Yes... I mean he hardly existed, he was not participating in the conversation *at all*.<sup>1</sup>

This is the part that I remembered the best because it was in the end, but it was of little importance. I remember that turbaned servants were bringing us delicious food—*very* clean, *extremely* clean food. There was very good, very clean bread, they served me plates filled like this and I said: “But really, I can’t eat all this!” So the servants took back half of it, but it was still ten times too much for me! There were also other dishes, like potatoes, all sorts of things, but very clean, very healthy, very simple food. But very rich; everything was princely.

So this man in front of me, I saw him for... for quite a long time; I would almost recognise him, you understand. He must have been between forty and fifty years old, he was young... well, “young”: strong, one could feel that he had a great vital strength. His hair was coming on his forehead, you know, like this, a little untidy. No white hair at all, but not black either...

*Indian?*

Yes-yes, he was Indian, there is no... He could have been (he was an Indian with a very fair skin)... he could have been a foreigner, that is possible, I really don’t know, but I don’t think so.

*Like mine, for example?*

---

<sup>1</sup> N. T. Rama Rao had *nothing* to do with that plot devised by the stranger. He was simply one of the victims of Indira’s who had “swept” him from his post of Chief Minister duly elected. (That “sweeping” had taken place on Indira’s “dear secretary”, R. K. Dhawan’s instigation.)



Yes, for example. He had rather hard features, a strong face. And then, he went into a diatribe against Indira—he knew Indira *very well*; he knew her and her family very well. That man seemed to know everything. And he made a discourse on all the harm that she had done, her infamous politics, well... I fully agreed, besides, didn't I, but what I retained is that he knew Indira *very well*. He knew the whole family very well, from Nehru up to... He knew the story well. And he was full of hatred, of detestation for this woman. And N.T.R. was there, silent, in his little armchair (he was fat, I did not think that he was that fat!). But he did not say anything: he was simply there.

*He was listening.*

Instead of being in the centre of the head of the table, he was near me, if you like, but he was much lower; much lower than the stranger and than me. The stranger and myself were at the same level and the conversation was going on between the two of us. But then, there was no more question (at least in my memory) of Indira's coup and all that. Simply, he was speaking with some violence—a contained violence, you see, controlled—of his hatred for that woman, of his abhorrence for that woman.

*Was it question of Indira's politics?*

It was a question of Indira's politics.

*Not herself with regard to him? Nothing personal?*

No-no! Not at all. Nothing personal. It was about her politics in general; of the politics pursued by Nehru and of her own "kitchen

politics”<sup>1</sup>—I think he was saying that: “kitchen politics”. (*Sujata laughs*)  
And I agreed with him, didn’t I.

*Were you speaking in French or in English?*

I couldn’t say, my Douce, I don’t remember. In English, I think...  
Because I remember that “kitchen politics”.

*(Laughing) Oh-oh!*

That’s all I remember.

But it was strange, all these women who had disappeared to go and  
eat separately! (*laughter*) Is it how they do in India?

*Yes, in the past, the women used to eat separately and  
after the men, when the men had finished.*

They were all gone! I did not see where, but I knew that they were  
having lunch together, separately!

*But when you went in your car, in the pursuit of N.T.R., so  
to say, to...*

Yes, I wanted to bring him here.

*But where was the stranger?*

Well, I don’t know.

*At that time, you don’t know. So you met him for the first*

---

<sup>1</sup> Let us sadly recall that Indira had fallen under the total influence (let’s say the “possession”) of that crook, that tantric guru, Dhinendra Brahmachari, who had a super-ashram with personal plane, helicopter, etc. and an unlimited fortune. (He even owned an arms’ factory in Kashmir.)

*time...?*

The first time, and N.T.R. must have been there...

*And the second time, in the palace?*

And then, in that palace—whose palace? I really don't know, perhaps this stranger's?—No, had it been that stranger's palace, he would have presided over.

A man who had a lot of authority, an important man who was *very much* informed.

*Of everything.*

Of everything. Very much informed.

What is a pity is this first part. I don't know what role N.T.R. had in there. That stranger probably wanted to use N.T.R. or, as we say, "to get him involved". He wanted to get him involved. But, apparently, in the conversation we had during the lunch in the palace, he did not speak about it. Because, when we had met before, I had told him: "Whatever you do, don't speak to *anybody*. *Nobody* should..." And that is when I became very aware, because I understood how serious was that thing; I told him: "Nobody should know and you should not assassinate Indira Gandhi at all, you should let her go to the end of her project, let her make her coup and unmask herself publicly—it is not Indira who should be assassinated, but really all the rottenness of India, that abscess which has to be lanced, hasn't it. But it is not at all Indira who must be assassinated." And I was not saying that out of "moral" considerations (one can be very immoral in that world!), not at all, but I wanted him to understand that the important thing was India, really, not Indira. And that if she were assassinated, it would prevent all the dirt to spread, because (I did not say that, but, well, it was to be

understood), she would obviously become a martyr and it would strengthen... [her cult].

*But it was in your consciousness, wasn't it?*

It was. But it was obvious he was an intelligent man, there was not much need to explain in detail. An intelligent man, with a great vital power and a great authority. An important man. Who? I don't know. Not old; he must have been fifty or so. Very determined, with hair on the forehead, a little unruly. But what is unfortunate is that what he explained to me about Indira's project has remained the least clear. She had to go abroad, or she had to make a coup *abroad* or *from abroad*, I don't know, and he wanted to assassinate her before that. That's it.

There is something... There is certainly something that... I...

*And not long ago, a few nights ago, you saw, didn't you...?*

Yes, I saw Indira who wanted to show me her "new boat". That is, precisely the "project" that she had.

*But her boat was not ready, was it?!*

No, "the planking had to be tightened". Her boat was not ready.

But *there is* something. She *wants* to do something.

But what puzzles me or worries me is this "abroad" or "from abroad". I had the impression that it was in Europe. But what can she do *from* abroad? I don't know. In the world, she does not have any support, except from the Russians, except from the soviet block. She would not have any support.

*Oh! You know, if they want... For example, there have been stories in Africa: The President is abroad, and a coup is organised at that time. So she would be abroad, preparing*

*everything, and during her absence, the coup is staged and she... It can very well happen in this way.*

Yes. I don't know. I don't know.

Though I did not have the impression that it was about... *her* doing something, for example against Pakistan or against a foreign country.

*Yes, not an "adventure".*

I did not have that impression. I had the impression that she was going abroad and that from there she was preparing, she was staging a coup. But it has something to do with abroad. Is it with Russians, is it... what?

And that man, that stranger was very determined, he wanted to get her assassinated beforehand. And he seemed to know what he was talking about! He was very much informed. And I absolutely wanted to dissuade him—he did not seem very convinced; when the first scene ended, he seemed to say: "We'll speak about it later." And that is when the second scene with N.T.R. occurred, but it was confined to speeches against Indira Gandhi's politics, there have been no other topics at issue and N.T.R. was there, silent. But anyway, it is obvious that N.T.R. must play a part in that stranger's plan.

Well, that's it. That is all I know. It is not very clear, but, well, something is being done.

*Well, we'll see. Because today in Andhra Pradesh, there is that vote of confidence in the Assembly.*

This is an element, but well...

*It may indicate what the situation is, no?*

I would be surprised if they let him become Chief Minister again. It

would be surprising. Besides, this would move in the right direction; that rottenness must be unmasked.

*Yes, let it be a coup in that rottenness!*

Yes. Who is that stranger? I don't know.

In any case, I seem to attentively follow those things. Something in my consciousness or in my being is in contact with all that.

*Do you remember, long ago, Mother said (I don't know, it was about Bhutto or what? about political organisation...) and she said that you were in contact with the affairs of the world.*

Yes. Not long ago, I had a very important vision with Sri Aurobindo. I did not tell you—I don't want to speak about it. I will tell you one day, but I prefer not to speak about it.

Anyway, something in my being, or at any rate in my consciousness is undeniably in contact with the affairs—India's affairs at least. So things are brewing, both (*laughing*) by Indira and against Indira!

No, this woman must absolutely not be assassinated, she must not be made a martyr—it would be the last idiocy.

It was a man... he was passionate. He was a vital power, wasn't he, in his *reasoned* detestation of Indira—it was not a blind detestation, it was a reasoned loathing for the harm she has caused. He was an intelligent man. Perhaps has he understood something? He was not convinced: "We will speak about it again."

*How were his eyes?*

Can't say. Nothing special. Yes, he was Indian, with probably rather dark eyes. He was a vital power who expressed himself with intelligence and authority. That man must have a power... of what kind? Externally, I don't know. Is he a financier, a... what? I don't know. He is a man

with authority. Is he a politician?—I don't think so, I am not sure that he is a politician. But he must be a man who is not at the forefront of the scene.

*Who pulls the strings from behind.*

That's that. It is rather that; he must pull the strings from behind—and powerful strings. He did not give the impression of a bad man.

*No-no, I understand.*

I tried to convince him.

*Yes. But he was rather someone who loves India?*

Yes. Yes, he was finding those politics appalling. And he is right; I agreed with him, besides (I would perhaps have said it with less violence). It was not violence, but well, one could feel that he loathed Indira, and rightly so; it was well-reasoned. But he knew her *very well*, with the whole family. That man seemed to be very informed.

*A North-Indian?*

Yes, I would rather say somebody from the North. Certainly not of a South Indian type. Of course, people from Bombay or around are also light skinned, aren't they. Anyway, it was not at all a type from Kerala or Tamil Nadu (I don't know how people from Andhra are). But he did not give the impression of a "local" man—I mean that in his consciousness he looked at the whole of India. It was the whole of India, and N.T.R. was part of his plan; N.T.R. was not leading, but he was.

*Yes. We can see, can't we, N.T.R. is not leading; he is lending himself to a force.*

He is lending himself, yes, and he is sufficiently clean and sincere not to be manipulated by the political filth. This man could play a role—if he is allowed to! *(laughter)*

\*

*Afternoon*

The passage is very difficult in the brain.

The cerebral matter seems to become molten.

I am trying to gather my consciousness in the centre of the heart and to let the brain mend for itself.

The body is not at all afraid, but it doesn't know what to do.

There has been a kind of immobilisation everywhere. From time to time, during a split second, the body had the sensation to halve from top to bottom, and something happened, I don't know what, but it lasted only a split second.

The body is really willing, but it does not know what to do, it does not have the experience.

It is very difficult. But simply because the body doesn't know how to do it.

It is a kind of birth into an unknown world and it is very difficult to come out of the old world's womb.

It is like a first time of "something".



**September 13, 1984**

*Posthumous letter for Carmen*

*(Following a letter from Jean-Marie Baron, Carmen's son, who asked Satprem to write something on Carmen in*



*a book that he is preparing, Sujata briefly answered: “S. received your note only yesterday. He tried a lot to write something for our Carmen, but he is very far from any mental expression. He is in a difficult experience—dangerous, could we say. So he asked me to tell you that if these lines on Carmen are discordant with the rest of your manuscript, you can tear them up without any harm. Carmen will not laugh less for that.”*

“If a celestial post existed, I would gladly write a message for Carmen! But after all, the “sky” may not be that far and I met Carmen more than once since she is supposedly gone, and always with as much humour and laughter—men are quite fool in their idea of death (without speaking of their idea of life, but it is perhaps the same!) So the last time I met her was so funny and unexpected: I find our Carmen upside down! And with her so clear and delicious laughter, she said: “You see, before I was doing yoga with feet on the ground and head in the sky; now I am doing it with feet in the sky and head towards the earth!”

“And what would I say in my “message” to Carmen?... The Earth was what interested her, the Future was what interested her—the “new being” announced by Sri Aurobindo. “And Auroville, please tell!” Well. “The affairs of the Earth don’t go so well, my Carmen—but that’s so much the better; societies and men are not improving—but it’s so much the better! We are preparing a surprise from which men will not recover—never—because they don’t need to recover, everything is undone, it is the time when we are redoing ourselves, as at the turn of the Pleistocene. And it is *being done*, I swear! Besides, your view is better than mine now and I don’t need to tell you that the little river that cascades in the meadow—as you were cascading so well and so crystal clear—did not start so many billions of years ago from the top of

evolutionary mountains (!) to make scientific sadness and little greedy men. Let's go!

“Only what is sad is going away. Only pain is going away.

“And if, from us, something should remain in the new species, it would really be laughter and humour—so see you soon!

“Oh! My Carmen, as limpid as you, I know nobody else!

We love each other”

Satprem



### **September 14, 1984**

All the sorrow, all the torture, are inflicted by Death while it is going away. And it wants you to believe that it is the New Life which will make you die and which hurts you!!

O Death never again will I believe in you.

O Death you are unmasked.

\*

### *Evening*

India “begins” to be quite mad.

Nehru's and the “Mahâtma”'s (also called Gandhi) reign is drawing to an end.



### **Night of September 14 to 15, 1984**

#### ***Vision***

The boat of Auroville's command (or of Auroville, full stop). A very

powerful engine cluttered with disparate objects. Nobody starts the engine. The tide is flowing back and the boat could run aground at any moment. Perhaps twenty centimetres of water remained under the keel. There was no time to lose. A bottom of mud.

Mother was there and I was showing her that engine with a kind of question, as if “a more powerful engine were needed” (the one that was there looked like the big marine engines *Évinrude*). Mother answered: “But you will sink your boat! (if you put a more powerful engine)” and She laughed.

\*

Perhaps is it not only the boat of Auroville but the boat of the world: twenty centimetres are remaining under the keel.

Time is running.

\*

### *Evening*

Lying in the blue torrent, the whole work seems to consist in annulling the body, the nervous fibres, the whole individual existence of the body—make yourself as null, as “soft” or porous, as inexistent as possible.

It is simply a sort of passing place for the torrent.

I understand better and better why one has to remain lying—surrendered.

(The other day, Sujata pointed out to me that Sri Aurobindo’s accident—his broken leg—may not have been “accidental” after all.)

\*

What is marvellous is that the Divine finds EVERYTHING useful.

\*

I am hearing more and more this great wave.

As if it held me or carried me away.

\*

## ***Conversation with Sujata***

### **The command boat of Auroville**

I will keep it short. I don't think that it is of extraordinary importance—surely it is of little importance, but since it concerns Auroville and it was shown to me... I understood that it was about Auroville afterwards.

There was a boat—not very big—a boat made in wood. And it was as in a port and inside there was a command boat. I did not see anybody on board.

It was about the engine of the boat. I was wondering whether a more powerful engine was needed. So I was shown various engines and I realized or I was made to understand that should I put more power, a more powerful engine, the boat would sink—the engine would be too heavy for the boat. Then I told myself: “Well, let me look at the engine of this boat.” And, well, the engine was very powerful. But on it was a cluttering of many tools, (cycle) chains and I don't know what—all sorts of things that had nothing to do with the engine. Simply, the engine needed to be cleared. And it was *very* powerful.

I looked on and I noticed that we were as if in the bottom of a port at ebb tide. The bottom was perhaps fifteen or twenty centimetres away—a bottom of mud. And the tide was ebbing. That is, if we did not hurry, the boat would run aground at any moment. And, as in a port, there were around it several *big* boats that barred the way and blocked. But there was space to pass and we had to hurry because the boat would be aground at any moment—at ebb tide it goes fast, you know. And only that much of water was remaining at the bottom. And with the power of the engine—I was looking and understanding as a sailor, if you like: with the power of the engine, it is possible to go out. And simply, I threw

out all that was uselessly cluttering that engine. If we hurried, we could avoid running aground. But there was no time to lose.

But then I did not understand what it was about, I simply saw all that unfolding before me and in the end, something told me (or I told myself): “There, I should tell this to Patrice.” So that is how I understood. “I have to tell Patrice.” That is why I understood that it concerned Auroville.

There was no need to change the engine. All the power was there, the engine was very powerful. It was cluttered with a whole bunch of impossible “*samans*”<sup>1</sup> (you can say that again, really “*samans*”!). And that water which was running and the port was emptying and I knew that we had just the time to pass. I was seeing that with a sailor’s eyes, truly, it was the sailor’s eye which looked at that.

Other big boats were in the way—that, one can understand what it means. Besides, one could pass.

*But who was showing you these other engines?*

No, I was asking myself. I hadn’t gone on board yet, I was looking at that boat and I was saying to myself: “Wouldn’t it be necessary to have a more powerful engine?” So I was shown those big engines, huge things, and at the same time, I was made to understand that the engine would be heavier than the boat!... And at that time I went aboard and I looked at that engine which was very powerful, very adequate; one had to take out all those “*samans*” that were on it. And we had to hurry because the tide was ebbing and the bottom was very near; it was really a bottom of mud. And if we didn’t hurry, it would be too late.

And in the end, it was as if I was told or I told myself: “I should tell this to Patrice.” It was as if Patrice were somewhere beyond those boats.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tamil word which could mean “odds and ends”.

*But still, you did not start to throw the things overboard?*

Yes-yes, I started to remove all those “*samans*”! Yes, I was taking them out. I was saying to myself: “But what is all that doing here?” I don’t remember throwing them over board because it is only afterwards that I saw that there was... but I removed them.

Well, it has a meaning. I don’t think it is something new, but, well, since I was shown it, I am telling it, that’s all.

It is obvious that there is no time to lose for *anybody, anywhere*.

*Was there nobody on the other boats?*

No, I saw nobody—Ah! On the other boats... they were much bigger, they were probably obstacles. They were big things. But that... phew! You know—that’s what these people don’t understand, that a *tremendous* power is there; they don’t understand the power at all. Were it more powerful, it would make everything collapse. There is a tremendous power—an engine!... A heck of an engine!

It was probably the command boat. It was not Auroville’s boat—most likely the boat of Auroville’s managers, of those who used—or rather who did *not* use—the power which is there.

But a little while after sending that letter in which I slapped Auroville, I saw (I was probably in the mountains) I saw from far a boat like a grey torpedo boat (a torpedo boat, you know, is fast, powerful). And it was very sleek, very powerful, a very powerful boat. I saw it, it berthed, it came on shore (!), it went and made some operation and that was all. In my consciousness, it was Mother’s boat. There were even small golden lights hanging as there are in festivals, they were hanging on the boat. But a *powerful* boat, like a destroyer. And then I understood: Well, this is the operation that Mother is trying to do in Auroville. *All* the Power is there—they take a drop of it or they leave it to rust.

Sincere people have to be decisive.

That's it. The moral of all this is that there is a truly considerable Power that is there and that they don't use. It is cluttered with all kinds of useless things.

And then, mainly after that letter which I wrote to Auroville, this destroyer very simply came on shore, it went to my right, I saw it do something. There was *one* operation to do and then it was over. Such a Power! Grey, light grey—I thought it was Mother's boat. I told myself: Is Mother landing? In a way, She was landing.

People don't know, they don't use, or misuse.

\*

*Later*

I think that this boat is the boat of the few who are faithful and sincere; in a way, who are Mother's agents or Mother's servants—it is not the boat of the whole of Auroville. I believe that's that.

An important point is that *nobody* was starting the engine. I actually tried to start it myself because I saw that there was no time to lose.

\*

*A little later*

Incidentally, it may be not only Auroville's boat, but the boat of the world as well. Everything is linked, actually. There isn't much water left under the keel...

\*

### ***Michel's vision***

*I take the opportunity to tell you a dream about Auroville that I had a few days ago (around September 7 or 8), I don't know whether it has the least meaning.*

*It was in a city somewhere, there was a group of*

*Aurovilians (twenty or thirty perhaps, I only remember Gloria). You and I were there, a little at a distance. You had met them and before leaving, you wanted to give them something. You bent down and took a sort of pebble, very nice and white, spearhead-shaped (a little roundish and softened). And you wanted us to find others. I was also looking for them and, in the beginning, we found only things that were a little dirty with asphalt, etc. Then both of us went towards a nearby building, built below (like a basement) and with a large entry. You were still looking for pebbles, but in fact, you started to explore the building that had quite a few rooms, one adjacent to the other (not in a straight line), all perfectly empty; an impression of clean, grey cement. Like a new building, just completed but not yet furnished. That's all what I remember.*

*(Satprem's comment:)*

Nothing to furnish it! Nobody.

No household, no: EMPTY.

It is *like that*.

It is the image of the yoga which is being done (not too much in Auroville!)

It is very good and very interesting. Thank you.

S.

“Pebble” = (clean) Matter.



**September 16, 1984**



I feel broken—inside, outside.  
There are no words.  
And I know that it is a Grace.  
A privilege.

\*

### *Evening*

I had to write X a note—which summarises well the situation:

The old life is  
ebbing out.  
The new Life is  
an aching mystery.  
It's coming.



### **September 17, 1984**

It is like slowly-slowly dying.  
During one hour and a half.

Something in the material brain was observing everything and saying: “I am dying.” But without moving, with nothing—no fear, nowhere. The body surrendered itself completely without any feeling of “life” or of “death”—simply it knew that its brain was telling: “It can stop at any moment”—but for it, so long as the moment was not there, it was not there.<sup>1\*</sup> It let itself be carried along. The blue torrent was becoming very

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<sup>1</sup> \* It is strange, once more I notice it: for the body, things exist only when they are here, otherwise, they are non-existent. It is the material mind, the material brain that shapes the body in a baleful way. In short, the body, the material substance, is simply modelling clay—the whole story of evolution is there to show it to us. What Science does not know is *what* is modelling.

dense and seemed to come to a standstill, to “freeze”, then, here and there, a new “impulsion” or a new wave rose up. Somewhere also, in the material brain, something was telling Mother and Sri Aurobindo: “For thirty-seven years I have been trying to serve you, well or badly, and to belong to you, well or badly—so I go on trying a few minutes more.”

It was a kind of observation of the phenomenon, a noticing without comments or fear. But the material sensation to experience a Mystery, or to undergo a Mystery—to be in the Mystery. That’s it.

\*

Basically, I don’t know whether it is the learning of death or of the non-existence of death.

To tell the truth, I don’t know what is happening.

\*

### *Evening*

I don’t know why, I often remember the story of my (paternal) grandmother who had been told that she “was going to die”. She was a simple and good lady, so since she had been told—“Mister Doctor” had told her—that she was going to die, she had quietly gone to bed to die (and on top of that, the priest had come to give her the Extreme Unction, so everything was settled). And while tapping the edge of the bed sheet, she was saying: “It takes a long time to die...” But anyway, she died since she had been told—had she not been told, she would not have died, perhaps! (Those gentlemen will smile from the height of their Science and tell me that, naturally, she would have died on another occasion and they would be right; all the doctors are lethal—as are sins and cobras.) There is perhaps a Mister General Doctor or a Mister Sorcerer in Chief who, a million years ago, whispered in men’s ears that they “were going to die” and since that time, men (more or less) quietly go to bed with the idea that they “are going to die”.

It is maybe a bad idea.

\*

I am wondering whether those brain cells that are not renewing themselves (the famous “holes” of which our dear Neurology Professor spoke) don’t precisely have an unexpected evolutionary meaning... (!)

For lack of “supermen”, whose regrettable absence we really have to notice, we could always speak of “super-senile”—no? Or of super-holeys!

(I think my friend Voltaire is elbowing me in the ribs.) But it is true, I am an impious of Science and of Religion. And of top of it, an impious of Humanity!



### **September 18, 1984**

(Night from 17 to 18, excerpt of my “bits of vision”.)

My *body* was running very fast. I was myself amazed.

\*

What is terrible is that sensation of knowing nothing, understanding nothing—nothing.

It is a nothing which sometimes is on the brink of madness—or of stupidity, I don’t know.

It is almost crying.

You are there, lying on your bed, and what is happening—or is not happening?

To die is nothing, but that *no man’s land*...

\*

### *Evening*

I realise that so long as this material brain, these brain cells are not

changing, nothing will change.

That is to say a complete “washing”.

This is maybe what is happening??

\*

I think that I am struggling with that very material, dangerous mind which can make you believe anything, persuade you of anything and which *hypnotises* the whole old life—all the bodies.

A kind of refusal to listen to it is needed—then you don’t know what or whom to listen. And the Divine is not talkative.

We don’t even have the animal’s wisdom.

It is a dangerous transition.

\*

The offering must be very pure, otherwise...

\*

Sujata has just made a terrible “little drawing”. With a sort of horror, she says: “But what have I done!??”



## **September 19, 1984**

With or without Mind, the raw fact of this body—this material substance—is THIRST. Thirst of what, we don’t know, but thirst.

It is probably the evolutionary prod.

A Matter that is looking for its aim.

This is what enables it to move.

Men’s mistake is to believe that it simply wants to improve the human.

We might as well improve the ichthyosaur.

\*

And the fact is always the same: the “thirst” must grow so much that

it comes to the *point* where it defies the instinct of self-preservation of the considered species, whichever it be.

Then the limit is broken.

And we go on.

That is why each transformation is a death that has been overcome and a madness that has been surmounted.

\*

The nudity of the transition is difficult without it being filled with death.

Mother indeed said: “Not this anymore, not yet that.”

One could say: “No longer alive, not dead.”

Regarding the physical sensation, it is absolutely “as if” (not as if!) the body’s nervous fibres were still perceiving and feeling and sensing with amputated limbs—it is not there anymore but you continue to (painfully) feel.

That’s that: it is like a phantom life.

But a “phantom in reverse”, that is to say that you are *not* in the tomb: the old life is in the tomb and you are outside, in... I don’t know what.

\*

It is still the same job: to transform the sorrow into a new aspiration, to transform death into a power of new life—indefinitely. Almost at each minute.

\*

And the most powerful spring (for me) comes from this very sorrow and this very death, it is: “Oh! Really, a new way of being on the earth is needed.”

It is lived.

\*

*Afternoon*

Something miraculous happened, it is so extraordinarily simple that I would not even be able to explain it. A miracle—it does not look like much and it can perhaps be formidable. I don't know. One has to see whether it lasts, whether it is done, established.

There were those great blue waves which rose, denser and denser, almost burning in the sensation (but the burn may have come from the intensity, too strong for the narrowness of the nerves and vessels). And this *cerebral*, material Mind looked at all that with as much composure as it could, but... Particularly when those dense waves went slowly through the brain, this Mind had the sensation or the impression: "Well, anything can happen", but it tried to let itself be carried along, it had no fear, as if it were sufficiently controlled and mastered—but... There was this *but* at the bottom, something which felt, without daring to feel it: "You never know." Well, there was a kind of "catastrophe" which waited for it or which waited for the body at the corner and it had to be "up to it", be courageous and calm.

Then, that cerebral Mind suddenly looked at the cells "below", in the rest of the body, and it had a kind of surprise: "Look!! But these cells are not afraid at all, as if it was nothing for them." And it had a minute or a second of surprise—and then, that is when something miraculous and simple, beyond what is expressible, happened... All these cells, these myriad of cells "below", were as if full of smile... The cerebral, material Mind looked at that with a sort of amazement, and all of a sudden it told itself—but it was a revelation (for it)--: "They know!" As if this cerebral, material Mind suddenly noticed: "But they *know better than me!*"

And all at once, without my knowing how, it FELT SILENT—an abolition or a dissolution or what? I really don't know. For almost two hours, I did not hear it once murmur or whisper, or surreptitiously sow its alarms or its catastrophic comments—not one "I will perhaps die... I...

I...” That I was not there anymore! There were *only, simply* these billions of cells who knew as naturally as can be that it was Mother, that it was Sri Aurobindo who arrived: there was no “phenomenon which occurred”, there was not even “something which arrived”—there were Mother and Sri Aurobindo who were here. So then, quite simply, they tried to become as supple, as transparent as possible and to melt into THEM—nothing more. There was no more “life”, nor “death”, nor “phenomenon”, nor “difficulty”, nothing—there was THEM. It was THEM, the cells were (dare we say) THEM. Of course, it was a little difficult in a way because it was unusual and strong (the other one would have said “formidably strong”), but it was enough to let oneself flow in there, melt, disappear, engulf, submerge in there. And it was utterly simple.

The cerebral, material, physical Mind: DISAPPEARED. Mute. For almost two hours.

So I realise to what extent it “stiffened” everything, dramatized everything, “mortalized” everything—well it was getting ready and preparing the whole body for the “imminent catastrophe” (although with the faith that it was an ordeal to go through). But there, these cells did not need “faith”, there was no feeling of an “ordeal to go through”—nothing of all that! It was Them, it was simple and that was all.

So that cerebral, material Mind was really what I had been suspecting for a long time: a *Mind of death*.

Disappeared! All of a sudden, it was mute.

It is this “all of a sudden” that was miraculous. All of a sudden it looked-saw: “But they know better than me!” And it was as if it had knocked it out in one go. Strange.

For a split second, there has been as a myriad of almost mischievous little smiles in all the cells “down below”—and “Pff! Squeak!” the cerebral Mind went silent. It remained silent for almost two hours. As if it was no more—disappeared, abolished. It is simply strange. Because

for months and years and millions of hours I have known that fellow and tried to “train” it and to convince it—and there, suddenly, simply, squeak! “They know better than me!” It was so flabbergasted that it went silent all at once. (not that it remained below, no: it was “below” nowhere—it was simply no more! A euthanasia!)

Oh! I must absolutely see whether it continues.

\*

I don’t know whether it relates to it, but towards two p.m., as I was resting, I suddenly saw a white fire, as in my fireplace, but it was white, a white fire, and the flames were like these china asters: flames of china aster’s white petals!

(I think that Mother calls these china asters “transparency”.)

I did not last long: just the time to notice it and have a kind of sneeze, and pff!

\*

But really (!) two hours in that bath, it’s phenomenal! (One hour and fifty minutes, exactly.)

Usually, after one hour and a quarter, I am groggy.

\*

*Evening*

And I went for a walk around the forest at full speed.

\*

I daresay that this cerebral Mind is the guardian of the preservation of the species. The one which sees to it that it’s really going round—and we go round and round.

I have the impression that it is a milestone.



**September 20, 1984**



### **Vision**

I don't know whether it is linked to yesterday's experience, but last night (from 19 to 20), I saw a brief image. In India, we often see children who walk around in a market with a monkey on a leash. But here, I suddenly saw a ten or eleven-year-old child who seemed white-skinned, (I think that he was naked), but I did not pay too much attention because I was looking with amazement to what he was having on the leash... a crow! But a very big crow! And that crow (apart from its legs and neck) was tied up or "wrapped" in strands of golden yellow straw (as in wrappings). Its whole body and its wings were tied up in that way, wrapped, and it went, kept on a leash by that white child.

Strange.

If I remember well, the "crow" is the vehicle of Yama, the god of death who is also the "guardian of the Law" (*dharmā*)...

The white child was not in any Indian market, but on a road that seemed to be large and clear (a little bit like concrete). I did not see anybody else except him... and his crow!

A crow wrapped in strands of golden yellow straw!... Did we ever see that!

\*

But it is really that: Death is the "guardian of the Law"—it sees to it that each creature and each species quietly remains within the limits that are assigned to it.

So Death is well wrapped—stuffed, would we say!?

That "crow" was certainly as big as a goose or a turkey and its neck was (or seemed to be) longer than the neck of an ordinary crow. But it was a crow (all black).

\*

*Afternoon*

Immediately, the Torrent was so dense that it was solid, and yet it moved, it rose—one had the sensation to have become a rock inside the body (especially the brain: a compact pebble). Then a new wave slowly rose in (within) that density yet tremendously compact already... and so on. It was burning. Each new wave gave the sensation of a flow (*slow flow*) of molten matter. The body was almost stiff, except when a new wave was rising, then it had the impression of unrolling itself or of undulating (winding) like a wave. It is certainly what Sri Aurobindo called the Supramental Power.

But then, an absolutely silent body (even in the brain): not a single whisper, not a worry, nothing. The body had simply the sensation to be the place of a powerful Mystery—tremendously powerful—and difficult, like the transition to another life. That cerebral Mind (one could name it the M.D. or the mind of death): absolutely non-existent, disappeared. Only two days ago, I would *not have been able* to undergo such an operation without it stiffening a little, worrying, well without it making waves—here, NOTHING. The body totally, absolutely, let itself go, without having to “control” or “overcome” on the contrary, it tried to surrender itself, not to harden or hamper those tremendous waves of dense Power, almost burning (not “almost”: one could feel something like lava or molten Matter). What would have been “unbearable” only a few days ago was perhaps still unbearable according to reason, but the body was bearing it perfectly—the unbearable was absolutely bearable. As if it were *no more a question* of “bearable” or “unbearable”, of “life” or of “death”—nothing of that whole old mixture. It was all silent, quiet: like a place where something was happening. Yes, a powerful and difficult Mystery, like the transition to another life—but even the “difficult” was something that was outside of it. It, the body, was simply the *place* and it tried to be very good and obedient to the flow.

