

Satprem

Notebooks
of an
Apocalypse

Volume 6

1986 -1987



To Sujata

*with whom we went
through these terrible ordeals,
step by step,
carried by our sole
love for Mother
and our desperate will
to continue Their Work
until the end
✓
to discover
the terrible
and wonderful
Mystery of life
on the earth*

Encyclopedia

Universalis, Vol.2

APOCALYPTIC
(LITTERATURE)

For a modern mind, the word “apocalypse” evokes a worldwide catastrophe. It is actually the literal translation of *αποκαλυψις*, a Greek word that simply means “laying bare”, “lifting of the veil”. Rarely used in secular Greek, it appears quite often in the biblical translation of the Septuagint where it refers to the “laying bare” in the material sense, but mainly, figuratively, to the “revelation” of the divine or human secrets.

January

January 4, 1986

Another neuralgic spot has appeared on the spine.
The situation gets more complicated.

*

This neuralgic corset is quite opposed to a divine life. It *must* change—or... what?



January 7, 1986

The forces of the old life ebb or fade very quickly.



January 9, 1986

It is curious, deep down in the body, I find again something that looks like the thirst of a baby for its mother, but instead of that “savage”, primitive or animal energy, it is another sun that it absorbs and it feels (as simply and as obviously as a baby) that this other sun is nourishing or sustaining, it even feels that *it loves*—it is thirsty for it. But then, on top of that, over this basic reality, one could say, another reality comes to stick or glue or add itself—to cover: a system or a device that the “fundamental” body feels as *false*—UNREAL. It is awfully false, but it hurts. And it is that pain that predominates, covers the true, nourishing reality. It is like a crust of death or a network of death or a device of death which covers the true life. There, at the bottom, deep down in the body, it LIVES without any problem, it is sunny, natural—but natural as *nothing* is natural in the

world because *everything* is covered by that deadly Falsehood. And here I am, with pains, sorrow, neuralgia—well, a whole animal and human atavism while an inexpressible Life flows underneath. But such a powerful, tremendous—and DIVINE life. It is PURE Divine. And it is unbearable for all the old crust that our “science” calls “biology”—it is not biology, it is necrology. They know NOTHING of what Life *is*. But the body learns how to suck this other Sun, this true Sun, while the other idiot moans and sees its strength fade away. It is a strange “mixed” situation.

*

That is to say that we see everything through the eyes of Death and feel everything through the senses of Death—and we must learn *physically* to feel and perceive with the true sense and see with the eyes of Life.

It is another life that has to be learned *physically*.

It is very radical.

Because the baby who suckles from its mother, already suckles from death.

But what is already incredible is that the body has discovered that this other life EXISTS.

*

All of a sudden, these verses from Sri Aurobindo take a very concrete and living meaning:

*I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song...*

I think I know what this golden river is.

It EXISTS

And it is PHYSICAL.

*

One can say that it is a new door that opens in Matter.

*

Evening

It is very strange: you are at the same time close to death and close to a kind of resurrection.

*

If I could read Sri Aurobindo again now, I would discover many previously unnoticed things.

Which just goes to show that the concrete has a meaning only when you arrive “on the spot”.

The Vedic Rishis and Sri Aurobindo are the most concrete experimenters in the world, and people say that it is “poetry” or “philosophy”! or myths, perhaps.

Of course, they did not see what they saw at the end of their electronic microscope.

One can have a “scientific” view of the Amazon forest with satellites and photometry in infrared or supra-red—to walk into it with a machete is another thing.

It is the same for cells and atoms: they don’t know what it is—they skim over it. Because they manipulate and violate Matter with their chemistry and their machines, they obtain certain effects which they call “laws”—but it is simply the law of their manipulations and their spectacles.

It is like a monkey that would infer the “law” of fruit by

shaking a tree.

*

We know nothing of the Reality of the universe. We only know its outward appearance.

Sri Aurobindo is the greatest Materialist. He searched in Matter for the Law that could undo human misfortune.



January 11, 1986

Now I know what this “root of pain” is—the whole source of Misfortune. But I would not be able to say this, to any human being. It would be like touching the very foundation of their life—who would bear it?

Only the supreme grace leads you step-by-step and in small doses to knowledge you can bear.

That is, to the Power that can thwart.¹

It is like finding the nest of death and the nest of the New Life at the same time.

It is not metaphysical—it is PHYSICAL.

And that is why all their “Saviours” saved nothing.

*

Evening

What happens at the *moment* of the reversal of the switch, when one changes sector—the passage, the *moment* of the

¹ Besides, there is no point in giving “knowledge” because it is the body that must know.

complete passage from the Energy of Death to the Divine Energy?

Probably, it is done little by little—but there must be an ultimate detachment from the old mortal energy, and then...

*

(If I really understood the question, the problem would be solved—but it has to be solved in the body, *in vivo*, preferably!)

*

It is like making a little lichen hooked to a (Breton) rock understand that this is not a way to do it!

It says: But all my fuses are going to blow! or: I am going to break down!

*

Sometimes I have the impression that it is like a tide that swells and grows, until it has pushed all the old life outside.

These are the last difficult drops.

*

The *only* recourse: an absolute “to You”.

Something that renounced “life” absolutely, without accepting death.



January 12, 1986

Indeed, it is like going from one element to another while keeping the same structure—it is that “same structure” that makes all the difficulty.

*

Afternoon

It is clear: it is another Energy of Life that tries to take the place of this one.

Something quite unknown (except to Sri Aurobindo and Mother!). Something that never occurred in an animal organism.

*

So, I understand why there has been all that agony for two years.

(There “has been”... I don’t know.)

*

Evening

Yes, it is a new door that opens in Matter.

It is that “golden river” that makes its way.

*

It seems simple to tell...

*

That unthinkable labour that They have done...

*

I have the impression of being crushed to bits (like manioc).²

O Lord, there is You. We must come out of this human Misfortune.

² In Guiana, they used to call that “*couac*”! It is exactly that.

And to think that they called me “Mr Angel”!!...

It was 36 years ago. As the sailors say: “A lot of water has flowed over my deck”!



Night of January 12 to 13, 1986

Vision

Last night, I saw Saint Francis of Assisi!! (Or what seemed so to me, in his monk dress). I am quite surprised. I *never* thought of this man. A part of his skull was a little shaved, somewhat like the Brahmins.

He did not seem to be smiling or blissful: he looked on. What?—what is being done here?

I would have been less surprised to meet Captain Flint with the black blindfold on his eye and his wooden leg.

*

Afternoon

There is nothing—nothing—in this terrestrial Matter that could be compared to the DENSITY of this Power. It is crazy!

It rises without stopping, on and on, from below the feet and it seems to be of an ever-increasing density, from minute to minute! It is impossible—and it is possible.

How the whole mechanics does not blow is incomprehensible.

The fact that it does not blow up proves to me (or in any case proves to my body) that it is a new type of Energy (new for us). For the body, it is miraculous—a miracle from second to second: But-but-but! One lives anyway?! One is not dead?!

It is perhaps the Energy which is beyond Death.

Our Science would not be able to measure it: probably—it can measure only what is inside its scientific bubble. It can measure

only what is *in* Death—of course! They are right in it! They would not be able to live outside Death—they would burst immediately! And their instruments with them.

This is the Apocalypse: Death is taken away. It is the crust of Death that goes away.³

The coffin that burns (!)

*

(I repeat myself, but for the body, *each time* it is a discovery.)

*

Evening

Actually, it is the “science” of a certain prison.

What type of galaxies can an eagle see?

Galaxies of eagles.

We see galaxies of humans.

*

And how will the next galaxies be?

In our hearts.



January 15, 1986

All the material energies that we know are destructive, beyond a certain “dose”. Electricity, gravity, fire, the atom—after a

³ Catholics speak of the “resurrection of the dead”—I wonder in which *way* the phenomenon should be interpreted. I really think that they take it in the wrong way! *We* are the dead.

certain “quantity” or intensity, it becomes crushing or explosive, electrifying, you are fried, boiled or flattened, atomised—being in a cyclone, or an avalanche is enough to understand. While this New Energy can, so it seems, increase its “dosage” indefinitely without destroying anything. It is destructive only for death, darkness and Falsehood—the Illusion. That is to say that it *forces* the body to a divine state: you can bear “that” only by being absolutely like a child surrendered in the hands of the Lord or of the supreme Mother—a complete transparency. A divine baby. It is unbearable for all the untrue elements—*nothing* can resist “that”, or everything blows up. But that denser and denser “dose” is incredible and crazy—you wonder where it will stop!

It is really the great building Energy—it can rebuild the whole world... if we let ourselves be carried along (!)

It is the whole nervous system that seems the most steeped in Falsehood and Death.

As if by chance, I stumbled on this information!

“Each nerve is composed of a bundle of millions of nerve fibres.

The medullar nerve cells reach several billion.

The brain contains a thousand million nerve cells.

Pain is not perceived locally: “Painful stimulation”, says Dr Therese Gatt, “is immediately recorded by receivers that are going to send ‘messages’ along the nerve that join up with the spinal cord. At that level, the same message is relayed in the ‘posterior horn’ of the cord. There, other nerve cells, the

converging neurons, take over to relay the message up to the brain, in the thalamus. It is *only then* that the sick person *becomes aware* of the painful phenomenon... The victims of certain lesions of the nervous system actually no longer receive this signal... There has been an interruption in the pathway of pain. There are also cases when the sick persons suffering from a congenital insensitivity burn themselves or break a limb without noticing it!”

I wonder even whether that Great building Energy “destroys” Death...? It must shove it into a kind of “limbo” of Unreality.

It is THE Reality.

*

One does not destroy the ghosts: one blows them out (what a breath!).



January 16, 1986

I came to the (experimental) conclusion that this New Energy (new for us) is “destructive” to the *physical* illusion that imprisons us in death, separation and all the atavistic or genetic “impossibilities” specific to the species. It is the Great “Destructor”—the Powerful Destructor—of the *illusory* barriers of the species.

It is not an “illusion” in the sense that we certainly die of it — everybody dies of it! And yet it is an illusion since we *can* come out of it.

It is as in the concentration camps: if you had the misfortune

to believe or to think that you “could not come out of it”, you were good for the crematorium, but if there was that kind of faith in freedom, you had a better opportunity. (That “faith” in the body—in my twenty-year-old body—was already the beginning of the fight against the enslavement and the illusion.)

That New Energy is Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s wonderful gift to humanity. And nobody noticed it yet!

But now I KNOW: there is a *physical* illusion to go through—it is an Illusion. And that New Energy is the Power that delivers. So everything conspires to make us believe that we “are going to die of it”! It is Death that struggles with all its might, with all its persuasive means (!) of the nerves, the heart, well, the whole physiological caboodle. But it is a Falsehood and an Illusion. We are imprisoned by a physiological and scientific Gestapo.

Mother did tell me (some two years ago): “The second life is the one in which everything is regulated by this other Sun.” Now I understand in my body.

So we find that other Sun quite unbearable—but it is unbearable for Death and the Illusion.

It is the passage from the animal and Darwinian Evolution to the Divine Evolution—the “second Evolution” Sri Aurobindo spoke of. (More exactly, he said “the new Evolution”.)

*

(“Science” answers you kindly: *we* will have the proof when you are dead. This is what they want—it is their faith. But *I* believe in the exit from the Concentration Camp.)

Let’s note that I am not at all keen to be “immortal”! But I am absolutely keen to come out of that horror and of that cruelty

and that sorrow that dominate human life.

Death is not dying, it is being in pain.

For Sri Aurobindo, the ultimate Truth is always Joy, Ananda. I know exactly what He means! It is the lack of it that makes death.

*

Evening

I think that I understand (my body begins to understand) why Sri Aurobindo said “a spell”.

*

What I ask myself is to what extent that Power, touching one piece of Matter (mine), is going to touch the rest of Matter.

There are no impenetrable partition walls—Matter is the only place where everything communicates.



January 17, 1986

This is what is so terrible in this human life: the true and the false are so mixed up in everything, everywhere, that one cannot extract the false without killing the true.

So they hobble along, the true helping the false, the false helping the true—until we have enough of all this muddy and golden, golden and muddy misery.

It makes a lot of pain on the way—and much breakage.

And when you are really fed up of it, all the claws come out—the claws of the false, the claws of the true.

(This can be justified or digested only in terms of evolutionary

mechanics.)

Or to repeat ad nauseam: There is You, there is You—there is You, there is You...

*

Afternoon

I don't know what is happening, it is such a tremendously powerful immobility...

A "pipe", yes, as Mother said.

But a pipe planted in the ground, like the "stems of a petiole".



January 18, 1986

(Letter from Satprem to his brother Pierre's wife)

Little Catherine,

I haven't "seen the new"—I *live* the New. It is very difficult to bear physically. I cannot speak of these things. But, one day, an old Fish must really have tried to breathe the newness of free air—it is *physically* like that. It is difficult. And the consequences... one doesn't know. The New is by essence unknown (!).

We must make a hole through the old shell of the animal-mental being that we are—and want with all our strength, with all our soul, something other than this appalling human life. An intense aspiration *towards*... That and the Mantra do the work automatically. But for that, a fierce honesty is needed: not to want to "fool oneself"—to *totally* want Something Other than all

the human marvels or abominations—and I assure you that this “Something Other” EXISTS and that it is PHYSICAL. It is even very difficult.

With my love. I really trust your sincerity—it is the key.

Satprem

*

If You came back in your new body, it would be the *true* end of the *Agenda*.

*

Vision

This afternoon, in concentration (completely awake) I saw Mother as Maheshwari.⁴ Then I saw the “Tandava”⁵ dancer!?! He literally fell from the “sky” on one foot, like a dancer. I was so surprised.

Is he going to “clean the rust off” the ball a little?



Night of January 19 to 20, 1986

Vision

Last night, in the middle of the night, all of a sudden the door of my bedroom opened and a little girl with golden hair (long hair) crossed my room like a bombshell and disappeared towards Sujata’s room. I had the impression that she was laughing as if

⁴ One of the four aspects of the universal Mother, the greatest.

⁵ The dance of destruction, Shiva.

she had played a joke on me.

Mother in her new body?

She was hardly more than four years old.

(As a result, I realised that my room was full of a kind of thin whitish smoke—my tobacco? or what?)

I remember that two or three years ago, Sujata saw a “little tot not taller than this” (regarding India’s Parliament—and that little girl said in a quite resolute tone: “This *must* go away”!) Is she the same... a little taller?!

*

Afternoon

This *mass* of vertiginous Power that goes through the body is incredible.

If only this body could serve as a “strainer” for You...!?⁶



January 21, 1986

(Renewal of my passport and residential permit to stay in India.)

They have invented a Monster with their Science and their police with computers—but all they try to make is a better Monster. Or perhaps an infallible Monster.

And since they are in the Monster’s belly, they don’t even notice it, as long as the Monster is well fed.

⁶ Mother said “pipe”.

The Monster must be fed, more and more—up to the stars.

*

If that golden haired girl materialised... but how?
She would make the whole monster blow up... in laughter.

*

What does “to materialise” mean? It is perhaps only an artificial screen that goes away, and then it is *there!*

*

My *material* being (the one that I call “the worker”) is already aware of that “girl”, but a final layer must remain...



January 22, 1986

The “movie” of my last life (one century ago or a little more) continues to come back in bits, with quite idiotic and material details, “details of the street”, if I may say so—I am somewhat dumbstruck. How is it that such material and idiotic details, really, have been preserved? Of course, there is some psychological content... Karma is all that you did not “digest” from the past lives (!).