I realise to what extent that M.D. stiffened everything, obstructed

everything, worried everything—over! It is very strange. The “danger” or the “difficulty” are perhaps still there, but as if they were simply a “consideration alien” to the body. Not directly perceived by the body. I really believe that it is my “observing parrot”, always perched on my shoulder, which noted-recorded all that, but without any comment: as someone who records the facts. It is my scribe, perhaps. But it is quiet on my shoulder, does not intervene in any way: it keeps looking on and records everything as best as it can.

If I try to tell what is happening: it may be a kind of impossibility which is happening, but (for the body) since it is happening, it is possible!—it is being done, and that’s all. It is happening, so it means it is possible. The “impossible” or the “danger” (even if it exists) is only for the witness who would look at this. But for the body, if it is there, it is possible! It is a fact. There is *no notion of impossibility or of danger* for the body. It was the M.D. which was there, constantly sounding the alarm. *Without it, everything is possible.*

\*

But then, I am wondering what this formidable Power is going to do, or is doing (except for a drastic washing)?

What is going to happen?

\*

*Evening*

I come back to it (because it bothers me, like something that I can’t understand): *there is* a real danger, it is obvious, and yet for the body the danger doesn’t exist—it is *unreal*.

For it, *real* is what really happens.

But what does “really” mean??

\*

Actually, if I think about it, it is as in the canyons: there was a *real*

danger—three men wanted to assassinate me. But for the body, it was *unreal*, it did not exist—so the murder did not happen. Had it been real for it, it would have been assassinated.

So it would mean that it is that M.D. which *makes* all the danger of existence, its death, its miseries, its illnesses and everything. Without it, there is *nothing* of all that. Without it, everything is possible, all the miracles are possible, nowhere are there accidents! (and nowhere “miracles”: it is all natural).

\*

It is actually as if there were *two parallel lives*: one in which everything is mortal, dangerous, limited and restricted and *the same life* in which nothing is dangerous, limited, restricted or mortal! And the two lives are simply separated by a veil of M.D.

It may well be a formidable discovery that doesn't look like it.

But the body has to discover it, doesn't it. It is only there, at that level, that it is functioning. And if it does not *truly* function, you get done in!

\*

So I very well understand my tied up crow! kept on a leash by an eleven-year-old child...

\*

It would be a new *state* of Matter.

A new way of being in Matter...

\*

This M.D. might be the “spell” of which Sri Aurobindo spoke...

\*

Two parallel lives in the same Matter...

But the true one is maybe going to change the false one.

\*

Then it would be the “life divine” in Matter.

\*

For the Divine, *only* the divine can happen.

\*

So if I understand well, the “mind of the cells” is the one which sees only good everywhere, so only good happens to it.

These are the cells stripped from the veil of M.D.

\*

I wrote a whole book, but I only start to really understand what is this “mind of the cells”!

\*

*Later*

Last night, I saw another image which I told to Sujata (the milky flow in the blue torrent and the two or three white “*terres*”).<sup>1</sup> Sujata gave me the... comforting explanation.

\*

### ***Conversation with Sujata***

#### **The canal under my feet and the ocean of New Life**

*(the wood fire is creaking)*

For some time now, quite crucial things are happening. Particularly for the past two days. (This chimney is drawing badly!)

These things are truly great steps, but I really cannot speak about it because it is... It's not good, you understand. There are things happening that are very...

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<sup>1</sup> Flat fish. (*Translators' note.*)

But unluckily, it is not about that that I wanted to speak to you. I wanted to tell you about something quite...

I cannot tell you about them, you understand, it is not that I want to hide things from you, but it is not good, it is not good to explain, to tell, to crystallise, it's not good. I don't feel it would be something favourable for what I am doing (or what is being done), or even for you; because it would be interesting (for your understanding), but the fact is that one has to live it and discover it in the body—since it is only there that it takes its true meaning. So it is not through hyper secrecy, but I prefer not to speak about it. I take a few notes; it already tires me a lot to take notes.

Last night, I saw two things. One which I very well understood, which, besides, was very important, but I saw another thing that I don't understand at all. And, quite simply, I would like you to help me understand. And I don't have the courage to... [write it down]

Sometimes, when there are things that I don't understand at all, I note them down anyway;<sup>1</sup> I tell myself that one day, perhaps, I will have the explanation. But... it is very tiring for me to note down. For instance, I made an effort just now to try and note what happened today—it is very tiring, it disturbs me and it is really a kind of duty that I have... as a scientist in his laboratory wants to note down the results of his experiences, doesn't he: I have the impression that I *have to* do this, I must do it. But it is tiring. So I could have noted this down, but I find it simpler to tell you about it because I would like you to give me an explanation that I don't have. Perhaps you will understand.

*(silence)*

I was standing in front of my fireplace, looking at Sri Aurobindo's and

---

<sup>1</sup> These are my "bits of vision".

Mother's photo, and suddenly I saw a canal that came from my right and passed under my feet, and while passing under my feet, that canal or that torrent of blue water changed itself into an ocean.

I was looking at a kind of... yes, of torrent. But it was in a canal. I saw that on my right; it was as if canalised, if you like. It was that blue torrent of which I already spoke to you. So I was looking at this on my right, like that, I was leaning there. I was looking on. And then, in that blue torrent, all of a sudden (that is what surprised me), I saw like a... a big white cloud in the blue torrent. As if there were a milky flow inside the blue torrent. That is what struck me. It was like a cloud, exactly like an absolutely white cloud, but which was in that torrent that was quite transparent but blue, of this sapphire blue. So I saw that [canal] on my right... I was looking on (that is when I saw that it was like a canal: it was maybe one and a half metre wide, as far as one can tell); so that torrent flew under my feet (I must have been on a bridge since it passed *under* my feet) and on my left (I looked on the left) I saw that same torrent but which widened: suddenly it was the ocean—an ocean.

*Ohh! It was not even a river?!*

No, it had... I can't say, I did not see any limit, you understand.

*Oh!*

To me, it seemed an ocean.

There was that canal which was maybe one metre and a half wide, that blue torrent with that milky flow inside; it flew under my feet. I was as if on a bridge, you know, over the canal, and then, on the other side, it was like an ocean.

*Hmm!*

So that is where my question comes (I did not understand). It is as if

that milky flow had become two (or three, I don't know) of those big fishes which... (I don't know whether you know that, perhaps they can be found in Pondicherry) which are called "*terres*", or "rays" or sometimes "torpedo rays". They are flat fishes, are they, generally brown, all flat. Do you know that? Did you see them?

*I think I saw images.*

You saw images. In Brittany, we call them "*terres*". Their colour is... earthy, indeed.

So there were one or two or three—I don't know, I surely saw two of them, in any case. They were quite gigantic since they had a wingspan of almost... three metres perhaps.

*Ohh!*

Really things! All flat. And they were not brown, they were all white—not all white; they were of the same colour as that milky formation which I had seen on the right, haven't I, with a few grey spots, like this, a few grey spots but it was white, of that same white. There were others also... like waters that projected, or what? I can't say, I did not quite understand. But well, the fact is that there were two or maybe three of those huge "*terres*" or "rays" or "torpedoes"—one can give them many names—which were quite gigantic, with a wingspan of perhaps three metres.

They are all flat fishes, aren't they, which move with the edge of their body, like this (*gesture of slight movement of the fins*). And those two or maybe three—but I saw two of them in any case, I am sure—were going seaward.

So I am wondering: what does this mean?

That's it.

*(silence)*



*So those clouds, those kinds of clouds that you saw became fishes?*

It seems to be that, because when I turned to the other side (to the ocean's side), that white cloud was not there, but there were those two (or maybe three, I don't know, two in any case) very big flat fishes. They weren't at the bottom, they were under the surface; they were all white, almost of the same colour as the cloud (maybe a little more... more creamy-white, but, well, of the same colour). And they were going seaward.

*Ahh!*

They had as if transformed themselves. That cloud had changed itself.

I supposed that. What I have seen is first that cloud in the torrent, and then, when I turned to the other side, those two or three animals... those fishes that were speeding along (*smiling*). But, well, I had the impression that it was the same thing, that that milky flow had become those two enormous fishes.

*"Rays".*

Rays. And those two fishes (or maybe three, I don't know, but two for sure) were speeding seaward. That is how I saw that it was not at all a canal anymore, but a... yes, like an ocean.

*(silence)*

It surely means something, but what? I really don't know.

*(silence, the wood fire is creaking)*

Those fishes don't give at all a mean, dangerous, offensive sensation

or whatever, do they. Not at all. They are flat fishes. I know them well; in Brittany, I caught them more than once. We call them “*terres*”. Do you know the “soles”? They are like huge soles, if you like. They are fishes which usually live at the bottom—usually not in the deep waters; they live like this on the sand, at the bottom.

But here, they were not at all dark brown; they were white. They were under the surface and they were going seaward.

There is also the fact that this canal, well, all of a sudden was the sea; it had become a sea, or it was the sea.

*(Satprem stands up to go and arrange the wood fire)*

Were they sharks, I would understand that it means something mean. But here, the rays or “*terres*” are very peaceable fishes.

*But what is the normal size of those fishes?*

Oh!... They can be big, but well, their wingspan is rarely more than one metre, one metre and a half at the most.

*But here, it was at least twice more?*

At least twice more!... and it was white.

When you see a “*terre*” with a wingspan of one metre, it is already a lot, you know. It does not happen often. Well, I am speaking of what I know in Brittany. Elsewhere, it may be otherwise.

*(silence)*

*No, I don't understand the meaning.*

You don't understand?

*No.*

*(silence)*

What could those fishes symbolise? Those strange big fishes...?  
It certainly has something to do with the yoga that is being done.

Yes.

I think that it has nothing to do with... general matters.

*Ordinary.*

Well, “general”, I mean, national, international; it has no meaning... regarding the world. It is something that has a meaning for my... for this yoga which is being done.

*(silence)*

That’s all, my Douce.

*I am wondering: Mother said that the left is the past and the right is the future.*

Yes.

*So was it not the opposite?*

The right is surely the future.

Yes.

It was the torrent which came from the future.

*But which was going towards the past?*

Well, you know... I don’t know whether it is linked to a past or to a future. There may be a very far future which *is* that torrent, and which

in a way becomes present under my feet (*laughing*), if I dare say so!

*Yes!*

And then, well, afterwards it is the ocean. It does not mean that the ocean is the past; it may still be a present for many... for the world. It may still be the future for the world, you understand.

And for me it was going towards the left.

*Yes.*

It does not mean that for the world, it is in the past. It is maybe not yet (*laughter*)... It is still a future for the world!

It is not a past.

In a way, it did not concern me anymore since it was past—for me, it is past, that is to say it was going away.

*But those fishes have a meaning, haven't they? What were they doing? Why were they going towards the open sea, as you say?*

The open sea, well... Everything was open there; it was the sea. They were going. Towards what? I really don't know.

*(silence)*

Is it... It was taking a shape; so we could say that this milky flow was taking a shape when passing under the “bridge”, that is, under my feet, wasn't it, and then it was becoming two animals—or perhaps two formations? But which formations?

It was taking a *shape*.

That is, a shape not quite round, but yet very...

*Quite circular.*

A shape quite circular.

Yes.

(silence)

*Does it mean that... Because one can perceive, well, that the ocean is the primary thing and, in there, the fish is the first life, if we may say so, the newness of life. A new life, isn't it. In our ancient texts, it is always said that at the time of Pralaya, there was only water. And it is only afterwards that the earth emerged, didn't it.*

Yes.

*And the fish may be the symbol of the new life which is forming again in the new water. No?*

Yes. It is an explanation.

I would never have thought of this, but it is possible.

That this torrent is a new life, I know! That is certain; it is a new life and, phew! A heck of a Life! A heck of a Power.

But there, under my feet and all of a sudden, it is the ocean. I did not understand, I was wondering: what does this mean?

*Is it... If I carry on with my thought, my line of thought, one can even say that at present, with what you are doing, or with what you are allowing to go through your body, this new flow allowed that new substance to form or to take shape. And from now on it will dwell in the new Life.*

(silence)

*I don't know whether I express myself clearly?*

Yes. It would be the formation, the first formations of the new life?

Yes.

As a few billion years ago, the fishes or the marine animals have been the first formations of the old life.

Yes. Yes, *yes*.

That's possible.

That's possible. I had not thought of that.

I was not thinking, I was looking on, you know, and... As it was so curious, so strange, I thought of it again a few times, but without understanding what it meant.

Yet, obviously it meant something because it was the kind of images which are...

*Shown?*

... which are what Mother called the "New Consciousness"; which give you pieces of information or indications in pictures on what is happening, precisely, be it in the personal yoga or in the world, or in the individuals, etc. So I told myself: It is an image of something that is happening in the current yoga. But what?

*(silence)*

You may be right; these are the first formations of the new life. A symbol of the first formation, or of *one* first formation of the new life.

I don't know.

Something that will obviously spread out.

*Yes, that is spreading out. But this would already be very comforting, wouldn't it, that is to say that it is has taken shape?*

Well, yes! On my right...

*They were clouds...*

On my right and not far, there, just fifty metres away from me, isn't it, it was like a milky flow in that torrent, and I looked at the milky flow and that is when I noticed... I did not see a bridge, but I was above, so I must have been on a bridge—unless I was the bridge myself, I really don't know! *(Sujata laughs)*

It was passing underneath and then, on the other side, fifty metres on my left, it had become those fishes. And then, I saw that it was no more a canal, that it was a... I could not even say a river because I did not see any limit; it seemed to be an...

*Ocean.*

An ocean.

And then, those animals which were going away; well, they were going—where? I don't know. It gave me the impression of the open sea, but I really don't know.

*It is really interesting if it is...*

If it is your explanation, it is interesting, yes.

It may be that, it seems to me... I don't know, it seems to be quite...

*Sensible?*

Logical, sensible, yes.

Well, not small fishes! huh!

*It was not the multitude, was it, they were...*

They were pretty big fishes! But which did not give at all... Rays are pacific animals. It did not give at all an [aggressive] impression... They were quietly going like that (*gesture*), with their... you know, the edge of their body serves as fins that move peacefully, softly (*gesture*).

*(Sujata laughs)*

They were going away, and that was all.

It was very pacific.

Quietly. Very quietly. With no hurry, no speed at all. As a ray, you know, and that's all.

*Yes. They are going their way.*

Yes. Quietly. They were not at the bottom, they were on the surface.

*Visible, so.*

Yes. I saw them very clearly. I saw the details; I saw small grey dots on their back and I saw a kind of bone that was thrusting out a little towards the back.

*Towards the back?*

Yes, I don't know where, like a bone. But all that was white. I can't...

In any case, it was very clear; I looked at them with a kind of curiosity. Oh! you know, when you see things in that world, you are never surprised. Well, I looked on! with interest, curiosity. The amazement comes after. You tell yourself: but really!?

*Yes!*

*(silence)*



That may be that, my Douce.

Well, let's hope it is. It would be good if it were the first formations or forms of the new life which go their way... in the ocean of the new life.

I did not have the impression that it was me who was giving a shape.

*No.*

It was flowing under my feet, and on the other side, it was that. I was simply a witness.

That's all.

I did not have the impression that I was doing anything.

It was happening, just like that...

*(silence)*

*Yes, but I think that considering what you are doing, it allows both the blue flow and that formation to take shape.*

That is possible. Yes, it is possible. Although, you know, eh! in that work, there is NO individual.

*No, but...*

It seems to be an illusion... well, there is no *person*. There is no "me-I"; that really does not exist.

There is a... one could maybe say a *place* through which something is being done.

It is rather... Yes, you are rather, as Mother would say, a kind of pipe, or of canal, or of... But definitely, you don't do anything. It is above all about un-doing, or not impeding. To do, immediately means the obstacle. It is really about being... letting it flow.

*Yes, but how many, how many beings can do, can let it*

*flow...*

Oh! There must be some... there are some whom we don't know, my Douce.

*... without impediments, isn't it, without impeding?*

There may not be many, but there must be a few. Well, I really don't know.

I really don't know.

*Yes, Mother would say: "As transparent as possible", wouldn't she, "without making a shadow".*

Yes, one should not make a shadow. Above all, there should not be an obstacle, or a detour.

*No shadow.*

No shadow, no... It should be transparent.

*Yes.*

For that matter, it is not possible! For those "mighty waters", as we say, it is absolutely not possible if there is any obstacle: you would be crushed, well, you would explode! If there is the least obstacle, it is not possible.

*Limpidity is needed.*

Even, even as limpid as you can try to be, it is... phew! It is [crushing]. I am discovering things.

But I can't speak about that, my Douce, because, really...

*No-no.*

I wanted to... (I am beginning to have a headache) tell you that, simply because I was hoping that you would give me an explanation and I believe that you gave it. That's it.

*Did we find?*

Yes. I think so—I think so.

*Good! (laughter)*

*(after a long silence)*

Yes, it is interesting, and it is comforting.

*You did not feel like speaking, but you were driven to?*

Yes, I was driven to. I am tired, but I was driven to speak as if you were going to give me the explanation—I think that you gave it to me. It is comforting, it means that... it is taking shape.

The first forms of the new life.

*(silence)*

It's young. It is too young, too fragile... "fragile", I don't know. It's too... It is hardly born, in fact.

Yes.

No... it is not good to mentalize.

*We should not speak.*

We should not speak, and perhaps it is ...

*Harmful?*

... to prematurely or hastily crystallise, limit things. We always give stunted interpretations, don't we. Skimpy interpretations. It is better to let things... We will see later.

Yes.

*(silence)*

This is really why I remain silent. It is not out of... because I don't want to tell you...

*Don't apologise!*

It is because it is...

*Yes, I know...*

It is not helpful.

*Yes, sometimes it is even harmful.*

Yes, sometimes. And it is very tiring.

I note down once in a while, but I doubt that anybody may ever read it because it is written in such a state of...

*Tiredness.*

Hasty, tired, you know, as if I were snatching things to tell them. It almost... I don't know whether it will be readable...

Well, I will have tried.

*(silence)*

I will have tried.

It is... It's comforting. Well, "comforting"—yes (*laughing*), from a general point of view, it is comforting; from an individual point of view,

it is... I don't know, one could say that it is... unusual (*laughter*).

The chimney does not work well.

I'd better not be pressed to tell more, would I.

*No-no. No-no.*

It is tiring.

This work would be impossible to do if I were not lying down.

*You have really been shown that, eh! in many ways...*

I was forced! I was absolutely forced to lie down, because I was demolishing myself.

I see; it is *not possible* to do it unless while lying down. It is such a MASS—one should really be as if dead! That is, completely immobile and... It is not possible: you explode, you break! The nerves cannot bear it—the muscles, the cells, it is not... You have to be like a *dead man*, you have to be absolutely surrendered, flat on your back, lying down. And immobile. And then nothing... otherwise it is unbearable.

You demolish yourself. I demolished my shoulders, my back, my legs...

*Here also, no? [lower back]*

Here also.

It is not meant for... usual bodies.

Well, I notice (*smiling*) that it must adapt itself. There must be an adaptation.

So, one really understands when Mother was saying that it is... well, it does not seem to be meant for such a shrivelled up substance as ours. But it can adapt itself; I see that the body is like modelling clay...

I made many discoveries, but I prefer not to speak about it.

*But in another way, Mother said that it was very  
“measured out”.*

Yes! I understand! One really understands that it is measured out. One really understands, because what does a human micro-wisp represent in that... Power! It makes stars and universes dance, doesn't it!

Yes.

So, what is a micro small thing?! It is ridiculous!

One must precisely be quite non-existent.

*(Sujata recites:)*

“The hand that sent Jupiter spinning through  
heaven, spends all its cunning to fashion a curl.”

*Do you know that? From Sri Aurobindo.<sup>1</sup>*



## **September 21, 1984**

*Afternoon*

All “prudence”, all idea of death is gone from the body!

There is a triumphant “it's You” in the whole body. Something which, on the contrary, *throws itself forward*.

Death is a perversion of the divine magnitude (a heck of a magnitude!). (That is to say that people *need* to die in order to become broader.)



## September 22, 1984

For me, the mystery remains that of the transformation of the physical Matter. Everything else transforms itself—death, illnesses, accidents go away, that is understandable—but this body?

Yesterday, I went to town to do evolutionary (and dental) mechanics. And I saw myself in a... surgical light—he put a mirror under my nose and I saw that face so tired, so worn out, so riddled... How can this thing transform itself?

Not that I have the least ambition to seek or want a transformation “for myself”—you *cannot* do that for yourself, you would not even feel like doing it (I believe you would prefer to die a hundred times). But I am interested in the issue from the point of view of the species. Is this old thing able to change itself? To transform itself? Or is this tremendous new Power of life going to create a new Matter that eludes us (a little algae was a new “impossible” matter for the Precambrian rock)? So the whole issue was (I really say was) to open the floodgates for that new Power of Life... which will act according to its own mode and will model its new substance (that is my vision of the other day: the two white rays). But this means centuries or millennia (although everything is possible—once the floodgates are unlocked, it is a whole other world of impossible possibilities which opens up).

But this old thing?

Perhaps is it coating itself with new substance like a new flesh around the old skeleton? And when the old thing is well “coated”, it will crumble or atrophy like the monkey’s tail?

Or else the chrysalis, as for the passage from the caterpillar to the butterfly? That was the “trance” which Mother was expecting.

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<sup>1</sup> From the poem “Who?”.

I seem to find all Mother's questions again.

“*Solvitur ambulando.*”

Our mistake is perhaps to believe that it will be some “improved” old Matter. It will *not* be an improved old Matter, but the problem of the *transition* arises. Well, to become a human, we don't have each time to pass through the state of the ape again, do we—once the passage is done, it is done. It is the same thing with the next species, which will not have to pass through the human state again—but it this passage from a Matter to the other which is enigmatic.

But the crucial evolutionary fact, from which all the rest *ensues*, of which all the rest is a mere *consequence*, is the opening of the sluice gate below.

It is like the emergence of Life into Matter.

But it is a new life.

\*

I am like an old piece of Armorican rock that tries to understand the little... unknown (and “impossible”) algae.

But actually, the little new algae, the new matter was invisible for the old Armorican rock. It had no eyes for that.

It is the same for us.

We don't have the appropriate eyes.

\*

*Afternoon*

The torrent becomes denser and denser (compact) and *burning*.

The waves rise very slowly and as if more and more slowly, each time thicker or denser and burning.

My observing parrot looks at all that with a kind of stupefaction: there is no noise in the body, not a voice, not a vibration of fear anywhere, not in any of these myriads of cells, not even in the brain—it



is the surrender or the complete adherence.

It is burning a lot in the brain and it still hurts when passing through the neck and the shoulders.

A *total* silence in the body.

Something is brewing.

One is surprised not to have melted down (“one” must be the observing parrot),\* but there is *not a* fear in the body. Such a total silence is surprising: nothing vibrates, nothing is swarming about, nothing is holding back itself, nothing is murmuring...).



## September 23, 1984

*Morning*

This Veda never ceases to fill me with wonder: “*In fear of their force (?) our earth [our body] trembles into vibration, like a ship that is full it moves from its place and voyages, agonised.*” (V.59).

I don’t know which gods or which force they refer to, but the *concrete* experience is so marvellously, simply and precisely said! You recognise yourself! The whole spiritual (or other) phraseology of the ensuing millennia seems so poor, so *thin*, so abstract—stories of small intellectuals in search of sweet love and marzipan morality. Really nauseating “sweets” and sexton’s “principles”. Or else, fanaticism and intolerance. There is no fanaticism in the body! There are *facts* and powers (or not). There is no “intolerance” except when it starts creaking like an old boat! And on top of it, you are told: *do and become*. No, no fuss: *do*.

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\* I say “parrot” because it retells what it sees and perceives. It is as if perched on my shoulder, like an independent entity outside the brain. One day, it will shout, “Land!” and it will be the new Earth.

### *Afternoon*

It is a *very* strange immobility in the whole body, as if it were so “stuffed”, so dense—like a sapphire mass—that *nothing* was left inside except this solidity: not a vibration, not a noise, not a reaction, not a murmur, not a contraction—nothing except this density, so solid, so immobile. It’s curious, it is absolutely like a state of death but without death! And then, at times, in there, within that immobile sapphire density, a new groundswell would slowly rise, invading everything, and would come to over-densify the existing density.

But what I observe with an amazement bordering incomprehension is this very strange immobility: an absolutely non-existent body, like a “pipe”, an I don’t know what... Yes, one could say a state of death, with no sensation of death at all!—with no sensation of anything at all except this solid density. Not a reaction. Usually, a body vibrates and has all kinds of reactions or sensations or perceptions—here, NOTHING. A voidness like death without death. The only thing which makes any life in there is this immobile density—density is life. That’s all.

I don’t quite understand. Except that it is a strange state.

And no perception of a bodily “I”. As if this body were just anything—a *place*. That’s all. And it was my external look that made me know that this thing was “mine” (and even then!).

One could call that the “blue immobility”. It is very “hot” by over-density.

\*

### *Evening*

I really think that that blue torrent has the effect of washing the whole old subconscious *way of being* of the body—its way of feeling, reacting and meeting things. And perhaps not only its present way but its atavistic way—that is, all the old limits. It washed death and at the

same time all the old “impossibilities” and “unbearabilities”.

It is actually all the *imprints* that are (or seem to be) cleaned, erased—annulled. (Not the psychological imprints but the physiological imprints, could we say.)

\*

But it creates a great state of exhaustion in the body.

It is always that contradiction between a tremendous Power and an almost total lack of vitality.

It is moving away a lot from the old life. (Without yet having the means of the new one.)



### **September 24, 1984**

What is so extraordinary is this extinction of the teeming! Human (corporeal, material) life is made of an innumerable teeming—it does not notice it—and then nothing any more... It is so miraculous! Nobody can have some idea of what a blessing it is. It has to go away for us to understand what it was!

In its place: an immobility of fire.

\*

### *Evening*

What I called “mental silence” long ago is very good, but below there are half a dozen of metros that run and judder.

Well, when those carriages stop, oh!... it is quite simply incredible! (the first time, it gives an impression or a sensation of death!—indeed, only the dead perhaps know this!)

(It is a multitude of micro-telephones and reactive synapses through all the body’s fibres.)

I daresay that the animal does not have that: it is *mental*. It is a deadly and pernicious micro-mind. It warns you of everything—it is a constant, blind and ignorant alarm. The animal acts or reacts and then it's over—it sleeps. And it overplays, enlarges everything.

I believe it is *constantly* torturing, or micro-torturing the body.

It is a kind of perverse awakening of the body's individual consciousness. The animal is automatically aware and without perversion.

It is on this that Science, Religion, propaganda (TV, media, etc.), the magic—the Magic—are constantly playing. Not to speak about the “good” education.

What is strange is that that mind, or that micro-mind (I have been observing it) has a great sense of guilt: everything is a *fault*. Or everything *can* be a fault. “You should be *very* careful.”\*

It is really the M.M.D. = a micro-mind of Death.

And then it becomes according to its persuasion. That is how you turn mad—and how you eventually die to get “peace” (!)

One could say that it is man's “original sin”!!

\*

The animal dies as well: it obeys its mortal clock. Man gets acquainted with death and imprisons himself in death *in order* to

---

\* That Mind of Matter is actually like a child lost in the great Forest of the world. Instead of directly and spontaneously bathing in the great automatic Nature, like the animal, it cut itself from the rest of the world (precisely to individualise itself), so it does not know the way anymore, where is the way? And it is constantly the fear not to get one's bearings, to be mistaken, and everything is dangerous, mysterious. It is a kind a constant catastrophe.

So it needs a support: Witchcraft, Religion, Science are guiding him (so does he wish) in that kind of huge Fault of the world which he is constantly trying to correct or exorcise, to ward off. Instead of being a joy, life is a fear and a threat under the constant gaze of death. It does not know anything anymore, so it needs the telephone and the religious or scientific Blessed Sacrament.

control that not necessarily lethal clock.

One can stop the clock only by going back to the source or to the cause that wound it up.

It is *in the body* that we go back to the source or to the cause—not anywhere else.

I believe that the “mighty waters” have something to do in there.

\*

I remember Sri Aurobindo: “*As if reversing a magic spell*”.



## **September 25, 1984**

This great wave is becoming so strong! It resonates in my whole room (sometimes outside as well).

It seems that it is that which cradles the world (and the universes).

\*

Again one of those wonderful Vedic notations: “*O fierce strengths, our earth’s pleasant growths START AWAY FROM THEIR ROOTS (!), our earth [body] herself trembles and vibrates and even her mountain*”. (V. 60)

Here is my “evolutionary fertile ground” and the “reversal of the roots” and the “agony”...

\*

Our “pleasant flowerbeds” are shaken!

\*

*Afternoon*

## **The tide of fire wave after wave**

I realise that September 19 was a great date.

The waves were rising up, denser and denser and “hotter” and “hotter”, then coming to a standstill everywhere, then rising up again—like *eruptions* of dense fire.

And it was going through the brain.

And then, I noticed that the body—this whole material, corporeal substance—had lost its framework. A total, consenting, open silence—*nothing* was standing on the way anymore, nothing was twitching, or fearing. NOTHING.

The body only had the sensation of a *Sacred Mystery* to which it gave itself with... I don't know, it “said”: “Glory-glory to the Lord of the Earth, Glory-glory to Sweet Mother on the Earth”. It felt, understood that it was the wonderful grace of the new life's advent, the life divine on Earth. *There was no corporeal “I” in there: there was a Marvel of Grace for the Earth. A Divine Marvel in the terrestrial Matter. It was happening.*

And then, what was wonderful “on top of it all” (if I may say so!) is the total lack of border, wall, or partition wall: it was passing. There was no more a corporeal citadel which imprisoned something. It was passing, it was happening. A sort of miraculous impossibility: this tide of fire, these waves of fire were passing through.

THEN EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

I don't know, I have the impression that today something happened for the Earth.

**SEPTEMBER 25, 1984**

\*

*Evening*

That is to say that the Rock is broken—does not exist anymore.  
And it was the Rock of *Mind in Matter*.

I believe that it is absolutely Mother's experience: a *Mental Unconscious*. For Her, it was a "powdering of warm gold"—for me it was waves of fire (but I did not "see", I saw nothing: it was the body's sensation—I don't have the gift of vision... so long as it happens, that's the main thing). But it is happening!

*It is passing through.*

There is *one* spot of terrestrial Matter where it is passing (one at least, as for others I don't know).

\*

That is to say that the external change of the earth must be able to start.

(How it will manifest itself, I really don't know, but these are *facts*—big terrestrial facts.)

\*

What Sri Aurobindo and Mother have said (and done) will be accomplished.

It is being accomplished.



### **September 26, 1984**

Night after night, for several weeks, I have been living again my last life on earth with surprisingly precise details! I can't say anything because it is too personal. My present mother was my mother in that last life as well (and in many others probably)—and I find other individuals again. But what is surprising is the almost meticulous precision of the details. I did not think that these things were preserved with such a material exactness.

Not funny. But enlightening.

So I understand the power of things that repeat themselves... I also

understand many miseries.

When you go down in there, you untie not only the threads of one life, but of many lives—so it hurts a lot. (“*The pleasant growths start away from their roots*”!)

You never dare to say that you reached the end—the “end” is perhaps—is certainly millions of years back and forgotten universes.

That is to say that in practice the present life, instead of being a thin little cinematographic band that is unfolding in one line only, is made of a number of superimposed movies and each present image contains, behind or inside, many almost similar images—and so everything takes on a singular intensity and depth—a singular power.

I knew all this and I had seen in the past many images of past lives, but now I seem to almost see again the detailed daily *materiality* of past existences (or in any case of the most recent one).

In the past, I had seen a few “great images” or “great moments” of certain past lives, but at present, what is striking me to the point of surprise is the triviality of quite daily micro-details or micro-events (or rather incidents) which could have occurred just at the corner of yesterday’s street. But details that always have a psychological content. And then you understand the power which *drives* certain tiny reactions or tiny acts of today...

\*

One can understand the “memory of the soul” or the “memory of the heart” or even the “memory of the upper intelligence”, but this absolutely material, physical memory is quite simply surprising, if not flabbergasting.

\*

I cannot give examples because it would reveal too many things that have been so disastrous in those lives. But then I understand so well that “misfortune” which dwelled in my teenager’s heart. I also



understand after all why Mother said “this one”.

There *must have been* all those piled up misfortunes (could we say), all those piled up disasters, for at least one man, as a representative of the whole human misfortune, to desperately want to *get out of it*. To get out of it through the *true* door. To find the *true* healing. To find the *true* life at last.

Somebody who was really fed up with being a man was needed.

And you *cannot* do that without a power of love that is equal to that power of misfortune.

\*

After all, by throwing me into the concentration camps at the age of twenty, one immediately reached the root.

It took me forty-one years to pull that root.

\*

So a great gratitude towards Mother and Sri Aurobindo comes to me—because *there is* Mother, *there is* Sri Aurobindo. The Earth does not know what it owes to them...

\*

*Afternoon*

This great swell of fire which is swelling and rising and slowly unfolding all along the body, going through the brain, then expanding, spreading—and all that in an immobility of *total* silence of all these myriads of cells... it is a MIRACLE of possible impossibility.

It is a DIVINE phenomenon.

*Nothing* is moving in the cells—the immense skies could crumble on them, they would not budge—it is miraculous. It is the Divine. For them, there is SIMPLY the Divine, so where is the problem, where is the difficulty, where is the... It is the DIVINE. It is simple.

But it is unbelievable.

I don't know what is happening.

But it is for-mi-da-ble. And *simple* for the body, for the cells.

It goes beyond all comprehension.

(I believe that if there were the least “comprehension” somewhere, the body would explode.)

That is: NOTHING-NOTHING-NOTHING is imprisoning.

(And all this with, or since the euthanasia of that M.D.)

\*

So as not to always repeat myself, I could call this the “phenomenon of fire”. Or the “Divine phenomenon”.

\*

I don't know where it leads, but I very well feel that it is the beginning of something—a terrestrial beginning.

\*

### *Evening*

For the cells, under their cocoon of Falsehood and Death, *only* the Divine is coming.

There is *only* Him.

So where is the “problem”?

\*

My observing parrot is looking at all that with big dumbfounded eyes.

\*

I see that there absolutely is an order and a Method—a divine sequence—in the unfolding of the experience for... twenty-eight months (!)

The new geography still eludes me, but it is enough to live it.

We will establish the map afterwards.

\*

There is such a strong exhaustion in the body... it may be the

cleaning of those innumerable small cocoons of Death... (?)

\*

*Later*

I don't know whether one can make so as things are dissolved (death, karma, misfortune...), but one can *change their direction*. As the tide is inverting: it is not dissolved, but its direction and way of power are changed.

It is the *same* thing, in another direction.

There are great misfortunes that can only change themselves into pure Love—because the Divine is at the bottom of everything, and above all at the bottom of absolute Dark (but no: only the Divine is absolute; Darkness never is).

It is easy to say—one has to do it.

There is also Mother's White Light.

\*

*Everything* is gracious.

“Evil” is not to find the grace of *each* thing.

\*

The processes of the new evolution will be less painful.

The new amphibian is the one who has changed the asphyxia into lungs.

\*

I am still shaken by what I have seen last night... What is important is not the image, but the *power of vibration* it contains. And it is this vibratory content that gives a presence as if it had happened yesterday or this very morning whereas it occurred a century or more ago.

The “imprints” are not images or even facts: they are the *vibrations* of which the image or the facts are the translation or the consequence.

All this opens up horizons on the composition of human matter and

what makes it different from animal matter (although “scientifically” the same). It is too early to speak about it.

We did not improve matter! We hardened it.

My M.D. is actually a more important discovery than all their DNA molecules.

(a “Discovery”! one has to un-cover.)

It could very well be the antidote to the DNA.

We have to go out of all that scientific (and magic or evil) hotchpotch which is imprisoning us. Where there is one brick, they put concrete.

We have to go out of the old human misfortune.



### **September 27, 1984**

A very strange corporeal silence, corporeal immobility, which is not death and which is not sleep. As if the body was not situated anywhere—it is only the idea I have of it or the observing parrot that is situating it and says, “Here that’s me”. But for the body itself, it is very-very strange.

Not a wave, nothing.

It is very curious.

I don’t dare develop it.

Usually, the body has a certain awareness of itself which is giving it a consistency (or a cohesion). There is a usual vibratory network (which makes a lot of noise). Here, NOTHING.

I don’t know... It has lasted for one hour and forty-five minutes.

\*

It may be a sort of corporeal transparency...

And it was not “deliberate”, not “desired”: it became like that.

\*

*Afternoon*

The tide of fire is going on—denser, if that is possible.

The passing through the brain is difficult.

One has the impression of being in the midst of an earthquake.

As if the body were the chimney of a volcano. When these dense masses start to roll, lift the body up, then push through the brain, it is difficult. Not any fear, not any reluctance, nothing—that M.D. is dead, disappeared, abolished! But the brain cells must probably be more rigid than the others. And then, on the contrary, the whole body felt: “O Lord, you come and dissolve the old Misery”. A total *offering*, everywhere.

It is still denser than yesterday. Especially in the brain. I wonder whether the black cocoon of the cerebral cells is not being dissolved—one would end up being blank! Blank Matter, that would be wonderful!

But it is wonderful, it is like a lived miracle: nothing-nothing-nothing in the body is afraid anymore. *Everything is possible*.

\*

I don't know what is the difference between the “blue torrent” phenomenon and this “tide of fire”. It is perhaps the same thing (I mean the same source, but denser)? One was maybe preparing the other's passage? I don't know.

It must be the same Power, but more compact, more massive...

It may be the approach of the solar mass...

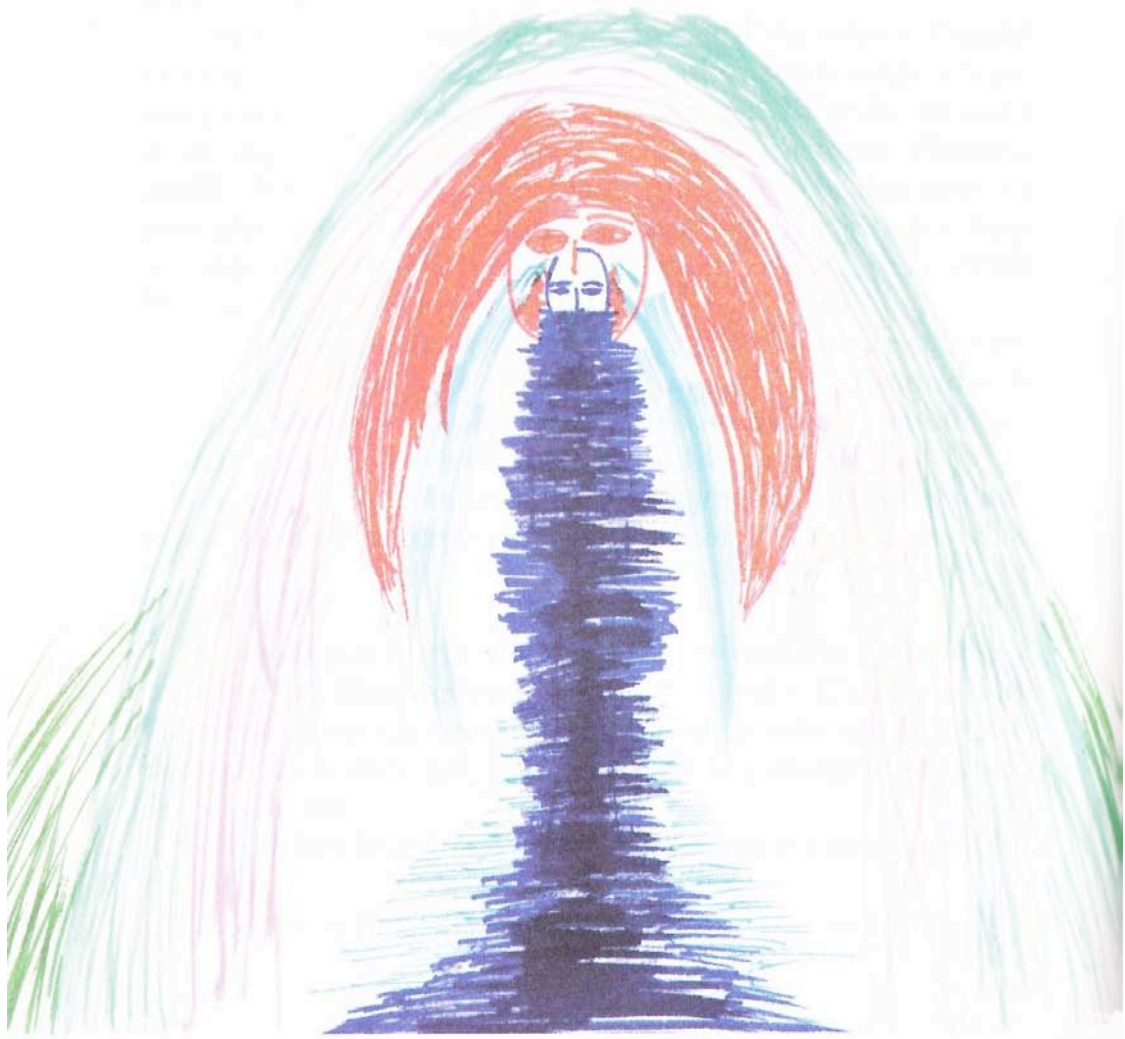
\*

*Evening*

*(My “dream” of yesterday, past life)*

O Lord, when will I be able to look at all that with eyes free from grief?

\*



In geology, you are told that there is the lithosphere, then, below, the pyrosphere. It may be something like that?

It is perhaps the “well of honey covered by the Rock” of which the Vedas spoke.

Honey is hot!

\*

My Douce has just made a very interesting “little drawing” (without knowing anything).<sup>1</sup>

I indeed believe that it is the brain cells that are now undergoing the operation.

It would be the healing of the old grief—no more imprints. The “blank Matter”.

\*

That cry, in that “dream” was so moving—that cry which traversed centuries.

And how many others?

\*

Wisdom is very wise—really merciful—to cancel men’s memory.

I don’t know why It did not do it for me... Maybe because I really had to go to the bottom.

\*

Now that I don’t write anymore, I could write novels that would be more beautiful than Dostoyevsky’s (with Beethoven, he was one of my favourite friends).

I used to say that Beethoven was “my god”.

Oh! We have to get out of the poetry of disaster and of the music of Disaster. Even their “joy” was set on a background of disaster.

---

<sup>1</sup> All of my Douce’s “little drawings” have a *deep* reality.



**September 28, 1984**

Again the whole morning in that state of corporeal immobility-silence. It is an immobility made of silence. One could say a transparency. A silence *in Matter*.

It is maybe the state of the dog that is sleeping without sleeping. I don't know.

It is completely immobile. And it does not sleep. I don't know what it is.

I don't think any human body knows that.

It is like a corporeal nothingness.

Well. It is better to let it be without trying to know.

\*

It is not easy to remain like this. You immediately feel like clinging to a human sensation or to any perception or impression which gives you the feeling that you "exist".

It is the "meaning of existence" that... I don't know... is eroding, dissolving—is being diluted.

A man "of good sense" would say that you become stupid.

I don't care.

\*

It is curious, it is as if I *tried* to find my old misery back (!)

How stupid we are (or rather how human!)

\*

*Afternoon*

It is the operation in the brain.

The volcano in the brain.

It is very awful and yet it is divine.



It is quite impossible yet it is possible.

And it is almost unbearable but it can be borne.

It is unexplainable. How is it possible that a brain bears that without being shattered?

When those impulsions of burning magma assail the brain, it is inexpressible. Mother talked of “boiling porridge”—I very well understand. But what is beyond any explanation-understanding is that kind of possible-impossibility.

Towards the end, the burning waves were becoming very-very slow, then everything was stabilizing in the brain, as a slack mass of fire. Nothing was moving. Then again a very slow “impulsion” and again that bath of burning, immobile magma that was taking the whole brain and was making it a sort of uniform ball, I mean entirely compact.

And NOTHING is protesting, NOTHING is afraid, NOTHING whispers at any moment, NOTHING fears (it is surprising and miraculous), but this impulsion of burning lava through such a narrow thing is difficult. (I don't know why it is the most painful in the neck, the nerves of the neck.)

(I believe that the morning's cellular transparency is to prepare that invasion of fire—not fire as “flames”: fire as liquid-solid magma.)

After one hour and a quarter, one hour and twenty minutes, I begged for mercy (I said “pax”!) and I sat on my bed.

\*

*Evening*

That is to say that this M.D. makes *everything* impossible.

It is the Sovereign of Science.

\*

I will never be able anymore to say of anything that it is impossible. Even the transformation of physical Matter, of this old thing is POSSIBLE.

There is what the Divine wants, and that's all. What he wants *at the*

*desired time* (that is, *everything* must coincide).

\*

Our body is imprisoned in a diving suit of illusions!

\*

It is not the Mâyâ of the Buddhists, it is a cellular mâyâ (sanctified by Science).



### **September 29, 1984**

It is going on.

But strangely, that “lava” does not give me the sensation of a red colour. When I happen to perceive a colour, it is always sapphire blue—sapphire blue lava!

(Sometimes there are like golden nebulae in the sapphire blue.)



### **September 30, 1984**

#### ***Vision***

*(Extract from my “bits of vision”.)*

Last night (from Sept. 29 to 30), I was with Indira G. She was holding or offering me (I don’t know) a very beautiful crystal glass. I let that glass fall and it broke in a millions of pieces—literally to smithereens. And Indira was furious, really, of an anger that exceeded the stupid fact of a broken glass.

What does that glass symbolise?

(In my bits of vision, I elliptically noted: “Change is starting in India.”)

And I enigmatically added: Embassy, foreign car (as if I had seen a foreign car coming out of an Embassy). I even saw the number plate at the back of the official car...<sup>1</sup>

\*

Every day, I find those same painful fibres again.

If there is a Mind of Death, there should also be a Mind of Pain. It is not the same. It is subtler than a “mind”. It is a kind of vibration that is similar to what one feels when one has a wound. It is very physical. It is not cerebral. They are like nervous ends—the ultimate rootlets of life’s nerves.

It is a wound that is very much inside.

A little bit like that cry from centuries ago. But there have been so many cries through forgotten lives—not forgotten in these fibres.

It is the cry that comes to you when the basis of life is collapsing (of life or of a life). It corresponds to a violent uprooting.

It leaves marks that seem incurable.

One dies because one cannot heal that.

We must change life in life itself—change the basis of life without dying of it.

I am going back to the source of “agony”.

\*

It is probably what this blue torrent is doing: it is re-creating the basis of life.

We only have to let ourselves be carried along.

\*

*Afternoon*

I don’t know, I don’t understand what is happening.

---

<sup>1</sup> Indira will be assassinated on October 31.

It looks like the passage from life to death.

It is an immobile density. It is hyper-dense and nothing seems to move anymore in the body: not a sensation anymore, not a feeling anymore, not a representation, not an “aspiration” anymore. It is only an immobile density in which everything-everything seems to be abolished, frozen—I don’t know. It is so dense and immobile that there is not even place for a “prayer”, even the Mantra seems to die away. One doesn’t know. I am hearing my breathing, at first jerky, then almost imperceptible. There is no fear. One could die, it would not be surprising. There is not even “space” for an “image” of Mother, of Sri Aurobindo. It is appallingly NONEXISTENT and dense. Really as if everything was going—everything is going to die away.

\*

Yes, it is like a Matter deprived of all sense of itself.

It is a bit “frightening” (if there still were a “sense” that would allow one to be frightened).

\*

*Evening*

It is my observing parrot that is looking at all that with a “question”, but it does not intervene.

It is as if on the topmast of a boat which it does not understand or does not understand anymore.

It says to itself: “What is all this?” It does not function anymore according to its knowledge.

\*

At present, I am telling myself: O Lord, You are leading. But at that time, there was nothing anymore to “tell”.

\*

*Later*

Everything is as it must be and nothing is as it should be. It is that contradiction of human life which is so despairing and is the painful evolutionary prod of its progress.

\*

This blue torrent is actually a marvellous “mechanism”: it makes all-all the elements of death come out—all the accomplices.

It kills death without killing the patient! (in any case not until this evening!)

\*

What people don't realise is the extraordinary and marvellously MECHANIC aspect of the operation.

\*

### ***Vision***

In my “bits of vision” (last night, from September 29 to 30): “I was digging a canal through my bedroom”.

And I seem to remember that this canal (underground, naturally) was going down “towards the plains”—into the Earth.



*October*

**October 1, 1984**

In the Vedas, I came across this:

“Full of SOLID MIGHT is their shining energy...” (V.86)

And this!

“He creates on our desert earth the stream, the  
MOVING BILLOW.” (1.95)

So one understands Sri Aurobindo: “Supermind will explain itself”!!<sup>1</sup>

\*

O Lord, make me capable and worthy of your “explanation”.

\*

*Afternoon*

I don't know what is happening.

It is like a physical passage to another life

for Mother's victory

On the Earth.

\*

It looks like a supreme danger

in a supreme miracle.

\*

*Evening*

It is like becoming another body in the same body.

It is incomprehensible and unknown.

\*

I don't know what it means, but the other night (from September 29 to 30), I was digging a channel through my room (!)

\*

*Conversation with Sujata*

**The dangerous Unknown**

*(Sujata speaks first, then Satprem, but the beginning of  
the conversation is inaudible.)*

*(very long silence)*

I really don't know... It is difficult.

I don't know, you understand, I would really like to speak to you and at the same time, I don't feel like speaking. It is too... I don't know. I don't know.

*Something is preventing you from speaking? No? It is not  
"something that prevents"?*

No...

*That is tiring you out?*

I don't know what is happening, really.

I feel that it is quite dangerous... and it is the unknown. One doesn't know. Why don't I feel like speaking?

No, in any case, I wanted to say: it is impossible that nothing happens on the earth.

It is too unknown for me to speak. It is really... it is unknown. And it is very dangerous at the same time.

---

<sup>1</sup> Nirodbaran, *Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo*, 8.10.1935



I don't dare to say anything.

Dangerous because it is unknown, you understand?

*That is to say, one doesn't know how it will function, how it will act?*

It is like moving on to a life... What can you say?! It is like...—you die, yes, it is like death. I don't know, one cannot tell.

*Yes. The other day, you said...*

It is unknown.

*(silence)*

One doesn't even understand—one cannot understand. "Understand": it is the mind that understands; the body doesn't understand.

It "doesn't understand": it is traversing, it doesn't know.

*(silence)*

*(Inaudible)* ...better not to speak to you.

At the same time, it is miraculous.

I tell you, it has never been, you understand?—it has been in Sri Aurobindo and it has been in Mother...

*(long silence)*

You understand, it is not like traversing to go towards an unknown continent: it is not the same body which is traversing. You understand?

*Corporeal change?*

Well, it is not with your same body that you go to the unknown continent: it is the unknown continent that becomes in your body.

It is not that you go towards an unknown continent: the unknown continent is the body. It is happening in the body. It is not as if you are going towards something: you are the unknown and you are moving on from a life to an unknown. It is not that you are going towards an unknown: you are living something that is inexpressible. You *are* a crossing into the unknown—you *are*, you understand, that crossing.

It is not that you are going towards something: your body is taken and you go like Christopher Columbus towards... — it is not that, you don't go with the same body into the unknown: it is your very body which is the unknown, which is the unknown crossing.

*(silence)*

You don't move into the unknown: it is the unknown which comes to you. So what can you say?

It is not that... All their yogic stories: you have “experiences”—it is not that! You have experiences: it means that suddenly, you are not a man in a body any more, you are something else—so it is not an experience. It is not “to have experiences”, you understand, it is absolutely... it is something else. It is inexpressible; it is, I tell you, at the same time like a death, or a danger or... It is incomprehensible. *(Inaudible)* ... Up to now, in any case.

It is not that the Supramental “arrives”! you can't receive it in your old body! It is not possible. It is not that you have the supramental experience: it is not the same guy who can have the experience, you understand? Not the same person, it is not possible. It is as if there were a fire and you go through the fire—so with which body will you traverse? With your old body? Well, it will burn!

I cannot tell you with words: there are no words. To have the experience is to pass into something else—which does not exist.

*(silence)*

Do you understand what I mean?

*Yes, but “which does not exist”?*

Well, it is not! Where is it? Where is it?

*It is becoming, isn't it? When one is passing...*

It is becoming... well, I really don't know. I am in the crossing. I am *the* crossing. I am... the unknown—“I”, well, it is idiotic!—you see, I should not speak, I say idiotic things.

*(silence)*

It is not that you go towards the unknown: the unknown becomes... it is inexpressible.

You are the unknown.

*(long silence)*

So, for a body, it normally means to die. And it is miraculous because... you go for a walk in the forest. You don't understand...

It is really an incomprehensible danger, and an incomprehensible miracle.

And there is no fear. *(Inaudible)*

*(long silence)*

Aren't you going to make us a little drawing?



**October 2, 1984**

***Vision***

I saw a funny image last night and I note it down for the sake of exactitude, but it is really something absolutely crazy—where does it come from? (My “subconscious” is too well washed for this to have been produced in those areas.) Well... Unluckily, I don't know any more what preceded that image or what came after it (I was too stupefied), but it seems that the image was a sort of fragment of a long “operation”.

I was seeing my arm (my left forearm, I believe) and there was a kind of hole, carefully cut as if by a surgeon. That is to say that the external tissues of the arm had been cut and the hole was forming a sort of porthole (!) from where I could see the inside of the limb in question. And the inside of the arm was completely empty, hollow, without bones or muscles, simply “carpeted” by a kind of white lining that seemed to be made of a gelatinous, semi-solid matter (a little like white rubber). And then, “somebody” was passing me some very clean, very clear water and I was pouring that water into the internal duct of the arm, in that kind of pipe made of gelatine or white rubber and I was rinsing the inside of my arm! I was shaking it well and some clean, clear water was coming out of it, but with a few fragments or remnants of blood vessels (those vessels or fragments of vessels were not giving blood anymore, but they were a little of the colour of dried blood, dark red). They were like bits or fragments left from old veins or arteries. I was given some more water and I “rinsed” again and a few fragments came out but they were less and less numerous. The water was very clear. I started the operation again half a dozen times (apparently until there were no remnants or fragments of the arm's veins). And this arm, hollow like a

pipe!... I saw very clearly inside the arm, as if it were all lit up by some lamp and what stunned me was that kind of white gelatine or white rubber pipe, absolutely empty and hollow, without bones or muscles or veins, nothing!

It looks like a crazy madman's story.

But there was a methodical and almost surgical meticulousness to that "washing" of the inside of the arm, it was striking! I was doing that very carefully and very seriously—not one fragment should remain. An attention which could be called "aseptic". And that pipe! That white gelatine pipe!

\*

Blood (arteries, veins, vessels) are certainly the symbol of "life" as it is and of what life is carrying.<sup>1</sup>

\*

*Afternoon*

It is beyond life and death.

\*

*Evening*

There is another life where all those sad things won't exist anymore. It is for that that we work.

OM

\*

It is for that that we have the courage.

\*

My Douce tells me the story of the death of her cousin whom she loved a lot. She was her second mother—she was fifteen and my Douce

was seven: “I don’t want any attachment anymore, except to the Eternal (Sujata told me). This is why I felt good when I arrived near Sri Aurobindo and Mother.”

Her mother had died when she was six—she had not understood very well, except for “a kind of sadness—something that was missing.” That was fifty-four years ago... as yesterday.

\*

One should be bathed in flames to dissolve all that.

This is why people die.

We have to die ALIVE!



### **October 3, 1984**

Death is once.

But this kind of constant pyre...

\*

To mutate is that.

Usually, you close yourself up in a cocoon in order to do that.

\*

That is perhaps the “last fragments” of arteries and veins...?

It hurts a lot.

\*

Really, Christ had found the right means to escape from the problem.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Like great blue spasms (from bottom to top).

---

<sup>1</sup> The left side (left arm) symbolically represents the past.

Only a super-faith or a super-grace makes so that it continues.

\*

If somebody saw my body (sometimes the arms are lifted up in spite of themselves), he would find it very “impressive”...

*It is “impressive”.*

\*

### *Evening*

In the past, when I looked at the equinoctial tides on the Wild Coast, I found them “impressive”.

(I used to scream out of crazy joy!!—oh! that intoxicating joy when I saw those huge waves break... I would scream “in unison”!)

\*

### *Later*

It is curious all the same: my Douce, without knowing anything, made a little drawing of the child of the new world and *inside* his (left) arm’s envelop, she drew a new little hand and a forearm that were growing!...

Soon we will be both ready for the padded cell, as Mother would say.

But if the world is not a super-padded cell, we are safe and sound.

\*

Besides, I am still not crazy enough to believe that a new body is going to “grow” inside the first one (!) but the symbolic meaning is clear: the new life *can* grow inside the old body. It is not necessary to give up the old body until the new life is firmly established—and then who knows what it can do?

It is the reversal of the old source of life or power of life by the new one which is very difficult—the external “form” is simply a secondary clothing.

It is like moving from a little fish pond to an equinoctial tide!... (“*The floods that were in bondage*” says the Veda, V.32.)



### **October 4, 1984 — Durga**

This morning, I found this in the Veda:

Thee rapturous, entirely energised and its violent  
expressions, vast, with its motion of the snake,<sup>1</sup>  
breaking open for us our hundred cities. (9.48)

The Rishis would not think that I am mad or epileptic (!)

It is a consolation (!)

I am not joking at all: this account from seven thousand years ago is very comforting—nowadays, one feels very isolated.

Except for Sri Aurobindo and Mother, the only ones that come and speak to me with meaning are the Apocalypse and the Veda (the Apocalypse is more mixed up and more external, but the Veda is pure gold). And Mother is the very Power of the “phenomenon”.

\*

And to think that in the beginning (at the time of Panditji and of my tantric Swami), I was wondering whether I shouldn't look for those little tantric street performers' help...

I came out of a *fatal* trap, there.

There is ONLY the Supreme.



He Alone can.

\*

What I am wondering is how one can pass into this new life without a sort of total amnesia...?

Pain has so many threads.

\*

Yet I remember that “abyss of Love”—everything was engulfed there...

I remember that Delight—everything was new and streaming there.

I am still in the Contradiction.

\*

We shouldn't be reborn in a human's skin, that necessarily means taking back the whole package of misery—the one from the father and the grandfather and from the whole miserable Tribe. We should change our skin *before*. We should be reborn before dying (not to “be spiritually reborn” or all this nonsense: to be reborn *physically*, on the cellular level).

That is to say that the cells completely purified from their imprints must make a new body... One does not see how.

The necessity of a *trans*-formation seems to be inevitable; otherwise we fall again in any grandfather's cells. And we must start everything again...

\*

*Afternoon*

It is like entering into a cataclysm.

The body tries to melt.

It invokes Mother's Victory on Earth.

---

<sup>1</sup> That's my great “blue spasm”!

\*

It “passes” better. It seems to be less “burning”.

The body lets itself be carried away like a baby in a storm—there is *no* storm! (The storm is for the parrot on its topsail—and indeed, it may well be the case!)

The cells of the body have understood that there is *no* impossibility.

\*

It is not the body that has difficulty—it is all that covers it or innervates it. Pure matter has a surprising, spontaneous “divine sense”.

\*

### *Evening*

X has left (suicide). Like my brother, the gold washer. Like Y... Like...

It is for all that Misery that we struggle! Oh! Lord. Lord... May there be *no longer* that! May it *no longer* be.

Pain should be no more! There should be no pain anymore.



### **October 5, 1984**

This morning, I seem to have known-lived Divine Matter.

There was no more physical “I”.

The body was spread out like a river’s bed. This river or this bed of pebbles could be the earth.

It was like the dawn of a life.

\*

It seemed to be very-very ancient—one could say prehistoric—and at the same time it was very new. Not “new”: nascent.

It was the future.

\*

Yes, those first claws of life in Matter were not there anymore. It was a life without claws—it ran, it was clear and light, like the little bubbles of a torrent. It was nowhere imprisoned.

As if there had never been anything before.

\*

### *Afternoon*

It is torture, let's admit it.

Those slow-long spasms of dense matter. It is the volcano's chimney. You are the chimney. The whole being is thoroughly turned over. How it does not to disintegrate, is mysterious. Then those spasms, slower and slower, like last risings of burning matter. Then this immobility which is like a death without dying. Such a thick immobility of density, so dense that there is no space anymore for anything—you are... I don't know what, in something which is not life anymore and not death.

It is torture.

What I thought I felt this morning appears like a dream.

I'd better remain silent.

\*

And there are moments when everything is stuffed with such an awful density that there is not even space for a breath of soul anymore, not even a gap for a call to the Divine—oh! it is rather dreadful.

\*

### *Evening*

It seems that Mother is telling me: "Don't torment yourself, petit..."



## **Night from 5 to 6 October**

### ***Vision***

Last night, I saw an azalea bush full of “realisations”! (Flower of the flamboyant!) Mother said that the azalea = abundance of beauty. Beauty will realise itself abundantly...



## **October 8, 1984**

The white immobility.  
One is in death without dying.  
White-white-white.  
For one hour and forty-five minutes.  
There is only the Supreme.  
The Great White Mother.

\*

“Life” in the body is only Them.

\*

My body is taught something which is not the life as we know it.  
It is done very slowly.  
It is a great Mystery.

\*

It is an unknown state.

\*

Luckily, my parrot is very quiet on its topsail, otherwise it would be catastrophic.

\*

I really have the impression that these last days' "volcano" corresponds to the cleaning of the old "code of life", which allows that "unknown state" to surface (?) without panic anywhere.

For example, if the old code of life had been here this morning, it would have said "one can't live like this" and I would have died! (without joke).

If that old kind of life disappears, this old kind of death disappears as well—they go together.

The "code of life" is *first of all* the code of death.

"To transform life" is first of all to transform the prohibitions of death. It is to transform death itself.

What happened on September 19 is a great turning point.<sup>1</sup>

\*

*Afternoon*

Again those burning masses of Power that rise, wave after wave, lift the body up and make it roll. When it traverses the brain, it is boiling torture, like a boiler ready to burst. But nothing bursts. After one hour, that kind of melting ball stabilised itself, came to a standstill in the brain and did not move anymore—maybe the cerebral cells were "assimilating"? I don't know. It is torture. And everything is so totally compact, like a ball of burning magma, that it seems that the body does not have any prayer, any call anymore—everything is CAUGHT in there. I have no words. But it is racking. And I don't know what it wants to say or do. If only a hole could open up in the top of the skull and let that burning magma escape, it would be easy. But it seems that it remains

---

<sup>1</sup> September 19: The "mind of death" disappeared. It is the guardian of the species' preservation.

melted, squeezed in the brain (with, perhaps, an imperceptible “evaporation” or “radiation” around). I don’t know.

\*

### *Evening*

Yet, in the past, in the beginning, when all that corporeal, material consciousness rose up there to fetch the Supramental, there was a hole in that top of the skull, it was all open, like an “upward hole”.

Of course, it is not the same Power—that corporeal, material consciousness was light and fluid compared to this dense Mass of Power. It does not manage to pass... All the same, it should be able to pass one day, it cannot remain like that in an immobile combustion—those dense waves which rise and rise must ram into that and it should eventually be “pierced” ...

Everything is mysterious.

If there were not the corporeal, cellular sense of the Divine Action, of the Divine, of Sri Aurobindo, of Mother, it would be very worrying...

\*

The caterpillar, at least, wraps itself in a cocoon to do this. But here, there is no cocoon, it is happening with eyes wide open.

\*

And Mother who had to do this with all those jackals and birds of prey and vipers around on top of that...

Oh! GREAT Mother.

\*

### *Later*

Every time that old Pain comes back—and it is the most powerful spring of this whole effort, this tension towards the Other Thing—it is

always-always the same prayer, O Lord, may this old way of being human be changed, may it be no more, may there be another Hope, another Possibility on Earth.

\*

When won't we need the stimulus of Pain anymore?

\*

I can't say that my ambition is to transform myself, no, but with all my heart I have the ambition that that old painful way of being may be no more.

\*

In a hymn, the Veda says: "*Protect us... from mortal sickness of our life*" (1.27). How simply it is said! "the mortal sickness of our life"—death is a *sickness*. Our life, as it is, is a lethal sickness—we have to recover from death. This is what I did not cease to discover and say!

They imagine that "sickness" is tuberculosis or cancer—no! it is *death* which is the sickness.