There are two beings in me, and it is the memories of the material being that come back, not of the “other”. The other must be more eternal. But it is the impossible material being who made the Other One progress. This is where I could write (lived) “novels” better than those of Dostoyevsky.

It is like having Captain Flint and St Francis of Assisi in a same skin! or Mowgli and... and Voltaire with some Hierophant or mystic from the banks of the Ganges! Absolutely explosive mixtures.

So it is very curious and “funny” (if I dare say, because it is rather tragic): the characters of the present movie (without knowing it) carry on the past story as if to rectify the bad ending of the last movie! (I could tell lots of things, now that I no longer say anything!)

And as a result, I understand many strange things and meanderings in my present life.

A lost gesture is caught up a thousand years later.

It is a strange marriage where the Error widens the Truth and helps it to go down into Matter, and where Truth pulls Matter towards the Light and bears the pain of its false steps.

It is about time that this union of Love and Death changes itself into a new life.

*

It is always the same thing: one must know how to use the dynamism of Death and Pain to find the other...

It is a difficult labour.



January 23, 1986

This morning, during the concentration, all of a sudden, I lost my breath (an “apnoea”). It lasted only a split second, but I had time to hear Mother tell me, as if *in the middle* of a conversation

or of an “interview”: “I am forced to hold your hand like a baby”!!

That is to say that there is a kind of *continuous* or continual “Agenda” with Mother, or rather a kind of constant interview and meeting—something that unfolds constantly, just behind or on the other side of... what?

I had to lose my breath one second to find myself in that other state or that other “sector” which seems to be quite *on the edge* of Matter as we know it or on the border of the usual physical state. There is only a tiny “something”, like an infinitesimal “layer” that separates us from that. I don’t even know if it is a “layer” because it has no thickness, so to say—or no more than a skipped breath.

I always think of that lighthouse of Quiberon: you are in the green sector and all of a sudden the white of the sector appears. You navigate on the same sea, but suddenly you are in the white.

It is a same physical or material state, separated by... something.

*

This infinitesimal layer is perhaps, precisely, the misleading Illusion of the world—the “something” that will fall with the Apocalypse (!) or the “something” that prevents the “invasion of the Real”.

Basically, I look for the passage of the Real.

Or rather: the body tries to be used as a strainer for the Real.

A for-mi-dable Real.

It is in the body that the Passage is, and it is in the body that the Illusion is destroyed. (“is destroyed” or is pierced!)

As long as Mother holds my hand tight, it is the main thing!

*

Evening

It is the same with my little mother, so often I feel like writing to her once more, as if to hail her barque, because I know that she is going to disappear soon.⁷

And *everything* is like that.

We don't realise.

That is why Death must be killed, by changing life.

"Life", that is, the basic energy which makes life as we know it—but it is a deception.

*

Actually, the Buddhist language permeated us with the word "Illusion"—it would be more exact to say the Deception. The Deception of Death (or of life, it is the same).

Illusion is perhaps undone in Nirvana, but the Deception is undone in the body—these are the Stakes.

*

Nothing in us must be attached to Death anymore—yet *everything* in us is attached to Death or by Death.

It is a challenge.

One must clothe oneself with something Imperishable.

*

⁷ I am perhaps a little simple-minded to be surprised or to get angry because of such a common fact (!) but I find that it has run for long enough.

One's feet must be in the Blue Sun (without sciatica, if possible).

*

P.S. Even so, it is not convenient to teach Captain Flint to be like a baby (!)



January 25, 1986

A complete draining and a kind of cerebral exhaustion.

It seems that the old animal physiology is being dismantled.

So be it—the old man can go away provided that the New is born.

Provided that the Divine reign comes.

*

The Earth is crushed under the weight of the gnomes' darkness.



January 26, 1986

Vision

Last night (from 25 to 26), I saw my body completely lying on the ground. Not the floor: the real earth, of a light brown colour, but dry. A sort of cover or blanket or sheet of plastic protected me from direct contact with the earth...???

*

Afternoon

It is *another* Energy of Life, there is no doubt.

So it is absolutely like death for the body's old way of living.

It is quite fantastic to live it from minute to minute.

One must be TOTALLY like a baby in the Divine Mother's arms.

But the body *knows* that it is You.

*

ANOTHER Energy of Life.

It is fabulous.

It is like living the hereafter of death—in a body!

*

An Energy of life unknown to the Earth.

*

Evening

Now I understand why all the ghosts had to be vanquished—to be unmasked one by one.

Then, the more the ghosts are dispersed, the more “that” invades the organism.

The animal had really to be ripped apart.

I understand what the “illusion” is—the *body* understands what the illusion is.

This is perhaps the Buddha, lived at the cellular level!

But it changes everything! while Nirvana did not change anything for the poor unfortunates.

*

All the fibres of life (of the old life) are what glue you the most to the phantoms.

Sorrow is the most difficult of the ghosts.

*

You are given all the obstacles that are the most *necessary* to realisation.

That is to say that you meet the exact opposite extreme of the Goal.

And in the end, there are no longer antipodes at all—You are the one whose foot is everywhere.

*

The “illusion” is to believe that one cannot come out of the concentration camp (of course, one must first realise that there is one!)

Will it be for the present poor unfortunates? Or for others, even more poor unfortunate? (But one wonders whether it is possible to go lower or to be more poor.)

*

If it enters into this poor ball, even through the tip of a needle, it will make its way.

(One should perhaps say the opposite! If it *comes out*, even through the tip of a needle... “To enter”, Sri Aurobindo is the one who made enter!)

*

November 15, 1978

(Extract from my old Notebooks, volume 2)

Thirty-fifth anniversary of my arrest by the Gestapo.

The Reversal of the obscure forces is beginning.

*

Mrs Lyudmila Zhivkova*

The golden Buddha

Visit of Lyudmila Zhivkova to Land's End.

On November 19 (or 20), while sipping her tea at the "Wellington Club," with her eyes wide open, she sees an emerald green lawn opening out or plunging into an intense blue sky, and exactly where the house of Land's End stands, covering the whole spot, a pagoda in the shape of the golden Buddha. At once, Lyudmila thinks or sees or hears: "The place where a divine work is to be accomplished."

*

(January 26, 1986)

Our gardener's vision (J.-Cl.)

I don't know why, I remember a vision that my brother J.-Cl. had a little more than one year ago (I think). J.-Cl. is a very material being, but with a great sensitivity or receptivity (he is a skilled workman from Auvergne). So he saw this: he went to the village hardware dealer and he discovered a very old—"several

* President Zhivkov's daughter, princess of Bulgaria and Minister for the Arts. Following a car accident (a fractured skull), visions began to pour into her. She came to India in order to find the "explanation" and was sent to me by Sir C.P.N. Singh.

She was murdered two years later, in 1981. She had given me a small white handkerchief, which I still keep.

thousand years old”—ceramic pot, a little chipped. He took it back and he opened it. And inside, he was very surprised to find a Buddha, as he is represented usually, but a Buddha who was of an amber colour (like embers) and who was upside down!!

It means something, if I am not mistaken!

Could it be Mrs Lyudmila Zhivkova's vision?

*

While reading J.-Cl.'s vision again, Sujata notes: *"It was a loop of his undertaken voyage.*

"He comes to finish his journey here, his unmade path."

It does not end with Nirvana: it is the Buddha Maitreya, the New Buddha, of an amber colour (like embers) with his feet in the air and his head down who plunges into Matter. Everything that was up there has now come back in the Buddha here.

It changes our whole perspective of the Buddhist experience.



January 27, 1986

Sujata's vision

Yesterday evening, Sujata saw something strange. Usually I don't tell what is happening during the work because there is nothing to say—as Mother said: "nothing to make a story"—only that "impossible" Power to digest. No "visions", no "ecstasies", no "experiences"—you don't even know what the experience consists of! except that you have to bear and assimilate something unknown to the human system. Then this "hole" through

unspeakable layers (then or at first!). But nothing seems to come out of this “hole” any more except that dense Power—I haven’t been seeing horrors for a long time (one never knows...).

So yesterday evening, before withdrawing into her room, Sujata put her head on my chest for a few minutes and she saw two things. At first a “ball” of various colours: sapphire blue, light blue, various blues surrounded by sapphire blue (there was also a little bit of green) and at the centre a blue flame dancing. Then she was about to stand up when she saw something else, or the “sequel”: that “ball of light” enlarged itself until it became as large as her hand, always with the same lights, and in the centre was an “entirely blue, fully formed child”...!

What is this... entirely blue, fully formed “child”?

*

(They will say that it is a child with aortic problems!)

*

It is not a question of “overcoming Death”—it is a question of overcoming life-which-is-Death.

This is the “other Energy”.

*

Afternoon

It is of an unimaginable *massiveness*.

*

Evening

I think of Einstein: Energy = Mass times the speed of light

squared...

If I were a mathematician, I would perhaps understand what is happening (or what passes) in my body better!



January 28, 1986

You think that you are done with horrors, and hardly has this been said when the Enemy comes along and claims its pound of flesh with a cruelty that seems to surpass itself each time.

How much longer?

*

It is really the root of all the human misfortune.

*

Why do I have to bear such a burden?



January 29, 1986

There is something that takes its revenge with fierceness.

I remember Mother: "You want to change the Law?—then pay the price."

*

I am full of pain, in my body and in my heart.

If it were a question of going from one thing to another, to leave a being or a way of being to enter into another, but it is not like that at all! You are asked to become the other in the old, to move on to something else without leaving the old system, so it

is always as though you had to die and live *at the same time!* It is a dreadful impossibility.

Pay the price...

Death is not “elsewhere”, it is not something external against which you have to fight—you have it everywhere in your skin!

It is not an “illness” that gets you in the end, like cancer that progresses: life *itself* is an illness.

Then there is a time when you are no longer anything but Pain.

Aah! I am a ghost?

*

So you are like a sixty-three-year-old idiot who wants to cry like a child.



January 30, 1986

The “evolutionary problem” starts to define itself better: the new species will begin to take shape when an old human organism is able to bear or to accept the complete replacement of the savage Energy by the other Energy. While making its way through, the other Energy pushes all the old evolutionary ghosts outside, that is, all the old millennial habits which, naturally, feel this as their death. The whole of human psychology only replaces or hardens the old mode of receiving energies by lending to it various complications or haloes. Death is simply the backward surge of the same energy when it is no longer accepted or pleased or haloed by the old organism. A lot depends on the

ability to bear the savage operation without grieving or losing heart or being abused by physiological or sentimental appearances.

*

“O Future Vigour”, said my brother Rimbaud...



January 31, 1986

The discovery of atomic power is nothing compared to the discovery of this new Energy and it will change the earth more radically than their temporary Monster.

*

I think of what Sri Aurobindo said in *Savitri*: “He drew the energies that transmute an age.” I was far from understanding the *physical* and physiological power of those energies, and we don’t yet know what are their incalculable effects.

We witness the birth of a formidable unknown Niagara which we don’t know yet the use or the course of.

Actually, it is a new life which is being born on the Earth.

Little by little, you face the facts.

*

There is a “certain thing-that-is-here”, and gradually evolution has invented various devices to use the thing-that-is-here. We carefully studied those devices and their ingredients and we concluded that: “life is like that and in these conditions”. And if

it is not “like that”, you are *kaput* (!)⁸ Which means that we always come back to a certain original concentration camp and to our inability to know or to see or to live what is on the other side of the barbed wire—we don’t have the required “device” (or the non-device!).

With Sri Aurobindo, the concentration camp blows up—the barbed wire situated at the level of the cellular mode of reception of the “certain thing-that-is here”.

The whole of biology is to be redone!

It was only kaputology.

(That word, I heard it screamed down into my cells.)

*

Afternoon

When I see the *thirst* with which my body absorbs this “impossible thing”, I wonder for *whom* or for what it is “impossible”?

For death?... that covers us.

Not only is the body thirsty, but it loves it!

*

How guarded and shielded off I still was when at Mother’s feet! This is my greatest sorrow—I could have helped and loved her so much more.

⁸ German word meaning “done in”. The meaning here is more in the sense of finished, worn out, dead. (*Translators’ note*)



February

February 1, 1986

For many months I have been in the operation, and not one day did that Power stop increasing or becoming denser...

How is it possible?

Where is it going?

*

PS: Yet the sciatica is less bad, but the body is as if crushed. Bruised.

*

Evening

Let's say that death is being crushed (!)

*

We might as well make a water mill turn with Niagara Falls!

It is true that it is a Breton mill.

I remember my old nanny Perrine: "Bernard, you're a stubborn person."

This is what is called "direct action": the mill is directly changed into flour.



February 2, 1986

The body's daily experience, more and more irrefutable, obvious, convincing (for it): the *reality* of Matter is You—it is the Divine, it is the Supreme. It is that "impossible" Power. And there is something that covers "that" and makes all the misery.

The whole work probably consists of removing that sort of untruthful bogey that covers the Marvellous reality.

The reality that would change *everything*.

*

So one builds more and more monstrous and mortal mechanics to obviate this absence of the first Reality. Upon a basic falsehood, one builds more and more falsehood. On a physical non-reality, one piles more and more physical unrealities.

And the space shuttle blows up in your face.

*

Afternoon

The body is living a great Divine Mystery.

No, a great Mystery *of* the Supreme.

*

Only the physical can understand—all the rest is like clouds.

*

Evening

Decidedly, the “materialists” are not materialist enough (!).

*

But as long as we are in Horror, it is quite horrible.

Ghosts *oblige* us to Reality.

That is, they must become stinging enough for us to really look for the exit door (or the exit barbed wire!).



February 5, 1986

This body is more and more shattered.

*

I don't understand why, if one can transform Matter into Energy, one cannot, conversely, transform Energy into Matter (except at the particulate, sub quantum level)? Which means that there is something wrong with their equations or an "unknown piece of data" in the passage from Energy to Matter.

Mother said that she had been able to give a body to that being that made the Chinese revolution—down to the vital level. But she could not have made it more material. There is a passage from the vital level to the material level that remains a mystery.

*

I have the impression that my body is living that mystery—that passage.

*

That is to say that the true mystery is *our* physical, what we understand or feel or see as "Matter".

*

There is that formidable Energy, denser than all we know as "Matter", on one side, and on the other side this old body of physical Matter which seems to be more and more shattered.

Can this help "materialize" that, or will it volatilize into that Energy?

There is something that "volatilizes" or is "pounded", undoubtedly—but will the other be able to take its place?

"Matter" is perhaps only a screen.

*

I think of Sri Aurobindo, in *Savitri*, announcing the approach of the New Age: those "sun-eyed children"... and he does say: "the massive *barrier*-breakers of the world".

There is a barrier.

It is this barrier.

(Perhaps it is my “barbed wire”!?)

We’ll see.

*

Yet, “originally”, there is an Energy that produced all the matter that we know in the universe (it is the big bang). So there is really an Energy that produced our Matter.

As Einstein said: “If I could do it all again, I’d be a plumber”—or if he’d be a “sunlit child”, perhaps his equation would be solved *in vivo*.

*

I don’t aspire to an equation, I aspire to Truth, pure, simple, and lived.

*

Noon

I struggle to find a position in which this body would not have pain.

Where is the Falsehood of the body? *Where is the Falsehood?*

Is this body unable to receive that truth?

*

We only have to continue. It will eventually turn to one side or the other.

*

Perhaps it is not simply the problem of *one* body: it is the problem of everybody. As Mother says: you cannot separate one part from the whole.

So?

We only have to continue “injecting” that Energy into the old Matter... until the Great Falsehood is destroyed.

If it gives in in one point, it will give in everywhere.

*

Of course, the problem (or the obstacle) cannot be defined—if it were defined, it would be solved (or overcome).