And the two central hurdles, the two agents of Death are that Mind of Death and that Root of Pain. I did not yet really manage to extirpate that one.

I overcame "agony", I tore the animal apart, but there remains like a last black or bloody thread that sinks deeply down as at the root of life—which is maybe the very *root* of that false life (the necrobiosis).

It is like that cry from one or two centuries ago, but it is a cry from millions of years ago.

A repeated and repeated cry...

\*

Sri Aurobindo always said that the source and the aim of the creation was Ananda—Joy. That Delight, that Nectar. Therefore, I have the

impression that this Delight will be the final healing for that last or that first Wound.

For the moment, it is the volcano.

\*

I start to really and very deeply understand what we call “karma”.

Those idiots, with their molecules, only saw the tip of the iceberg.

(They are not “idiots”, they are pretentious—it’s worse.)

(Before, fifty years ago, we had to bash Religion; now, we have to bash Science—and for the *same* reasons.)

\*

*Noon*

This morning, this body—not this spirit: this body, everything that “lives” in there, everything that has laboured and tried for sixty years—this body said to Mother, to Sri Aurobindo: “You see, it is of no use to me anymore—what if it could be of some use to You?”

\*

Yes, as if it had no “taste” for transforming itself, for becoming this or that, for living for itself or for all the old human being’s aims—it was of no use anymore. The only “taste” was if it could be of some use to Mother, to Sri Aurobindo—otherwise what’s the point of all that, what’s the use? It would not even come to its “mind” to want the Delight or the Nectar for itself, it would even seem a little ridiculous to it. But if it could be of some use to You? (Always, a little, with this kind of aspiration: what if it could make you come out of that tomb? if you could use this amalgam?)

For the body, “for oneself” is a sort of no-sense.

For its whole life, it has worked for the other to hold a pen, for the other to enjoy himself and travel and for that other still to have nice



spiritual dreams—it worked for all kinds of more or less pretty others. But for itself, it does not exist. So what if this time, it could be of some use to Mother; to give all this amalgam so that *She* is?

Without all the other users or usurpers, the body is modelling clay—“couldn’t you use this?”

Besides, for it, it is quite simple: “All the others hurt me for nothing—or for so little—for all their dreams which don’t even stand up without these legs. Don’t you want my legs to make something worth it stand up?”

For it, “To You” has a very specific and very concrete meaning. (I am tiring it with my pen, it would really like something more useful or more effective.)

Maybe that volcano is remodelling it?

\*

### *Evening*

All those ideas of “ordeals” to go through and “merits” and “control” are false—one has to arrive at *the desired cellular condition*. And then, it is automatic. It is nothing that we have to “control”, it does not come from something exterior that we “impose”, it is *from inside*, the cells themselves must arrive at the desired point, it is the *functioning* of the very cellular consciousness that must change.

There must be the “cry” in the cells.

\*

When we come out of October, it will be good.

\*

Today, I wanted to pull on that last thread of Pain, but it is so painful... I don’t know, it is like pulling life out.

It is better not to say anything.

\*

Under the influence of that Fire—that tide of fire—the corporeal consciousness, that is, all those billions of cells from the tip of the toes up to the cerebral ramifications, is becoming aware of something quite extraordinary—it makes an extraordinary discovery (for it); it is not that it makes a “discovery”: it un-covers itself. It un-covers itself, so the corporeal consciousness sees it, becomes aware of it. And it becomes aware with a kind of stupefaction or amazement that we could call “divine”—a divine amazement—that... but that EVERYTHING is UNFAMILIAR to it, except That, that Fire, that thing which pervades it like a sort of living cataclysm. But it is not a cataclysm! And yet it is a kind of cataclysm because it knocks over or un-covers all kinds of “crucial”, “essential”, “inescapable”, etc. things, which are NOTHING for the cells of the body! So, all of a sudden, death is NOTHING for these cells and then LIFE—Life, what we call “life”—is NOTHING either! Life is not that, it is not that oxygen and those lungs, no: it is THAT, it is that Fire, it is that sort of REAL cataclysm. *That* is what is REAL! And then, all that they have been living, not only for sixty years but perhaps for a few thousands of years, is NOTHING either for them! What EXISTS, what IS, is that “fire”, that kind of moving and burning tide: that is “life”—it RECOGNISES itself there. “That” is my substance, that is “I am-I exist.” All the rest is... as if incomprehensible, an addition, an excrescence, something appended or a COVER on that “something” which is the being at last, the life, the “it is”, the “I am” or the “that’s it”—at last this is what makes so that I am, it is life!

So “life” and “death”, “illnesses”, “dangers”, and the “laws”, and the grandfather and the father and the great grandfather—well the whole evolutionary shebang, all that package which had been put on its back, pff! it is UNREAL. All of a sudden, it is discovered—it becomes aware of

the deception! Really, it is like that: a divine amazement. It was a huge deception. Everything is FOREIGN (to its substance), except “That”, that something which is like living fire. That is the law; that is life; that is the “I am”—and THAT DOES WHATEVER IT LIKES.

It is a cataclysm in reverse.

\*

So thought, intelligence, oxygen and lungs, sex and feelings and sensations—well, all those “crucial” things, those “masters” of existence... well, they are not masters at all anymore. They were a number of evolutionary “tricks”, and then we arrive at *the thing* without tricks!

It is perhaps pure Matter.

The what-it-is of Matter.

It is that Fire—that dough of fire—divine. “Divine”, because it *is*. And it is like that.

“Divine”, is not vocabulary or theology: it is a *substance*. And it recognises itself.

\*

I say “dough” because it is not like a flame: it is thick, substantial, dense—hyper-dense. And it is like fire, but not a fire which burns or destroys—it only destroys what is false, the unreal!

And the REAL is.

\*

It is really a new, blank life.

It is a whole world to be remodelled.

\*

I am not “stupid” (I mean “human”) enough to believe that my body can do without oxygen or lungs—but my body KNOWS that it is a temporary mode and that the ultimate determining factor is elsewhere—

there is *no impediment*. No more than the Precambrian Rock was an impediment for the appearance of the little fishes. It models itself as one wishes—or rather as “it” wishes.

Only, at present, it is Matter itself which KNOWS and which is endowed with its *own direct power*.

That whole evolutionary deception or that subterfuge—most of all human—was there so that Matter becomes aware of what it is.

\*

We can say that it is a change in the consciousness of the cells themselves.

We will have to see the practical impacts...

\*

May *You* be the Masters.



### **October 9, 1984**

It is absolutely the unknown.

One is the unknown.

\*

There is not “somebody” who goes into the unknown. You *are* the unknown. It is like nobody.

A formidable blue density where everything is lost.

From time to time, a wave.

\*

### *Evening*

You don't know anything anymore, don't understand anything anymore, don't coordinate anything anymore—there are no

“alignments”, no points of reference! And yet, you are not dead: there is that blue Density.

Like a boat that would have dissolved into the sea—that would only perceive the sea.

Where is the hull?

P.S. We will have to see, but that last thread of Pain seems to have disappeared, I don't know how (since yesterday).



### **October 10, 1984**

That For-mi-da-ble Blue Density.

Like the original cauldron.

The very Substance out of which all forms and all worlds have been made.

The very Power which has modelled all those forms and all those worlds.

A TOTAL acceptance of the body.

An impossibility that IS. That becomes.

There are going to be changes on earth.

And the WHOLE body knows that it is You—but so absolutely, so totally, so simply that there is no disintegration, no cataclysm, but You You You who become.

A place on earth where You can slip into.

It is quite formidable and Divine.

It could destroy everything and it can remodel everything.

\*

*Evening*

We could say that it is Death in Matter which converts itself—everything that *makes* death.

It is the original “accident” which undoes itself—what makes, or had made so that it has not *always* been the Marvel that it is.

\*

What is miraculous—the Supreme grace’s miracle—is that a man, a human being is able to bear THAT.

\*

The “accident” in Matter is something which prevented us from seeing that everything is the Divine—something which separated itself or cut itself from the Divine. There has been a Wall.

Yes, a cocoon of death in the divine immortality and joy.

We come out of the cocoon—but it is for-mi-da-ble...

It is impossible that it happens (THAT happens) somewhere on earth without making the whole earth quake—the whole terrestrial cocoon.

I don’t think any terrestrial event can make the cocoon burst (on the contrary, they are reinforcing it)—a DIVINE Event is needed.



**October 11, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night, I saw something strange that I noted down without understanding it.

I had broken free or escaped from a concentration camp and I was going to the hairdresser to get my head close-cropped or shaved off (as in the camps) in order not to draw the others’ attention or not to be different from the others... (It is strange because if I had escaped from

the concentration camp, people “outside” are usually not shaven or close-cropped as in the camps...)

(Unless it is about the *human* concentration camp. So I must not get myself noticed because “outside”, it is in the concentration camp as well...) Then, the hairdresser who was cropping or shaving my head told me: “I will put honey (on your skull): like this it will grow again.” (I suppose that the hair will grow again, not the skull!?)

In the Veda, “honey” is the Divine Nectar (“the honeyed wine”).

Would not the “hair” be the symbol of all the old mental “cultures”? the old mental formations or “vegetation”??!—All this must be shaved or is shaved?

Hairs are also the evolutionary remainders or the evolutionary residue of the animal...—all this is being shaved? (But I hope it will not grow again!?) I don’t know.

We’ll see!

\*

*Afternoon*

I don’t know what that powerful—formidable, could we say—trituration means in that blue Density, but it seems that my body is slowly made to get used to another state which is not anymore the life that we know, but which is not death.

Perhaps the necrobiosis undone—the “biosis” quite simply... But it is strange and always a little... hmm!

It is always something which gives a very “sacred” impression-sensation.

Really the unknown.

\*

Which means that the body knows that it is not going to die of it, but it doesn't know at all how it is going to live of it.



### **October 12, 1984**

My whole “problem”—the desperate cry from the bottom of my being and from the bottom of all those painful lives—, is: “not to start again in an atavistic cell and take all that burden of darkness and pain again”—NEVER again.

So how is it to be done?

It is about a real *physical* liberation, not a liberation up there in some illusory “height”.

It means that, once they are purified, the *same* cells could transform themselves or adapt their form (the form which covers them) in order to continue...

Or else the appearance of a new *physical* way of being.

But it will not fall from heaven.

\*

That blue Density is maybe the living answer to my cry. It prepares something, that is for sure.

It not only purifies the cells, but it *builds* something—what? I really don't know.

\*

And my cry is not egoistic only, it is not the “I don't want to be reborn.” It is like a cry for the whole human form of being—for any human form. I wish that nobody would start again that old Pain and that old darkness—*nobody*. Something else is needed for everybody!



Another possibility is needed. And it will not fall out of the sky—we have to DO it.

I am a kind of old asphyxiated and tortured Fish that is desperately looking for the *physical* passage to the open air.

That blue Density is perhaps the new atmosphere?

\*

The spiritual bazaar is full of recipes for “liberation”, but who knows the path of the body’s liberation?

I would give all their heavens for one single little new seal.

We just have to go on and on. *You* have the key.

\*

Last night, from 11 to 12, I again saw an awful horror—I am saturated with horror.



### **October 13, 1984**

I struggled as much as I could, but now, I can’t take it anymore.

\*

Death: “Ah! you see my *raison d’être*. *I* don’t come, *you* call me. I am compassionate and heal old pains.”

— To start all over again?...

\*

What is that Cruelty which makes us call you?

\*

What is that Pain which does not heal?

\*

I wanted to heal it a thousand times—oh! so many thousands of times—and there is a thousand and first time when... it is once too much.

\*

*Evening*

A voice seems to tell me: “Try again one more time.”

I don't know.

I don't have a will anymore.

Do you have love?

I love Sri Aurobindo, that's all I can say.



**October 14, 1984**

The central difficulty is not death, it is Pain.

The only face to face is that one. And it is more difficult than the Gestapo or the Crucifixion or the stake.

It is the thing-from-which-you-don't-recover.

For each one, one day, there is that “thing”.

Life and Death are absolutely in collusion.

So long as we live from this life, we'll die from that death.

\*

I don't know why I think of my brother who, in his suicide's room, wrote love letters to X and she answered with the unpaid invoices.

You not only have to face your own pain, but sometimes that of your brothers as well—it is the *whole* Pain.

It's a lot.

There is not “death to vanquish”, there are all those dead that we carry in our own skin.

It is a *physiology* that has to be changed...

The pain of an old starfish is nothing to us.

Who knows?

\*

The only Hope is that MECHANICAL Action on the cells.

\*

*Evening*

It is like a long death, a never-ending death.

\*

And yet, we have the impression that if we turned things inside out (like a ball), everything would be marvellous.

It is as if seen from only one side. The other side has no eyes.



**October 15, 1984**

I understand why Pain is the central difficulty, more than death. Because Pain, sorrow, is that central or crucial point which slips towards death or which changes itself into a cry for a new life. Death is a *consequence*. The new life is also the consequence of that reversal. No Energy can destroy itself or abolish itself. Death is Energy. Pain, sorrow are Energies. Good, Evil are Energies. It is the *same* Energy whose direction has to be changed. And Pain is the crucial point of the change of direction where the energy of Death is changed, can be changed into Energy of the New Life.

That inverting makes a hell of a fire.

Death burns itself and the combustion releases a new form of life.

The operation has to be repeated often.

The combustion must be kept going until the new form is well cooked

(!)

\*

Let's be clear: it is not the same life that is reborn from the ashes—it is another... unknown life.

We know nothing, we understand nothing about what is forming or about what will come—it is “the first time that this is shown to human knowledge”, as Sujata said yesterday to encourage me or to comfort me from that total and sometimes despairing ignorance.

We will understand nothing until it is *done*.

If we understood, it would be done.

\*

It is the scouring of that cellular consciousness which makes all that wear and that burning and that wound. It must be accepted.

External causes are only divine pretexts.

It is the old human atavism which is going away.

\*

*Afternoon*

The powerful tide is going on wave after wave.

An immobility of fire, then a new wave.

\*

*Evening*

Only Your Love can heal all that—not heal: CHANGE.

\*

Dostoyevsky was on the verge of insanity—I understand *well*.

There was not yet Sri Aurobindo.

At present THERE IS.

The world doesn't understand yet the marvellous Hope that He brings—that He ALLOWS.

Without Him, everything is fury and insanity—the triumphant crucifixion.

We must have the *courage* not to be crucified.

I think of my father's posthumous surprising remark about divine Joy and Nectar: "That is orgy"... (My father could very well have borne the stigmata—that is why I hated him.) (My brother fell into debauchery to erase those stigmata, but he found a deeper crucifixion—we have to TRAVERSE all that.)

And my mother would stay on course like a rock in the tempest—that is why I deeply respect her.

I was born from that painful contradiction.

A kind of hybrid between the joy of the open sea and the human pain.



**October 16, 1984**

*Afternoon*

Each time one is surprised not to have died.



**October 17, 1984**

Every day, every day, I find that same Root of Pain again. It is wearing, it is tiresome, it is heartrending—it is cruel, really.

I think that nothing in the world is crueller—but it is very hidden. People would not be able to bear it, they would die from it—they are dying of it, without knowing.

It is absolutely like the first micro-root of a first alga which clings to the old rock with a wild Energy. It is life and death together. The first, very first question of Life was a question of life or death.

And it is still there, buried in the being's substance.

You don't know whether it is death that clings to life or life that clings to death. It is so much the same.

We are mistaken when we speak of "life" and "death" and oxygen and all the famous fuels of life—these are accessories which we can separate in a test tube. The fundamental Fact is that wild Energy.

An Energy that CLINGS ON.

It is that "clinging" which makes all misery and death.

The system must be changed.

We know very well with what painful force a little nerve clings to a tooth—there are billions of "examples". It is the whole system of "life", without difference since the Precambrian.

It is the whole "mode of implantation" of life into Matter.

When a child asks, "where is mummy?" we answer: "she went to the market, she will come back in one hour." Three minutes later, the child asks again: "Where is my mummy?" Again, we answer—he understands, but he asks for the tenth time "where is mummy?"—he is in pain. It hurts inside without him knowing why and his question is only expressing his pain. We can explain or assure him whatever we like—he is in pain, that's all. It is not "reasonable", it is the mode of life that hurts. It is already death inside.

Men add all sorts of useless perversions on this fundamental fact and make the pain still more difficult—but *the* Pain is that mode of implantation of life in Matter.

So a rupture of the system as it exists since the Precambrian is needed... It is very “drastic”—indeed, it is a *root*.

The agony consisted in pulling out three billions of roots—but ONE of them remains, always ONE.

It is that one.

\*

It is strange, because when I was a kid and I was watching that cobweb in the cypress’ branches near my little window, my very first question was: “What would remain if we cut all the threads?”

\*

These are quite painful fibres. Would those same fibres cling to the Divine, to the Power of new Life, the problem would maybe be solved.

But it is very deep in the substance, and very “irrational”.

The “life divine” is something much more material than we imagine.

\*

### *Evening*

My Douce made a little drawing as of a child who makes the offering of his pain...

That’s that.

It is the pain of the Earth.

He makes the offering to the great Gaze inside.

He is standing on the wheel of existences.

He prays for this one to be the last one like this.

\*

I will perhaps end up converting my father from the horror of his stigmata.

These are very old stigmata, from the Precambrian.

\*

In my family, they used to say that I was the Antichrist (!)

Maybe they were not wrong.

But it is a difficult business.

\*

My enemy is not Christ (!) poor man!—it is death and pain.



### **October 18, 1984**

Those great spasms and that immobility, again and again—really as when you “breath your last”.

At one point, in the body’s consciousness, it was: to be re-born to You.

For one hour and a half.

I don’t know what this body is being accustomed to, but it is something which looks like death and yet is not death.

\*

### *Evening*

I would not have been surprised to die this afternoon.

\*

There is no “preservation instinct” at all in the body any more, it is surprising. The body feels “preservation” only as a preservation of darkness, ignorance and death—Misery. So... it is ready. That is to say it invokes Sri Aurobindo and Mother.



Only, it finds that “it takes a long time” (like my grandmother!).

\*

This morning, it was a fierce assault, as if all the forces (mainly mental) were rushing for the slaughter—and then it passed. But that was difficult, it was as if you lived madness without going mad.

At that time, I had to grit my teeth for real.

\*

I don't know where I am going.

to Sri Aurobindo

here or there.

\*

Everything is becoming extreme.



### **October 19, 1984**

We must make this Matter available for something a little better than all those improved apery.

\*

*Afternoon*

The body is living a divine miracle.

Those great spasms, more and more burning—no-*no* human physiology (or other) could have borne that without breaking. And I saw this body, those myriads of cells which welcomed, called, adored *that*: but it is the Divine! And at the same time, there was like a dumbstruck cry in my body: physiology is a joke! “Physiology” does not exist, “death” does not exist—You EXIST.

And then it was like a LIVED Impossibility.

It was divine, radiating, adoring Matter—no more impossibility, no more death, no more “life” which is only the crust of death—THAT which IS. That which IS and MOVES Matter.

Yes, “almighty powers are shut in Nature’s cells,” Sri Aurobindo said—but they are not “powers”: it is *the* Power, it is HIM.

And so it was as if the WHOLE Matter opened itself to THAT.

Everything is possible

Everything is miraculous

Everything is going to change

Everything is changing.

What They have said IS HERE.

No, no, nobody can imagine what those formidable spasms of burning Power are, one “would think” that one is going to be torn to shreds and pulverised and then that cry in the body: physiology is a joke! Death does not exist, “physiology” does not exist, “life” (of the biologists) does not exist—there is a Tremendous Something Else which is doing all that it likes—a Tremendous Something Else, FREE and all-powerful and marvellous.

O Marvellous Lord.

The WHOLE body KNOWS at present.

It is maybe the whole terrestrial Matter who knows at the same time.

Something *is going* to happen on Earth—a first divine time after millions of years and for which those millions of years have struggled and toiled.

\*

Oh! above all, it was that: there is *no* death! there is *no* “life”! there is *no* impossible! there are *no* “laws”—everything is Something Else.

And it was the *body*, those cells, which lived that, myriads of times in a stupefaction of adoration and re-cognition.

Something Else, Something Else, Something *absolutely* Other than all that false mess of life and death.

LIFE begins!

\*

(I have the impression to be quite stupid with monkey's words to express that extraordinary divine miracle—not "miracle": REVELATION; UN-COVERING.)

\*

*Evening*

For a human (or other) physiology, it would be impossible because it is all coated with Falsehood—Death would crack and with it the life of Falsehood.

There is no doubt that the "New Era" is the death of Death.

That is the Apocalypse.

Well, today, this body has *lived* the Apocalypse.

\*

And Mother had to enter the black cocoon to hide the unbearable Marvel.

\*

And they said that She was senile! O All-powerful Himalaya, you are a masterpiece of human senility.

\*

Oh! Mother, won't you shake a little their scientific and spiritual senility?

\*

Now I understand that that agonizing “blue torrent” or that “volcano” was kindly cleaning and wearing out the cocoon of death.

\*

Logically, one should at present, in silence and incognito, be used as Mother’s electrode in terrestrial Matter.

\*

The Upheaval (the apocalypse) is really the removal of the Illusion (of Falsehood and Death). It is a dis-illusion!

\*

I keep on telling myself that what is “mind-blowing” is the *mechanical* side of the Action...

No “visions”, no “super-sensations”, no cosmos in sight—no, scouring mechanics. But then, what Divine Mechanics!

When I scrubbed *Bagheera*’s hull, it was not otherwise (but it is even more radical!).

Which means we scrub the hull until there is no more hull!

\*

I have the impression that it would be less “impossible” for the animal physiology than for the human physiology... It is yet a whole aspect of the “problem” to be discovered.



**October 20, 1984**

### ***Vision***

Last night, I saw the Great Vedic Cow—beautiful, superb! Immense. A light orange, salmon pink coat. Horns as if carved. Beautiful!

Its legs alone were higher than me. I was perhaps coming up to its “knees”.

Huge and beautiful—quiet. It was looking on.<sup>1</sup>

It was in front of the azalea bush right at the door of my room.

Is it a coincidence? It is this morning that I received the manuscript or the text of *Life Without Death*.

\*

### *Evening*

I am so exhausted tonight, as if deadly exhausted. And there is that Power, so formidable! It is incomprehensible.

\*

Of course, if we wanted to make a small “moped” function with lightning, would it run?

It is already surprising that it is not struck down and fried.

\*

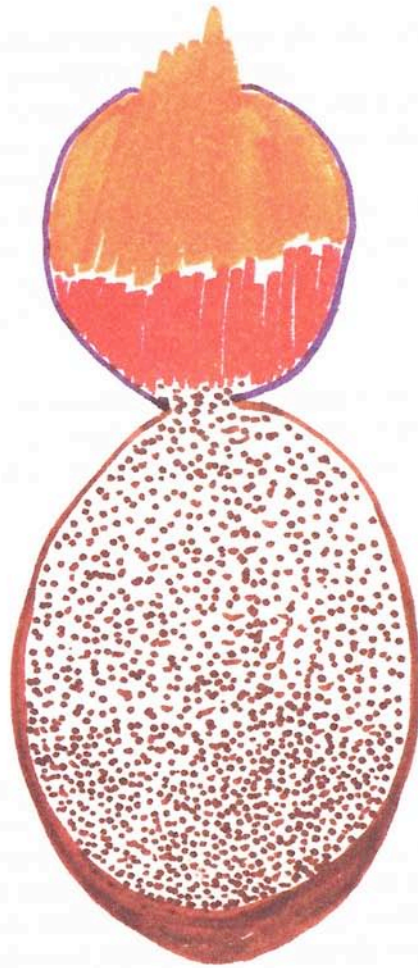
Those Rishis must have been rather formidable strapping lads.

\*

My Douce “spontaneously” made a strange little drawing: an hour-glass that comes to its last grains—millions of grains—under the pressure of Fire. And a sentence came to her: “*The time has run out for the teeming millions.*” I said: “Oh! What a relief, formidable relief, it would be!” And my Douce answered this, which is almost a revelation for me, she said: “Yes, gravity would change. The specific weight... would not be the same anymore.” And then all of a sudden, I saw-felt that all those millions of pseudo-humans literally made a crushing,

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<sup>1</sup> *Aditi*, the infinite Mother—she is the Mother of the gods.



the time has run out  
for the teeming multitudes  
20<sup>th</sup> October 1984

invisible but asphyxiating weight. And then, disappeared, what a breathing!<sup>1</sup>

This may be my exhaustion?

\*

At the time of the Rishis, there were only a few scattered shepherds.

We “inherit” that whole obscure—miry—quagmire in a human skin. The whole terrestrial atmosphere is crushing.

“Gravity” would change...

\*

And what Mother carried!... more and more, more and more crushed under that weight.



### **October 21, 1984**

I keep on living again the end of my last existence, but with details of such a material exactness... staggering. And why do I have to live again everything, that detailed horror, could we say? I did not know, I could not believe that the body, the consciousness of the body transported itself from one life to the other. Regarding the soul, we understand, the heart, the spirit, the intelligence, we understand, but the cells, the molecules, I believed that they were simply dissolved with all their material imprints and that they would become again “clean” atoms... But then, I could say and describe not only the country where it happened, but the city and some monuments and shops in the street, houses—houses that still exist, I know it. And beings...

---

<sup>1</sup> I remember that in that vision, there was a small hour-glass on the Great and Marvellous Sri Aurobindo’s table.

There are babies of evolution, and there are very old beings who carry... I don't know, like the whole Earth's memory. Or rather a certain type of memory.

An act, a feeling carries behind it the power of thousands of repeated and repeated acts and feelings.

It is very awful.

A little second can be very heavy.

It is in the cells of the body that the battle is taking place. The PLACE is there. It is there that the evil Spell can be undone. It is there that everything is won or lost.

I lost many times.

So I understand—I perfectly understand, I understand at the cellular level—that the ONLY hope is this new Life. If not, there would be nothing left to do but to destroy all that.

The universes die and everything dies because of that.

And what is it?

And when one is in the burning surging of that new Life, everything seems to be erased... like an illusion.

An illusion of which the only aim was to lead us THERE, to that point of the New Life—to *force* us to go THERE.

\*

It may be how the first amphibians were forced to go out of the aquatic bowl?

But it is really from the *whole* evolutionary Bowl that we have to go out, from the Precambrian—a *new* Evolution. A new *mode*.

\*

In the past, I thought I *understood* the cry of the wild beast in the Amazonian forests.

There was already a Pain, there.



There was already a great Absence, there.

There was already that quest.

That hole. That need.

That Wound.

That thirst which does not know itself.

\*

My thirst was quenched—as if for the very first time in the world—only when that Delight came. Then, it was ALL.

\*

And that Wound of the old life, the one with which I awoke this morning, is situated in the tiny fibres of the nervous life, where “life” seems to infiltrate into Matter or cling to matter.

It is really what an animal which is skinned feels (as the Rishis had well seen!). It is the protecting skin, the protecting crust which is removed.

\*

I am here, with my scalpel of light, rummaging into that wounded flesh—I WANT the remedy.

Not even the remedy: the CHANGE.

\*

*(In the forest)* One would almost cry, so little one knows.

Nothing of the self-confidence of Man is left and the knowledge of the Animal is not here either.

It is an awful nothing that strives towards something.

If I were asked what is left from those sixty-one years of life, I would say: I really don't know—except that this is where I am. An unknown—wounded—body.

What is left of the mental function is only used for torturing oneself.

It is the old life which never ends dying.

\*

*Evening*

In those cases, or you die, or you become mad, or you pass into another life.



**October 22, 1984**

If you tell a mother: “You see, your child is dead, it is finished.”

If you tell a lover: “You see, the one you loved is no more, you won’t see her again.”

If you tell a brother: “You see, the one who shared your life and your pains committed suicide, it is cut off.”

It makes something heartrending in the being, an unbearable point—it is the PLACE of that point, it is that unbearable something which is the central difficulty of the transformation. It is what I call the root of Pain.

I struggle with that —*in vivo*.

\*

What could have a *grip* on that point? It is beyond any reason, as when you crush your finger in a door. But it is more intense yet and it is *everywhere*.

\*

It is like the point where the old Fish is most desperately clinging to its old species.

What holds it back are not the “joys” and “pleasures” of its old Fish life, it is what hurts it most!...

It is curious, all the same.

As if that mortal point were the essence of its very life. That by which it is clinging the most.

\*

And it is curious, what remains from past lives is most often that point of pain—not the “joys” and the “marvels”.

In any case, for X years, all I have seen from my past lives is *always* that very point. I don't know for others.

It is the most “alive” point—and the most alive is the most lethal!

\*

*Evening*

Mother did use to say: “To let oneself flatten until one disappears.”

Nobody imagines *how far* that disappearance goes.

I want to stop here. Because there is only some shredded “I” left. So there is nothing to say. One has only to see what will survive.

This October 22, '84.



**October 23, 1984 (*Kâli puja*)**

One could say that it is a complete inversion of the physical values—inversion of what the body experiences as life and of what it experiences as death.

What it experiences as Life would be absolutely lethal and frightening for anybody (to my knowledge) (there may be unknown people).

As for death...? It seems not to exist. It is a kind of aberration.

It is a Mass in which there can be no “holes”. There is no space for anything else except that very Mass, which is Life itself—if there were any “death”, it would instantaneously be swallowed by that Mass.

This is the Fact.

\*

If there is a death, it is situated outside “that”—but inside, it is not possible. No more than night can be in day.

And what men call “day”, is total night.

What they call “life” is the hollow without substance.

\*

I wonder whether what is happening here, in a terrestrial body, is not like a “white hole” which will swallow everything else—all death—by its own Mass.

\*

Formidable things are happening quietly.

\*

And it is always the same phenomenon: the root of pain disappears in there—it is “swallowed”.

It is sapphire blue.

I should rather say “a blue sapphire hole”.

\*

Always the surprisingly mechanical side.

Besides, it would not be possible otherwise.

\*

I am *forced* to write down those notes, even though I don’t feel like it and I am wary of return shocks.



**October 24, 1984**

I am between two worlds.

I was born from the tearing of one and the other.

*“The Titan kings assail,”* Sri Aurobindo said.

\*

I close my eyes one instant and it rises, wave after wave, that torrent of burning blue sapphire.

\*

All-all the past comes back—pasts and pasts, as if they had always been present.

It is very burning.

It repeats “O Lord, O Lord” as in an agony.

I used to stroll about in the same way one century ago.

It was somewhere else and it is always at the same place.

\*

And they think that it will get better with a grain of hell, three grains of purgatory and a tablespoon of heaven.

But it is always the same salad.

\*

I really understand why one day, Mother said to me: “The Lord likes Satprem.”



### **October 25, 1984**

O gentle Dragon of human Misery, *who* dared to touch your claws and your fire without dying of it?...

That one will have the living Secret.

\*

If there were not those blue Mechanics, it would not be traversable.

Which means that a Power has been *set in motion*, which allows to traverse that—which, at the same time, raises, creates the obstacle and, let's suppose it, can wear it out, dissolve it or upturn it.

And so I observe—I observed it so many times—that when that Pain comes back, so heartrending, the *body*—the body itself—yearns to go into that blue torrent as if it were its rest, its calming down, its healing. Everything else grinds its teeth, but the body KNOWS.

All “life”, what we call (human) “life”, is a kind of torture that added up or meshed itself into the corporeal substance but which is *not part* of that substance—this is what the body feels. For the cells, for the body, “life” is something else, which is that blue torrent, dreadful for all the rest.

That is to say that there is a true and a false Matter—this is what Mother said.



### **October 26, 1984**

May everything melt as in the pearly light of the Bay.

\*

Everything slips through my fingers like a handful of sand.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Those dense, burning Masses which rise, wave after wave, from the tip of the toes all the way up, then traverse the brain like an impossible, yet possible tide, for more than one hour and a half—it is a sort of Miracle, a lived physiological impossibility.

The body: offered-open, surrendered.

The sensation of being used as a physical passage for Mother—as if She were emerging from the bottom of Matter, there, under my feet, and rose and rose, as if assaulting the earth.

But to LIVE that without bursting, without being pulverised, disintegrated, that is what is unbelievable—miraculous.

It is quite terrible and quite Marvellous.

\*

### *Evening*

It would not be possible if the body had not given its *life*, really its life—not an ideal “life” and “in general”, but its breath, its physical heart, its seconds of blood—to Mother.

The whole body, with its millions of cells and pulsations, says: I wouldn’t mind dying if it can be used by you as a bridge to come out of that tomb.

Like this, one can bear the awful impossibility.

It is beyond death.

\*

And I tell myself: at least may that (the body) be used for something—“to undo oneself forward” for Mother is worth it.

Otherwise, what? one more tomb.

\*

It is not, not even the idea of “continuing Mother’s work” anymore—it is: may *She* continue.

I remember, once She said to me: “This body’s destiny is to do things without seeing them”—well, let Her see them. And do them.

May that Destiny be overturned.



**October 28, 1984**

***Vision***

Just before waking up this morning, I saw a pianist's hand that was about to strike a note on a keyboard and it was Rachmaninoff's concerto—and why did that *hand* give me such an emotion!? There were so many-many things in that hand that was coming out of a black morning coat and was about to strike the keyboard. It was not even the notes of that marvellous concerto which touched me, but that hand which told me... I don't know.

And yet, I have banned music from my life for more than twenty years (I used to drown myself in music). There is no more human music in my consciousness—but that *hand*, oh! it was so *intense*. Why?

And it was Rachmaninoff, nobody else.

It was the left hand.

\*

There is a secret—it is to *always see* the divine Grace and Sweetness behind the horror and the misery of the world.

It is the thread that saves.

Otherwise it is Death which wants to engulf us in our horror of Horror.

\*

All things considered, the notes of Rachmaninoff's concerto came *later* (maybe as a memory). What was important and *meaningful* or significant, “charged”, was that pianist's *hand* which was about to strike the keyboard.

\*

I received my *Sannyasin*, free at last (after ten years of prison).



I will *never* again write a book like that one.

The end of Thebes' Serpent is the new species. Otherwise, it is indefinitely the Serpent of misfortune.

\*

### *Afternoon*

Those formidable waves keep on defying any human physiology.

Sometimes the body is stiff as if it were filled with something solid.

The impression of a body that is not mine anymore and whose laws elude me.

\*

It completely lets itself be manipulated.

Life, death, don't have a meaning anymore in there. Neither do possible, impossible.

There are no thoughts or feelings.

It is a kind of phenomenon.

(That mechanical side is very reassuring, if I can say so: you don't get spiritual "ideas"!)

\*

### *Evening*

Now I know what that hand was which was going to strike the keyboard and which note it was going to strike.

There are terrible notes.

We will never end wearing out or extracting those notes.

It is the whole keyboard which should be scuppered.

\*

I remember, a few years ago, Sujata made me listen to a Beethoven's symphony and all of a sudden, there has been *one* note—and François was here. It was François' note.<sup>1</sup>

\*

And it so deeply vibrates-vibrates, like a nerve that hurts.

These are very old pains.

I don't want to listen to music anymore because it is too alive for me—I don't want that life anymore.

The same note can go deep down up to Thebes and in forgotten nights—I don't want those notes anymore.

I prefer the Blue Torrent.

(Dostoyevsky must have had a large keyboard.)

\*

I don't know why those people speak of “redeeming men's sins”—the amino acids' sins should be redeemed.

It is precisely that.

But it is more difficult.



### **October 29, 1984**

That “note” of misfortune... It is curious how I am warned in advance.

The concerto is all written somewhere.

At times, I rebel, at times I am stoical, at times I am quite simply in pain. And since I am Breton, I go on and on.

\*

It is strange, my life's first “vocation”, when I was a kid: I wanted to be a concert pianist!...

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<sup>1</sup> It was the “heroic symphony”.

Then I wanted to compose my life like a concerto. But we are “composed” and the notes are old.

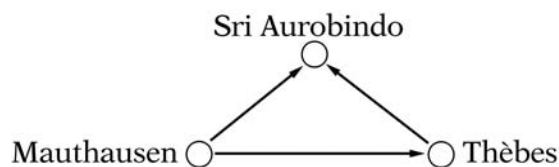
Strange as well that the first journey of my life led me straight to Upper Egypt. It was in 1946. Just after the camps. From *there to there*.

When we have got through, all that will appear as she-monkeys’ and seahorses’ stories.

If there were not that Blue Torrent, it would be hopeless, nothing would be left but writing novels, as did Dostoyevsky, or Greek tragedies.

\*

All the same, it is very curious: the triangle of Destiny immediately took shape.



One is desperately torn between the three. Destiny, that is, beings; death, that is, no beings anymore; and beyond beings and non-being.

I would gladly leave without leaving any marks.

\*

One must stay... without leaving any marks.

\*

In any case, I will not give in to death or to destiny. If they want to eat me up, it is their business, but I will not go and walk into their ugly den.

We have had enough of Thebes’ Serpent.

Of Mauthausen, too—it is terrestrial.

I am neither David nor Goliath—I am Breton.



**October 30, 1984**

*(Sujata's note)*

This October 30, 1984

Dhoum my Beloved  
who has always worked  
for THE NEW  
may this day of renewal  
let into the change sought  
by Sri Aurobindo  
by Mother  
by Satprem  
May THE NEW take possession  
Of this Earth.  
My gratitude  
My love  
to my beloved,  
Sujata

\*

An assault of furious and nasty forces.  
You are fastened to the post and mangled on the right and on the left.  
I must truly stop this notebook.

\*

There is no point in protesting, these are the rules of the “game”.  
It is evolutionary mechanics.  
Until nothing is left from Man.

As long as there is a cry, there will still be something of Man. As long as there is pain, there will still be something of Man.

*Nothing* anymore.

Their claws must go through nothing.

\*

### ***Vision***

Last night, I was shown what was to be done—I understand it only now: a panther dived underwater to attack me (that is, in the subconscious of the body). And it came up to the surface with a piece of *white* flesh. It was not bleeding. Nothing should bleed.

It was all white and as big as my two fists.

\*

I am shown beforehand, then the operation occurs and I understand later.

I was given a panther for my sixty-first birthday.

(It must be part of the amino-acids' liberation.)

\*

### ***Evening***

If we can *see* that the claws are the Lord, they melt.

(It is not “seeing” with the eyes, it is feeling with the body.)



### **October 31, 1984**

Indira assassinated.

The stranger whom I saw in the night of September 11-12 has carried out his plan.

Everything will come out at present...

We arrive at the turning point of the *world*.

Yesterday evening, my Douce made a little drawing: “The boatman arrives at the Red Door, the Boatman is going to push the door. It is enough to push and the two sides will open.”

I had thought that Sri Aurobindo would give me a sign yesterday.

\*

Now the lid is off.

\*

*Evening*

It is the Hour of God...



*November*

## **November 1, 1984**

On a separate pad, I keep the shorthand notation of the “dreams” or “visions” that seem to me “inconsequential” or that I don’t understand. But during the night of September 29 to September 30,<sup>1</sup> I saw something that I noted down in shorthand:

1. I.G. broken glass

Embassy. Foreign car.

Change begins in India.

2. I was digging a channel through my bedroom.<sup>2</sup>

As far as I remember (but I remember exactly), in Vision No.1, I was invited to a meal by Indira Gandhi. I was on her right. There was in front of me a very big glass (much bigger than a normal drinking glass) with small drawings of flowers which were very pale green. I wanted to take that glass and, without my willing it, it slipped out of my fingers and was smashed to pieces (literally into a thousand pieces) on the floor. Indira was furious. That glass was *empty*.

When I told that dream to Sujata, she told me: “It is Indira’s pretty appearance that is breaking. It was a formation [that glass], but it was *empty*.”

At that meal, so it seems (unless it was a scene just afterwards), there was a sort of ambassador or a foreign consul (he seemed to be French) who looked down on me and made me feel that I was rather stupid. So Indira turned to that “ambassador” and told him this textually: “Satprem means that the change of the world begins in India.”

Rather strange, however, that Indira uttered herself the words that

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<sup>1</sup> See that entry.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to be the following of my vision of September 20, 84.



were going to indicate her own disappearance...

\*

There is a great sorrow in the atmosphere of India. And it is so strong (I must have become very sensitive to the atmosphere) that I paused several times, with a lump in my throat and my heart aching, as if I felt like crying...

It is not my sorrow, it is the sorrow of India.

\*

She was very likeable, that woman, and very guilty: *But thrice woe to them who are strong and ready, yet waste the force or misuse the moment; for them is irreparable loss or a great destruction.*<sup>1</sup>

They are going to make a martyr of her, like of Gandhi, when they are the martyrs of their own Falsehood.

... *Yet waste the force.*

\*

*Afternoon*

It is so formidable...

It is a divine mystery.

I don't know what is going to happen.

That Power, for which the body is like a bubble in the ocean... And yet it passes, impregnates—it is unimaginable and anti-physical (if we can say so) or anti-physiological. Then everything becomes like an expanse of dense sapphire blue Matter-Energy, in which... one doesn't know what is or what is happening—"that" is. And yet there is something, that melted point which perceives, which is there... As if the bubble were part of the whole, were inseparable from the whole, could bear "that" only in a split expanse, and yet the bubble remains a

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<sup>1</sup> Sri Aurobindo, *The Hour of God*.

bubble. I don't know how to say it. Like a body completely spread in an expanse and which, yet, remains a body.

Better to be silent.

And that sapphire blue "expanse" is of a formidable vibrating *density!* It is ONE expanse. It is uninterrupted, unlimited. It is ONE Matter-Energy.

The mystery is that the body does not burst in that...

I don't know what is going to happen.

\*

It is not that "my" body perceives the expanse—there is no "my" in that: the body is like the whole expanse without being a special point, and yet it does not lose the point—I am still here! It is all continuous, without interstice.

It is crazy!

It is Divine.

\*

### *Evening*

It is as if the body were losing its material frontiers and perceived the "whole" Matter, yet without ceasing to be a body (I place "whole" between quotation marks, because what do we know! In any case, we don't know where it stops). It is not "at the centre" of Matter (!), it doesn't "encompasses" Matter (!)—it is as if everywhere without distinction. To speak truly: *that is everywhere.*

\*

I suddenly think of Mother: "The body is everywhere." It seems to be a little that. It is really THE body (there are not a thousand bodies nor even four billion plus, and perhaps not even specially "one" earth—we don't know where that stops).

The "individuals" don't exist, whether they are dogs, cats, men or neutrons. It is a single vibrating Mass—dense, hyper dense, sapphire

blue.

But I am perhaps like a baby who opens his eyes to the world, to the new world, and who doesn't yet know where he is.

\*

That is to say, we are everywhere, we soak everywhere in the "Mighty Waters"!

\*

The other day, I read in the Rig-Veda: "Thou... didst UNCOVER the supreme substance MASSED in its multiplicity"! (VIII.100)

I well understand why they say *substance*.



**November 2, 1984**

### ***Vision***

This night, I thought I saw a big black shadow descend to the earth. (It was like a black smoke.)

One bit of terrestrial matter must be *totally* given to the Supreme in order to be used for what He wants, *whatever it is*.

\*

This morning, such was the feeling: death is hanging over the Earth. One must give oneself totally, one bit of terrestrial matter must be in communion with the Supreme...

\*

*Afternoon*

A quite simple and fantastic experience, in the body's cells:

It is not the old which moves on to You.

It is You

who become You.

\*

We don't go through a sort of death: from inside, it becomes *what it is*.

All the physical personal limits vanish.

Then the formidable Power is possible, *simply*.

\*

The bubble doesn't need to burst, it has always been the ocean.

The illusion is the separating wall.

Death is the separating wall.

Pain is the separating wall.

\*

That, blooms from inside, from inside the cells, one doesn't know how—like a flower that opens out: “But yes! that's it!

“BUT YES! THAT'S IT!”

\*

It grows from inside.

Simply what it is.

\*

Then the Formidable is simple.

\*

One doesn't move on to “something else”—one moves on to what it is.

Like an internal reversal of the cells.

“But yes, that's it!”

IT IS YOU.

Then you become YOU.

You are You!

\*

Then that massive Density—“frightening”, we could say—suddenly becomes “natural. That is to say you really feel, the body really feels

that it is... how to say it?... a rather dangerous and breathtaking grace, because there remains a lingering habit of the old functioning, but it is an old background which does not obstruct the Movement. It is rather a memory which still remains.

\*

*Evening*

The blue Torrent was filing and filing that separating wall.

\*

It was a protective illusion (a “lid”).

\*

It is *lived*.

Like the rose.

\*

One cannot enter the torrent of lava unless one is similar to the lava.

If it is not similar, it burns, it explodes, it dies.

One cannot cheat!

(They all cheat with their nirvana!)

\*

I wonder what is going to happen in the rest of the terrestrial bubble?

\*

It is that, “to die alive”!

It is to pass through the bubble without bursting.

What dies is the illusion.

If you are in the illusion, you die with the illusion.

It is radical.

\*

In short, for a little over twenty-nine months (soon thirty months!), the body has been learning death to learn that death doesn't exist!

(At least, it exists if we *want*.)

\*

We must take care to keep our two feet on the ground.  
And let speculation come true in *facts*.

\*

For me, a great sign of realization will be when all the *material*, everyday thoughts which “cross your mind”, as they say, are *exact*. That only the Exact can pass through—this would be a great Realization. “The Right”, as the Rishis would say. That which comes right.

\*

One must be completely mad to believe that the “Nehru tradition” will continue indefinitely. After Indira, Rajeev and we go on and on. It is NOT POSSIBLE. Or the gods are crazy.



**November 3, 1984**

***Sujata's vision***

This night, my Douce was in a very old and very big house which was collapsing everywhere. Before that, we were about to go off on a journey outside, but it seems that I had sent her to carry a message into that old house, while I had already gone out. Just in time, my Douce could hurry up through a hallway before everything crashed down.

The house of India?

Will we have to leave?

\*

*Afternoon*

All the same, each time there is the sensation that a great danger has been overcome, when you go through the physical walls of the bubble.

When come those formidable, dense though burning waves, quite out of proportion to a small body, a total, deep surrender is needed.

Each time, it is like going through death.

And the operation must be started over and over again, as it seems.

Day after day, hour after hour.

When will the new life be?

\*

At this hour, they are putting Indira on the pyre.

If she had understood and accepted what Mother wanted, India could have been so beautiful and have opened the way to the world.

She had all the powers and she did nothing.

\*

*Evening*

My Douce pointed out to me that the pace quickens: it took ten years to sweep Navajata away, and eight months have passed between Nolini's death and Indira's death.

\*

*Later*

You are struggling with sensations that you don't understand at all.

But what could say a species in mutation which lands into a new physiology and on the beach of no atlas?

\*

I don't know why there is such a Pain in my heart, tonight... Like the essence of all the old disasters.

Oh! a new life is needed, absolutely needed!...

What is this untiring cruelty?

\*

We would like to light our own pyre once and for all, but we must put ourselves on the pyre again and again.



## **Night from November 4 to November 5, 1984**

### ***Vision***

*(Extracts from my bits of vision)*

“C.P.N., the false pearls”.

In a place like the Palace of the Governor C.P.N. Singh,<sup>1</sup> I saw Indira Gandhi, who, with a vigorous, almost violent gesture, snatched and broke the pearl necklace that she wore around her neck, and she gave those pearls, or a few of those pearls to C.P.N., who religiously put into his mouth or “swallowed” one of them, like a sacred *Prasad*.<sup>2</sup> Then C.P.N. gave me one of those pearls, which I shoved in my pocket (not so religiously! but not to offend C.P.N.). Then, some time after, I wanted to get that pearl back and I looked and looked and searched in all my pockets... not a shred of pearl, nothing, as if it had dissolved—nothing remained of that pearl. They were false pearls.



## **November 5, 1984**

It is very terrible to go through.

One should repeat the same thing over and over.

It is to render physically possible what is physically impossible.

You never know what will happen in the middle of the operation.

You must go on. That's all.

\*

*Evening*

---

<sup>1</sup> In Lucknow. Sir C.P.N.Singh: friend and confidant of Indira Gandhi, to whom she had promised that he would be appointed next President of India.

<sup>2</sup> Food that one receives from the Divinity.



It is not even “to render possible”, because you don’t “do” anything!—you do nothing more than in a cataclysm—you go through, or not.

\*

The best we “do”, is not to die of it.

\*

But it is an interminable cataclysm.

\*

And we know *nothing* about what happens in reality.

\*

Probably, one must “measure out” the cataclysm, or the impossibility.



### **November 6, 1984**

There is a Bubble of Illusion that wants to keep us in, not by its joys and marvels, but by its sorrow, its cruelty, its horror—it is like two tenderly entwined snakes which make the charms of “life” sparkle and throw their venom at you, fill you with their venom as soon as they are unmasked. And it is their venom that forms the Bubble of Illusion—it is death that they want to throw at you. All the Horror, the Cruelty, the sorrow, the Pain of life are their most powerful weapon, their most lethal Venom of Illusion.

It is very easy to have pretty virtues and admirable wisdom, because the Devil sniggers under that. It is very difficult to take his pains, his sorrows and his martyrs, because he no longer laughs at all.

If you tell him: “Your cruelty is an illusion, your pain is an illusion, your death is an illusion”, he becomes very nasty—venomous. And he hurts you as much as he can to prove to you that he is right.

“Look at my cancers, look at my assassinations, look at raped children, look at the Gestapo—is it not horrifying? is it not distressing?”

There is a cross of Illusion.

It is very difficult to uncling yourself from that cross.

Everything bleeds to prove to you that that cross is not a joke.

\*

For so many millennia the religions and spiritualities of the whole world have tried—in vain—to cure us of the illusions of life. Their effort was vain because they have not pulled the Devil by his true tail and destroyed the illusion of death.

They sanctified death instead of uprooting it.

As for Science, it invented plastic veins for death to last longer.

\*

My conclusions are based on facts that have been painfully and dangerously gained in my own living laboratory.

\*

### *Evening*

I have the impression that *all* is an illusion—as big as that of the “scientific” and theological and Hindu earthworm which would want to bring its laws to the human level.

\*

In the past, I was crazy enough to be curious about my previous lives. Now I know that the “previous lives” were mainly previous deaths.

I no longer want to be the previous dead of somebody else. It is too painful.

You get out of it alive, or you never get out of it.

If you wait for the next grandfather, you catch again all his lethal diseases. That is, you must start *all* over again.

There is *one* time when you must be able to get out of it.

Death must be destroyed in this very body.

As for “liberated” and nirvanic souls and archangels, they will wait for the next grandfather—to realize that they are neither archangels nor

liberated at all.

\*

We are cured of an illusion only to catch another one. We must go down to the root of the Illusion.

That root is Death—the pain that calls for death.

\*

It is not a bubble of psychological illusions that must be gone through, but a bubble of *physical* and physiological Illusion.

America chooses Hollywood (Reagan).

India chooses Nehru's grandson.<sup>1</sup>

There is not a cry in the terrestrial consciousness.

Why would the Divine bother?

\*

All that I can do is to continue my cry.

\*

Certainly, I would give my life if it could pull Mother out of that tomb, but it is more difficult than “to give one's life.



### **November 8, 1984**

This morning, I was in that wound that calls for death. A never ending agony. I don't want to say anything.

But for the second time, there was that experience: just for a *fraction* of a second, something that seems to turn in the frontal area, as one turns a key or presses a button or a spring—and I no longer knew if it was the morning, the evening or what. It would not have taken much for me to forget who I was (oh! what a formidable riddance!).

---

<sup>1</sup> Rajiv Gandhi.

Many people have this experience after hours of a rather groggy sleep: they no longer know where they are. But there, it is just a *fraction* of a conscious *second*, and I have the exact *perception* of that fraction of a second when “something turns”, veers—a click. And then pff! The sense of time, and perhaps the sense of I, disappears.

But it would be a radical means—if we mastered it—of getting out of the “problem”.

When people die, or when they have an accident, there is a little reversal of consciousness and that whole life of forty or sixty years with its “serious” terrestrial problems appears like a dream, the reality of which we are not sure. It is a reversal: instead of the dream appearing like a dream when we wake up, it is the terrestrial life and the I that we had upon earth that appear like a dream.

It leaves me pensive.

Just a click, a fraction of a second.

Especially that: *it would not have taken much for me to forget who I was...*

Then you get out of the fraction of a second, you pick up the threads of yourself, and you recover the agony.

You find the clock again and you find death again.

\*

If we could master *that* fraction of a second.

\*

Amnesiacs have nothing to replace their old Punchinello, so they are a little lost—but those who are conscious of another I...?

\*

Mother was always asking: “What time is it...? What time is it...?”

\*

*Evening*

If I listened to myself, I would cry my eyes out.

\*

O Lord, may that world not last too long anymore.



### **November 9, 1984**

When it goes through the brain, it is like molten lava. But you feel a divine Solicitude and Care: that dense and burning Mass traverses slowly, slowly, almost millimetre by millimetre. The body is not scared: it *knows*. But something wonders in the being (perhaps my parrot?): how is it possible?? It looks at that with a kind of sacred stupefaction. It is quite impossible and yet it is possible.

But you do feel a dangerous passage. Matter is not accustomed to such things! And at the same time, you are aware of an infinite Grace, a Miracle of the Divine.

It is like something that has never been lived by terrestrial human matter (we know that there is Sri Aurobindo, Mother, the Rishis, but we may think that They must have been rather “special!”)

How is it that the cerebral matter is not disintegrated? it is a mystery, really.

(If the M.D. were there, one would die of it at once! But that one doesn't exist anymore, thank God!)

All the same, it is a mystery. Or an unknown Grace.

\*

### *Evening*

That it can go through is a Fact all the same.

It is perhaps as decisive a Fact as the first operational terrestrial lungs.

But it is another air.

A solid air!

\*

I don't know what that air "makes."  
But it is perhaps another way of life that begins.

\*

The fact that it is *possible*, this is the capital fact.



### **November 11, 1984**

All the forces savagely pounce on the only vulnerable point.  
That is when you become aware of death.

A great endurance is needed, day after day and almost hour by hour.  
It is unending. And you feel that what must change is the *whole* system of life—it is not a question of "healing" the vulnerable point—it is the *whole* system of life that must change. It is clear. Whatever the "vulnerable point" is, it is the old life itself. That is to say, death.

If there were not that point, there would be another one, and still another one, until *all* is changed, down to the last atom.

That cannot be done point after point or point by point, a total and radical reversal is needed—to get out of the old system of life.

That is the battle.

You must put yourself on the pyre again and again...

\*

People become aware of death only when they have cancer or a car accident—they don't see that tiny point which is the future cancer and the future accident.

And if you told them what this "tiny point" is, they would say: "But you are crazy!"

(It is not a "point", by the way: it is a note or a vibration—a very tiny

note, but which can have lives behind.)

This night, from November 10 to 11, I asked someone to show me the map of Honduras<sup>1</sup>... (yet it is in Nicaragua that there are threats.)

\*

*Evening*

My Douce draws two crossed swords.

\*

The other night, there was talk of going to Siliguri! I don't know why. My Douce says that it is very close to Darjeeling... We travel a lot during the night!



**November 12, 1984**

All those lives that end with retirement, cancer and a few memories—  
and then... what?

And then you start again to find retirement, cancer, and a few other  
memories...

And that child comes back to the little beach, he listens and listens to  
the surf and looks into the distance, and something inside says What?

What?

So how is it possible that we still can cling to the Illusion through old  
notes of pain? pain of what?

It is strange, this attachment to death, in the body's subconscious.

I am visited again by all sorts of old dead who want to die again in  
me.

---

<sup>1</sup> The place of the Maya civilization, where Christopher Columbus landed during his fourth journey, on August 14, 1502.

\*

O Lord, we have had enough of disastrous stories.

\*

*Afternoon*

Something is happening.

\*

*Evening*

I have uprooted the last thread of Pain.

It triggered such a burning fire in the whole body, as if it rose from everywhere-everywhere, from the bottom of those millions of cells.

\*

Death no longer matters to me—nor life.

\*

It is like a last veil of the Illusion.

\*

Suddenly, I did not want all those old dead and their pain anymore.

So they hurt horribly—to deprive them of their pain, it is to deprive them of their life.

\*

I cannot say anything.

It burns.

Whenever I see the old pain rise in me, I will know that it is the old death that takes vengeance.

\*

Christians are mad with their cross.

(They are not metaphysically mad, they are *physically* mad.)

\*

I have well explored the problem since 1943.

\*



The most difficult are not the bad reasons of the grief, but its *good* reasons.

\*

If they knew which old dead I met last night, nobody would believe me. If I knew where his tomb was, I would go and say thank you to him.

\*

And yet, if the species prematurely deprived itself of grief and pain, it would deprive itself of a powerful instrument of evolution.

That is to say one must go to the root of Pain to find the secret of the Other Thing.

It seems that the whole Evolution is meant to find the necessary power in order to go to the root of that very Evolution.

In brief, you can cross an evolutionary threshold only when it has finished its utility and has given you the very power that is needed to cross the threshold.

The threshold of Death holds the secret and contains the power of life-without-death.



**November 13, 1984**

*Evening*

My Douce makes a little drawing: "The red door is wide open."

\*

Curiously enough, it is as if life had lost its bottom.

Usually, it rests on something, as the sea rests on its bottom, and it is as if that bottom had disappeared. A strange sensation...

\*

It is perhaps its mortal bottom?

I have the impression of losing my bearings, being at a loss.

I feel a sort of deep change about which I don't understand anything.

If I concentrate, the whole body becomes like a block of fire.

That is, the fire comes in from everywhere or springs from everywhere, as through a kind of crystal (but not a "crystal" with sharp edges—a transparency... of something).

\*

If something changes in death, something changes in life, it is automatic—it is no longer the same composition.

It is a sort of change of composition about which I understand nothing, except that something is no longer "the same.

It is this sensation that there is "no bottom anymore", or that the bottom, if there is a bottom, is no longer the same.

I should be silent and let things unfold.



### **November 14, 1984**

And if Mother got out of her tomb, it would be a joy—my end, of that whole journey of pain through millennia.

There is You absolutely.

\*

What becomes clear (in the body, in the body's sensations): it is You who become You.

It is like the central Secret—without any meaning for whatever else than the body.

*Nothing* changes. It is not the body that changes: it is that which the body was that becomes what it is.

The change: it is the covering that goes away.

\*

Those madmen who said: “*Tat twam asi*—You are That.”

It is not possible!

“You” *cannot* be “That”!

That is That.

It is the “You” which goes away—it is the covering. But a cellular “you”. It is the very “I-am” of the body which goes away.

\*

“To let yourself be flattened until you disappear” has a quite material meaning.

We can say it still in other words: only You can bear You!

(If you put your fingers in a 10.000-volt plug, you understand what it means!)

Death is what covers “that”.

And naturally, when you begin to draw the cover a little, death feels that it is going to die! Electrocuted!

\*

*Evening*

The terrestrial atmosphere is so heavy, so thick... Not only nothing superhuman, but nothing human can blossom in that. It is evolution in reverse.

You have the impression of dragging a burden.

The Earth has become a burden...

\*

O Lord, do you remember that ball from which you removed the rust?—Do you remember?



**November 15, 1984**

How many times I thought I had pulled out that last thread of Pain, and how many times I found it intact again—untouched.

You tell yourself that it will last as long as the old life lasts.

It is the very essence of the old life.

So you go down again into that hole of pain with your eyes wide open, without tears, without a cry, almost without a prayer—you sink into that, into that living burn, and you go down and down endlessly.

Nothing to say.

It is evolutionary mechanics.

\*

I am not discouraged.

Perhaps it is a struggle to track back the origin of the Cancer?

The point where Pain hooks its old tentacles. This is hell.

\*

And it is completely mingled with past lives—so old that we don't know where they go back to. Perhaps to the origin of death—when we died a first time.

What did *make* the first death?

\*

The important thing is not to find the “cause”, but to find the *point of intensity* which made death and to *reverse* it into its equivalent intensity in the opposite direction.

The *same* power is necessary.

That is why we can speak of “evolutionary mechanics”—it is more comforting, or less horrifying than their old damnable sins.

I note that whenever I touch that old root, the whole body becomes like a block of fire.

The power of the obstacle supplies the power needed to overcome the

obstacle—at least, let's hope so.

It is like the meteorite that becomes red when passing through the terrestrial atmosphere—but there, it is a passage in the opposite direction. The friction is the same. It burns.

We have entered *into* something that makes death, and we must get out of it... alive.

We cannot get out of it through virtues, anymore than through sins (perhaps better through sins—it rubs more).

\*

### *Afternoon*

Always the same phenomenon: those big waves of fire which rise one after another and make the body roll, solidify it, then it stretches, spreads out, and it becomes very immobile—a dense and solid, almost burning immobility, as in another atmosphere. Then another wave rises, even denser if possible, and so on.

The body knows that it is You. That's all. It knows that it is the divine atmosphere. And it lets itself go completely. Then the impossibility becomes almost “natural”, there is no question, the body hardly exists individually anymore: it is a dense, solid, immobile expanse—hot, almost burning (but it does not burn: you just have to disappear in that).

\*

### *Evening*

Finally, I do think that the whole story comes down to that: it is the passage from the mortal atmosphere to the divine atmosphere. And when you fall back into the mortal atmosphere, well, it becomes very mortal and painful!

Pain cannot be “healed”, it is the whole human system and the whole human atmosphere that are Pain and Death—we must cross to the

other side, into the other atmosphere... while staying on the earth.

So we come and go from one atmosphere to the other until we are totally and *physically* established in the divine atmosphere. We go out of the diving suit and we come back into the diving suit.

But the Passage exists and it is humanly possible—that is all I can say.

\*

### ***Vision***

There is an amusing detail (for a change!), which confirms the “humanly possible”: last night, I was in Sri Aurobindo’s dwelling (?) (as it seems). I met Sri Aurobindo, then Mother—I no longer know what happened, it has been erased. But while going out, I passed into an antechamber in which there were “disciples” (as it seems) crouching on the ground and “in meditation”. I crossed the passage among those people in meditation (there was a sort of carpet or mat between the two ranks of disciples: there were not so many of them—probably “dead” people), and all of a sudden, I saw a stir among those people, who looked at me with a kind of disapproval or scandal. Then I looked at what they were looking at and I saw that I was walking in there with clogs—wooden clogs! Like the clogs we had in Brittany when I was a kid!

I walked in the “supramental” world with clogs! With my two big clogs!—Breton clogs!

They were shocked.

(I was not, as it seems.)

So I remembered, it was so funny!



**November 15-16, 1984**

*(Noted down in my “bits of visions”)*

The Rock. The foamy sea. I tell Sujata: “We should not stay here.”



**November 17, 1984**

I told Sri Aurobindo: I give you my life for Her to get out of that tomb.

If you agree. If it is possible.

I don't know if it can happen like that, but I am ready.

It is not a “sacrifice”: it is a Grace.

\*

*Evening*

I have *already* given my life.

I have nothing left.

(India, Rajiv Gandhi): They hope to simply replaster the façade...

\*

The most difficult is to give your death. That is, the point from which you would rather die.

This is the true sacrifice of life (as far as I know).



**November 18, 1984**

It is exactly that: a landing beach.

\*

The key to the Passage is *in* that point from which you would rather die.

It is the last thread of the being or of that mode of life.

It is the last mooring of the diving suit.

It is *the whole* pain.

It is the very origin of Cancer—of death.

The wild power of that Point is the very power of Death *or* of the New Life—one reverses into the other.

You die or you pass through.

It is *in...* living Death that the key is to be found.

\*

For almost one year I have been digging into this single Point.

It is an agony that you must ceaselessly reverse into new life.

It was in the night of December 21 to 22, 1983 that I saw that diving suit standing on its empty legs and that dark blue I who was climbing on the roof of a crumbling house.

That diving suit is thousand lives + one. Above all, it is a thousand deaths—less ONE.

\*

*Afternoon.*

This afternoon, when I got out of those formidable waves of dense fire—impossible, unimaginable, you wonder how everything is not pulverized, well...—I thought I felt, or understood (as if someone were telling): the hour of the Manifestation is now close.

\*

In fact, this is what the “landing beach” is—a landing of fire.



**November 19, 1984**

***Vision***

The American Mafia



This night (from 18 to 19) I was in America, in a “house”. I don’t know very well what happened at the beginning: there was an atmosphere of “mafia” and it seemed that the “boss of the mafia” was attacked or that his house was searched, I don’t know, the beginning of the scenario was not very clear. But what became very clear is this image: that man with a cruel and diabolic face—really nasty, who seemed to be the boss of the mafia (an American)—instead of setting about those who were attacking or searching his house (as far as I could see, they were “policemen” with blue shirts, rather light-coloured, with small white dots in the blue) he suddenly turned around and I saw him (he was wearing an immaculate black suit and his arms were crossed—I only saw his chest and his face, as I stood higher than him and watched everything from above), I saw him draw a dagger which was as sparkling as steel and he threw his dagger... which went to stab a white, entirely white pigeon. I rushed forward, took that poor bird which was bleeding, I held it in my hands and cried: “Emergency... emergency...” But nobody cared about that poor dying bird, with its spread wings—and that blood, so red, which flew from that very white body.