Obviously, it is not something to “understand”, but to *become*.

What can the Fish understand of non-aquatic Matter?! (It is probably a kind of mystical—and awful Matter!)

*

It is *in* the obstacle that the new means is fabricated.



February 6, 1986

Vision

Last night (5-6) I discovered that I must have had an Eskimo life! (There was an Eskimo child, after all a long story,⁹ and I liked him very much). So I remembered my passion for the North Pole when I was a child! After the war, I wanted to go to Greenland!

But what is really curious is that, this evening, my Douce made a little drawing (she knew nothing) and she told me: “Here

⁹ Stories about sharing territory, about which I understood nothing. There was also a carved stone showing an animal with two long curved teeth (somewhat like a walrus) and I attached importance to that stone—I was hiding it.

I’ve had wild and beautiful lives.

But I would relive nothing-nothing-nothing of all that.

are two Eskimos”!! Strange...

It doesn't help matters under the equator.



February 7, 1986

It is Energy that will move the new species.

It will no longer be the vital energies.

*

Evening

So you are completely “worn out”, exhausted by the receding of the vital energies, and not yet able to “breathe” that air permanently.

*

(You might as well “breathe” lightning!)

*

But I know what I mean: we are quite steeped in Death, from top to bottom (except the deepest soul or the areas up above) and “that” does not bear death—it is completely intolerant of death: it is pulverized at once. So our forefathers are full of death, our chromosomes are full of death and we are woven with death. The whole problem is to organically “accept” that kind of “lightning”—but it is devastating for death.

Hence that awful crossing of the “layers”: all the layers of death that swaddle us.

And that blue Sun... without death.

*

We can easily understand that that kind of “lightning”, when it is freely accepted by a human organism, will lead to very

radical changes in the functioning of the body—but it is for... later.

It is the agent of the next mutations.



February 8, 1986

There are two different things, but which must be linked in a certain way.

There is the evolutionary unfolding and the formation of that “new species” that will be moved by the other Energy and will undergo all kinds of organic and functional modifications or mutations under the effect of that other Energy.

This is what Sri Aurobindo called the “transitional being”.

And there is “the new being”. It is that “baby” or that “blue child”—the one I saw and the one Sujata saw several times. This is more mysterious. I have the impression that it is Mother who materializes in her new body and who, perhaps, uses a human aspiration in order to materialize in that atmosphere... (if She chose Land’s End, it would not be so bad, after all!).

But there must be a link between that “new being”, supramental, and the formation of that new species. I have the impression that that new species will not or would not be able to form in a collective, widespread way, except under the shock of a Divine Manifestation—that is, the Manifestation of that “new being”—which, at the same time, would “cleanse” the darkened terrestrial space and would crystallize the human aspirations or would lead them to seek their own mutation.

One finds it difficult to imagine the formation of a new species

within that old animal species, more and more darkened (and perhaps hostile after all). A preliminary cleansing or “lightening” is needed (?).

The tactics of the Enemy, that is, of the forces that seem to dominate the world (I do say “seem”) consists in avoiding, at all costs, the catastrophic demolition of their obscure system, but on the other side, to rot everything from inside—to rot, to rot, to rot everywhere and everything. To stupefy the terrestrial consciousnesses. That is, to “pick up” or contaminate all the elements that would be likely to make the transition.

He seems to succeed rather well.

That is why I have hope only in the new being—the Divine Manifestation. Mother who blows up that tomb—and at the same time the tomb of the world.

*

(The contamination of Auroville, which seeks simply to make a little more “pleasant” humanity, is an example of the Enemy’s ways. (Unless they have the shock of a Divine Manifestation, they will be more and more bogged down.)* (I may be mistaken, or God grant that I am mistaken, but for the time being the situation is... obscure.)

The “problem” had been clearly seen by Sri Aurobindo—marvellously seen—but I begin to touch it in a concrete way in my body and in the “surroundings”.

*

In truth, we know nothing—we grope in the twilight of men.

* This is what Sri Aurobindo called “the downward pull”. Everything is “swallowed back”.

(This word always has difficulty coming out of my throat because I don't see many "men" in all this.) It would be rather the twilight of the gnomes.



February 10, 1986

It is somewhat terrible.



Night from February 10 to 11, 1986

Vision

This morning, just before waking up, that is, (once more) just on the edge of Matter, I met Mother. It was rather strange. At first, we were in a bedroom and she showed me papers: "I want to add this to my will." It was typed (as it seemed) in blue. Three or four notebook pages which had to be added to her "will". The will itself was on bigger sheets (foolscap size). And She told me to keep those sheets added to her will (or she seemed not to know very well where to put those sheets). I told her: no, it is better for these sheets to remain with the main will, because when we separate papers, afterwards we don't find them again"!! Quite the "worker" or the material consciousness that looks at things practically and rationally. So Mother placed those sheets typed in blue (I think) on the top of a kind of filing cabinet. Then we went towards her bedroom door (Mother seemed to be in a hurry). She opened the door, and on the threshold, I told her or

asked her hurriedly what was most important to me (I did not make long sentences because Mother seemed to be pressed for time). I told her: “But what is this concentration that grows more and more...” (and I made a gesture, as if to show a ball that inflates more and more) and I added: “like diamond.” Then Mother gave me this enigmatic answer: “The Divine does not say no.” Then she closed the door (she was in a hurry). But all the same, I opened the door again (!) to tell her hurriedly: “Don’t forget your will on top of the cabinet”!! As if Mother was going to forget and leave it on top of the cabinet!!! Quite the material consciousness, precise and organized, as in everyday Matter. All the same, it is funny!

But I was left with my enigma: “The Divine does not say no.”—
No to what?

And why was Mother in a hurry?... I had hardly five seconds to tell her what was most important to me... (Perhaps Mother had understood in a split second!)

And what is this postscript to her “will”?

*

Yes, it is quite like diamond, it has the *density* of the diamond, but it is not solid. It goes through the body with an incredible velocity (it is so swift that it is as if immobile) and it is of a bursting density and without stopping—you have the corporeal, cellular sensation that everything-everything is going to burst.

Dark blue “diamond”.

It’s almost unbearable.

*

* I suppose that her “will” is the *Agenda*.

It is probably the “second Agenda” that unfolds in the other sector of Matter (?).

*

And here I am, pinned on my bed by that crazy Power, as if the whole body were put through the mill. Really, as if the whole “cellular content” were crushed and thrown outwards, like a jellyfish between two steamrollers. And “that” passes through.

And it increases more and more everyday!

The Divine does not say no...

*

Evening

Between Eskimos, Captain Flint and the BE₂₃ test tube [my family name], the Lord has been well put to the test (!).

(Me too.)

*

If I could bring Mother back in her new body, it would be the most beautiful tale of all my lives.

Then all would end well for the Earth.

*

The Hindu, February 12

NO TURNING BACK

Nuclear power stations had functioned for years quietly and efficiently, producing the electricity that makes the technologic society work, when the system collapsed in *Three Mile Island* in Pennsylvania, drawing attention to the dangers that threaten us. Chemical factories were imperturbably fabricating the materials supposed to render our life easier, when, in Bhopal,

the system sunk into madness, bringing death and devastation *instead of a better life*.¹⁰ Plane crashes, oil spills, contamination by pesticides and other tragedies add to our feeling of vulnerability.

Yet, the world's dependence on technology makes turning back impossible, and ultimately it does seem that a persistent optimism reigns, according to which, all in all, the benefits of technology outweigh its negative effects and the disastrous episodes that seem to render it undesirable.

Shuttles will begin to fly again, without a shadow of a doubt. There are three more of them in the shuttle fleet, Columbia, Discovery and Atlantis. But it may be months before aerospace engineers diagnose the cause of the catastrophe, invent and test the necessary modifications and feel confident enough to give the signal for a new countdown.

When the three astronauts of Apollo died in the fire of 1967, it took twenty months before the Americans again ventured into orbit, then there were the first moon landings, which followed one another without interruption. When Apollo 13, on its way to the Moon, was shattered by the explosion of an oxygen container in April 1970, it took nine months before another Apollo team was sent on a mission.

However, when new shuttle launches are prepared, it will be with silent apprehension that the world will follow the countdown.

The logic of the devil.

We don't step back: we have made a Monster, let's make it more and more monstrous.

¹⁰ Underlined by Satprem.

Man is no longer the master of his Machine at all.



February 13, 1986

That bitch of a wild life is very “irresistible”, both when it holds you and when it drops you. It feeds itself in both directions: upon your “life” and upon your “death” and it is all the same for it.

This is what *must* change if humankind is meant to survive.

*

It will be 45 months tomorrow that I am in the operation.



February 14, 1986

I really have the impression that Mother is trying to materialize in her new body, this is what that “mad” Power is— “like diamond”.

It is not an inert Matter: it is an *active* Matter (extremely active!).

“It is very difficult to bring the two Matters together,” she told me. I think that I begin to “understand”.

*

Evening

This is where one does not know where the frontier between Matter and Energy lies.

*

Humankind will never agree to make the necessary change,

unless it is *forced* to do it.

This is the whole question.

Simply, they will “improve” the Monster.



February 16, 1986

More and more, more and more...



February 17, 1986

As if the body disintegrated while being fully alive.

*

Evening

There is surely an *illusion* that disintegrates.

A very physical illusion.

But if you are afraid, that is, if the body does not *know* that *it* is the Supreme, I suppose that you must die instantly.

It is the Illusion that wins.

*

We can also say: the other Reality (Mother, let's say), by materializing, destroys the Illusion automatically.

Probably, it does not destroy it at once, or else we would not bear the “cleaning”.



February 18, 1986

Now I know, in a practical and absolute way, that sorrow, suffering, is the poison of Death that draws back—it is the same Snake of that wild “life” that spits its vengeance.

It is that Snake that I carefully and methodically “sliced”—layer after layer: it spat its varied and multi-coloured venom at me.¹¹

The Christian “cross” fills me with disgust.

They would all prefer to die rather than struggle methodically against that venom.

*

The mark of Truth is Joy.

(We are not there yet, but it will come).

*

Often, I asked myself: if they had guillotined Christ instead of crucifying him, I wonder what kind of thing would be in Churches... (!)



February 19, 1986

Vision

It is interesting. Last night, I visited a place which was a Nazi concentration camp, and it was like a “museum”—every spot neat, cleansed, with its little label: “crematorium”, “*appell-platz*”, “shower”...

If I understand well, all that abominable horror has been

¹¹ See *Notebooks* 3, November 17, 1983.

cleansed... oh!

This is a rarity that only the new Power can have... performed.

Strange how those rather formidable operations look like nothing.

And always with a certain sense of humour.

It took 43 years...

*

Afternoon

The body is living an impossible supreme miracle.

It is like a trans-materialization.

We don't know what happens.

*

It is physiologically mad—and divine.

It is to die and to be born at the same time, but to be born to... we don't know what.

And that divine faith in the depths of the body, deep down in the cells, like something that is *already* beyond death, beyond barbed wire, beyond the life that we know—but *in* Matter.

An unknown Matter.

And more and more...

PS: It is very difficult for the legs.

*

Evening

Pierre (my young brother).

That divine spark that puts on a nameless burden.



February 20, 1986

It becomes almost impossible.

*

Cannot this matter bear the Divine Truth?

*

Evening

It is perhaps “impossible”, but what the Divine wants WILL BE—
—whatever it is.

*

Where is the obstacle?



February 22, 1986

I have become so fragile and vulnerable—for *everything*.



February 23, 1986

Now the physical Experience is clear.

You are closed in a cocoon of death—a mortal PHYSICAL cocoon. And a tremendous Power EXTIRPATES you from the mortal cocoon—then the whole of death CRIES OUT, pulls on the nerves, gives pain in the heart, wants to make the brain burst. Everything struggles, Death struggles. And a TENACITY is needed in the cellular faith—to go through—to go through—to go through. It is You, it is You, it is You—YOU ARE THE PHYSICAL REALITY.

A striking demonstration of the illusion of death—the PHYSICAL illusion of the nerves, of the heart, of the brain... But it is the cocoon of Death that bursts, it is the Barbed Wire of the

Concentration Camp that is torn apart.

AND THAT IS.

That alone is.

It is the *PHYSICAL REALITY*.

*

This morning, for an hour and forty minutes without interruption—in spite of *everything*. Yesterday, my legs “hurt” so much that I stopped after thirty minutes. Today, it was the same. And the body went *through the pain*.

A COMPLETE immobility is needed.

Like a sword of cellular fire that goes through everything imperturbably—there is THAT. There is You. And that’s all.

*

It is death that hurts.

*

(I remember, 4 or 5 days ago, I had sharp pains in the heart, seven or eight times in a row, at intervals—and the body said “I don’t care!” And it is like that.)

There is really a *physical* illusion to be gone through.

It is pain that hurts, it is pain that grieves—the Divine LAUGHS.

But as long as it lasts, it is painful (!)

*

Afternoon

No doubt, it is a sort of torture.

I wonder to what extent the individual cocoon is linked to the general cocoon?

It is woven with the same matter, or the same false matter.

The individual atavism is the atavism of the world. The

individual “program” is the program of everybody...

If a link snaps somewhere?

*

Evening

A soul can escape to heaven, it is possible, but who ever saw a body escape from the old species?

It would make an alarming hole in their System.

All the alarms of the world would begin to roar—world alert!

It would be funny.

The world in danger of truth (!)

The Pope would say a High Mass for the salvation of Falsehood.

And Mr Reagan would send a few shuttles in distress towards Saturn or the Extraterrestrials.

*

PS: It is already not easy to be an abominable Yeti among men, but an abominable intraterrestrial, who would have thought of it?

*

The sensation of the body is to enter a dark blue atomic bubbling.



February 24, 1986

Always the same observation.

Above, the old superstructure feels torn to bits, disintegrated; below, the cells of the *same* body drink “that” with adoration, as life itself—a NEVER tasted life! All the same, it is baffling.

And NOTHING would make them let go of “that”: the body could explode, everything could explode, they *would not move!* “I don’t care, there is that.”

It is strange, this double body. One that hurts, the other which feels extremely pleased as if it drank milk—hem! or rather atomic nectar.

I don’t understand. But sciatica is fiendishly present.

This nervous system seems to be the very incarnation of Falsehood.

I often think of that “fledging” torn to pieces in the hub of that wheel, like an undeciphered enigma.

Mother’s “hieroglyphs” are strange and yet so alive!—these are the new frescoes of Thebes. Unless they are the “comic books” of Thebes-India.

There must be a close relation between this nervous system, the corporeal “I” and that disastrous memory of the species.

Pain is not perceived where it happens, but in the cortex.

So it is perhaps “where it *does not happen.*” The cortex fabricates its Falsehoods.

What if we scuttled it!?!

Joking aside, there is an unsolved enigma there.

Where is the truth of pain?

*

Our whole individual concentration camp is based on alarm bells. As for the rest, policemen and consuls are there.



Night from 24 to 25 February, 1986

Last night, I relived again some scenes of my last life (a “last” life that must have repeated itself several times under different masks). Two scenes. And it was so heartbreaking, so distressing that I thought my heart would break—this was what awakened me, this heart on the verge of breaking. It took a long time to calm it down. So it was the quite material, corporeal consciousness of that last life or those last lives that relived its broken heart.

Why-why do I have to relive all that?

It is something like the concentration camps, which I never could “swallow”—such a terribly physical imprint, and that grief... as if it were suffering humanity, not one man.

I understand better and better why sorrow and pain are my enemies—I have a terrible score to settle with that Snake which killed me more than once. And it is like the symbolic bottom of human pain—the most widespread disaster. This is the Victory that humankind must win.