It seemed that that cruel man had done that “to divert attention”.<sup>1</sup>

I don’t know what it means.

Nothing good.

\*

### ***Vision***

Later, around the morning, I also saw something else that I don’t understand very well, but which obviously had a meaning. I stood as if

---

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of that vision will appear six years later, with the petrol war (called “Gulf War”) and the sorry Bush. It must be the “mafia” of arms-petrol-finance. The *same* thing since Nixon. What leads America.

on the side of a mountain (or of a hill, I did not seize the dimensions very well) and I saw, coming down from the sides of that mountain, a channel of very fresh, very new grey concrete, and in the middle of that channel (not wide: perhaps 1,5 metres wide and 1 metre deep), a white line, like chalk. I did not see very well what that “line” was, but it was very white in the centre of the channel and it came down the side of the mountain towards... I don’t know what, the plains?

That channel had rims of grey concrete on each side. It was brand new and that white line (?) was as if all mapped out. It came down directly towards the bottom of the mountain (not a steep mountain: it had a slightly rounded side.)

I am sure that it had a meaning to tell me something, but I don’t know what.

Mother spoke of the “grey of Matter”—a white line, very straight, in Matter??<sup>1</sup>

\*

*Evening*

### ***Vision***

Sujata sees Mother “under a black parasol”.

For the second time she also sees “Martanda”, the “black sun”, from behind which very pale orange power or exhalations emanate.

“Martanda” is the sun that is hidden in the Unconscious of Matter, which the Rishis speak of.

It is perhaps my “landing of fire”?



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<sup>1</sup> It seems to be the following of that vision of the channel (September 20) that I dug through my bedroom.

**November 20, 1984**

There is something that hurts so much at the very bottom. It is like the pain of a thousand lives. You don't know if it is your pain or that of the world. I struggle and struggle, but it is there.

\*

*Afternoon*

For one hour and a half I have gone through a horror of Cruelty.

I have not got out of it yet.

There MUST be a key!

Unless the key is "simply" to go through and go through and go through...



**November 21 1984**

That sound of the sea, like the echo of my very soul, wave after wave, life after life, on forgotten beaches.

I would like to melt into a seagull's cry.

\*

*Noon*

Instead of a cry, disenchanted,  
which flies away into an eternity  
of foam,

WE MUST

turn the cry

downwards

and make the high Powers descend,

Beauty, Joy, Love  
so that the Earth becomes  
TRUE again.

\*

Yes, to be a landing beach.  
We must re-invade Matter.

Sometimes, the whole past rushes at you all of a sudden like a lethal rocket (I saw it this night).

To die without dying is very difficult.

Each time, you have to bear all the shock of death, and it is always to be started again.

Who will be worn out first?

\*

It is not even that you have to “withstand the shock”: you must *overturn* the rocket—to turn it upside down (this is what I did last night).

\*

The least seagull’s cry that you would like to keep for you, in a corner of your heart, becomes a mortal point—everything becomes mortal as soon as it is not You, Yours *ex-clu-si-ve-ly*.

\*

*Afternoon*

The landing of fire continues.

Suddenly, I became aware of something that is so formidable - something that I knew *ment ally* or abstractly and logically, but that I know now *physically*. If you can be completely *spread out*, almost “grain by grain”, we could say, like a beach in the sun—in the New Sun—it seeps into *all the rest* of Matter! If there is *not one personal trace* in that little beach, if it is perfectly spread out and as if disappeared, *everything* is affected. It is how you prepare the world coup d’état! This Fire—this

Beauty, this Joy, this Love—are *unbearable* for the mortal swarming of the world!

This is perhaps—probably—the meaning of that grey channel which went directly down into the “plains” with its white middle line.

Suddenly, it gave me a lot of courage, as if “I” were on the right track.

To know that you *can*, you can spread out, disappear, and that it is the *whole* world that receives “that”—but it will give Death a mortal blow! We are going to get out of that Horror—we *will* get out.

That is what “to be Yours ex-clu-si-vely” means.

A little CLEAR beach is enough, completely clear.

I “knew” all that, but suddenly, it is known-perceived by the body, but then self-evident.

\*

So the more the “disappearance” is complete, or the more the clarity is clear—the more that Fire seems to become... formidable.

What is going to happen in all that mortal swarming?!

\*

### *Evening*

I remember that one night (not so long ago), I was digging a channel through my bedroom. It is perhaps the same channel that “continues”!

It was on November 19. Strangely, that same night of November 19, our gardener (who knows nothing at all) saw an immense river flowing down to our place. Here is his description:

*November 19, 1984*

*I was having a walk on a slight slope without knowing that it must be exactly in front of your large picture window [of Satprem’s bedroom]. (...) Turning my head, I saw a section of river that is situated on the east side of the hill slope. “Volute”, it rings a bell now: different in shape from one another, and which repeated themselves at their previous rhythm. Moving waves*

*inside each one. Now I wonder: where is the origin of the movement of the volute?—apparently on the previous one. Where is the end?—this is what I was looking at on the last one that I saw. Apparently, there was no end, not even on the following one. Those volutes that I did not notice at the beginning (I was only seeing a moving flow of waves with the force of one hell of a cataract) were like a vein of purplish-blue (derived from burnt umber? the only colour that I can put, without remembering) made of a line of light bulbs touching each other while letting pass a continuous current, but with an alternating voltage, which gave the impression of a current of colour through a dotted... pulsatile line. (...)*

*It was like a river of lava which flew dead slow, powerful, silent (for my Gaulish ears), as if immobile, rightwards (south). I say dead slow because those volutes repeated themselves at the same place, exactly like the waves inside (ash grey?) which would come from, or would contain the purplish-blue, before turning amber? Perhaps also the last two colours were contained in each other with different shades. (All that reminds me of a condensed Niagara) (...)*

*Afterwards, I did not see any vegetation. I was walking on a sand-coloured, but solid ground. Something like the colour of ecru sheep wool carpets exposed to the light.*

\*

*Later*

Rather suddenly, out of the blue, I had the impression: “Mother is in control.”



**November 22, 1984**

This afternoon, I had the sensation: the Sun of Truth is landing on the Earth... Mother is landing on the Earth...

Oh!...

It was felt in the body...

\*

There is no doubt that times are close.

\*

*Evening*

I wonder if that “boss of the mafia” whom I saw was not the one that Mother called the “Lord of Nations”? The one who said that he would cause “as much damage as possible before leaving.

Such a cruel face...

Let’s see what Mother wants.



**November 23, 1984**

MOTHER TAKES POSSESSION OF THE EARTH

I almost hear her mocking laugh:

“Yes, it’s going to change!

You’ll see how...!

\*

*In the forest*

There was no “my” body anymore,

There was the Earth.

There was no “I” anymore,

There was Mother.

And... It is You—absolute.

\*

That is, that “Cataclysm” came, and it was bearable, possible, only in an absolute corporeal “IT IS YOU”.

And that “It is You” *made* that She took possession.

\*

So I understand Mother: “If there is the least difference, it is like the door of death that opens.”

We could say: it explodes, or “you are exploded”. (!)

\*

*Evening*

All that has nothing to do with an “individual”. The individual is just a “plug”.

\*

I was looking for the Greek origin of the word “cataclysm” and I came across this quotation of our great Materialist Renan: “If ever our planet were hit by a cataclysm, in that awful moment, men will be found who, in the middle of upheaval and chaos, will have a disinterested, scientific thought...”

I don’t know if “*thought*” is “disinterested and scientific”, but the *body* is becoming scientific!!

It is a new Science!



**November 24, 1984**

Now, I well know the origin of death, that point where death is attached to life, that link of the necrobiosis.

It seems that we always have to go back there.



I don't know why.

One cannot do that for oneself: one would rather die. But we can hope for the Earth.

One day when, one point where the true life will begin.

It is like the first drops of the Ganges. There must be a point where a first drop forms—and the whole Ganges follows.

\*

It is only in that torrent of fire that the agony disappears.

\*

### *Afternoon*

It is through the door of the body that Mother comes out into Matter.

A passage was needed in that crust of death in which they have shut her in.

The passage is in the body. it is a hole through Death.

Then She COMES OUT.

\*

I suddenly understand (that is, my body understands) Sujata's "Red Door"<sup>1</sup> and her "going out"...

\*

The "tide of fire" is the hole through Death.

\*

### *Evening*

So I understand why the agony disappears in that torrent of fire.

\*

I observe also that for the first time this afternoon, the body felt that that torrent of fire was Divine Love.

---

<sup>1</sup> See October 31 and November 13.

(Though it is so formidable that you find it difficult to put a shade of Love in that. But it is a fact.)

\*

We work in the dark, gropingly.

\*

When the agony is there, it is very agonizing—one could say that it takes its revenge.

You cannot say if it is the new life that burns or the old life that tears.



### **November 25, 1984**

It is very difficult to be lacerated and torn to pieces, and to continue to live.

One breaks the bird's wings, one tears its heart up, and one tells it: you must continue—with what?

This is agony.

You must continue with your own living death.

It is crueller than all that you can imagine.

How long?

\*

It is absolutely like that “boss of the mafia”.



### **November 26, 1984**

Cruelty tore me down to the bleeding bottom of life, and its very knife released me from Illusion and Death.

It is *there*, in that bottom, that I caught the mortal illness of life.

It is an awful operation.

But it is like a geyser of new life that is suddenly unstopped.  
It happened yesterday evening.

\*

Death is killed with its very own knife.

And it makes you bleed until you go to the root and to the last bit of its Illusion.

And then, all of a sudden, it is as if the Power of Destruction—we could say the destructive dynamism—turned into creative Dynamism and into a *call* for the true life.

This is to dig a hole into Death.

\*

We are shut in in a coffin which is “life”, and we are given all the knives and pains that are needed to make a hole into the coffin. Instead of that, we look for adhesive tape and spiritual and scientific sacraments.

I wanted to pin colour postcards in my coffin, but it did not work long.

\*

It is into the subconscious of the *body* that we must dig. But it means lives and disappeared species. That is the coffin. It is made of many deaths.

\*

I remember having had a vision several months ago. I saw a part of my body completely cut up (like a raw steak) and in that wound, there was a second wound, “like a hole”. And I tried to hide that hole with a piece of cloth of the same (bleeding) colour as the rest of the wound (I notice that these visions are minutely exact!). It is that hole.

I also tried to apply mercurochrome and even alcohol!

\*

You must not believe prematurely that you have got out of it...

*Evening*

If I had not met those horrors and pains, perhaps I would have made a padded coffin for myself—or I would have been lost at sea.

(I have a few doubts about the “padded coffin”, but I might have tempted some acceptable “thing”, while death is UNACCEPTABLE.)

\*

My brother had stuffed his coffin with Beethoven’s quartets.  
You can also put seagulls in it.

\*

What cries without being ever shut in?  
What becomes ceaselessly?

\*

Something in my whole body says: You. You. You...  
That cry of fire.  
These are my seagulls of fire.



**November 27, 1984**

Such a ferocious assault.

Nothing is ever settled.

And I well understand that “ferociousness” is because something *responds* inside.

It is the whole old earth that “responds”...

So we struggle along.

And we know nothing.

\*

It will be like that until the big fault happens in the whole Earth.



**November 29, 1984**

*Morning*

A formidable landing of fire.

Really, Mother takes possession of the Earth.

The personal body: disappeared. A sort of beach of which all the grains are spread out, and through all those billions of “grains”, an *infusion* or infiltration of solar Fire, as if the whole Matter, the whole Earth, were “sucking up”, absorbing that living Sun.

It was so formidable! If there had been the least coagulation of “I” (physical I), I would have been crushed, pulverized.

And the indubitable sensation: MOTHER TAKES POSSESSION.

It was all golden.

It was the *terrestrial* beach.

\*

And all the time, all the time, I heard that big wave, immense. Immense. Victorious. Like the divine song of the universe.

(I still hear it. I hear it almost continually—even in the forest.)

\*

That is the supreme Power—or rather the Power *of* the Supreme.

\*

After billions years of pain, the Earth arrives at the time of Grace.

\*

*Afternoon*

The crust of Falsehood and Death is going off and it is miraculously divine.

It is materially, physically divine.

\*

We could say that Matter lives its own supreme secret—discovers and

lives its own supreme secret.

\*

It is not that Matter “becomes” divine or that any “body” or any “I” becomes divine—it turns itself inside out like a glove, and *it is* divine.

It is miraculous.

It is the next miracle of the Earth.

\*

### *Evening*

Only, if that glove of the ordinary human consciousness were suddenly turned inside out, they would feel themselves burnt alive!

What is going to happen?

\*

They are protected by Death!

They are protected by Falsehood, they are protected by Horror—it is their nest!

\*

### **Vision**

Last night (from 28 to 29) I met Mother in the supramental world and she explained the “second life” to me and the functioning of the supramental consciousness (the second *Agenda*). I related everything to Sujata, but the recording is completely spoilt. I’ll try again... if it is possible.<sup>1</sup>

Twenty-five years ago, Mother told me: “India is wallowing in mud”!!

Let’s see if their elections<sup>2</sup> take place and the outcome of the “Nehru tradition” (!)

---

<sup>1</sup> See the recording, entry of December 12.

<sup>2</sup> Indian National Assembly elections, following Indira Gandhi’s assassination; her son Rajiv will come to power.

\*

I also have a little the impression that Sri Aurobindo *wanted* the election of that Reagan to better unmask the American System, which could still have had reasons and pretences with the Mondale [the democrat candidate].

Americans will be touched in what makes them most proud: their dollar and their superb technology.



### **November 30, 1984**

If existence exists, it is in order to discover and live its ABSOLUTE reality.

Or else it is a cheating.

\*

I think of that forty-metres-high cataract-river that X. saw without knowing anything of what is happening... And he uses the word Niagara! He speaks of “lava”!!

All the same, it is not the fancy of my imagination (!) nor for one single little body that that sort of “cataclysm” rushes down...

\*

*Afternoon*

THE RAY OF THE SUPREME  
HAS TRAVERSED THE EARTH.  
THINGS ARE GOING TO CHANGE.

*Evening*

The last barriers have fallen.

This body has known the splendour.

\*

I don't know if this is the realization that Sri Aurobindo wanted to give me, but what else?—except the change of the Earth.

This evening, the sky was like molten gold. Sujata called me to see it. Is it a mere coincidence?

This day is great and divine.

\*

Unexpected! This evening, my Douce made a little drawing and it is Egypt that came!—Tutankhamen?

The only thing that matters to me is to be the child of Mother and of the New.

\*

All the same, there is continuity: in Thebes already, I served this Sun, with Mother.

Many centuries are needed to dig down to the bottom and find the Sun there, where it is PURE—direct.

Many centuries and disasters.





*December*

## ***December***

### **December 1, 1984**

I remember, many years ago, I had asked Mother for “something radical”, and Mother had replied: “Become conscious of your cells and you will see that there are terrestrial impacts.” I had not understood and I imagined that we had to extend and extend the mental and spiritual consciousness down to the bottom of the body—but obviously, it is not like that! We become conscious of it in a negative way, if I may say so, by digging a hole through layers and layers of unhappiness (or of false happiness), and it becomes more and more burning—until we arrive at the Burning. Then, we understand what the cells are; we understand the reality of Matter.

It is very “radical” (!)

\*

I well understand, too, what Mother called “false matter”: it is all those piled up layers of misfortune—it is the “scientific” Matter (!)

Through their microscopes, they see only their own Misfortune—and they lay down the “laws” of Disaster.

Science and Religion are Death’s greatest allies—its best tools. Both pretend to heal, only to send you meet your maker in the end.

They legalize and sanctify Death—I don’t know which one is the worst? Scientific superstition may be the most tenacious.

\*

*Afternoon*

I have the impression that this whole body is in the midst of a divine Mystery.

Something of which you can say nothing and that you cannot even describe.

It is the absolute New.

It can be borne only in a complete transparency or a complete permeability.

That is, a kind of absolute “You, to You”. And: “it is You” —absolute. There can be no “other” in there—it would be pulverized.

\*

*Evening*

One feels the Great Hope which is growing.

\*

A Niagara of dense lava, it is exactly that.

And it comes from down below as if by “spasms”, or by “waves”—and periods of solid immobility.

\*

If they imagine that they will carry on with their little putrid “mocracy”, they are mistaken.



**December 2, 1984**

What I will never marvel at enough is that at any moment—any *second*—and whatever I do, even in my most ordinary physical everyday life, that contact is there: that life stronger than life. One second of quietness and it is there—infallible. That is a marvellous and so physical a Blessing! I can smoke my cigar or walk in the forest, or brush my teeth (as Mother would say) and it is imperturbably there, and so strong!

It is another type of oxygen.

And if I concentrate, it is a cataract.

But here, I must be lying down completely and be flat, or else the body would break...I have resisted for a long time to this lying down, only to realise that I was demolishing my body!

We are not yet accustomed to that *life*.

It is a solid Mass, without the brittle hardness of Matter that we know. It is really a compact Power like lava, but moving like a sea. It is absolutely that “block of ocean” or that “cube of ocean” which I had seen!

And the body is so thirsty for “that”, it is like an asphyxiated person who finds air—we could almost say that the lung function is replaced by that call, that innumerable thirst of the body: billions of cells that swell in a call of thirst. It is really a “phenomenon” of Nature.

But it is absolutely lethal for all that is linked to Death—as free oxygen is lethal for the fish.

Death is the old life.

\*

Everything that Sri Aurobindo and Mother said is true.

And verifiable. As the Galapagos Islands are verifiable for the sailor—he only needs to go there.

\*

I have the impression that the little seal of the New World is born.



**December 3, 1984**

What we call the “other side”, the “world of the dead” is separated from us by what we call our “mortal envelop” or our “corpse”. But the

experience proves that that corpse is here, all alive, if I may say so, it envelops us all alive and constantly surrounds us: it is that mortal cocoon, that thick subconscious layer, which covers true Matter—we get out of it, supposedly, only with death. But the more and more obvious and almost constant experience shows that we can get out fully alive from that cocoon, that we can take it off or pierce it without dying—we can land in the New air, in the true Matter, in the New life. The experience is done. What I wonder is... The experience, or the fact, must function in both ways (it even obviously functions in both ways): if you are all pierced, like a strainer, in order to *go out* of the mortal cocoon—of that old birth coffin—the other world, the other life, the other Matter must be able to *come into* this world here through that strainer's same holes.

Couldn't we be used as a "strainer" for Mother?

*That* is my innermost question and like an "unavowed" aspiration of that old body's consciousness.

She would pass *through* the holes, why not?

*We* are in the tomb, not *She*. And if *one* body, *one* corporeal consciousness manages to pierce that tomb, *She* must be able to *materially* pass inside our world—but it would probably make the whole tomb of the world crack!

I don't know how to tell, but I feel, the body feels something true in there. As if it wanted its whole substance to be open-open-pierced-offered so that *She* could pass.

Another way of birth in reverse.

She would make death crack up everywhere!

It is the whole coffin of the world that would burst at the same time, and maybe in one go!

When I spoke of “landing beach”, it is somewhat that. A spot of open Matter, spread out in the sun, which can be used as a passage for the divine invasion.

\*

This body has no “idea” of the transformation, it does not even see how it is possible (although it knows perfectly well, in an experimental way, that that power can do everything and make the impossible possible—it knows it). And to want the transformation “for itself” seems to it an absurd notion (that “for itself” is death, precisely). But if Mother passed, it would find that quite interesting—it would change everything! Everything!

\*

### *Evening*

That old world is choking.

There is an almost despairing intensity in that body’s aspiration—as if it suffocated under a weight.

\*

Won’t that Matter everywhere tyrannised by man make its living Fire burst and shake those old tyrants like rotten bark?

In Evolution, there has also been Tyrannosaurs. We find traces of them in the Upper Cretaceous’ layers.

Then the Earth has had enough of them.

Men do not seem to know that they are at the service of Earth.

✓

**December 5, 1984**

When the old individual (or collective) life has finished its curve, it *looks for* its point of destruction.

It is absolutely independent of what we think, feel, conceive or desire—and independent even of the body's state and age.

Probably, it depends on a *type* of evolutionary experience which comes to an end and of the formal demand or the capability to change type.

It is another form of evolutionary mechanics.

Sometimes, it is a whole collective or specific type that must change and which searches for its point of change or of destruction.

There has been the end of the Roman Empire, but it is not even the end of the scientific Empire that is in question, it is the end of the human Empire.

The end of the scientific and human Empire is intimately linked to the discovery of life-without-death—what Mother called the “second life” during that latest meeting I had with her.

Strangely, Science, which wanted to rid us from all the ills of humanity (!), forces us to find what will free us from its infernal... and degrading machine. (Its great merit was above all to hush Religion a little.)



**December 6, 1984**

***Vision***

Last night, I was walking on the sloping roof of a house. It was covered with tiles. I was placing a sort of wooden plank under my feet so that the tiles would not break. I was not seeing myself.

It is probably the sequel (or the end?) of that vision I had a year ago.

\*

*Afternoon*

A fan-tas-tic Pressure.

Everywhere at the same time.

Like a jellyfish which is put through the mill! The whole substance of the body seems to be flattened, oh!

No ordinary human physiology could bear that.

A total-total surrender.

It is like the body's mode of coagulation which is... I don't know... flattened, yes, like a jellyfish whose substance would be thrown on all sides.

I don't know how it is possible.

For one hour and a half.

I have the sensation that I don't have a heart anymore (my heart has not been functioning very well for five or six days), no brain, no organs anymore—everything is like a Mass, totally flattened and so dense (or I don't know what—so shattered?) that there is no space anymore for anything distinct. Except for the lungs: I distinctly feel the breathing.

It is a kind of impossibility.

There is only that kind of formless and spread out—laminated—Mass.

It is “possible” only in an *absolute*, physical “to You”, as when you die, and yet you don't die, but it is not life anymore.

\*

*Evening*

Yes, it may be what an astronaut would feel without a spacesuit! (If any astronaut remained to feel anything!)

✓



**December 7, 1984**

It is when we touch the most lethal point that we are the most likely to knock at the door of the new life.

All depends on the *attitude* in front of the obstacle.

\*

All the same, it is very curious: the body has a thirst (I would not even be able to say the right word, because it is more than “thirst”) for plunging into that kind of torrent of fire, though it is a sort of cataclysm absolutely similar to what a fish from the great depths would feel if it were projected to the surface. It is a cataclysm and it is not a cataclysm! The body, or something in the body, feels that as a marvellous salvation, as the healing of everything, as its future—yes, as the anti-death. And yet, in the “objective” sensation, it is a kind of horrifying cataclysm, or a cataclysm which would horrify whoever would be thrown into that without preliminary training. It is a strange “double perception”, of a lethal danger and of a fabulous salvation.

\*

The whole human story is that nobody wants to be cured from death!—they want to be cured from everything, except from death. And they beg their Science and their Religions to give them all possible balms, except what could really cure them from Death.

Only, who wants to dig?

We have to dig into death itself.

\*

I think I start to understand what a “second Evolution” could be, which is not the amino acids’ anymore, not even Darwin’s.

\*

The body must be able to go until the end of the experience.

But whatever the body, some day or another one body will cross the evolutionary threshold—it is inevitable.

What Sri Aurobindo and Mother have done is irreversible.

At present, I really understand the formidable chime that I heard on November 18, 1973: “No obstacle, nothing impedes... No obstacle, nothing impedes...”

Nothing impedes.

\*

### *Afternoon*

The experience so much exceeds any human measure (not only human but any individual measure) that I can say nothing about it.

It is not that I cannot say, but say to whom? It is no longer an individual.

To make it simpler, one can say: The Divine embraces the Earth. Or the Divine comes ashore—Mother, Sri Aurobindo come ashore, take possession of the Earth.

\*

Technically (if I may say so), there is an unexplainable phenomenon, or rather some *simplicity* of the body—maybe like a meadow—which suddenly causes it to disappear. There is no more individual matter. So what seemed impossible, really unbearable and dangerous, lethal, all of a sudden becomes simple, easy, “natural”, could we say, because it is not a material individual anymore who “is bearing” or having an “experience”, it is the whole Earth that is here, embraced, possessed by the natural Master.

\*

It is that movement of disappearance of the material individual which is miraculous—everything reverses, becomes simple, really like a

meadow spreading in the sun. Then there is no impossibility anymore—it is over. It is there, it is simple, it is everywhere, it is Him.

It is the sense of material individuality that makes all the impossibilities.

Otherwise it is all ONE and all divine.

Then everything becomes immensely quiet and solid.

Then the Current passes everywhere instead of clogging up in one point.

\*

In brief, the Pressure becomes more and more unbearable (dangerously unbearable) until the body finds the movement of spreading or of disappearance.

\*

### *Evening*

My concern—obsessive, could I say—is the Earth.

It is not what I will become, but what the Earth will become.

All the time, in my body, there is this: “May the divine Reign come”, “May it be the end of that reign of Falsehood and of Horror.” All the time.

\*

When I say “the Earth”, I don’t mean men—I mean the Earth.

That usurped planet.



### **December 8, 1984**

The body is so worn out and exhausted by all those “manipulations”... There is a faith which says that I will go until the end

of the work, but I don't know what that end is... I would like to see the change before departing.

And yet there is that so formidable Energy... It is a strange contradiction. Like lacking water in the midst of the Niagara!

Mother, too, would shake her head...

Will a new Matter be necessary? made precisely with that dense Energy. Is the old matter or its old mode of absorption of the energies not capable to do the transition?

I tell myself that if the body were sixteen years old and had its whole "life" in front of it... But *who*, at sixteen, would be capable of making that breakthrough into Death? You must have received many pains to be convinced that there is an illusion to uproot. I was in the dreadful camps at twenty, but it is only at fifty-nine that I *actually* set to work.

So?

And all those fibres of life which must be uprooted, that methodical skinning... who would do it at sixteen or even at twenty (?) when they still have their total power of "joyous" illusion—*who* would believe in that necrobiosis?

Will the other Matter be needed?

And if we don't want to fall back into some old forefather's cells, one of those worthy abominables, how will we make the transition between what is already acquired (more or less acquired) and that new Matter? It will not fall from Heaven.

It is always the same problem.

We must go to the *end*. But where is the end?

And yet, when the body soaks into that Niagara, when that Energy traverses and goes right through it, *everything* seems possible.

\*

There must be an unknown key in that very contradiction.

\*

*Noon*

We are stabbed by the old life, but we must use that very dagger and that very wound to...

This is what is difficult.

It is not the wound which has to be changed, it is the whole life! And this whole life is the Wound.

I keep on repeating it to myself as if to exorcise myself from Pain. But... it must always be done again.

We don't heal the wound, we must change life!

It is that... precarious change.

\*

I am not discouraged. I am used to winds and tides and I *know* that there is a harbour over there, at the end of the channel.

I bless God (and my mother) to have made me a sailor, it gives another measure to life.



**December 9, 1984**

It is You the physical reality!

\*

The body made a formidable discovery—really formidable!

There were those great waves of fire, one after the other, which rose, swelled the body as if by spasms and made it roll or wind, and despite my knowing very well that “it is You” or “having faith” that it is You, it is nonetheless rather worrying and, could we say, “anti-physiologic”, or of an unknown physiology.

And suddenly, this afternoon, the body felt, it realized that those waves of fire were Love! but such a formidable Love that it has nothing in common with all we can know—*it was* Love. Then, all of a sudden, instead of “enduring” the phenomenon, the body recognized and it began to literally sink, dive, merge, let itself be engulfed in that ocean of Love—it was recognizing its supreme source. An adoration, but so totally trusting, natural—where is the difficulty?!!!

But that is when there has been a formidable discovery:

This morning, I have had a dizzy spell a little more serious than usual: everything was spinning, I walked like a drunk man and sat on the ground. Then, for several days, there had been heart problems, strange, painful movements, and some kind of “apnoea” when I wanted to rest, and the heart would get back with a “bang”.

With all that, during all those radical “manipulations”, there was nevertheless a sort of “anxiety”, in the background of the corporeal consciousness, as if, despite everything, it could very well stop functioning in the midst of that cataract. Faith was there, anxiety was *overcome*. But this afternoon, when the body realized that those waves of dense fire were Love, were that supreme Marvel, its supreme Source, all of a sudden it cried, with a kind of upheaval from top to bottom:

BUT YOU ARE  
THE *PHYSICAL* REALITY!

For a body, heartbeats are important, aren't they! Well, suddenly, the body *noticed, understood, realized* that its heart beats, its breathing—all those things, so crucial, so essential for a body—were secondary: the Reality, what matters, what is and really rules, is You!

It is You, the *physical* reality. It is not the heart, it is not the lungs, it is not the whole physiological junk: it is You. \*

But it was formidable! It was a *revolution* in the body—in one go, as on the day when that Mind of Death went silent.

It is as if (not “as if”) the body recognized its new source of life.

And suddenly, I remembered that latest night time meeting with Mother (recording failed, alas) when she explained “the second life” to me, she said that that second life was no longer regulated and ruled by the physical sun but by “that other sun”—the hidden sun, the *Martanda* of the Vedic tradition.

And at present, I know what it means! I physiologically, corporeally know the meaning of that second life which is ruled by another sun (those waves of fire) and no longer by the old laws of the cardiologist or of the physiologist or by the whole medical panoply. My heart *knows* that something else rules, that *everything* revolves around another sun—there is a new Law. There is another Sun!

\*

On December 9, thirty-four years ago.

O Lord...

\*

At present, the “second life” has a *meaning* for me.

(You can have all the meanings you want in your head, but that does not count, it is not operating.)

\*

P.S. I don't know if there is a link with today's experience, but yesterday evening, or rather during yesterday night, I was again in that Wound of the old life and I made a desperate attempt to pull out that last root of Pain, I implored Sri Aurobindo, I offered-offered everything, I stabbed a sword of light down to the bottom of that wound, and... I don't know, I had the impression that something was easing.

\*

That wound is like the last refuge of the “for oneself”.

This is what I felt last evening.

\*

It is what is hurting the most, what ties you up the most. Strange.

\*

### *Evening*

I made a little drawing myself.



### **Vision**

Last night (from December 8 to 9), I saw a *tumulus*. In my consciousness, it was obviously a burial mound. It was like a mound or a hillock covered with grass, with a perfectly semi-circular shape. At the base and at the centre of that tumulus, one could see grey stones emerging from the grass. In the centre of that building of stones or blocks, there was like a corner or a shutter carved in one of the stones. I was leaning over that corner or that shutter and I was looking with great interest at a drawing carved in the stone: black rays originating from a central point. Those rays were engraved in the grey stone and they were *black*. Like the rays of a black sun.



I don't know what it means exactly or whether it is linked to today's experience. But the image was clear and held my attention a great deal while I was leaning over those black rays.

It is said that "*Martanda*" is the "black sun", but what has this black sun to do with a burial place which reminded me of the Celtic sepulchres? In any case, in my consciousness, it was clearly a *tumulus*. (There have been "tumuli" almost everywhere, from China to Phrygia, but that reminded me of what I saw in Brittany.)

It was not a big tumulus: it may have been two or three meters high and six or seven meters wide. The black rays were exactly on the ground level.



### **December 10, 1984**

It is very difficult to bear...

It is absolutely a crossing of physical death.

It is better not to describe.

\*

There is always that background question: shouldn't we really, physically undergo the act of death... in order to be reborn otherwise?

Then you *live* the question (and you don't know if you don't die it).

Time seems to be very long.

I always set a minimum of one hour and a half for the operation—it is long, ninety minutes at that temperature.

\*

*Evening*

I am *certain* that one wants to teach me something, but it is very difficult to learn in the dark.

To learn in the dark is to make become what is not.

\*

A new species is necessarily something which is not yet—it is in the dark.

We must walk in the dark, that's all.

\*

After all, “scientifically” (as would Ernest Renan say), it would be interesting to know whether we can die while living! (or whether we can live while dying!)

I don't play with paradoxes, I play with my life (or my death, as one wishes).

A new form of life is necessarily the death of something—the death of what? that is the whole question under “elaboration”.

The death of death, Mother would say!

Just go and see!