*

There are two things that seem to cover one another, like tracing paper over a geographical map (for instance).

There is that “great keyboard” with its notes so deep, so enmeshed or ingrained in Matter, and that master pianist who plays his disastrous concertos and combines the notes with a refinement... awful and delicious. It is the subconscious of “Life”. Then there is this “barbed wire”—this is the more bare and brutal reality. It is the subconscious of the body. But when the “great keyboard” moves aside with all its malevolent and

melodious strings, the “barbed wire” appears.

This is my observation;

I prefer the barbed wire—you are not misled.

*

My father spent the last years of his life in contemplation before his crucified Christ, before dying of cancer. My brother spent the last year of his life listening to Beethoven’s quartets, before committing suicide.

They have been had by the great Maestro of Suffering (though I prefer Beethoven).

But it is the same Falsehood.

I want Reality... pure.

*

Afternoon

Second after second, we are on the verge of disintegration, and then it continues by I don’t know what... grace.



February 27, 1986

Why is it so torturous, I don’t know.



February 28, 1986

All you have to do is to try until the end—that’s all.



March

March 1st, 1986

Who would prevent these nerves from blindly and obstinately doing their stupid job?

You may not take it into account, but will it not deteriorate more and more? (and isn't this the very logic of the devil?)

If I had to listen to all the alarm signals, I would have stopped 45 months ago.

One cannot move to a new species without "somewhat" disturbing the old one. It is as simple as that.

*

(I remember Mother's familiar gesture, sitting in her armchair and rubbing her legs—now I understand what it means.)

She would not flinch.

It is always the same thing: you cannot understand as long as you are not "on the spot". That is why Sri Aurobindo did not say anything.

*

Afternoon

If it were not Divine and Supreme, it would be absolutely mortal.



March 2, 1986

It can be borne only in a kind of complete disappearance or non-existence.

And yet *it is*.

*

Even an elephant would be carried away and torn to pieces by that current.

*

Evening

Something else wants to materialise. As it seems.

If Mother materialised, I would not be surprised.

It is probably difficult to make the first opening into the terrestrial crust.

Afterwards... it will be something else.

*

At latitude 11°26 North and longitude 76°53 East, there may be a “fault” in the terrestrial armour (!)



March 3, 1986

This morning, I read this:

Indian Express, March 2

DR JOHN KOGUT, EMINENT PHYSICIST AND MEMBER OF
SCIENTISTS AGAINST STAR WARS, SPEAKS TO ANJALI
MATHUR

Dr John Kogut, a distinguished American physicist and member of *Scientists against Star Wars*, was in India to attend the winter seminar on Physics of High Energy, recently organised by the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research. During a conference in the Indian School of Social Sciences in Mumbai, Professor Kogut mentioned President Reagan's very controversial Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI)—more commonly

known as Star Wars—and explained why in the U.S., many distinguished scientists found it “technically risky, economically prohibitive and destabilizing on the political level”.

Here are a few extracts from interviews:

— At a time when everywhere in the world, people loudly call for nuclear disarmament, why are the U.S. extending the nuclear race into space?

President Reagan likes large-scale projects. It is an easy way to tackle issues in a simplistic manner—but Reagan is like that. He does not want to meet the USSR around a negotiating table, he prefers to defeat them on the technological level. And the SDI is the logical consequence of that stupid way of thinking. In his March 23rd 1983 televised address, the President challenged American scientists to invent a defensive space shield that would make strategic missiles powerless and obsolete. But SDI is technically unrealisable in a predictable future and can only lead to an escalation of the arm race. Star Wars is a deceit to the American people.

— Can you explain briefly what the SDI is?

For the time being, Star Wars belongs mainly to a fictional domain. Most of its main components are yet to be developed. But the basic idea is to create a nuclear space shield to protect the US against a nuclear attack. In its essence, Star Wars is a multi-level defence system which includes lasers, particle beam weapons and kinetic energy vehicles of destruction. One of the main components will be a laser beam, operated by a one-megaton nuclear head,

able to shoot down an enemy missile right after its launch. The whole system will be controlled by a supercomputer that would require about 100 million instruction lines. But the most sophisticated modern computer programs are made of 100,000 lines, and even those are not very reliable.

— What made you create your group, *Scientists against Star Wars*?

Star Wars is presented as a defence shield meant to protect the average American from a nuclear attack and make all nuclear arms obsolete in the end. The members of *Scientists against Star Wars* claim that it will do neither of these. We believe that the SDI will increase rather than decrease the risks of nuclear war. It will make the negotiations on disarmament agreement impossible. We also think that the SDI is not technically achievable in a possible future.

Reagan claimed that Star Wars would be the saviour of Western civilisation, but it is hypocrisy because this system is set up to protect missile installations, not people.

Reagan speaks of non-nuclear defensive shield, but *the laser beam devised by the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory must be “pumped” or operated by a nuclear explosion. It is thus equipped with a megaton nuclear system equivalent to a hydrogen bomb. The projected shield would be comprised of 100 to 1000 new satellites, so it would mean hundreds of H-bombs around the earth.*

The SDI will violate all the arms control agreements developed to date. The 1972 treaty on antimissiles was

born out of awareness that defensive arms induced an increased proliferation of nuclear arms. A nation that would be sure of its defence system could be tempted to strike first, knowing that it will have the capability to protect itself from retaliation. Twenty years ago, it was the US that persuaded the USSR to accept this logic and to sign the ABM treaty.

With the reversal of the American politic implied by Star Wars, this important treaty—perhaps the most fruitful so far—is in danger of being abrogated. In one way or another, Star Wars would violate the Partial Nuclear Test Ban Treaty (1963), the Outer Space Treaty (1967), the Treaty on Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons as well as SALT I and SALT II (although the US has not yet ratified it, that treaty is nonetheless followed.)

So, Star Wars will only lead to an escalation in the race to nuclear arms by encouraging the development of a new offensive over-capacity to kill and an all-out competition in the antimissile arms sector. It is a step towards the kind of arms and strategy likely to trigger a nuclear holocaust.

— Why do you say that the Star Wars project is not realisable?

Because we cannot, with the existent technology, implement the complex and fool-proof system that the SDI must be. All the main components of the planned nuclear shield are so far only ideas. Even the successes claimed by the two defence laboratories of Livermore and Los Alamos are suspect.

Without mentioning the fact that the laser beam is

not non-nuclear, it has been proved later that the so much acclaimed test for that device was a fraud. In the same manner, the tests concerning the electromagnetic gun—an essential element of Star Wars—were fraudulent too. It was actually discovered afterwards that for this televised “successful” test, it was not an electromagnetic cannon that has been used, but an ordinary air gun.

The chemical laser is hardly on the right track either. For the moment, its size is that of a small oil refinery.

I already mentioned how unrealistic it is to imagine a super-computer that would control all those devices in space. The risks are enormous. Only one tiny mistake could trigger a nuclear war. Then, it is President Reagan who will become obsolete, not the nuclear weapons.

At the time of the Challenger disaster, I felt that it would lead to an escalation of the SDI program. And indeed, a while later, I saw a report about the way the government was pushing for the elaboration of a super-plane likely to fly into air and space. That super-plane is conspicuously meant for the American air force, but in reality, it is built to be an alternative to the space shuttle, rather out of date and expensive.

In the Star Wars system, that super-plane will be required for the maintenance of all the space weapons.

— The strongest accusations against the SDI came from several scientists who worked on the program for some time before resigning as a protest. Can you speak about Dr John Bardeen’s resignation from his post of

member of the White House Science Council and of that of Dr David L. Parnas from the Committee for Computer Science at the Service of War Management, brought together by the Strategic Defence Initiative Organisation? (SDIO)

Dr Bardeen, the only Physician who twice got the Nobel Peace Prize—the first time for having invented the transistor and the second for his theory of superconductivity—was a member of the Science Council which is supposed to advise the President on all scientific matters. Yet, the Star Wars project was not discussed with the Council before Reagan announced it to the Nation. Actually, the Council members were informed of the project hardly a few days before the President's television broadcast. Bardeen resigned from the Council because he had the impression that his opposition to Star Wars was not seriously taken into consideration.

Bardeen is opposed to Star Wars because he thinks that this project can lead to “diminishing instead of increasing our security, at an enormous cost”. He is particularly perturbed by the huge diversion of high level scientific talents for non-productive ends entailed by the DSI.

Dr Parnas, a respected computer science scholar, resigned from the SDIO Committee because he is aware that the software required by Star Wars is not at our reach and would besides not be reliable because it could never be tested. He also accused the Committee members to be under influence and to have material interests in Star Wars.

Perhaps this last point is the one that perturbed the scientists the most—the manner in which they are manipulated and used for political ends.

— Who are the people who support Star Wars and what benefit do they get from it?

President Reagan violated all the rules of American democracy by getting this program accepted. He did not seek advice from any of his scientific counsellors before publicly announcing the project. Caspar Weinberger rejected Star Wars the first time the project was laid on the table. Edward Teller (the *Livermore Laboratory* Director and father of the H-bomb) was against it as well. Now, they align themselves with Reagan.

Reagan took up this whole program on the advice of a group of rich capitalists from the right, named *High Frontier*. The way in which he bypassed the democratic functioning is worthy of a monarch. George Ball, a former US Ambassador to the United Nations, affirms that this is one of the most irresponsible acts of a head of a State.

*In reality, it is the Defence suppliers who pressed in favour of Star Wars because such a wide scale project gives them work for decades.*¹²

— How much will the project Star Wars cost to the United States?

The cost is estimated to 1 to 2 trillion dollars, but it could be more. The SDIO spent 30 million dollars for only one test of the laser beam. The research cost is

¹² Passages in italics were underlined by Satprem.

increasing in a dramatic way—2.7 trillion dollars have been spent during that first year of research only. This can be compared to the whole yearly budget of the National Scientific Foundation for all the pure research, which amounts to only 3 billion dollars.

For President Reagan, the military domain is the number one responsibility of the Government and to beat the USSR his most important task. Listening to him, you would think that the USSR inhabitants are “300 million devils”. It is called demonology.

Star Wars having been declared as top priority, its financing is done outside the budget. Consequently, the real problems of the country, such as the national debt, education, public welfare, etc. are all relegated to the background.

Which would mean a huge wastage of human and material resources. Star Wars is the largest project ever attempted by humanity. The great danger is that this system is developing so fast that it is building its own support network. Since an increasing number of people begin to benefit from the SDI funds, it is in their interest that it continues.

The way in which the administration is trying to sell Star Wars to the Congress and to the people is very worrying. Government officials visit University campuses and try to persuade scientists to join the program by luring them with financing offers. As soon as a scientist accepts to participate, the fact is exploited to push Star Wars with the Congress. There even have been cases when the financing of a project was transferred to the SDI without informing the

concerned scientists. They want to control and lead research. This situation is very compromising, very corrupting.

— How did the scientists react to this?

They are all worked up. Actually, Star Wars has difficulty in recruiting scientists.

All the members of *Scientists against Star Wars* have signed the agreement neither to ask nor to accept funds from the SDI. This agreement is circulating in the institutions everywhere in America. 2,500 scientists have already signed it. In the ten most important departments of the country, more than 60% of members of the Faculty committed themselves to boycott Star Wars.

— How did the Government react in front of your organisation and its activities?

The Government is very annoyed. They try to discredit us by claiming that we are a small radical group. We embarrass them, so they try hard to ignore us. In spite of several attempts, we could not find anybody ready to discuss the issue with us in public.

— President Reagan tried to sell Star Wars to other countries. What was their response?

Europe is naturally very disconcerted. France rightly thinks that Star Wars is going to make it vulnerable and it will probably try to become more independent on the military level.

Several countries declared that they will have nothing to do with the program. In the Netherlands, the scientists gave a petition to their Government, saying that they don't want to have anything to do

with Star Wars. The Netherlands thus refused to participate.

Reagan tried hard to persuade Margaret Thatcher to join Star Wars by promising her many grants. Thatcher gave in despite the British scientists' protestations. Now Reagan is wooing Japan.

— What will the Star Wars program mean for the third world?

It will have a negative impact on the whole global economy, and due to its vulnerability, the third world will undoubtedly be the most severely hit.

The economic and social cost of this “dream” is going to be enormous. It will divide the countries still more and get us nearer to a nuclear holocaust.

*

Sometimes, I dare to say that the *only* hope is what is happening here.

Mother must get ahead of them.



March 4, 1986

All the same, I want to note two strange visions—of some of Mother's “hieroglyphs”—that I had in the last few days and that I don't understand very well. This is why I did not want to note them down, but the meaning often appears later.

The first hieroglyph would be more a “hierophone” (!) and it was so fleeting, so strange that I am not certain of the origin—

perhaps it was only from the Subconscious?... Mother was sitting in her armchair and rubbing her legs as she would often do, and she told me: “It will still take ten months... (then she added this, which is very strange)... ten months (to?) carry my legs.” (I am not sure about “to”). But what was clear, was that “it will still take ten months...”, and Mother rubbing her legs. Ten months...

How could the body still hold on for ten months at this... atomising pace? Nothing will remain at the end!

Of course, my legs hurt a lot, but does it mean that I will still have to “carry Mother’s legs” for ten months (!), or that it will still take ten months before Mother has new legs?—that is, a new body.

Strange. (It was during the night from February 27 to 28.)

But the second “hieroglyph” was very clear and detailed, although incomprehensible. It was the night before last (from March 1st to 2nd).

I was in a place that seemed to be here, like at the door of the garage. (That “I” was the one that I call the “worker”.) With my hand, I swept a few dry leaves that covered the ground and I discovered, *just above the ground*, a kind of rectangle or sealed “lid”, whitewashed, fully white. It was just above the ground. It could be the lid of a septic tank (!), the lid of a well, the top of a vault or of a tomb (but as far as I can assess the dimensions, it was not big—1.50 metres long, perhaps). A sealed lid, whitewashed, which concealed something. With the tips of my fingers, I swept the few dead leaves that covered the ground and I discovered that fully whitewashed lid... very white compared to the brown earth that surrounded it.

Then I clearly heard this, somebody (perhaps Mother) telling

the “worker”: “It is as hard as a crust of old bread.”

I don’t know what this “it is” refers to—probably or perhaps to that “lid”. But what does that lid represent or symbolise?

It is obviously something that is going to come out of the ground and that is covered by a “crust”.

*

I also remember that vision from long ago in which my “mother” told me, somewhat impatiently: “You are late, you make the baby wait” (!) and it was also at the door of a garage, as though the baby were “in the garage” (!)—may I be excused, but those visions are always very prosaic, very down-to-earth and they are always intended for the worker—a somewhat simple-minded worker to whom one must carefully show things and make him understand. That “lid” was at the door of the garage (and the first natural and simplistic impression of the worker was to think that it was perhaps a septic tank!).

But I, “up above”, wonder whether it is not the crust of this old body that covers the new being or Mother’s new body, and that it is that old crust that Mother is trying to come through... There is a last “hard” crust to be gone through.

Still ten months?...!...?

*

I also remember one of Sujata’s visions, soon after Mother’s departure—a vision that repeated itself two or three times: she saw Mother lying in an underground place which was like a tomb, and near her was a very young child of whom I was the guardian or whom Mother entrusted me... Is this child here, very near—and fully ready—just under that hard crust?

And I remember this vision that comes up several times in the

Apocalypse: “the woman who gives birth to the child”.

The “crust” must be completely “atomized” (a word to the wise is enough!) to make way for the “child”.

I am ready for *anything*.