\*

*Later*

It is really very strange, while I was writing those lines, my Douce was making a “little drawing” and once it was finished, she said: it is “the being who comes out of the chrysalis”...

“Death” may be the exit from the chrysalis...

Perhaps the New Fact would be to come out of the chrysalis without entering the tomb. No?

Precisely, you come out of the tomb—which really gives you the sensation of dying. (Everything is upside down.)

It is very difficult not to “believe” in your heart when it beats askew. At that time, you don’t not know where the chrysalis is.

\*

*Later*

### ***Vision***

What is very weird (weirder and weirder) is that last night (from 9 to 10), I had a strange vision which I did not understand and which I still don’t understand now. But all the same... These are visions of the “new consciousness” that *mean* something, want to show you something—but what?

I was sitting in a sort of plane, so it seemed, and near me, on the floor, there was a big fruit, cut in halves, very juicy and luminous (a



little like a grapefruit but bigger), and *while* seeing that fruit, I saw a black caterpillar climbing on my chest! A black caterpillar with white patterns. It was climbing on my chest which was covered with a kind of dark blue jacket or pullover. And the strangest thing (what surprised me) was that I hesitated between eating the grapefruit and eating the caterpillar (ugh!). I had a sort of sensation or impression that I had to *eat the caterpillar* before eating the fruit. And that disgust or that surprise or that hesitation (I understand!) woke me up.

I don't have the key to this enigma.

And my Douce who draws that being coming out of the chrysalis!

There is a collusion somewhere!

To eat the black caterpillar...

(It was not a small caterpillar: it was perhaps fifteen centimetres long and its head was all black with a few white volutes in the centre of the black body.)

There is complicity between what made me see that image last night and what put that drawing under my Douce's fingers.

What is this enigma?

(This "new consciousness" is sometimes very mischievous and teasing, humoristic—like Mother!) So I am careful!

\*

Maybe it wanted to tell me what an "idea" it is to want to eat a black (like death) caterpillar while there is such a juicy fruit nearby!

Or else we have to *eat death* before eating the fruit!?

For once, it did not say to be eaten by death but to eat death!

Yet it is a little disgusting!

(I am certain that Mother is enjoying herself—if I could do the same, it would be better!)

✓

## **December 11, 1984**

We can tell ourselves: but why so much trouble and so much fuss—to die is nothing! there are a few billion people who died in the past, including myself. But if I die, the experience fails. That is the good or the bad reason which prevents me from saying once and for all: “I don’t care”—many times in my life, I did not mind dying. And to die does not solve anything: we have to start everything all over again.

So I feel I don’t have the right to say: I don’t care—hence the “trouble” (!)

Human life, as it is, is a painful weight and *nothing* holds me back in it—except that: the experience should not fail.

\*

You close the wound during the day and it opens up again during the night...

It is endless.

That also is part of the experience.

\*

We should not “close the wound”; we must come out of that System of life.

As long as there is the System, there will be the wound—it is part of the System.

The whole problem is to come out of the System without dying—that is the very Experience.

So I don’t feel I have the right to “fail the experience”.

\*

Last night, I was again living certain images of my last disastrous life—I don’t want to have “past lives” anymore (!) or else may it fall back into the evolutionary stock with fish and seahorse stories, but never

again a personal human past! O Lord... That is what should be absolutely and radically erased. We are never born blank!—we need a blank life.

\*

And those “images” are so alive! Alive in detail! And so painful—as if it still lived. And it still lives.

All the *traces* of human life must be erased (I don’t know about fishes’ traces—maybe fishes didn’t leave traces!)

And we find again the same vibrations, the same pains, the same irritations as a century ago, as if it were this morning.

It is very awful.

These are not “images”, they are small perpetual explosives—and they demolish *all* the lives.

This morning, I have a kind of anger against myself—an old anger.

That also is destructive.

As soon as we are distressed, we enter into death.

\*

It is absolutely like notes which would keep vibrating, centuries after centuries, with their whole content of power.

Images go away but the note remains.

\*

*Afternoon*

We must come out of that humanity—out of its cries, its fears and its phantoms.

It is imperative.

\*

With what happened this afternoon, my heart should have exploded, and I did it on purpose to show to that physiological stupidity that the “heart” *does not exist*.

There is That which exists.

That’s all.

\*

*Evening*

Today I touched the dreadful bottom of existence.

Each time I measure that only the Supreme Divine could open a passage in that Horror.

I mean Sri Aurobindo.

\*

If I listened to myself, I would cry all the tears of my body—what is the use of it!

This is why there is death, it is because of this that there is death.

The greatest force of death is that it makes you feel like dying (it unfolds medically *afterwards*).

I don’t want the old death, I want the New Life.

This is the battle.



**December 12, 1984**

My Douce is fifty-nine...

I want Beauty to triumph, the true Life to triumph, Love to triumph—Mother’s Victory on earth.

\*

*Afternoon*

I was in that dreadful swarming which is at the base of life—corporeal life—really a swampy and gluey world, like the remains of the first life of earthworms. Dreadful. A world of larval and slimy and deadly suggestions, as if the whole base of life were made of swarming mud. And my heart was hurting. And there was still that suggestion: will it not be necessary to pass through death? And, and... It was awful. So the body, the whole body began to cry, but with such a formidable intensity: “But no! It is not true—*YOU REIGN.*”

Then it was the divine invasion, that burning Torrent which could crush everything, make everything burst, but which, on the contrary

**MADE LIVE.**

The swarming disappeared, the pain in the heart disappeared—everything was that You who reigns. It is not the heart, not the lungs, not that foul physiology which reigns, not that whole dreadful swarming: *You reign.*

And that reign was a physiological, corporeal fact—it was the true physiology, the true body. The true life. It was the second Life.

And it is the body itself, those billions of cells which *called* the second Life, which refused, rejected that gluey death, which cried: “But no! *You reign.*”

A repetition of the experience of December 9, but called, cried by the body itself.

A refusal of the lethal swarming.

And that torrent of fire put my heart—and everything— back in place.

That is the true life.



What seems to make life burst by its Power, on the contrary makes it live, makes Death burst—dissolves, burns, purifies that swampy and medical swarming.

That “You reign” is really a miraculous Key—it is the Key to the New Life.

\*

*Evening*

So I understand: what an idea to want to eat a black caterpillar when there is such a delicious life which is here, all ready for you!

\*

Today, in the forest, I tried to tell my Douce Mother’s experience again: “The second life”.

May we see together, because she has been holding each step of mine with love and has always smiled to me.

\*

*(Sequel of November 29’s vision)*

### **The “second life” and the “second Agenda”**

*(Sujata:) Last night, I saw Mother. She was looking for certain girls [from the Ashram]. There were maybe four or five girls and, supposedly (laughing), they were playing hide and seek! They were hiding and Mother was looking for them... How to say? It was a big house, with several storeys, a beautiful house (I only saw the inside, I can’t say about the exterior), and She was looking for them downstairs.*

Well, that does not surprise me!

*And at the most, She went to the first floor to see if they were there—not at all! They went all the way up...*

Yes! That's it.

*...to the third floor, and they were hiding under the bed, under the sofa, things like that! (laughing)*

That's it. They were as high as possible! As hidden as possible in their mind *(laughing)*! Nobody is downstairs.

*There was nobody. Mother was looking for them. But I was surprised that Mother did not see them, I understood immediately where they were; for me, they were not hidden.*

Yes, but for Mother, these are unreal places... Unreal places. They do not exist.

Yes.

For her, it does not exist. She was looking for them because—she who knows and sees everything—She cannot see what is unreal.

*Yes, indeed. (Laughing) I am in unreality, since...*

No, my Douce.

*But I was seeing Mother and those...*

Well, you were seeing Mother! The others were not seeing her at all.

*(Laughing) They were hiding from Mother.*

All those people are unreal—they are unreal, that's all.

*Then, I don't know, I went out in the street...*

Right. Well, listen, I saw something. I saw something and it is very... I think that it has hardly any importance except for documentation. But it is very difficult to remember, because it is the mental translation of something absolutely *supra*-mental. But it was extremely long and extremely clear—above all it was extremely long.

I will try to remember while telling it to you. But what is interesting, it is like the first time that... (how would I say?) that Mother tries to explain the functioning of the supramental consciousness to me.

*(silence)*

So I met Mother... I don't know in which place: it was situated nowhere... In all that, there was no image at all: there was Mother there, as when She was speaking to me in the room, if you like, but it was more like an *atmosphere* of Mother. But a Mother all golden, joyful (golden, not a bright golden: a pale, luminous orange), everything was in that atmosphere, and it was an atmosphere of Knowledge, or of... as when Mother explained things to me. Only, instead of happening in her armchair, in her room, it was happening I don't know where.

What was very similar was her voice, her way of speaking; it was exactly as when She was speaking to me: as simple, joyful, teasing... it was Her, you understand!

So... I remember only two pieces of that conversation—because, how can you remember things that are not expressed mentally? But what is interesting is the phenomenon itself. So at the beginning, I became aware that She was speaking to me (she had been speaking for a long time, in fact) and then that passage which I remember, She was speaking of the “second life”—what She called the “second life”. That is

very clear: these are not mental transcriptions, but her words, exactly. And She was saying to me: “The second life is a life which does not gravitate around the sun—around the physical sun, by laws of the physical sun. Instead of the physical sun, everything turns and everything gravitates according to laws... of the other sun.” And in my consciousness, it was clearly what we call Martanda, and it corresponds to my experience. That was clear.

Yes.

There, everything circles or everything is ruled by that sun...

*(what follows is inaudible)*

\*

*(Sujata’s fifty-ninth birthday. Satprem and Sujata are  
in the forest.)*

Do you hear the cricket, over there?

*Yes, it is quiet, isn’t it? I would appreciate if you spoke of that  
“second life”—what Mother has told you...*

*(We hear the crickets and the birds of the forest)*

It was I don’t remember when...

*It was on November 29 in the morning that you spoke to me.*

I actually don’t meet Mother often, but that night... That night, I must have met her in her world... in her Supramental world. She was there, it was absolutely as when She was speaking to me in Pondicherry.

Absolutely the same tone, the same... her inimitable way of telling things, simple, obvious.

But then, it was... it was like nowhere, there was no... it was not a room, it was not in a particular place. And Mother was all of a colour between pale orange and a little dark pink. She had that colour and the whole atmosphere was of that colour. Yet it was very physical—well, very concrete, but it was not our heavy, solid materiality. I mean... heavy: opaque. And I was not seeing her in any chair, I was seeing no place but it was exactly as in Pondicherry. So it is very difficult to remember.

What struck me immediately is that She was speaking of the “second life”. She had never used that expression; it was the first time that I heard it.

She was explaining the “second life” to me. And She told me: “The second life is something which is not ruled by the physical sun, which does not gravitate or which does not revolve around the physical sun, it is ruled by the other sun.”

So in my consciousness, that was corresponding to the experience that I have of that formidable Power... which is like a torrent of fire: it is that hidden sun, that Martanda. Well, I cannot say that I ever saw a “sun”: you are *inside* something, inside something which has a tremendous density, a tremendous power—there are no words for that because it is... phew! It is a Reality of a... formidable power. It is like lava and at the same time it is an Energy... I cannot describe it. It is like a Niagara, but a Niagara which would not be water—water is light, isn't it, while That is a kind of formidable solidity and density—like lava.

So I understood, She was telling me that everything was “ruled by that other sun”, by That—the experience that I have, precisely. And it was the “second life”. But She was telling all that, I tell you, really as

when She was in her chair in Pondicherry, telling things so simply, it was flowing: well, it was *exactly* that, everything was the same. Except that it was not a particular place with a chair and walls, but it was Mother all the same, She was, oh!... everything was as if luminous but of a pale orange, a little orange-rose-golden. She was like that...

So, instead of being ruled by the physical sun, everything was ruled by that... So I understand: it is ruled by that Power. Which means... (that, I understand it in my experience) which means that... well, yes, *That* rules! *That* dominates, *That* makes so that... there is no life, no death, no heart, no heart problem, no pulse that functions more or less properly, no lungs which have... *That* rules! *That* rules everything. If you are permeated by that Power, if you let yourself be permeated by that Power, well, it rules everything. It is *That* which rules things. She was not using the word “law”, but she was saying, I think: “Everything gravitates around that other Power”—it makes everything gravitate—and She was calling that “the second life”.

It surprised me because it was the first time that I heard her use that expression: the second life. So at first I thought that it was the second life as we can have it in a world that is not physical anymore; but not at all: when the body or matter lets itself be permeated by it, it is *that* Power which rules, it is like that. There are no medical or physical or physiological stories of yours—that makes things function as it wishes, as long as it wishes. And that’s all.

*It is That which rules.*

It is *That* which rules.

There are no “physical laws”, there are no “physiological laws”, there is no “death”, there are neither medical sciences, nor all those stories...

*Which we know.*

It is not those that rule; what rules is *that* Power. If you are impregnated or carried or what—yes, impregnated, and moved by That, that other sun, *that* Power which is so formidable, well it is That which rules, it is That which *commands*. The rest is... It is the false world. So the rest: your heart is not well, you are fifty or sixty-one, and there is not much time left for you to live—all that, all those stories don't exist anymore. It does not exist anymore.

So the difficulty lies in coming out of the old story, in not being under the influence of the old story anymore—the formations, the old insinuations, the old suggestions, all that we have inherited, everything that we have lived; we saw that if we did this, we had pain in our heart, or pain here or there—well the whole usual corporeal or material habit. The difficulty is to come out of that kind of mortal shell—to “come out” = to let the Power *come in*.

*(silence)*

*The laws are totally other?*

Well, there are no more “laws”, there is only one law!

*Only one.*

There is only one law: it is *that* Power. So either you are in tune, in union with it, or you are not, and that's all.

The long work is... first to habituate the body to that Niagara—it is formidable! It is difficult, very difficult to bear; a long preparation is needed to believe that you are not going to burst entirely and be pulverised. And once you start to get used... when it begins (during

months, eh!) to traverse you, to criss-cross you, to invade you, there is still all the... You really feel that it dissolves and cleans a little that whole old crust, that old mortal cocoon in which we are, you really see that it traverses it, that it criss-crosses it, wears it out... but a lot of things still stick for a long time. So you must learn. You must learn so as the body recognises that Law, notices that That is really the Law, that That is what saves. When you are in that Niagara... It is really a Niagara; no human being could bear that: he would burst, actually; he would burst, he would not be able to bear it, he would think that he is going to die immediately—it would not enter (!) because it would make him burst... He is totally made of death!

Yes.

So it makes death burst—that is, (*laughing*) it makes him die for good (!) you understand? So there is the whole preparation in order to... to be able to receive that.

So when you receive it (well, it takes weeks and months and...), when you receive it, suppose that you have great pain in the heart: your heart really hurts and when you are in such a Niagara, the pain in your heart becomes even more worrying! Really, what is human physiology in such a Niagara? So the whole body must learn: well, no, on the contrary, it is That which rules; it must lose its habit of having pain, of being scared—its whole subconscious, all the *death* that surrounds it: that death, that law of Death must be... dissolved. And it must learn to understand, on the contrary: But no! But no!

So you learn it painfully, don't you, it is painful; a lot of... a lot of endurance and of faith and of... is needed. And then, there is the whole old death which is awful, isn't it: it becomes very nasty—everything



becomes very nasty. All the Death feels that it is dying. Our law is a law of death, isn't it? All their physics, their physiology, everything-everything-everything, is the law of Death. So the law of Death fights back, it wants us to absolutely believe in its law. The passage is very difficult... for the body to *recognise*...

*The new...*

...recognises that, “well, yes”, *That* makes it live.

*(Silence. Satprem and Sujata are walking in the forest.)*

*But... that is all that you have seen?*

Oh, there was... it lasted a long time; that was only the beginning.

What I remember. She was explaining that “second life” to me and in my very sleep, I was trying to remember what She had said. Then I found myself transcribing (like Mother's recordings), transcribing, and it was really a difficult, tiring work (you know, as when I was writing six, seven, eight pages, those long big pages); so I was writing and writing and writing, I was transcribing—I was the scribe again—I was transcribing what She had just told me! And I noticed that it was like a big book, with sheets... almost foolscap sheets.

*Yes, foolscap.*

Big sheets, and they were *all printed*, or as I was transcribing it, it was being printed.

I wanted to remember what Mother had said...

*Yes-yes.*

... so I went back up—it was like a book!—I went back (*Sujata laughs*) trying to remember! And I saw, all printed, things that I had transcribed myself but that I did not know! (*Sujata laughs*) That is, She had spoken to me and I had transcribed (She had spoken to me—when? I don't know: one year or two years ago, or one hour before, or when?) in the past, She had spoken to me and backwards, I was discovering things She had said to me and that I had forgotten. But it was all printed, all transcribed by me! Then I noticed that... (so I was transcribing what She had said) I realized that my book was going on! That there were also things that She had not yet told me! (*Sujata laughs*) You see, it was a whole book that was all transcribed, but I was transcribing in the present; I was transcribing what She had just told me. And, as I wanted to try and remember what She had said, I went backward and I saw those printed pages on which there were things which I ignored—yet they had all been transcribed by me! Then I realized that (I was transcribing that present page; I tried hard, besides, it was tiring, it was really a labour to transcribe all that), I realized that the book was going on: there were pages and pages, and it was the future: these were things which She had not yet told me!

*Which She was going to tell you!*

Which She was going to tell me.

*(laughing) And it was already transcribed?*

But it was already transcribed! Everything was there, it was a whole book all finished! And yet, in the present, I was transcribing what She had just told me, that is, I was trying to remember...

*The “second life”?*

That second life.

It was like a second *Agenda*.

But what I remember... I still see myself leaning on that sheet, let's say the sheet of the present, where I was trying to transcribe what She had just told me about the second life, and then, going backward to recollect, and being surprised to see that I had written things that I ignored completely, didn't I! Then, all of a sudden, noticing that there were pages of the future; so, at that time, Mother was again here, present, and She said this (and that was very clear): "When we enter into time, it is long and... it takes many-many years. And if we go into the past, there are horrors, She said, while there ("there", that is... under that other sun), two or three seconds of active consciousness—and it is done. Things are done."

That was clearly in my consciousness. She said: "When we enter into time, it takes many-many years... and it is long. And if we go into the past, there are horrors. While there, She said, two, three seconds of active consciousness... and it is done." So that is what Sri Aurobindo said, it is the supramental consciousness: actually, the past, the present, the future, all these are on the same level, they are simultaneous; it is seen or lived or... it is simultaneous. So I was into my present sheet, transcribing what She had just told me, and there was a whole past which I ignored and which yet I had transcribed, and a whole future which I ignored as well (!), but which was all transcribed already. Because it was really a book, and a rather big book. I can't say how thick this book was, I don't notice, but I was seeing many-many printed pages; printed, that is, while I was transcribing, they were automatically printed—yes, it was printed. So much so that, actually, it was as if She were talking to me all the time! I am not aware of it, but it

is recorded by me somewhere: since I have transcribed it, I did this job—I remember that it was very tiring to transcribe all that.

So She was explaining things bit by bit, while she was speaking, only it does not pass into my active consciousness.

*External.*

External. I only caught a fragment of that huge *Agenda* (second *Agenda*!) which is in progress and yet is already all written since I saw all those pages of the Future which was there. It was as if She were continuing, weren't She, I saw her; when She explained that second life to me, it was all like in Pondicherry when She used to speak to me, to explain to me—it was all the same! Well, it was going on. Only I became aware of it only at page... 244, let's say, of the present! (*Sujata laughs*) So I was very surprised, when I went back to page 220, or to page 150, to notice that I had transcribed things which I completely ignored... but which must be translated into the experience I am living. Instead of my having simply a mental consciousness of it (even a higher consciousness as in Pondicherry when She explained things to me, and I would understand them), here, She is explaining things without my knowing it and then I have the experience in my body. You understand?

*Yes.*

Instead of having the mental experience, that is, She says words and I remember what She said (that is erased—it is not erased since it is in a book somewhere, but well, it is erased in my active consciousness), all that She explains to me is translated in matter bit by bit, page after page and day after day, through experiences, difficulties, how to do, and

how to... everything I have been doing for two years and a half—that story has been lasting for two years and a half.

*It is a little as when you fainted in the airport of B. and all of a sudden you...*

But that was very strange, in that airport! I had three seconds of fainting (you saw, you were near me) and then in... (really in a split second I fainted), all of a sudden I found myself in full activity... somewhere. And I was so flabbergasted to still be in my body in the airport of B. and, simultaneously—yes, simultaneously because it happened in a split second—, immediately I was in full activity... in which world, I really don't know. It stunned me so much that I “de-fainted” (!) and I immediately came back into my body—I was so flabbergasted.

*Yes. That was the first time.*

Yes.

*It means that you were in the middle of an activity?*

I was in the middle of something that was happening... and it was so stunning: in a split second (I was still in that seat, if you like; my corporeal consciousness was still in that seat and simply I fainted), and in the split second, the billionth of a second that followed the fainting, I was in the action! And it was not an action that began with my fainting, it was an action which went back to... to when, I really don't know, but that I was *carrying on*. And when I rushed again into my usual consciousness so stunned I was, well it was also going on! Only, I was back in B.'s airport. But it was going on.

*Does it mean that there is, let's say an inner part, which is always in connection with and always...*

Probably.

*... with Mother, and which continues?*

Yes, probably... Yes, only it is veiled from the active consciousness! And I understand it is *deliberately* veiled because, precisely, it is not as in Pondicherry where I had to understand the story mentally; at present, I must understand it materially, physically, corporeally. If I understood it mentally, it would divert the action and, simply, the mind would stay where it is; while here, I am in the dark, I don't understand anything—I don't understand anything—only I live painfully, day after day, hour after hour, a certain number of experiences that are (I understand it now) the physical translation of what She tells me, of what She explains to me. Because these are not only “explanations”: in our mental world, we “explain” things; there, Mother “tells” them (it is a way of saying) but it is an *action* She is doing. And it translates into action, in the experiences I have, in things that I must overcome, in what I must undergo, in the help I get, telling me (*reassuring tone*): “Ah! But you are not going to die, mon petit, don't worry”... But the body must discover it! If Mother were physically here, telling it: “No, don't worry”, I would learn nothing! While when I am here, really with the heart going wrong and that Niagara which falls on my shoulders, well, my body must *understand*. And it must understand *on its own*: it should not be explained! It must *discover*. There is no point in telling somebody: “Here, you should do this not to drown”—no! You are thrown into water and you must not drown: then you learn! It is the only way,

to throw you into water and: “You are drowning, mon petit, aren’t you? Well, make your own way.” So the body is forced to learn.

So certainly, that is why that whole action (because these are not only “explanations” that Mother gives, it is an *action* of Mother’s, and an action which is certainly not limited to myself): all that is veiled so that the body discovers. But Mother continues to “explain to me”, if I may say so, but actually to act. Only, instead of the mind understanding, it has to be the body, the body itself must understand.

And this is the only way, there is no other. There is no other. It has to learn the new life; the new life is not taught in a book: it is by... by dying many times. And by realizing that it does not die of it. And it is by having lots of ordeals, which are really quite... what has to be traversed is horrible; so it understands. You understand. You understand how to come out of that mortal cocoon in which... the world is in the law of Death, to-ta-ally, from top to bottom. So the other Law must be learned—and how to learn it? It is not in a book that you can learn that.

*To live it.*

You must live it. And Mother is constantly here, in action, to make you *live* things. Or to teach you the true life. Only instead of being explanations for the mind, well they are actions on the body, or on matter, to teach you the job—to teach it to you while living. So you seem to be completely in the dark—you are completely in the dark—the body is left in the dark, completely. And it must learn.

If... (I understand well), if Mother were here, miraculously, if I saw her, if She were sitting near my bed and telling me: “Here, it is like this and it is like that”; well, pff! I would be *very* happy, it would go off very well! But the body would learn nothing. It must really be thrown into water—so do you drown or not? Do you obey the law of Death or not? Well, the body must learn not to obey the law of Death anymore—and

for that, it has to die *many* times. Or to have... It must die, yes: each time, you absolutely have the impression of dying.

And there is the whole-whole material Subconscient, the whole medicine and the whole science—it is a *horror*. It completely *hypnotised* the body, completely. I am certain that men of several centuries ago were much freer, much more emancipated. Here, there is a *dreadful* hypnotism on the physical consciousness. So there is the whole hypnotism to undo and... you meet with everything—you meet with *everything*: you are in a cocoon of death; so you meet with all the possible horrors, all the possible negations, all the possible obstacles, all the possible contradictions, everything-everything... And you must traverse all that. You must learn the second life. You must learn that you don't die of it—on the contrary, that it saves, that it is the only salvation.

*The second life.*

I don't like very much to speak of it because, you understand, I am right in the middle... I am right in the middle of that story! In that strange... in that strange experience. You never know, you understand—you never know! You have all the possible horrors to overcome, and the insinuations. All the possible horrors: “Come on, are you sure that you should not try to let yourself die, that it is not a way of the path as well, to accept death—are you sure?”

You cannot imagine the cruel insinuations.

*Voices whisper...*

So many horrors are there... or else... I don't want to tell because it is awful.



Yes.

All that must be undone. So there is only one way, it is to dig the tunnel.

*In the body.*

Well, yes! So there are all the... not only all that has been stuffed in your blood, or all that you have learned, medicine and all that—all that scientific hypnotism—but you find your whole past again, and you find past lives again and lots of horrors and... I prefer not to speak about it, it is appalling. It is really... I don't know, there is a divine Grace here to prevent you from dying of sorrow, because it is "sorrowing".

*But what you say is the great Hope, isn't it: the Future is the great Hope of the past... and of the present.*

Yes. Some beings must live it.

*Yes! And it is always the fate of pioneers to...*

Oh! My Douce, I really don't know, the pioneers...

*... who open the path.*

I don't know, we must reach the end—when we are at the end, we will be able to say something.

Here, we are going to walk a little...

*Yes, mon Doux.*

*(Satprem and Sujata stand up)*

May it be a happy December 12! And may we go together to that true life.

*You do me such a favour!*

It is not I!

*It is!*

It is surely not I who do favours! We are done many, or else we would not be able... We would not be able to go on, we would not be able to live. Only, we must go together.

*(Satprem and Sujata walk,  
one hears a bird chirping)*

It is lovely, isn't it!

That bird is lovely. Beware! There are roots—lift your foot.

*It is pretty! It is very pure, isn't it?*

Yes, it is pure; when we are like that, it will be fine.

*(silence)*

Be careful, lift your feet. It is almost dark. Do you want to hear your little spring?

*Ah yes! But we are hearing it, aren't we?*

Yes.

When we come out of that cocoon, life will be free! We will be free. Then it will form again, according to its own laws. Death will no longer dominate, nothing of our laws will dominate!

*(Sujata, showing the stream in the forest) It will be like that water flowing?*

Yes, precisely, it will be all natural, all simple, there is no need to fly into the air! We don't realise the *weight* which is on us.

*Ah! Yes.*

We are totally under a mortal weight, we don't realise it. We start to realise it when we are on the verge of death. So if that mortal weight, that mortal cocoon alone was removed, life would be light, it would be other! And yet, it will be all alike—only, it will be... other.

*It will be physical, but...*

But a *free* physical. We cannot understand, because we are so much under that crushing weight—which seems all normal to us.

*(Satprem and Sujata arrive near the stream)*

Here, my Douce *(Sujata laughs)*... that's your little spring.

*I like water...*

Yes... it is like you!

But you, precisely, have always had... It may be all natural for you, my Douce. You are not cluttered like me, you don't have that packet, so formidable, which is on my back.

*Ah, you know, those who have to do a difficult work, must bear a lot.*

Ah! I just discover it, it's crazy how we are encrusted in layers and layers and layers and... past lives, past horrors—not only from this life:

we find *everything!* You are clear, you are really well born. You are clear, you are not heavy—you have nothing to traverse.

*I don't know, it is the grace of being...*

Well, there is a grace!

*(Sujata laughs) No, really the grace: from my childhood, I have been near Mother, so...*

She... lightened you, brightened you, while I have the whole family—families and families and dead and dead, phew! We have *everything* in our skin.

*Yes, but do you understand what a difficult task you are asked to do? So you must have suffered everything in your own skin to understand. I don't have that work to do! So... it is not necessary that...*

But I prefer not to say anything, because... it is not... it should not be said... If we arrive to the end—look how beautiful it is!

*Yes, I saw.*

It is all... it is a little golden...

When we are at the end...

But it is not possible that it should not also be linked to that mortal cocoon of the world!

*Yes! It is not possible.*

It is impossible that it should not *burst* there as well. That world which is horrible—which is visibly horrible.

*But it is not a question of an individual—the individual is, as you say, a plug, that’s all. But the current passes for the whole world!*

Yes, it is about time that it... that it changes things...  
That that horror be changed.



**December 13, 1984**

One feels so strongly that as long as those billions of rats are there, life *cannot* blossom.

I mean scientific, “human” rats, which took a human shape and disfigure the Earth.

They must disappear, like the Tyrannosaurus.

The Vibration of Truth must become unbearable and really lethal for all those false living beings—may they go where they belong!



**December 14, 1984**

This morning, in the newspaper, I came across this:

THE SOVIET THREAT

Washington: According to Aviation Week and Space Technology this Monday, the Soviet Union has developed a system which enables its submarines to launch ballistic missiles while being immersed under the arctic icecap. It would be practically impossible to detect the submarines under the polar icecap, but the American Navy is studying a system with laser and sonar to be able to locate them.—AFP

Monstrous forces *possess* the world.



### **December 16, 1984**

Yesterday, December 15, I had a heart attack. I briefly note that there was “no question” in the body—it was a consciousness *outside* the body that noticed (with no fear at all, besides, but with the usual logic) that “something was wrong” and that I had to take precautions. It was difficult. But for the body itself (I really looked on) things were unfolding “from second to second”—it had no “idea”. It was the *external* consciousness that was looking forward and was saying to itself that it could go wrong (but with no fear at all). But above all there was that observation: for the body there was *no question*. A “process was unfolding” and it was a process. The idea of “heart disease” was absolutely *external* to it.

Then, with a kind of *complete* obviousness (that is, of the whole being), there was that perception or that experience: the Divine does not “want” us to die! It is a misleading perversion—the Divine never wants us to die! That entire story about “surrendering to the Divine Will” which, it could well be, decides that we die—all that is a lie, a perversion. If *you* want to die, yes, and only if *you* want to, if *you* accept.

But this morning, the experience was still more interesting. The whole body threw itself into that blue torrent as in its *true* source of life. And it felt the heart pulling, so really it was outraged: how can my heart ache, it is not possible—*You* are the physical reality. And nothing could have made the body let go of its certitude, its absolute obviousness: it is *You* the physical Reality, not that kind of pump that hurts—and it was certain.

It was very interesting. It was outraged, surprised to feel pain! How is it possible? It is You; You are the physical Reality...

I remained in the torrent for one hour and fifteen minutes and I stood up, I began to write these notes. And I don't notably feel pain in the heart.

The body was calling that torrent as its true source of life. It was very interesting. And nothing would convince it of the contrary—it would have to drop dead to be surprised or lose its conviction! And even then, I am not sure whether its certitude would not remain the same! It would really be quite amazed if “That” would not make live!

Which means that it is a Mind *outside* the body which creates all the complications. But even that external Mind made no complication: it was simply observing the phenomenon, but without the body's certitude. I think that it is my “observing parrot”. It is well educated and does not intervene—but it is surprised and asks questions while the body does not.

I indeed think that it is a “process which is unfolding” and that one wants to teach me something—with the only means possible: the direct experience.

\*

The only thing that the body acknowledges is that it is tired and that it must not strain itself, but it does not understand why that tremendous Energy does not sustain it completely?? It does not understand (nor do I!).

\*

### ***Vision***

Last night (or rather early this morning) I saw this:

I was at the end of a dock (as could be the one at Saint Pierre's harbour) and I was about to dive from the top of the dock with a slight hesitation. The water seemed to be dark blue. I dived and to my great amazement, I saw myself swimming at great speed and very easily (my body seemed to be very white). But what completely astounded me is that after those fast and light breaststrokes, I saw myself lying on my back (I think so) and, with a *very light* movement of the *tip* of my feet on the sea, my body was shooting off at great speed in water—it was astounding and formidable. As if there was a speedboat's propeller at the end of my feet! But it was only that light movement from the tip of my feet that made the whole propulsion... and *without effort!*

I don't really know what it means... The sea, or the ocean, usually represents the vital world, but for a long time, I haven't been going in that world. Could it not be the New blue ocean?