(It is perhaps easier to be “atomized” than to bear all those nerves that are in a rage and on fire.)



March 7, 1986

This “double body” is more and more an enigma. There is this painful, “superficial”, tired, even worn out body which would seem old (I say it with a kind of surprise, because it became “old” all of a sudden) and fragile, excessively fragile, without strength. And there is this “deep body”, moved by a for-mi-da-ble Energy, which drinks “that” as a supreme Nectar—for it, there is no weakness (it is ridiculous), no illness, no death, no age, or all the ages you want. And there are two *physical* bodies. It is not at all the old story of the “coarse body” and the “subtle body”—it is not at all subtle, or else thunder, lightning and the equinox are “subtle” forces! along with the entire Himalayas. All those daily operations, those “crazy” concentrations are done in a complete waking state, not in trance—it unfolds “in my body”. But one is in pain and struggles against that neuralgia, that cage so limited, so tight, and the other lets the torrent pass through, drinks it, adores it. It is a daily and always surprising experience. And there does not seem to be communication or infiltration between the two bodies, between those deep cells and the superstructures, like a boat whose “topside” (that is, the part

which emerges) and “quickwork” (under the waterline) would not communicate—but it is the same boat! It is as if there were a watertight partition between the two bodies—it is really strange and incomprehensible. And yet it is the same body, the same boat!

It may be this, that “crust as hard as old bread” which Mother spoke of the other day. (I also remember that in the *Agenda*, Mother spoke of that “onion skin”, very dry and very hard.)

But perhaps, if the “crust” or the partition broke, it would break in the whole world—it would be the “invasion of the Real”.

There must be an Hour.

One must be patient and endure—wear the crust out.

(Thinking of it, sailors are right: all that is above the waterline are the topsides and underneath is the quickwork—tremendously quick!)¹³

It is the “whitewashed lid”—but in my vision, it was *just above the ground*.

So, it is perhaps through the door of the body that Mother will come out.

*

Afternoon

It is between torture and miracle.

Something *is going* to happen.

*

Evening

It is strange, the whole right side is damaged: the right leg

¹³ In French, the hull above the waterline is called “*œuvres mortes*” and the

from the tip of the toes to the pelvis, the right thumb (broken while opening a recalcitrant door) and the right shoulder and neck. The right side is the side of the future. This is perhaps what Mother called “to decompose forward” (!)

It is not simple to live in the ordinary way.

It is true that in the ordinary way, you get shot under the least pretext.



March 8, 1986

It is getting demolished more and more.

What to do?

Go on.

*

I remember Mother: “So tiresome limitations.”¹⁴



March 11, 1986

Is this system so irreparably stupid?

This morning, the whole morning, the right shoulder and the neck were completely stiffened, writhing in pain,¹⁵ and underneath was that Power, so marvellous, so TRUE, so divine, supreme—and then... that Falsehood. It was the whole body that

hull below the waterline is called “*oeuvres vives*”.

¹⁴ *Mother's Agenda IV*, June 22, 1963.

¹⁵ I know, I caught that yesterday evening through my contact with X and Z.

cried out-felt: but it is a Falsehood! It is a falsehood! This pain is a Falsehood! But... the falsehood went on, imperturbably.

What can we do with this system??

I feel almost desperate. It is a sorrow, a pain in my body—not to be able, that inability. Nothing answers.

It is not that I would like to “be cured” of pain—I would like to be cured of the system. I would like to be cured of that stupid incapacity.

All the terrestrial system is like that.

There is a watertight partition wall.

So you rub your neck with analgesic balm—does one rub balm on the barbed wire of the concentration camp? It is horribly stupid.

*

I no longer want to see anybody. I want to make the breakthrough—if it is possible.

*

Evening

I am in that watertight partition. Truly, this is death.

*

So all the pains and wounds of the old life come back in deadly gusts.

Nothing is ever cured.

It is the whole earth that would have to be cured.

*

What is the use of dying? You start again with other grandfathers and other neuralgia.

Or other seagulls that tear you apart by their absence as

much as by their presence.

A seagull is charming.

A seagull is mortal.

(My mother, who knew of my adoration for the seagulls, would always tell me: “Seagulls are cruel, my little one”—she knew.)

*

Essentially, as long as there is *one* evil in *one* consciousness, it will be evil in the consciousness of the earth. (And perhaps in the consciousness of the universe.)

It resonates gradually, like the seagulls’ cry.



March 12, 1986

Hindu, March 11,

HYDROCARBONS DETECTED ON HALLEY’S COMET

Moscow, March 10,

French cameras on board the Soviet space probe Vega have detected hydrocarbon chains—the building blocks of life—on Halley’s Comet.

Today, a French scientist involved in the international project told journalists here that if this discovery is confirmed by further data analysis, it would reinforce the scientific conviction that comets bring to earth spores of life coming from space.

A scientist from the Soviet Institute of Space Research, which coordinates the Vega project, declared: “In the images taken by an infra-red device, we detected some details that ‘suggest’ hydrocarbon chains. But if the presence of water has been

confirmed, that of hydrocarbons needs additional information.”

There it is; I did know that we had to go down to the redemption of hydrocarbons (!)



March 13, 1986

This morning, Jean-Claude tells me: “Sometimes, one would feel like taking the key to freedom.”

To which freedom?

What does number 53.766 say about it?

Or the stamped citizen No 85 RE 34006?

Even hydrocarbons are in chains.

*

If I were twenty and did not know Sri Aurobindo’s path, I wonder what kind of explosives I would handle?

*

Afternoon

It is torture, I can’t tell. As if all-all those innumerable cells were torn to pieces, blown up under the invasion of a solid, unbearable Power.

It is beyond torture, beyond sacrifice, beyond self-giving—I don’t know what it is.

Of course, we are built of death, woven of death, and all this death does not bear that immortal Power—you feel, the whole body feels that it blows up and is going to die or is in the process of dying with death.

You give yourself, you give yourself as much as you can, but...
Can you bear that until the end?

*

Yes, it is a kind of detailed cellular cataclysm, second after second—and it goes on, you don't know how. It is precisely that "you don't know how" that makes it Divine. It is so impossible that it can only be Divine.

*

It is that, isn't it, you have to go through death without dying of it.

*

Evening

Probably, it is that, the "watertight partition wall"—the "crust".
(To console myself, I like to tell myself that it is Mother's tomb that is disintegrating through me...)

We must come out of that human misery—that is the true "key to freedom".



March 14, 1986 (*46 months*)

Now it is very clear.

This watertight partition is death.

It is what separates us from the "other side".

And the Grace is making a breach in that.

When the hole is made, the other side will pass through to here—with Mother.

It is the ongoing operation.

All-all the body must feel that IT IS THE GRACE that makes the hole, absolutely—if it feels death, it dies with it.

*

It is quite crazy to bear, because it is like death, but it is death that is dying—it is crazy and supreme.

It is the Supreme Grace.

Death wants us to believe that it *is* death, but it is the Supreme's mask.

*

Evening

In fact, it is the same experience at all levels, but at the physical level, it is more recalcitrant.

Now the whole process is clear, except the “last step” (!).

The moment everything turns into grace.

This is the true Apocalypse.

The Lord reveals himself.

*

This morning, my Douce saw Halley's Comet, which Sri Aurobindo looked at 76 years ago...

It was near the tail of “Scorpio” (!).



March 16, 1986

All the movements become difficult.

It is all of death that goes away, and it wants to be taken for life.

It is like the body's last *cry* of truth.



March 18, 1986

I am *in* death. That “watertight partition”. Something that resists bursting with all its strength: bursting of the brain, bursting of the cells, tearing of the nerves. Something that resists and that, at the same time, calls for that bursting, PRAYS-PRAYS-PRAYS.

It makes an abominable torture.

You are in death and you go on not dying and you would like it to finish, and everything tightens up, stiffens, resists, *at the same time* as everything surrenders! It is a kind of torturing contradiction. So it calls and calls for the Grace—prays and prays, and it goes on.

*

That watertight partition is death *itself*.

It is “what makes death” or “what constitutes death”—it is the very “stuff” of death.

Death is precisely that *physical* part of the being that cannot bear the Supreme Power without dissolving. Yes, the “crust”.

So, can one “die” without dying entirely? Does not *everything* dissolve? (I mean the whole body).

And it is never-ending. A never-ending tearing torture between death and the Supreme Power. And everything takes place in the body.

Will it bear up, will it not?

*

(It is difficult mostly for the cerebral cells.)

*

Evening

So, either you die with the bursting of that partition and it is the old story of all men, or you pass through the partition without dying of it and it is a new sort of life in Matter.

*

A kind of supreme corporeal faith is needed—unless it is the Supreme’s faith in the body!

*

When I feel that it is an abominable torture, I am on the wrong side, when I feel that it is the grace, I am on the right side.

Today, it is the really wrong side.

It is the black wagon that I saw the night before last (one day I will explain it).

(I clearly remember, in that wagon that carried me to Buchenwald, at one point, I thought in a flash: “If I start to feel that it is unbearable, I am done”, and I ~~CROSSED OUT~~ “unbearable” in my consciousness—one day I will talk about this). (Around me, people became mad and screamed, others died while standing—it was crazy.)¹⁶

¹⁶ They locked us up in a cattle truck with the butts of their rifles and their cries of beasts, until the truck was crammed full—that is, as in the subway during the rush hour (with a “difference”), standing, squeezed one against each other, without being able to move or sit or lift a finger, suffocating. The “journey” lasted two days and one night (or two nights, I no longer know, time would lose its outline—no, it was one night and two days). At the end of the first day, standing and suffocating, you started to enter Horror. It was mad. Then we toppled—those who were standing

O Lord, when one reaches the worst of the worst, there is
YOU.

*

One could say that that day, in that carriage, I “played dead”
in my sensations.

And I am wondering whether *all* our sensations are not made
up by death...

It is perhaps the barrier of the species.

Advertisement in the *Hindu*, March 18,

NO MORE CLASS STRUGGLE
WITH THE SCL UNICORN COMPUTER
NO SCHOOL IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT!

Whether you are headmaster or teacher, you are
very conscious that education has become boring and
that today’s student is inclined to look upon studies as
something imposed on him.

The CLASS program is going to change all this and
bring amusement and excitement into education. (...)

No, really, classes will no longer be a struggle. Isn’t
that something that deserves full marks?



March 19, 1986

There is an Illusion somewhere—I want to destroy the Illusion.
To unmask it and destroy it.

alive—into the great Buchenwald “showers”. And it was that, those cries
from people who became mad and it spread like contagion.

Of course, there are not all that many methods: one must go on the spot and see.

It is the question I asked myself four years ago: is it a crossing of the ghosts? (Whatever the efficiency of the ghosts might be.) (One must say that they have several billion years of “efficiency”.)

*

The “black wagon” was obviously not an illusion, but there is a manner to approach it.

In one case, you come out of it. In the other, you don’t.

“A *spell*”, Sri Aurobindo said.

What is this *spell*??

To know it, one must go through the watertight partition.

*

Evening

Thinking of it, I really have a score to settle with Horror, Death and Pain.

*

Instead of grieving, I should think that She is purifying me from death with Her Fire.



March 20, 1986

The bath of fire.



March 21, 1986

Only the Divine Power in its essential purity can save the Earth.

Who can bear that essential purity?

*

The difficulty lies not in being “ready to die”, but in being ready to deny death when it is the most convincing.

May the whole body feel, at that moment: it is You, It is You, to You, to You...

*

If only one piece of Matter could give itself totally enough, it would perhaps be... the breach?

A passage for Mother in her new body.

*

To make the pyre, fully alive.

*

(I must have died many times for my silly things, but sometimes also for the truth!)

*

Evening

I understand with my head, but my body does not manage to understand why it is so torturous.

It gives itself, that's all. Without arguing.

Undoubtedly, it knows.

*

The day I know exactly what this “watertight partition” consists of, it will be a great discovery.



March 22, 1986

Death is all that feels that it is not You.

Death is all that feels the pain, the impossible, the Horror.

Death is all that feels death.

It is the crust of falsehood that prevents us from feeling that it is You and only You.

The Earth is your usurped domain.

*

Evening

You feel that you blow up, but it is that crust of Falsehood that blows up.

*

I wonder whether one day, in the black wagon, it is not the Divine who CROSSED OUT “unbearable” in my consciousness—he put the TRUE instead.

So the circumstances are the same but everything is different.

Only, it must go into the skin.

There are moments of Grace.

Until the day when there will be an Earth of Grace.

*

So there is perhaps no “miracle” to perform, but to put the TRUE instead.¹⁷

*

“The deep falsity of death”, Sri Aurobindo said.

*

¹⁷ I also wonder whether, in the canyons, in front of those three murderers, the Divine did not put the TRUE instead...

(Eight years ago to the day, we left Nandanam and Pondicherry like fugitives.)

What a path...

*

(Sujata's note, undated)

To my Dhoom “a little bad”

“They say best men are moulded out of faults and, for the most, become much more the better from being a little bad.”

(Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*)



March 24, 1986

This morning, Sujata showed me the *Agenda* from August 9, 1972 (about the impact of solar eruptions on the manifestation of the supramental “substance”), and there, twice, I stumble on those words from Mother: “A terrible Force...” “It becomes terrible in power, in a body...” and Mother made a miserable gesture. Twice, Mother said “terrible”.

Yes, she was in front of “that”.

It is really terrible.

And yet, the body, or something in the body *knows* that it is the Supreme, that it is the supreme All-Goodness, the supreme All-Love, the supreme All-Truth...

There is that watertight partition wall.

Mother was in front of that.

And in the end, Pranab enters the room and one hears his

impatient voice, in the distance: “It is late.”

They were so much in a hurry.

They did not want to let her finish her Work.

So, now, in this body, it is as if there was this cry: “They did not want it—well, in spite of everything and everyone, you will come and finish Your Work on the Earth.”

A Force terrible in power...

*

This Halley’s Comet will perhaps bring us something before going away for seventy-six years...

*

Afternoon

This invasion of the Power of Fire is so crazy, so crazy!

Something *is going* to happen.

*

It is Energy, but at the same time, it has the density of matter, but denser, more massive matter than all matters that we know.

One could say that it is living matter!

*

I can’t think or imagine that my substance could change, but I feel that another substance could materialise *through* mine. (As through a strainer.)

It is that “watertight partition wall” that tries to change itself into a strainer.

*

The Hindu, March 9,

ONE TURNS NOW TO COMPUTERS

Japanese students of English who use computers affirm that they are so engrossed in the lessons that they see the end of the class with regret. The Eastern Local College of Iwai, about 40 kilometres North-East of Tokyo, introduced computers in its language classes one year ago.

“I really like this class better than those in which there is no computer,” says one of the students. The school uses computers once in six lessons specially to control the students’ progress.

The population of Iwai is 42,000 habitants. The mayor, Eiichi Yoshihara, has put forward the idea of using computers in classrooms in order to speed up the students’ progress and he implemented his plan in October 1984. The city spent about 120 million yen to install 182 personal computers in its three colleges. Schools started to use them last January for Math, English and Science classes.

“Children show a keen interest in computers, so they are more attentive to the lessons,” claims the Headmaster, Takeo Saito.

In ordinary classes, students tend to let their attention turn away from the teacher, but in computerised classes, each student *“must face the screen and so he cannot let his mind wander,* Mr Saito says.

The Hindu, March 23,

UNIVERSITY OF WOMEN OPENS COMPUTER CENTRES

Hypnotic possession.

Like negroes with their fetishes.



March 25, 1986

It becomes more and more impossible, until the body—the whole body—realises: but death does not exist! It is a kind of *artificial*, superimposed falsehood.¹⁸

(That does not prevent it from becoming more and more impossible, from day to day and almost from second to second... Perhaps until the body is no longer surprised by *anything*.)

*

There is obviously a net of impossibilities from which the body must come out (a net or barbed wire).

A net of impossibilities or a secret *mainspring*?

*

One realises that our body is made of a million impossibilities—and *underneath*, Freedom!

The smallest molecule has its “law”...

*

Evening

Kadhafi-Reagan in the Gulf of Sidra.

¹⁸ Each time, it tells itself: But, “logically” I should have died!

Reagan has met at last an adversary worthy of himself (!) (the quicksand of Sidra).



March 26, 1986

Mother is taking a step on the Earth.

*

Evening

As if all the impossibilities of the body melted or atomised into an *irresistible* (but somewhat terrible) Splendour.

*

So it (the body) remains with staring eyes, disconcerted, asking itself: but where do I come from??

From death? from life?

And it is as if those two words (yes, *words*) no longer meant anything in front of that Other Thing.



March 27, 1986

Basically, the supramental action is mechanically simple: its Power is so formidable, so pure, so “impossible” for our physiological (and psychological) “laws” that *all* the untruthful and mortal elements, at all levels and down to the most tiny atom, are *obliged* to come out, melt or blow up.

There is no arguing in front of that “bulldozer”, it is mechanical and automatic.

But it is not only and “simply” mechanical: it is a light beam or a ray that makes you see *everything*, in the smallest corner of the body. It is the indubitable exactness.

To say that it is a “bulldozer” is not very kind because it is an unheard-of, never seen Grace—but it is a Grace somewhat... terrible. (“Terrible” for death and for falsehood.)

But at each moment and at any level, one has the right to say no—that is, to choose or to prefer death.

We are always free to die (!)

So it is a never-ending struggle with death that wants to be taken for life itself, with the wardens of the camp who want to be taken for the Law itself and the salvation and the only possible freedom.

*

Death and Falsehood are coming out everywhere in the world—they are *forced* to show their faces.

It is the same phenomenon.

*

Evening

And the old waves come back, tireless, like a backwash, to tell you this sorrow and that sorrow and that sorrow...

“Salvation is physical”, Mother said. I understand. It is the *whole* system that must be changed.

A certain dose of despair is perhaps necessary for us to wish for the only Supreme Hope.

*

Everything becomes very acute.

Pain also.

The more the Light presses, the more Death comes out in violent and fierce waves.

It is an implacable process.



March 29, 1986

I long for nothing of the worst (of course) of that old life, but nothing of the best either—I would not like to become younger in that old misery, more beautiful, greater in that old misery, more capable, more skilful, more poetic or musical in that old misery, and nothing of that old “I” because it is misery itself. I only long for this combination of molecules and amino-acids and hydrocarbons not to disintegrate stupidly in the old tomb of always, but to be of use for... I don’t know, the unknown, the other “something” that will no longer be that old anthropoid stupidity. All that is “I” in me has only and totally measured men’s misery and keeps just enough spirit to want to jump into Something Else. The bird is not a superior reptile, nor is the little seal an improved fish. It is as simple as that, as clear as that.

*

Evening

Here is what I think I understand.

It is not that we “transform” ourselves: it is a screen of *physical* illusion that disappears, and it is *there*.

A “screen” or a watertight partition.

And *everything* is there.

*

That screen or that partition is essentially death.

I am right in the middle of that.

*

What makes me say that it is an illusion is that I should have died long ago. And it goes on.

Obviously, there is another Law than our physical laws.

It is corporeal evidence.

*

They seek “great powers”, they want to fly into the air, but these are the powers and the airs of the concentration camp.

If we removed the barbed wire, it would be another story.

*

When I write these notes or observations, I always have the impression of sending a message in a bottle—it is strange: Why?

*

The Hindu, March 29,

Call to the superpowers: Mr Gorbachev renewed his appeal for an international conference including the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council in order to develop means for dispelling international tensions.

He said that the five powers—Soviet Union, United States, Great Britain, Germany and France—had to take on a special responsibility to ensure stability everywhere in the world.

“That is why the Soviet Union suggests that the five powers meet around a table to discuss what can and should be done to strengthen peace and first of all to

put an end to nuclear weapons,” he declares.

The Soviet leader also asks the world heads of state not to let 1986 pass without concrete agreements on disarmament.

Thatcher’s disbelief: Today in London, the British Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, declared that she does not share the view of the President of the United States, Mr Ronald Reagan, and of the Soviet leader, Mr Mikhail Gorbachev who think that all the nuclear arms could eventually be abandoned.

In an interview with the *Times*, Mrs Thatcher maintains that: “*I cannot imagine a world without nuclear weapons.*”

“Let me be practical on this subject. We have the knowledge required to make them. So don’t hope too much for that dream because even if everybody wishes to see it become reality, I don’t think that it is about to happen.”

The Prime Minister declared that in her opinion, there was some room on both sides to reduce the intercontinental ballistic missiles”.—AP & Reuter

I can see a world without Mrs Thatcher and her accomplices.

And to think that all this is full of the Bible and Christian charity!



March 30, 1986 (Easter)

Vision

Last night (from 29th to 30th), before midnight, during the very first hours of sleep, and after having taken a long time to fall asleep because of this neuralgia in the legs, I saw a strange thing and I wonder what it means—whether it is a subconscious fabrication or... what?

I was in the flood!

First there was a terrible noise all around the house, like the sound of a storm when one is on a cliff of the Wild Coast—raging wind, a raging sea that hurls itself and breaks against the rocks. I heard the roof of the house begin to fall apart under the violence of the wind, and then all of a sudden, there was a loud crack, like a thunderclap or lightning, which “woke” me up. I wanted to switch on the lamp near my bed, but there was no power anymore. Then Sujata called me, because she must have also heard the crack. (all this was happening during my sleep, but this time, it was as though I were awake during sleep). So, Sujata came groping into my room, we went near the door and through the glass panes, I saw this:

Everything was in a half-darkness and in the distance, in the noise of that storm, I saw an immense line of surf which spread over the whole horizon that I saw—which meant that the sea had come up to an altitude of almost 2000 meters, to the level where we are. But the waves did not come and crash against our house, there was only water lapping against the garden near the door of my bedroom, at the periphery. And that infernal sound of the wind of tempest. The “line of surf” was situated in front of us, at a distance, perhaps a few kilometres or at least several hundred metres away. I woke up with that. Sujata looked on, next to me.

Is it symbolic? or what?

(It must have been raining also because I remember a fine drizzle, or sea spray, perhaps, that passed through the cracks of the door.) (It was almost dark outside, however one could distinguish the sea, vaguely lit by the moon's reflection.)

I forgot: when I woke up physically, I was struck and I remained struck for a long time by the great silence that surrounded the house, after the hurricane I was coming out of. There was not a breath of wind, not a leaf shivering in the wind—complete silence.

I don't think it is the announcement of a flood (!), but I wonder whether some whirlwind of forces is not going to hurl itself at me?

*

Afternoon

It is death that endlessly agonises in a million and a billion cells in great waves of lead.

Hold course for the Other Reality—constantly.

For *THE* Reality.

*

If it weren't divine—the Supreme Grace—it would be absolutely crazy.

*

Evening

All the same, there will be a *moment* when death will be crossed... no?

And Mother will come out.

*

Sometimes, the whole body has the sensation of frying (brain included) like potatoes in a pan full of boiling oil.

*

I am more and more certain that all our sensations are made up by death. Only, indeed, one has to be really sure (!).

It may be that, last night's hurricane?—it is death that invents its hurricanes and spectres.

It looks quite real when you are inside, but...

*

When I can sleep, I no longer feel my neuralgia, yet it is there, “real”, or gone into an unreality—and instead, I find hurricanes which seem real and go into an unreality when I wake up. Where is the reality?

You alone are Real, all the rest is death and its tricks to absolutely convince you of its reality.

There is a layer of *physical* unreality that makes death and all the misery of the existence in a body.

It is that bitch that I want to unmask.

There is no doubt at all that that layer of unreality is linked to the sensory system.

*

People take drugs to send their pains packing to an unreality, but they fall into another unreality, in collusion with the first one—only *the* Reality can undo the unreality at the cellular level. I am fully in that barbed wire.

So, one seems to die, but it is death that dies—the main thing is not to lose one's true course down to the depths of one's skin.

*

Conversation with Sujata

The Flood

(Sujata:) What did you see, last night?

(Satprem:) It is of little importance, I don't think so... I believe that these things are made up by the Subconscient, they are forces that... forces that oppose the Work.

I think it is the expression of forces that go against the Work.

It took me a very long time to fall asleep, my legs were hurting, weren't they. And when I fell asleep, I fell directly into that, that is, around eleven, eleven-thirty p.m.

There was a formidable hurricane, especially a dreadful noise: as on a cliff, in Brittany, when there is a storm, mountains of water hurl themselves against the cliffs, it is rather... when you hear and see that, it is quite impressive. It makes a dreadful noise: a hurricane, a storm. And then, there were pieces of the roof that flew away (tiles or whatever, I don't know); well, pieces of the roof that flew away. It was an infernal noise, a big storm, I tell you: the sound of a raging sea and walls of water that crashed against the cliff. I know what it is, don't I: it is a terrible noise. And it was absolutely that kind of noise. Then, at one point, there was a formidable crack (I don't know if it was thunder or lightning or the chimney that collapsed on the roof—I really don't know)...

Oh! But it was here?

Yes, it was here. The house was in the hurricane. So I called out: Mother, Mother... and I saw a blue form, like a blue face (but I don't know who it was), that passed once, twice, like that,

entirely blue, like a face in profile (I don't know who it was, I didn't recognise). But, well, when there was that enormous crack or roar all of a sudden (as if, I don't know, on the roof—as if the chimney tumbled down the roof), I wanted to switch on my bedside lamp near me, and there was no more power. So at that moment, you must have heard the noise, you called me and you came groping in the dark (it was in the middle of the night) and we looked outside, through the glass panes of my door—and it was the flood: we saw at... I don't know, a few kilometres or a few hundred metres away, the sea that had therefore come up as high as two thousand meters and an enormous line of surf, of white foam that... all the horizon that I saw was covered by that line of surf that was there, several hundred metres away (or several kilometres, it is difficult to gauge). And water came up to the... yet, there were no waves here, but water, I saw water just here, not far from the door...

At the eucalyptus trees, there?

Yes, at the eucalyptus trees, there... there was water that... All this was in an almost complete darkness (you know as one sees, at night, a patch of sky, so one sees reflections—it was like that). Everything was in an almost complete darkness. And that sea that spread. Which means that the sea was at a height of two thousand meters: it was a flood! And the sea surrounded us. Yet there were no crashing waves here, but... just before you came, there was that hurricane, that storm, that tremendous wind, that noise—I know it very well: in Brittany, I heard many storms. So here we were, in front of the door, looking at that, and there was something like drizzling (sea spray) that entered through the

cracks of the door. Then it stopped: I woke up.

And I was so surprised by the... it is very silent, here at night, isn't it: it was so silent, I was so surprised by that silence!...
(*Sujata laughs*) Afterwards, I could not sleep.

So it is on March 29 that you saw this?

Yes. Yes, because I tried to fall asleep, but I couldn't after all that—I did not sleep for the whole night, I tell you. Then I heard you going into the bathroom—you told me that it was around midnight?

Yes.

So already half an hour had passed during which I tried to sleep. It was during the night from 29 to 30. I could not sleep. I don't know, it gave me... my head was on fire... I think that it must correspond to all those forces, absolutely raging—subtly, of course, they are furious against the work that is being done here.

I have the impression that it is an image of this, because I don't think that there will be a flood! (*laughter*) But, well, it was seen like that. What struck me the most, was not to see that water at a height of two thousand meters, there, just like that, it was at first all that part that was in a for-mi-dable storm; and in the house, as if pieces of the roof were flying away—it was a... I called Mother-Mother...

It is mainly that that shocked me.

There must be raging forces...



March 31, 1986

It would seem that the difficulty lies in the cerebral matter.



April

April 1, 1986

The hurricane is indeed present—nasty, petty, innumerable, and neuralgic, and all the rest of it.

Now I recognize that microscopic Gestapo (I don't know how it helps me!).

If people knew what this life is built on, they would be terrified (and to begin with, they would not believe it).

It is always that frontier between life and matter—there stand the camp guards. There is the “original” perversion, if I may say so.

We could say that it is where Matter began to awaken to a nightmare.

It wanted to smile in the sun and this is when that perverse mask and that false perverse lord fell. (We don't have to wonder “why”, but *how* to come out of it.)

Yes, the *spell*.

*

Afternoon

It is an interminable going through death, millimetre by millimetre and second by second.

Do you go through death, or is it the Grace that goes through you?

*

Evening

I'd better be silent until it is over.

I begin to navigate in the mist.



April 2, 1986

I continue to see “dead people” almost every night (or in any case very often) and dead people who don’t interest me at all!—only I was fleetingly in contact with one or the other during this life. But I see the living very-very rarely!... Why this neighbourhood of the dead?—yes, it is a kind of “neighbourhood”, it is neighbouring.

Which means that the “living” live almost exclusively in a mental consciousness or a vital consciousness, and those two regions virtually don’t exist for me, I no longer live at that level—I am completely in the material consciousness: I dig in the “dividing wall”. It is perhaps that.

Let’s remove the mental and the vital, what remains? A hideous matter, the one people don’t know because *everything* is wrapped in thoughts and feelings and habitual reactions. And yet, that “hideous” and plain matter contains the secret of the species.

(With their microscopes, scientists imagine that they know Matter better, but they add one more layer to the coating—and a layer even more impermeable than all the others.)

The Vedic Rishis of seven or nine thousand years ago knew Matter better than Einstein or Max Planck, only they did not concern themselves with “using” their knowledge to fabricate little telephonic or televised or remote-controlled devices—these kinds of instruments would have seemed to them quite unworthy of a man and a sort of deception; only what a man can do by himself and know by himself seemed to them worthy and human.

Knowledge and power were the expression of what one *is*.
Now, everyone cheats.

In a post-human History, we will have a reputation as counterfeiters.

(Even the Greeks would have found our “civilization” hideous—
—not the Romans! This is when the spit began.)

(After all, the fact that Mr Rajiv Gandhi married an Italian woman was very symbolic.) (And that Nehru was brought up in the same school as Mrs Thatcher!)

*

“Let’s be practical”, they say—the more practical they are, the more impracticable the world becomes.



April 3, 1986

It is really somewhat terrible, or terrifying and racking, and yet the body *KNOWS*. It *does not move* for one second for one hour and thirty or forty minutes.

*

It is *obvious* that a Supreme Grace is there.
Which carries you and makes you bear it.

*

That is, you are constantly learning the unreality of death.
But it is endless.

(And the unreality of *all* laws of Matter.) (Of course! Otherwise, I would be blown to pieces.)

*

Evening

I don't know why, this afternoon, during the operation, I remembered that vision that I had two or three years after Mother's departure (we were still in Nandanam). I was walking beside Mother on a very narrow path (I was on her left) and as the (earth) path was very narrow, I wanted to walk on the side so that it would be easier for Mother, and on the edge, all the roadside was covered with barbed wire on the ground. So I walked on the barbed wire. But *under* the barbed wire, there was a violet carpet of Sri Aurobindo's Compassion flowers (it was the time when I was being chased by the pack from the Ashram). But this afternoon, that carpet of violet flowers was so *alive*, that Compassion of Sri Aurobindo was so alive—it is *that*, it is His Compassion that makes you bear it. It was ten years ago...