That new consciousness may want to reassure me: you see, there is no problem!

\*

Perhaps I am at the end of the old life's dock—and I am going to plunge into the New Ocean...

\*

*Afternoon*

So I understand!

After my lunch, the heart was still not very well—it has lasted for one hour.

Then I lay down... and that body threw itself—literally—into that Torrent, with a joy! almost a delight. And very soon, that Torrent became denser and denser, denser and denser, it was a tremendous Energy, almost burning, that could crush everything (it gave a kind of



fever in the brain)—and all the time, all the time the body was saying with a sort of rapture: *That is life! That is life! You are life! You are life!* It was marvellous and formidable—a discovery (or a re-discovery).

Then I understood: I was given a heart attack yesterday so the body could really understand that *that is life!* That New Sun! It is that which *rules everything*, as Mother would tell me. And it was an irrefutable, marvellous demonstration for my whole body: it is not that old cardiac pump or that whole physiological hodgepodge which rules life: it is that New Sun which is life and rules everything.

My body has irrefutably and marvellously understood that—for it, it is as obvious and irrefutable as grapefruit juice or clear water in the torrent—*That is life.*

(So I also understand last night's tremendous "propulsion"!)

It is the "second life" which propels everything.

It is an explosive grapefruit!

\*

### *Evening*

I was thinking of Sri Aurobindo and of the putrid state of the world, but above all of India and the United States and the expression that came to me was "spring a surprise". Sri Aurobindo will spring a surprise—and with his humoristic note, undoubtedly. All of a sudden, he will pinch that twisted world and will touch each one on his most sensitive point, with a divine irony!

\*

I am so full of moved gratitude for this "new consciousness" (Mother) which takes so much care to reassure me in advance and to make me understand what is happening—really, last night's vision is a marvel of goodness: "You see, don't worry, it is like that."



**December 17, 1984**

The Divine does not want and never wanted us to “sacrifice our life”; he wants us to sacrifice our death.

\*

**Evening**

Sujata made me read this poem of Sri Aurobindo: *The Battle*. I was so overwhelmed! Suddenly, such a deep sob arose in me. O Lord, you are Great.

Really, one touches the Supreme. As we touched the Supreme Mother when she was so disarmed in the midst of those wolves.

I never read something so poignant in the whole Sri Aurobindo.

In the Battle

Often, in the slow ages' wide retreat  
On Life's long bridge through Time's enormous sea,  
I have accepted death and borne defeat  
If by my fall some gain were clutched for Thee.

To this world's inconscient Power Thou hast given the right  
To oppose the shining passage of my soul:  
She levies on each step the tax of Night.  
Doom, her unjust accountant, keeps the roll.

Around my way the Titan forces press;  
This earth is theirs, they hold the days in fee,

I am full of wounds and the fight merciless:  
Is it not yet Thy hour of victory?

Even as Thou wilt! What still to Fate Thou owest,  
O Ancient of the worlds, Thou knowest, Thou knowest..

September 25 1939



**18 December 1984**

***Vision***

*(Extract from a conversation about Auroville)*

I saw Mother's big *Humber*—you know, her big car. She was there and I wanted to clean the *Humber's* windows. I had something like a product to clean those windows (*laughing*) and the person who was taking care of the *Humber* (I don't know who he was), was constantly moving the car and wanted to keep me from cleaning the windows and it was (*laughing*) a whole confusion... I was not happy because I was prevented from cleaning the windows of that car!

So I understood.

One does not want the windows to be cleaned and Mother—who is probably inside—to be seen (*Satprem laughs*)! One does not want the windows to be cleaned; one does not want to see (*gesture with hands on the eyes*). So inevitably...

That's it: one does not want to see (*same gesture*).

\*

*Morning*

Indeed, for two days the body has been feeling that it is directly and totally immersed in an ocean of dense, hyper-dense Power (really like lava)—bare, could we say.

Those waves of fire, one after the other, are no longer there as in the past, nor is that sensation of being like a “volcano chimney”: the body is all spread out in there, it soaks in the dense Ocean and, sometimes, from time to time, in that slack immobility, a slow wave of an even denser Power runs through it, traverses it—it floats in there, but not like a doll: it floats as much *inside* as outside, it is *permeated* by that ocean—like a brandied cherry! But what a brandy! It is all soaked, saturated by that ocean. Sometimes, it realises that that ocean of Power is Love, is Mother, is Sri Aurobindo, then it gives rise to a sort of swelling of adoration and wonder in the whole body, as if each of the billions of cells participated to that adoration filled with wonder. It is all swelled-swelled, saturated—filled with wonder. Otherwise everything is “slack” as in the quiet high sea, with only, from time to time, that great slow swell which passes through the body.

Actually, in retrospect, I believe that this whole operation for months: those “waves of fire”, that “tide”, that “volcano’s chimney”, were quite simply (!) the wearing or the scrubbing or the slow dissolution of that mortal cocoon—then, when it is dissolved, one quite simply soaks in the ocean of the new life—bare.

And I realise that that latest heart attack was simply to teach, to show the body that: you see, these are not the laws of the heart anymore, the laws of the brain, the thousands of laws of death—the other law rules. It is the New Sun, the ocean of Sun which propels and moves everything.

The “plunge at the end of the dock” really occurred.

This is a stage.

\*

I understand now what Mother said in the past with all its meaning: “What makes the body stand are not the laws anymore.” Ah! Yes!

I am still too filled with wonder and too much like a baby in there to really understand what all that means—but a brandied cherry is clear! And when there are a few billion brandied cells, it is even more obvious.

(When we were kids, my aunt used to prepare cherries which she left to marinate in brandy all winter, and in summer, when we came back from a sea trip or a cruise, she would offer us a little glass of brandied cherries—so those “cherries” have a special and very “marinating” meaning for me!)

\*

One feels that it is some Sun or like some Sun, but it is dark blue (at least, it is my sensation).

And for me, that “necessity” of noting down is like a plague which disturbs me a lot—but what to do? One feels obliged to “communicate”... (to whom?) I cannot be convinced either to go on or to stop.

I believe it is essentially for Mother and for Sri Aurobindo: they have done, and I know it and I say it—and I would like to shout it (but the world is full of deaf persons, *for the moment!*)

What is harmful is the perspective of “others”. I should tell myself: it is *for* Sri Aurobindo, it is *for* Mother—and with gratitude.

Did they not say and write for recalcitrant dunces like me?—so one can have patience and compassion for the other recalcitrant persons of the moment.

\*

*Afternoon*

There seems to be a special action in the brain.

I had already noticed it for two days, but this afternoon, it was quite unusual (!) The Pressure kept increasing, that dense Power became denser and denser and more and more compact in the brain, I had the sensation that the whole cerebral matter was starting to boil and was becoming a compact Mass, on the verge of bursting, and such a fever!... But the body was so quiet, so confident—not even “confident”: it knew, it had the knowledge in its body: “it is Mother, it is Sri Aurobindo”, and it let itself be carried along, totally, without a shadow of an anxiety. But it was formidable! Then, when the cerebral density became ultra-compact, I felt something like a “magnet” above, which irresistibly pulled all that Power or that overflow of Power, above the head and outside the head. Then, when the overflow or the “excess” came out, a new Mass of burning and dense Power immediately took the place of what had gone out, and again it was the compact boiler. And once more that irresistible Magnet pulled the dense Power above the head—and so on and so forth. Like dense waves of compact fire which filled the cerebral matter, swelled it to the maximum, then were drawn up or “magnetized”, pulled above and outside the head.

It was formidable in proportion.

AND it was so MARVELLOUS to know-feel that it was You. The body was telling itself: “Oh! what a grace that the *Earth* knows *that* experience!” It felt that the *Earth* was having the experience, a first experience of That through an old animal matter.

Something is happening, that’s for sure!

I let the experience, or the “operation”, unfold continuously for one hour and a half.

I don't know what They want to do, but They want something, that is certain!

\*

It is really the “hidden sun” (Martanda) which comes out of Matter.

\*

*Evening*

Strange!! Without knowing *anything* about the current experience, my Douce made a little drawing: “The blue sun”! A blue sun above a being's head, and a blue torrent which comes down on the Earth!

The “hidden sun”, is the blue sun.

It is exactly that. I always felt that it was blue—sapphire blue.

Really, Mother wants to reassure me! (with Sujata's complicity): “You see, you are not mad!”







**December 19, 1984**

One day, it will be otherwise.

And we struggle and we pray for that day.

\*

So long as I hoped to be freed from pain, I was still in the ego.

Then I ceased to hope, I made that pain burn and burn for all the pains of the world.

\*

One day, I will put my head on your heart and everything will be dispelled.

\*

I have been pulled down so that I can light your fire below as well.

\*

The more the Positive manifests itself, the more the negative becomes virulent.

Not a grain escapes.

They do their ugly job well.



**December 20, 1984**

The blue Pressure more and more, more and more... (I almost tumbled down in the clearing.)



**December 21, 1984**

I was again in that slimy bottom of the corporeal existence and I was so disgusted by the swarming of insinuations and suggestions that all of a sudden I cried with my whole being:

“But I prefer to die while looking for a Law of Truth and Light and Beauty than while listening your putrid insinuations!”

And it was, it is true: I prefer to die while looking for that Law than while listening to that filth. Oh! It uses everything, it drools on everything, it calls on all the spiritual and medical precepts—it is putrid, it is slimy, it is disgusting: “...and you are not capable, and you do not do what is needed, and you have that failing and that other one, and your heart is not normal, you smoke too much, you are not the way you should be...” A horrible spiritual and medical swarming—a porridge of cockroaches.

So I cried that.

And it is *true*—I prefer to die while looking for a Law of Beauty and Truth than while listening to that spiritual-medical swarming. I tell them “Blast!” (and still I am polite).

*You are Life*

*You are Life*

*You are Life.*

And *You are my heart*

And *You are my beat of being.*

Really these are like worms eating the corpse—but they want to eat you all alive. Well, they will not eat me up. Humans are full of that vermin! They don’t know, but I begin to know—and I push the Blue Ray down in that swarming. Really, rather burst upward than die in that mud.

The necrophagous are *before* the corpse. We are eaten up alive. I refuse.

\*

### *Afternoon*

The body—that physical body, those millions of cells—has gained not only the conviction but the knowledge that this blue Power is the true Law of Matter, the true Law of the bodies—Life—whatever the “dose”.

When that comes, it throws itself in there blindly as in the only salvation, the only Hope—the hope of the Earth, the salvation of the Earth. It recognises: Ah! that’s it! That’s it! And it could be given a crushing dose that it would go on crying “Ah! that’s *it*, that’s *it!*”

But it does not feel that it is “crushed”, it feels safe. In there, there is no pain in the heart, in there, there is pain nowhere, there is the *impossibility* of Death. It is absolute and flawless.

It is the Absolute.

It is the true Law of Matter. It is tomorrow’s Life.

It is pure Grace.

\*

### *Evening*

I think it is mainly a struggle against *phantoms*—but they have been sticking... for millennia (!)

Slimy phantoms.

\*

So I say that heart diseases do not exist, cancers do not exist, the “laws” of the body do not exist—unless we *want* them.

There *is* that Blue Power—absolute.

It is the Absolute.

All the rest = phantoms.

\*

A few “lessons” are needed to learn the non-law of phantoms.

It is learned at the bottom of the cells.

There is no other place.

Microscopes and radiology will give you only the reflection of your own Falsehood.

\*

These are Reverend Father’s phantoms, please, medical and spiritual.



### **December 22, 1984**

Actually, these are great discoveries, even though they are not much to look at—but what “look” had a first little seal with round eyes on a snowy beach?... It did not even know of itself.

Now I know that there is that blue sun at the end of the earth of humans, and an old sailor greets, in the distance, a new world without sorrow.

There should be no sorrow anymore—never, ever.

O Lord, *You* know.

\*

### *Afternoon*

That action through the brain is going on.

The blue density rises and rises through the body, then seems to pile up, to swell or become compact in the brain, then it is like *two irresistible Hands* which come and PULL that blue dense Mass outside, above the head—and so on, indefinitely.

I believe that it is really the blue Sun which comes out of Matter.

What is very comforting is that since we don't know what needs to be done, we only have to let ourselves go! there is no reason to be afraid of making a mistake—besides, if we had the responsibility to move that tremendous blue Density, it would be rather frightening. It is all done for you—it is done. And the body is won over, it is delighted, it lets itself go completely: it knows that it is Divine (it “knows”, that is, it swims in it!), it knows that it is the new life—and it finds a *taste* to that Power that is so strong, that life that is so strong. In the beginning, some time ago, it seemed to it that it was a little “difficult”, but at present, it savours, it feels good, safe, secure in there. It has no idea of what “that” can do, but it knows that *that* will change everything-everything, the whole earth. For it, there is no delimitation between its matter and the rest of Matter—it is *all one*, it is a *fact*—and it feels that “that” flows, spreads out, works everywhere-everywhere and that it is what will change *everything*—it is the change of the world in action. (It is not “theory”; it is almost sensorial! Well, it is felt corporeally.)

And that cerebral fever is not here anymore (there is probably less resistance).

The body *savours* the new life.

And what surprises me each time is that kind of mechanical regularity of the phenomenon—a sort of divine automatism which makes that blue density rise, wave after wave or “dose” after dose, then pulls it above the head and outside the body—indefinitely, almost mechanically.

It is the “life divine” which unfolds, like the great rollers of the “Wild Coast” in Brittany. Only, it is not external: it is inside, it is lived, it is savoured—it is everywhere. And it is so strong! (oh! not a little

sweetened liqueur! no.) Yes, Sri Aurobindo said a “giant’s wine”—it would rather be that!

\*

Actually, you absolutely feel that you escape from mortal life.

\*

### *Evening*

Thinking of it: if it is the true Law of Matter and if it is the new Life, it changes everything! It is a change as there has not been for millions of years!

I feel a little like the human village idiot!

It reminds me of Jean Bernesse—he was the village idiot of Saint Pierre. He had round eyes, a cap, red hair and he would laugh, surprised at everything—he looked at you with a kind of stupefaction and blue eyes like the sea. The only thing that did not surprise him was the Muscadet wine! He would not sober up for a minute—I believe that the Muscadet was surprised at Jean Bernesse instead.

Sometimes the old life is funny (if one looks on the “idiots” side).

After all, he was perhaps surprised at *every* glass of Muscadet, and he would drink the next one to be sure of the one before!

He may not have met so much goodness under the heavens... although born from unknown father.



### **December 23, 1984**

An *immobile* Pressure, everywhere at the same time. Like a rolling mill. Continuously, and stronger and stronger. Sensation of being like a spread out pancake.

It is rather frightening and unbearable. But there is no fear: the constant invocation.

I don't know what is happening.

It is all blue. Like crushed (or crushing) sapphire.

In English, I would say: relentless.

\*

“Under the press” would be the exact expression.

\*

### *Evening*

I wish I would not start the job twice.

May God will that I go to the end.

\*

Something in me is so weary, so weary... As at the end of life—but I know that it is not life.

It is death that is dying.

But it “comes to the same thing”.

And all the voices are of a murderous cruelty—“Ah! we are phantoms, well, you will see...” And I can see. (Those are not only “voices”, they are *forces*.)

I can't sleep anymore during the night.

\*

Obviously, there is something which resists in my own substance—of course! There is the whole complicity with that old evolutionary compost (more exactly, we could say the “atavistic dustbin”). And you grieve for *everything*—sorrow is the No. 1 Enemy of the new Life, it is the favourite instrument of the destructive forces, they play as much as they can with humanitarian or humanist or simply human sentimentality.



**December 24, 1984**

I *well* understand why, in “Savitri”, Sri Aurobindo wrote:

“A heart divorced from the blindness and the pang, The seal  
of tears, the bond of ignorance,  
He turned to find that wide world-failure’s cause...”

\*

Tears come to my eyes for a trifle and I have to control myself—as if there were a well of sorrow behind. (They will say that it is a “nervous disorder”, as for Mother.)

\*

If *one* man could give—really give—his death, his pains, his sorrow, his phantoms, his fears, the Divine Ray would be able to purely pass into the earth and change the world.

It is by the claws of sorrow that death keeps us better—Christ solved nothing!

\*

*Afternoon*

It is a *surging* of supramental Power.

It is crazy!

Surging, there is no other word, like a tidal wave, but fantastic!

What will happen?

One feels that it is a *terrestrial* phenomenon.

It is a divine miracle that the body is not disintegrated—but it says “Yes-yes-yes! May the Earth be changed!”

A surging.

\*



### ***Vision***

I don't know whether it is related, but this morning, during the operations, the new consciousness suddenly opened up and to my astonishment, under my eyes, I saw that image: someone broke an egg shell (but a bigger egg, much bigger than a real one—it took up the whole field of vision) and I was shown the opened half shell with a big luminous egg yolk, intact in the half shell.

It was so unexpected!

I don't know what one wanted to show me.

\*

Those visions of the “new consciousness” are inimitable and look like nothing of the “clairvoyants” visions: they last a split second, just one image, and they are of a meticulous precision, usually with a touch of humour, to describe a situation (inner or external), a person, an action, a country or a difficulty, or to announce something. It is very often teasing or mischievous to exactly touch the ridicule of a “situation” or of an individual.

It is absolutely inimitable—only Mother's or Sri Aurobindo's humour can do that.

But I still don't know what my egg yolk means! A shell (big shell) broken in two (I even saw the indented edge of the broken shell) and that luminous egg yolk!

I notice that those very brief visions are always meant to show the *exact truth* of what is happening or will happen. There is nothing “hazy” in there, only sometimes it is enigmatic... (!)

It is naked reality.

\*

*Evening*

I told Sujata my vision of this morning. She says that in Indian tradition, the universe is represented as an egg (it is Brahma's egg) and that that egg is open at present and shows its *essential reality*—that luminous egg yolk.

Sujata says that she feels very strongly this: "This new year is the year of the New, the true New, the one that Sri Aurobindo and Mother have prepared."

This evening, my Douce made a little drawing that strangely looks like my "surging"...



**December 25, 1984**

Again the *immobile* Pressure.

"In the press".

I don't know what is happening.

A great cellular conviction is needed to remain under (or in) that Pressure for one hour and a half without faltering. It is well beyond physiological "possibilities".

Perhaps the old "program" is being crushed (!)

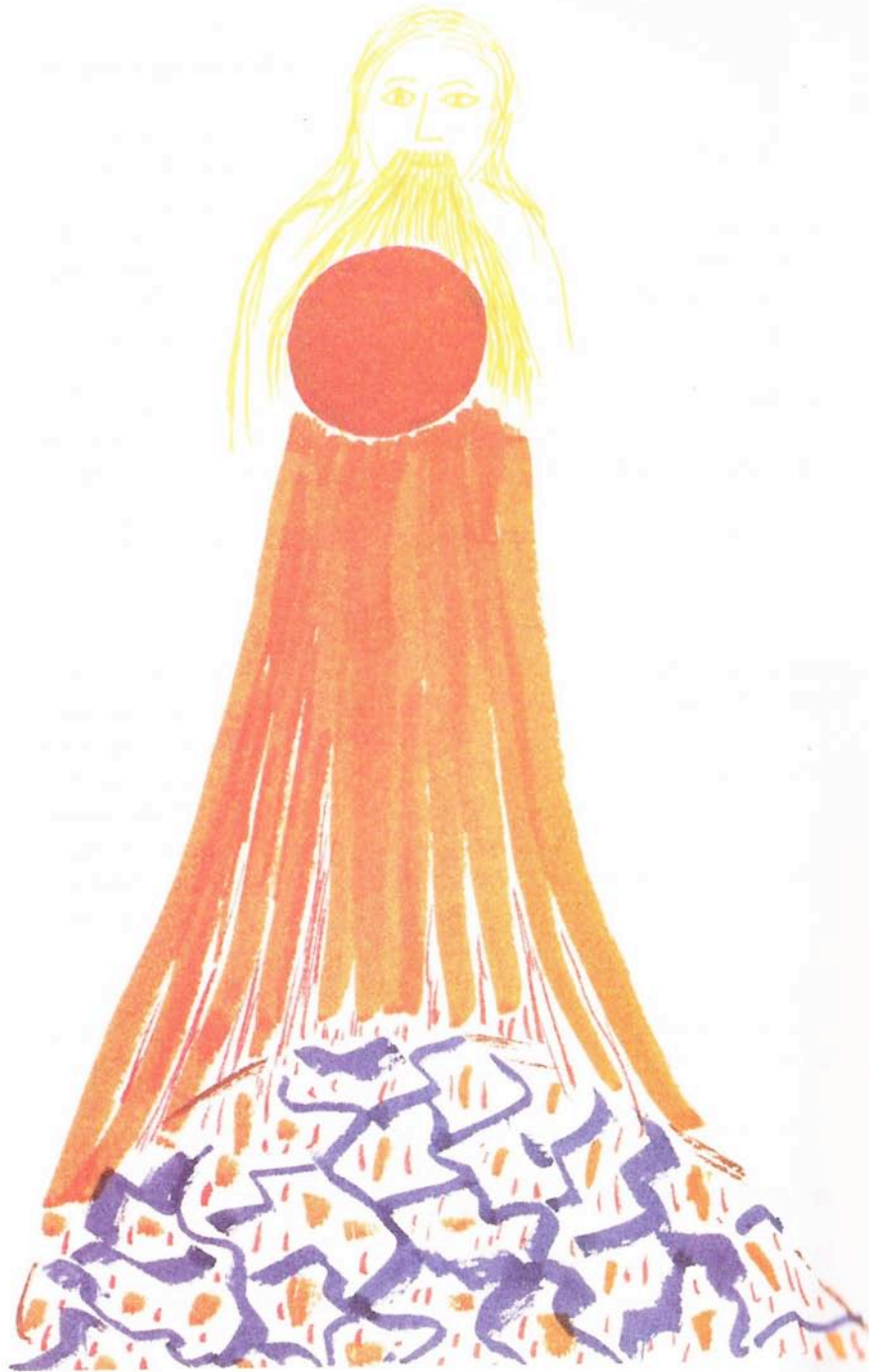
Perhaps one wants to show the body: you see, it is quite impossible—well, it is possible!

(By the way, one cannot "falter" in that *block* of Power.)

Hey! That may be like my "cube of ocean"...

\*

*Evening*



They are going to elect the “Nehru tradition” again. That would be quite despairing—hopeless, rather, if there were not for that Positive of new Power...

Perhaps it is as for Reagan: the System will be better unmasked with the “Nehru tradition’s” child.

But the appearances are very appalling (in the whole world). It would be absolutely hopeless if there were not “that”.

\*

Again a curious drawing of my Douce: “The earth flattened by a pestle” (at first, she said “a press”)! It is strange how she *translates* the ongoing experience without knowing anything! It is comforting!

One is flattened like a pancake, it is absolutely that.

What is going to happen??

It is not possible that nothing happens.

\*

But what I tell myself: *no* “demonstration” will be of any use on earth—they *don’t want* to see clearly.

So?

Unless the Divine has staggering arguments? (or hilarious, maybe!?)

\*

There certainly is some retrievable human “good dough” among the so-called “ordinary” or simple people, but they are more and more perverted by a corrupted crowd... That is the problem. Corruption is spreading.

And all their technical and electronic means serve the propagation of the corruption. It is like Attila’s horses, but by millions. Nothing grows afterwards.

It is the great pollution of the consciousnesses.

\*



P.S. Merry Christmas:

THE BUDGET OF GLOBAL DEFENCE COULD EXCEED A  
TRILLION DOLLARS

New Delhi, December 23 (PTI)

Global military spending should cross the trillion (a million millions) dollar mark in 1985. In 1984, they were estimated at approximately 970 billion dollars.

According to the latest evaluation of the United States' Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries represent almost three quarters of the present global spending for Defence.

This means that the increase of developed countries' actual military spending went from an annual rate inferior to 2% in the '70s to more than 4.5 % in 1982-84.



### **December 26, 1984**

Always that sapphire blue, immobile, crushing Pressure.

It is absolutely crazy!

A Power enough to crush a mountain (absolutely as in that vision I had three or four years ago—it is mad!).

But the body knows: it is the New.

It is the change of the world.

It repeats and repeats: may this Earth be changed, may this Earth be changed, may this Earth be changed...

It is coming, it is coming!

I think we will see.

\*

*Evening*

I have the impression of being in a silent cataclysm.

\*

One wonders whether the gates of the Apocalypse are not open.  
That is to say the gates of the true real.



### **December 27, 1984**

It is very interesting to observe: now the body calls for that Blue Power as its fountain of life. One sees, feels those millions of fibres and vessels and cells which try to find the *way*, the best way, the true way of absorbing “that”—one could say: “how it best functions” (if I dare say so). We could say that the body is learning its new respiratory and circulatory mode—not that it abolishes the old system, but the body feels, experiences the other, the New one, as the all-powerful driving force. It is that which *moves*. And it is so strong, so full, so dense, so *alive* that the old system seems to be... I don’t know what, a kind of first evolutionary attempt that *could* be replaced or supplanted. (The body itself feels that, this is what is very interesting.)

But it had nothing of yesterday’s “apocalyptic” proportions—today it seemed to be an individual work or phenomenon.

\*

The old functions would perhaps remain the same, but it would be a change of *engine*.

(I mean the “driving force”.)

\*

*Evening*

I suddenly remember the Rig-Veda:

He sets flowing in one movement human strengths and things divine. (IX.70.3)

The “human strengths” seem to me precarious...

But in the experience, you have the impression or the sensation that the old human system is just a “support” for the blue flow—and that “that” is predominant.

\*

But in fact, I am not interested in the individual phenomenon, but in the global phenomenon, and I would really like to see that blue Power flow in the world’s arteries and free us.

If only we could hasten the Moment.



### **December 28, 1984**

It is a complete reversal of the body’s values.

This morning, I tried to read the proofs of L.’s book and almost immediately, I felt so exhausted, emptied, I started to feel pain in the heart. I had to stop. I had a tea, smoked cigarettes to try to “recover”, and put myself in concentration, and then that blue invasion, so strong, so marvelling! The body swelled with force, it drank that with such a marvelling gratitude: that is Life, that is Life, that is Life! In a few minutes, it was revitalised—then I became aware of that complete reversal of values: the body saw, touched, perceived that it *was falling back into death* and in a few minutes of the blue Torrent: it was life! All of a sudden, the new system *became the true one*, the old human physiological system was *death*, obvious, tangible, asphyxiating and painful. Suddenly I measured, the body measured that it was no longer



underneath, in death's reign, but that it was above, in the other System and that to fall back in the old system was death.

But that is formidable!

It is like an old fish which would become aware that the oxygen in the sun is life! It is no longer the other respiratory mode. It is a corporeal, physical change of the mode of being. The "aquatic" life has become the asphyxia and the life in the sun—in the blue sun—has become the breathing! So it is a kind of wonderment in the body—of swelling filled with wonder.

Really, it is like going out of the reign of Death.

A blue breathing! And delicious, and so strong!

It is a *nourishing* breathing.

\*

In short, all the difficulties help you to make discoveries.

Obstacles are levers.

\*

P.S. It would not come to my mind to say, "I am immortal" (!) It would be ridiculous and presumptuous—and that is not the aim. The aim is that other driving force of life. And if I die, it will not be the necessity of the old death, it will simply mean that I have completed my part of the work.

Others will continue and make it better.

The new functioning must become absolutely natural.

\*

But it is marvellous *because it is You.*



**December 29, 1984**

Such an intense imploring for that corrupted Earth to be changed.

Then that blue pressure, immobile, crushing.

The body like a block of sapphire.

The sensation that through that point or that block of sapphire, it spreads into Matter.

Such an intense, almost desperate prayer—but one knows that You are the *only* hope. The only Hope.

We would like to be so pure, so clear, transparent, for That to be able to pass into that earth and make the Divine Earthquake—for the vibration to be unbearable for Falsehood.

But it is an almost frightening Pressure.

\*

*Evening*

The gardener explained to us that they have been shown a video of Indira on the pyre: they all cried and they went to vote for the Congress Party.

\*

They are going to cut the whole hill of eucalyptus above to sell it (at “friendly” prices) to I don’t know what “viscose” Company.

As for the forest nearby, the forest “guards” are corrupted, policemen are corrupted and the corrupted politicians encourage their “voters” (more and more of them) to take what is theirs by right...

We are more and more surrounded and everything is doomed to be destroyed if...

It is a symbol of the rest of the world.

Indira Gandhi sheltered seventeen years of corruption in India under her wings—but the Congress is safe.

She is the Queen of termites.

\*

Sri Aurobindo has a plan and he follows his plan.

\*

What hurts the most is the blindness of the world and its false gods.  
It is really the time of the Falsifiers.



### **December 30, 1984**

To the Gandhi family: even the mighty can fall.

(That is valid for Reagan as well.)

The two biggest pseudo-cracies of the world.

\*

I want however to note that vision that I had four or five years ago and which comes back to me now. I believe it was after 1977 and my visit to Delhi where I met Indira,\* then Sanjay, then, for a long time, Rajiv and his (Italian) wife Sonia. I had that vision when we were in Land's End (so after 1978) and it comes back with a new meaning. (Indira has just been assassinated, on October 31<sup>st</sup>.)

I was in a big Indian, very rich palace. There were many works of art and antique valuables from India and I was struck because that palace was in custody (or under the authority) of an “Italian woman” and I saw lots of “western tourists” who were coming to visit the palace and were taking the opportunity to quietly pocket all kinds of precious objects while the “lady of the house” looked at them, saying nothing—and the “lady of the house” was Sonia Gandhi.

A quiet looting in broad daylight.

At that time, Sonia G. was not the “lady of the palace”.



### **December 31, 1984**

I don't know whether it is a sign or a symbol, but this morning, the last day of the year, while opening the newspaper, I came across a large photo of Hitler (a book on “Hitler's psychoanalysis”). And all of a sudden, I saw-touched-felt to what extent that reigns—it is that *same* force—everywhere, from Papeete to Auray and at the end of our hills; under all masks and all make-ups, that is what we touch. And I lived again that whole Horror, I remembered how the Church was pro-Vichy and for the “collaboration”, I remembered Gandhi's letters to the British to beg them to use “non-violence” with Hitler... I lived again that whole Horror hidden under all the religious, spiritual, political, sentimental masks—the Horror at the bottom. The *same* Horror which made Hitler.

And suddenly, there was such a cry in my whole body, as if those millions of cells lived again the camps, the perversion and so many other things that I will never tell... And I understood—understood in my body: this is it, it is that Horror which Sri Aurobindo came to uproot.

There was such a prayer in my body for that Awful Reign to end—the *same* reign everywhere under all its masks and all its make-ups, in every country. May it be the end of all that, the beginning of the New.

Now I *really* understand why I have been put in the camps at the age of twenty and I *really* understand what Sri Aurobindo and Mother came to do.

Nobody-*nobody* knows to which extent that Horror is at the bottom.

The year 1984 ends with Hitler and under the sign of Hitler.

But it is over.

There is *one* human Matter in which it is unmasked.

I am Mother's and the Supreme's child—I am no longer the child of that Horror.

\*

*Afternoon*

The Divine Reign COMES !

\*

*In the forest*

Such a tremendous, crushing Power came down in the body that it is either death—the body's contraction and explosion—or the Supreme. Then... something *reverses* or changes its form—like a transmutation—and it is the Divine. It is You.

It is like Death that reverses—an upside down—and it is You.

Then we know: the Divine Reign comes.

It is the end of death—the “deep falsehood of death”, unmasked or reversed.

\*

But there is nothing in between: it is either death or the supreme Supreme—it is quite absolute and “dazzling” (without fuss!).

So you can almost see: like a black network that tightens or hangs on tight everywhere in the body under the assault of the Power, then... that network loosens or vanishes or reverses: it is You. And Death is over.

Falsehood is over, Horror is over.

\*

It has been lasting for one hour and forty-five minutes.

It is a very “radical” (= at the root) operation.

One could also say: “to the extreme limit”.

\*

It is not a corporeal act of faith: it is an *act* of purity.

Actually, it is as when you recognise what you love—you love and you recognise what you love. And that’s all—it is simple also. There are not dozens of things.

Either *everything* is Death and Horror, or there is That.

\*

*Evening*

“That” is the beginning of the new Evolution.

\*

40 years+1. (1943 to 1984)

1973 to 1983 = 11 years