*

It was that Compassion that was at the bottom of the “black carriage”

(But I knew nothing of it.)

How much time is needed to know what we know!

*

In that constant horror of the world as it is, there is this *constant* Compassion that helps you through the appearances—if you really want to go through appearances. If you are honest.



April 6, 1986

Yesterday, I was given a massive demonstration of something that I knew or suspected, but you can always attribute one

reason or another to the same fact—this time, there is no longer any doubt.

Yesterday morning, Sujata simply took a series of old files out of their hidden place in the wardrobe in order to send them to the USA and to Paris: “Ashram” file, “Auroville”, “The counterfeiters”, etc. I did not pay attention, but then... (I did not even touch or see those files, I simply knew that Sujata was transferring “old files”). Then... all the neuralgic pains, increased and raging.

At noon, it hurt a lot, and in the evening it was torture, with a sensation of despondency as well, of being under a weight.

Around 5 p.m., I went to walk a little and suddenly I understood the “reason” for that neuralgic exacerbation. The Djinn has been let out of his box and spread out in the air—and it comes to pull all your nerves. And as a result, I remembered Mother: “Someone comes into the room with a bad thought: all the nerves tortured.”

A neuralgic telegraphy.

But then, suddenly, I measure the whole problem (in which I have been for months). How to get out of there?

I had suspected for a long time that that neuralgic cage was the main obstacle, but I measure now to what *extent* it is linked to the whole terrestrial Falsehood: it is the relay of all the perverse forces that rule the earth. And a very effective—convincing (!) relay. It relays all the miseries (relays and records meticulously) since the first evolutionary apparatuses: it is the very perception of Falsehood—of all falsehoods.

This is probably where the “spell” lies—which undoes itself mysteriously, for some reason, one day, in a black carriage or in the canyons of Auroville.

How to get out of there?

But yesterday, it was a massive demonstration.

(To be precise, I note that Sujata did not even open those files, which remained shut up in their sealed plastic envelope: simply, she got them out of the “secret” hiding place in the wall of the wardrobe, in order to bring them into the machine room—it is mad!)

People’s thoughts or feelings remain (apparently) shut up in the secret box of their skulls or of their hearts—but that navigates and contaminates freely. Even old papers sealed in their box keep the *exact* imprint, and it navigates freely and comes to kindly torture your nerves. It is crazy!

I had already observed a thousand times for two or three years (but without undeniable evidence) that *each time* I met one or the other of those who work here, instantly one neuralgic pain or another started or increased... Now I understand! I have no doubt anymore. But then... where is the solution? And those who work here don’t have bad thoughts (God knows!) simply they are what they are—human. And they carry their humanity everywhere. Which means that everyone carries their elements of death. The contagion is everywhere and at every moment.

Each time I write a letter (rarely) to one or another or I must speak of Auroville or of some not very “clear” subject, instantly, my legs hurt! or sometimes my neck. Now I no longer have doubts. It is the universal instantaneous neuralgic telegraphy.

People are protected by all the layers of death they are clothed in—they are protected by death (!). But when the layers grow thinner, one discovers the whole problem—the barbed wire of the general concentration camp.

Can one get out of it by oneself? Without blowing up the *whole* camp?

Mother was tortured...

Oh! I begin to understand very, very well the problem.

*

Afternoon

It is appalling.

It is being demolished more and more—nothing can be repaired once the Enemy has had the opportunity of sinking his claws into a corner of the body.

These are *claws*, and nasty. You feel the perverse nastiness, quite like the Gestapo.

And what's the use of saying it?

You don't see how you can get out of that.

It is like a *will* of evil and a will to do harm.

(I remember that kind of bat which had sunk its claws in Mother's neck¹⁹—it is exactly that.) It is awful.

It is not even the pain that hurts you, but the nastiness which is there.

It is the very origin of Perversion.

*

If I begin to think that it is awful, I'm done.

*

¹⁹ See *Mother's Agenda* 4, December 25, 1963.

Afternoon

Cerebral matter is rigorously worked.

Cape Constant.

*

Evening

One cannot hope that the “barbed wire” gets better (!) any more than global terrorism. It is a rage.

There is only one end in this case.

*

I told Sujata about last night’s strange vision (from 5 to 6): the Mother ape that feeds a human child. The birth of the *true* man.

*

Conversation with Sujata

**Mother: “I want to fill you”,
the false Mother, the mother ape**

Did you sleep well this afternoon?

I slept, my Doux. After a long time, I slept quietly: all these last days, how it was, you know... But this afternoon, I slept quietly.

And I woke up: I was on my bed, I woke up. The room was very spacious. I was no longer in my bedroom like that, but I suppose that it was here, I was on the bed, you see...

In my room?

It was not your room. I found myself in a room that was

rather bare. But I was there, on my bed. But as if a noise had woken me up: I opened my eyes and I saw that there was a door, approximately at this distance, you see...

As to the end of my room?

As to the end of your room.

For instance, from my bed to your room, the distance is too short. But it was approximately like that. Well. So I looked up and there was a big door, rather big, and behind it there was another room that I did not see well and I had a vague impression...

Behind?... On this side or on the other?

No, suppose there is a door: after the door, there was another room. And I don't know why, I was awakened, as if there was a noise or if someone had spoken, and I opened my eyes a little. It was in semi-darkness, I did not see very well, but nonetheless I had the impression that it was Mother who was coming. I stood up (but I was still sleeping, even while standing up and I did not see very well), like that. But I felt that someone was coming. Then I said: but, it is Mother? I did not see... And suddenly, Mother said: "But here I am! I am here." And actually, she was dressed all in white; she was white and dressed in white. And she was very full of affection, you understand, and (laughing) what surprised me was... she took me in her arms, like that, and she really kissed me a lot. She gave me kisses, like that, as if it filled me a little. And she must have felt it, she said: "I wanted to fill you. I wanted

to fill you.”—this is what she told me. And I said: “Tant que tu veux, tant que Tu veux!” I meant « as much as You want », but my French, you understand... I said: “Tant que tu veux, tant que tu veux”! (laughing) She was full of affection and really as if She were filling me. And it lasted a while and then it was over.

But when I woke up, I was very quiet and well-rested. And that’s when I prayed a lot for you, so that you would not have those awful pains.

[Inaudible]... She was tall?

Mother?

Or was She as we knew her?

Perhaps as we knew her... I would say a little taller than you or approximately like that. I cannot say exactly because she gave the impression that she was tall... and not tall at the same time.

I understand. Did you have another dream?

There is... I did not tell you because really it was not kind at all.

It was one of those nights when I did not sleep well, I told you (these last nights, I did not sleep well, but nonetheless I fell asleep for ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, like that). And it is... around 3 a.m. that this often happens to me.

I found myself in the Ashram. There was a queue, people were climbing the stairs. I found myself in the

courtyard, you know? The courtyard... there was a whole line of people there, as if Mother were giving a darshan, and they climbed the stairs. Then, I saw that in fact there were clusters of people who were chattering, they were not at all... nothing at all, so I tried to go through and I climbed up. When I arrived near the meditation room, there was almost nobody, but nonetheless, I followed... There were a number of people who moved forward, and some people who stayed on the landing: they climbed the stairs, stayed on the landing, did not move anymore. I went up nonetheless. There were people... I arrived in a great hall—perhaps Mother's room, I can't tell you, I did not recognize absolutely—and there were a certain number of disciples whom I did not look at closely, seated on the ground. And Mother, according to them, was "dying". She was dressed in blue—light blue. And people walked past her, like that. So that is what I did: I went near her. (I don't know why, I did not feel at ease at all: something was on guard, as if all that were... well.) So I went near the bed, and when she saw me, Mother told me—she was supposedly dying, but when she saw me, she did not seem at all to be dying: she was full of life, she told me: "Please, do come!", so that I nearly sat down on her bed, you understand. And she got up, half standing, and I was really on my guard... because what she did, she took (I saw her hand) a kind of dagger, or knife, I don't know, she wanted...

To kill you.

Yes, stab. And... I could parry, I parried. That was

really... Fortunately, I don't know why, I was on my guard.

It is that false... It is that horrible woman, it is that false Mother.

Yes, I understood.

It was charming... It is in the Ashram...

But the Ashram is full of their false Mother!

And it was not on the top floor like Mother's bedroom, you know: it was lower down.

It is full of their false Mother! It is her who... seems to gain ground in Auroville, too.

There, it was two days ago. It disgusted me so much that I did not even want to tell you. But this afternoon, it was...

I assure you... She is here (with us). She is not in the Ashram.

Mother? Yes! Oh! I hope it very much...

It is not "I hope"—it is obvious. They shoved her into the hole—with a rage... *(silence)*

If she could catch me, she would get me, but she's got a hope, that bitch!

Really it gave the impression of... (how to say it?) of a scene that was... as they say, stage-managed.

It is the great farce, the great masquerade everywhere.

(silence)

It is enraged, you see, it is so *enraged*.

It must be because those forces of darkness... (in Falsehood, nobody is the queen!) but those forces must feel that their reign is drawing to a close, don't they?

(silence)

You want to tell me something, my Doux?

Today is April 6, isn't it?

April 6, 1986—Halley, we are in Halley, the comet! My story has tired you...

No, what I saw last night... is of an entirely different order, it does not seem especially interesting, but I don't understand why that has been shown to me. It is surely a vision of the New Consciousness, because it is quite... There is a "mark" on those visions, they have a particular character. But why I was shown that, I really don't know. The sense looks very obvious, but I don't understand very well. And I would like you to help me find the meaning—the sense looks obvious, but I have the impression that there is another sense. Because those visions of the New Consciousness want to show, they mean something. What?

I was in a forest, or in the forest here, I really don't know, some forest, then I saw a large ape climbing a tree. Not the small monkeys that we see here: it was a great ape. I would not say a gorilla or an orang-utan, but well, nonetheless, it was of the race of the great apes. And "she" reached a place where two branches

joined—she? he?—I don't know (if it was a "male" ape or a "female" ape). And in the hollow of the tree, she took a pot (he or she: the ape), this big ape took a pot in which there was some food. *I* was watching that. I was watching that and... in those visions of the New Consciousness, it is the very material consciousness that watches, you see, and that watches with its *precise* habit of matter. So I was watching that, telling myself: "Well, this ape is clever, he found the means to make a pot to keep food." I watched him and then I saw him take a spoon to stir inside the pot: a spoon made of wood! I told myself: "But that is clever!" And I watched him closely, and actually I found that he had... I told myself: "Well, he has a big forehead." It was all covered with hair, you know (not black hair, reddish hair), it was all covered with hair, but it was a big forehead. I was observing all that, I told myself: "Well, it's interesting. He has found the means to make a spoon with something..." And he was stirring in his pot—that wooden pot that he had made, too. A clever ape. And suddenly, I saw that that ape had a child against his breast—and a man's child! White! All white. I only saw the child's head, but it did not look like a small human baby, it looked like the head of a child who would have been already five-six years!

Oh!...

But it was like her baby that she held, that the mother ape (or the father ape, I don't know) held. And the child, that human child was very white in colour. (I could only see his head). So the mother, or the father ape (I think that it was a mother ape) held that baby—that child, who must have been surely four or five, as

it was not really a baby's head, it was already the head of a child very... very well-formed, very alert, perhaps four-five years... I don't know.

Then he (or she), the ape began to feed the child, while stirring the pot. And I saw that that mother ape (or that father ape) put the food in his own mouth, and after having chewed it, leant over the child, over the child's mouth, and gave him the food in his mouth, with his own mouth. So I was a little surprised. I told myself: "Well, I did not know that apes fed a child like that." Birds, I know, feed their young with their beaks. But I did not know that an ape did like that. And he bent over the mouth... (this is what struck me), he bent over that child's mouth—white, a man's child—and he fed him like that, by pouring what he had in his mouth into the mouth of the child.

This is all I saw.

So I found that very strange!... I don't doubt that men are the children of the animal, but what does this mean? Why was it shown to me? This is what I would like to understand.

(silence)

And, according to you, what is the obvious sense?

Well, the apparent meaning: the human baby, the human child is the son of the animal: it is the son of the ape, it is the son of the animal... It is the baby of the animal: he was produced, and he was fed by the animal, by the ape. This seems perfectly rational from the evolutionary point of view. But why am I shown... Everybody knows that, of course, that we are the

children of the apes. (Actually, everywhere in the world there are plenty of those apes that are not men!)

But why was I shown that? That white child—very white (I only saw the head).

Hair? Eyes?...

That, I could not see well: above all, I had been struck by that mother ape leaning over the child's mouth to feed him. And I suddenly realised that it was a very white face, and a well-formed child: not a pink baby as we can see them, a child, not a baby, a child very...

Is it last night that you saw that?

Yes, I wondered: "But why am I shown that?"

(silence)

(Sujata laughs) I feel like laughing, because this afternoon, precisely, I saw Mother leaning over me, she kissed me on the mouth. She told me that She wanted to fill me! (laughter)

Yes! *(laughter)* Well, there, I was filled—"I", I don't know who, but, well, that child was filled! By a mother ape (or a father ape, I don't know: probably it was a mother!) who seemed... who had a big forehead, who seemed intelligent—not a small macaque: a big ape, intelligent, one felt the intelligence—what was going to fabricate men, obviously! This is why I saw that white child.

But why am I shown that? We are the children of the animal: we know it well, alas!

(long silence)

You don't have an idea of the meaning?

I must... think a little about it.

But... that wooden pot and the spoon: did you see what kind of wood it was? What colour? Brown?

Ah, no, that... It was like wood... But I felt that what that pot contained was very good. It was some very good food, I had the impression of something like honey or something very good that she wanted to give to her child... I had the impression, I don't know why, that there was honey in that pot. That is, I had the sensation (I looked at that from outside, didn't I), that it was something *very* good that she wanted to give to her baby, to her child.

But that she put in her own mouth, then...

Then she kissed that child on the mouth and she gave him the food, like that, in his mouth.

I wonder, you know... I don't know, it is a very vague idea... if it is not really Mother who feeds her child? And she has prepared the pot, and the food, and she takes care of her child.

Then why an ape?

Would it not be to indicate that the animal, the ape... helps?... No, I don't know how to say it.

Helps? You want to say...

No, perhaps even it is that... (I don't know very well how to express it) it is that... the animal has finished and it has given birth to man, hasn't it, and the animal has fed man. But it is the TRUE man, you see... (it is not the man we know!). Then she feeds...

She came from the animal, didn't she, that is why she could have that form of an ape.

She came from the animal... yes...

After all, we humans are the descendants of the apes, aren't we? So it is probably that She wanted to "make", that is, the ape has now turned into a man...

She made a man, a child?...

And she made a child—who is a true human!

Yes, not the false ones... or rather not the true apes! *(laughter)* that we see everywhere.

A true man...

A true man. And already four or five years old, you say?

Yes, he looked very well-formed, unfortunately I could only see his head. (Those visions are very precise and very striking, always). So what was striking was that head that was completely bare—there was no hair at all—perhaps he had a few hairs, but I did not notice any: I was mainly struck by the whiteness of the face... against that hairy breast... A beautiful ape, you know, with a big forehead, and who fed his child with what is best.

(silence)

I don't know if you have caught a little of what I meant...

No, not the exact meaning. What did you mean?

(silence)

I meant that we are the descendants of the apes, aren't we? So it is why, probably, Mother took that shape of an ape. In her latest body, it was still the remnant of the apes, wasn't it? But it was the last one and the animal will no longer be.

It will be the true man.

It will be the true man. She has given birth to the true man.

Yes. To the true man that we don't know yet.

But who is growing, and whom she feeds.

Yes, it is that. It is the end of the animal reign and the beginning of the reign of the true man. The true man who is not yet.

Who does not walk on the earth yet, but who is BORN, and who grows.

Yes, I do think that it is that. Who precisely is no longer an animal but who is a true child—a true man... this is the true human.

Because it was not just any ape, you see, one felt that it was an intelligent, superior and beautiful ape—a big forehead—and who wanted to feed his child with intelligence and love.

It is not to tell us that men are the sons or the children of the ape, it is to tell us, precisely, that the animal has stopped to procreate animals and that it has now procreated a true man.

Yes, that's it! (laughter) That's it!

But all at once, I remember that vision that I had in... it was in February 1974, when I saw Mother who walked...

Yes, who walked in the Ashram courtyard.

In the Ashram courtyard. And in the end, she...

She became taller and taller as she walked; then, first she swept away Navajata [one of the Counterfeiters who wanted to make his big business] then afterwards she swept away... who?

It was that "Turban" [another counterfeiter].

Ah, yes, it was that guy... that waste bin!

Like a dead leaf, absolutely... You know, she did not even notice it, it was with the hem of her dress, it was...

Swept away, that human rot—not human, precisely.

Just like a dry leaf that the wind sweeps away: it was quite like that. And I was very surprised to see, at last...

But what I meant: afterwards, when she arrived where I was, on the veranda, in front of my father's office... She spoke (it was at that moment that I noticed she had

wounds, did I tell you?)—but what surprised me was to see that she had many hairs (you remember, I had told you).

Yes, I remember very well, you told me about golden hairs.

So your russet ape—you said he was russet, didn't you?—it also reminds me of...

That is, the body was still... it had some remnants of the animal.

That would tally, no?

The body still had—Mother's body—it still had remnants of animal fabrication. Of course, since she was born from Mathilde and...

Barine.

Barine: she was made in the animal way. And then she gave birth to a child who is Man—true man. Man... Let's hope there will no longer be those damned sexes in the next species—in the true human species—there will no longer be those stories of... Something equivalent, but not that kind of relations... Yes, the animal.

The best of the animal, you see...

The best of the animal has produced a true man. What Sri Aurobindo called: "the divine man". It has nothing to do with what we see swarming everywhere!

These are rather rats! The descendants of the rats!

They are true apes! True ones, really!

(laughing) *I would say: they are rather the descendants of the rats!*

Aah! That's it... It is the end of the animal reign and the beginning of the true human reign. *(silence)* Because that child was very white.

It is purity, or... what else?

Oh, that, "very white", obviously it means something that is very clean, very...

Luminous?

I don't know if I could say luminous... but well, it was surely very clean...! It is the contrary of darkness, in any case.

And you know, this afternoon, when I saw Mother, she also was... I told you, she was all white: she herself was white, and dressed in white—really. (laughing) It's strange!

No, that is what we meant... It's that. We are always mistaken: men are not born yet. That's it, we are completely mistaken. There are only small computers who are born. Computers in the skin of an ape. Or the skin of a rat! That is, it is not even intelligence—what exists there is not even intelligence, it is simply an appearance of intelligence: they are cunning... they are clever, they are cunning—they are not intelligent. They have

discovered “tricks”, you understand, they are simply cheaters: they do tricks.

They are mainly copycats, you know, like apes who... who ape! So the man we know, well, he copies a lot, he tries to copy nature. He is a copycat.

He catches tricks. He catches tricks and he is very clever, it is not intelligence, all that, it is utilitarianism. They use things: for their bellies, for their prosperity, the prosperity of their species—not at all for a superior development. To take advantage of things, to use things, and degrade them, of course. That’s all they can do. Because all their tricks are made for degradation—and consumption.

Well, that’s it, I am satisfied. It means that the reign of the animal is over, and that she has brought a true being into the world.

What you saw is fabulous.

Yes, I wondered: why? why, I don’t need to learn Darwin! (*laughter*). Yes, it is that: we are mistaken, we are always mistaken—we imagine that men are born—come off it!

It is the animal reign. That’s why the forces are so enraged, you know... you said it, didn’t you.

They are enraged, they are bestial. We see everywhere: they are murderers, assassins... And to save everything they have but one word: “high technology”—this is what will save everything! It is really... It is scandalous to call that “men”! They are impostors.



April 7, 1986

Vision

Last night, I saw my young brother Pierre. (I wonder whether he has not gone to the other side?)²⁰ He was with my brother François, gone twelve years ago. The three of us were meeting.

An amusing detail: At one point, Pierre told me: “I want to go into Nirvana” (if he is really “dead”, death was not enough for him!) and I answered him: “But what do you want to do there? You will be bored stiff!”

*

I have often wondered why I came more easily in contact with the “dead” than with the “living”?...

There is a layer that renders the living very inaccessible as long as they are alive and which goes away when they are dead.

It is obviously a material layer since, when they are dead, they keep all their other layers (mental, vital). And as for me, I live completely in a material consciousness and it is this material consciousness that has access to the “other side”—that is why I come more easily in contact with the dead than with the living: they are unclothed. A good layer of material Falsehood has gone.

It is really the layer of death and physical illusion.

It is this one that we should make go away while still alive.

²⁰ Pierre passed away on September 2, 1996.

Then we would no longer need to die and the cloth of Falsehood (and of pain and of death and of grief) of the physical life would have gone. It would be another life.

This is the “coffin”—the coffin, it is *before* dying. It is fabricated around the living.

*

In fact, I don't seek *at all* to see or contact the “dead” (most of them don't interest me at all): *they* want to get in contact with me and seem to find me more easily—perhaps, precisely, because I am less wrapped in that artificial cloth. (We could say: that cloth of misfortune.)

*

The Hindu, April 7

“BARE LANDS SHOULD BE USED FOR AFFORESTATION”

New Delhi

“Wastelands represent an important potential which could create more jobs for impoverished country people, and managed within the context of a social forestry, they could efficiently provide for the needs of rural communities in the matter of fuel and fodder”, declares Dr C.H. Hanumantha Rao, a member of the Planning Committee.

Inaugurating a national workshop on “landless people and development of wastelands” recently organized here by the Society for the Promotion of the Exploitation of Wastelands (SPEW), he declared that agricultural economists should not only give attention to the use of existing resources, but also to the development of wastelands.

“We have not given enough attention to wastelands,

nor to how we could overcome the poverty of soil resources. A careful and systematic examination of the resourceless areas is essential if we want to implement a strategy appropriate for their development.

Every minute, the country loses 10 hectares of arable lands, five hectares of which owing to the erosion of the soil, two owing to salinization, one owing to urbanization and the rest following other processes of degradation. The problem is of such a magnitude that it requires the combined efforts of governments, of associations of volunteers and of the people”, he concludes.

And now the forest yield: M.D. Bandyopadhyay, the Secretary for Rural Development, Government of India, assures in his opening speech that land shortage and wastelands result from social exploitation and not from technological progress. An important degradation is found in the forest areas and the states should focus their efforts on afforestation. *Landless people should have a right to the minor products of forest so that they could become the true protectors of trees.*²¹

Dr Kamla Chowdhry, Chairperson of the Committee for the Exploitation of National Wastelands (CENW) who presided over the opening session, declared that concerning deforestation and ecological imbalance, if we don't reverse the present trend in time, this will result in famine and an increased pressure on earth and water resources. “Every year, between 1.3 and 1.5 million hectares turn into wastelands. No strategy of development will succeed in stopping this, if devoid of ecological orientation.”

²¹ Passages in italics have been underlined by Satprem.

Afforestation: M.M. Varadarajan, Secretary Member of the CENW, said that the identification of the concerned areas was the first required condition for the exploitation of the wastelands and insisted on the necessity of a large-scale afforestation and of decentralized nurseries. To sow five million hectares of wastelands, around hundred million seedlings would be needed.



April 9, 1986

I wonder where the *nest* of the Beast lies?
In cerebral matter?

*

Evening

A completely bare state where only this hideous and painful matter is left.

And underneath, that Power.

Sometimes everything disappears, as if I were fainting, I no longer know where I am.*

*

In the past, the charming voices would have told me: “If it goes on like that, you will end up in infirmity.” Now they tell me: “If it goes on like that, you will become an imbecile.”

I answer: If your intelligence is only used for those nasty things, perhaps it is not a great loss.

Another sort of intelligence may be needed.

* “Where I am”, or “where I is”?

*

This “reign of Truth” has such a deep meaning for me.



April 11, 1986

Their loudspeakers howl up to my bedroom.

At night, we are no longer surrounded by stars, but by their neon lights.

It is the reign of the Brute.

Man *can* invent horrors—not the animals.

*

Afternoon

And I come across this:

Indian Express, April 11

ACTION PLAN TO IMPORT TECHNOLOGY
INTO RURAL ZONES

Today, Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi unveiled an action plan for a best use of modern technology in rural zones, so as to *pull India* out of the bog of poverty. (...)

That Nehru dynasty has undermined India better than two centuries of British domination.

This one also will be destroyed, better than I.G. and in a more staggering way.

*

Afternoon

All of age-old Death is struggling in the body under the assault of fire of that Power.

*

All depends on an It-is-You-who-come-to-deliver-us: absolute (without sagging).

You are the One who comes to pull us out of those claws.
(And the claws want to make us believe and feel the contrary.)
It is a battle.

*

Evening

I really have the impression that this is what Sri Aurobindo called “the grim foundation stone” (what I called the “watertight” partition wall).

Actually, it is “grim”.

*

The Earth is in an awful state—so?

Even the earth-earth (soil) looks ill—I have never seen that. It is worse than gnawed away by rats—it is ill. It suffers.

But Mr Gandhi’s “high tech” is going to save everything!—it is of a... criminal stupidity.

They are hypnotized.

*

They have an *appearance* of intelligence, but inside it is completely hollow.

Who does his man’s job?

They handle one tool or another, they are the servants of the tool.

*

Indian Express

INDIA'S POPULATION TO OVERTAKE CHINA'S

Washington, April 10 (AFP)

India will surpass China to become the world's most populous nation by 2100. At that time, the world population will have reached 10.4 billion people, according to a report published here by a private American Institute.

This report, published on Wednesday by the Population Reference Bureau, states that the population of many countries is going to continue increasing, even if at a slower pace, for several decades before decreasing.

According to the report, the world population, which is currently about 4.9 billion, will have doubled by 2100 and will be four times more than in 1950 (2.5 billion).

This growth of the population will take place mainly in the poorest areas, particularly in sub-Saharan Africa and South-East Asia, says the report. By 2100, it adds, the most developed countries will represent only 14% of the world population, instead of 24.4% today.

Still according to the report, the United States, currently the fourth most populous country in the world (261 billion) will fall back to seventh position (308.7 billion) behind Indonesia (356.3 billion against 168.4 billion) and Pakistan (315.8 billion against 101.9 billion).



April 13, 1986

I know what the “spell” is.

Now I know the Formula.

(That is to say, my body knows.)

*

Evening

Last night, I saw the big blackish tiger (I think that it is a she-tiger): she *could not* touch me.

A gigantic beast.

Now I understand.

*

I had suspected the Formula for a long time, but suddenly it became REAL (let’s rather say “more completely” real).

I do think that this is the “mathematical formula” of Sri Aurobindo. Only we have to know it in a few billion cells.

*

It is fabulous. But it is so simple that nobody would understand anything of it!

*

Tomorrow, it will be forty-seven months.

*

“The deep falsity of death”...

*

PS: I cannot believe that the world is going to remain like this, imperturbable or unperturbed.



April 14, 1986

It is really the formula that annuls death—death *can* be annulled. Only the formula must be in the skin—not in books or in the head.

(That is why it is pointless saying things, as Sri Aurobindo knew very well: one must reach the operating *place*.) Keys are useful only when you reach the keyhole (!).

But the *fact* is that yesterday I got the definitive corporeal proof of the unreality of death. Death *is not* an “ineluctable” necessity like *Ananke of the Greeks*, it is the ultimate consequence of a cruel and untruthful force which dominates all the layers of terrestrial consciousness down to the most material Matter. It is that domination that *can* be reversed. As in the “black wagon” of Buchenwald. In one case you get out of it, in the other you don’t.

It is fabulous in the sense that for a fish, it seems impossible to come out of water, as for us it seems impossible to come out of death—well, we *can*.

*

They will say: “But Sri Aurobindo and Mother died!” And why would they have stayed in their bodies if the little mortals did not want them! The former left because the charming disciples did not let him do his “true work”, and the latter, purely and simply, because they did not want Her anymore. They had not come to gloriously assert their immortality but to show the recalcitrant little mortals the path of their own immortality.

They all prefer to die. I add: death doesn’t disturb *me*, but that cruel domination DISGUSTS me. That’s it.

And once again, it is not a question of being “immortal”, forever in this little animal body, but to be able to get out of a certain terrestrial black carriage that suffocates us more and more.

So they *all* are in the black carriage, Buddhas and Popes included—the liberation, it is in the body. We are not going to dream of the outside of the wagon: we get out of it, or we don't.

*

Saw that Gorbachev again last night, twice, for a long time—why?

He seems to be one of the few “living people” that I meet!

He *understands*, there is communication. I mean that it is not an “appearance of intelligence” like Mr Rajiv, Reagan & Co.

I told him (after all sorts of things that seem more “personal”): “But that fool Reagan will not stay forever—he is a complete fool—and one day or the other it will be necessary to reach an agreement with the Americans.”*

He *does not want* the war, he is sincere—he wants the welfare of his Russian people. But the Americans... this is where the Asura's eye (or bank account!) is.

In fact, America has begun to go awry since Nixon—it is the same devil that reigns.

*

Afternoon

The body is living a great Mystery.

* He seemed to have difficulty swallowing that... but it was not an absolute “no”.

When I told him that, he slightly started and he told me: “Let's go

*

Evening

It is as if going through a rock with your body—which is impossible (seems impossible).

But it is perhaps the opposite: perhaps it is that Power that tries to go through the last layer of the body.

In fact, it is death itself.

That is where the *whole* body must know the password.

*

One could say that “dying” has no longer any meaning, or not the same meaning for the body, because it feels that it is death that holds it back with all its strength and that the true life — formidable life—is on the other side of the wall.

It is like a reversal of values.

It is like a man condemned to death who tries to go through the walls of his prison.

(The nervous system is in league with the prison guards—all the sensations.)



April 15, 1986

There is no longer any doubt that death is a distorting magic.

*

Evening

All that sounds a little repetitive, but it is like Copernicus who looks to the right, looks to the left, then to the North and to the

outside” (to have a walk), as if he wanted nobody “inside” to listen to that.

South: “But, come on, the Earth rotates! The Earth rotates and the Earth rotates...”

He was condemned by Pope Paul V. It was contrary to the Scriptures.

But, come on, death does not exist! Death does not exist, death does not exist...

And the more I look at it, the more it does not exist!

(He was condemned by medicine and the Pope together.)



April 16, 1986

Such a terrible battle in the body.

As if the whole of Death were here, crushing the body under all its weight—and They PULL.

I don't know how one can bear that.

It is as though cerebral matter is on the verge of bursting, from minute to minute.

One PRAYS, as in agony, for the Deliverance of the Earth.

*

Evening

And those fools with their Bible on one side and their Hollywood on the other, go to bomb Tripoli from the height of their glorious technology.

(Mother told that the United States would be the “centre of the transformation”—it would only be right to find there, at first, the contrary of the Goal to be realized). It seems to be an individual and collective law. But will we have enough time?

Each one and each country seems to have a “reverse” that must be put the “right way” round. (!)

*

The body is full of pains.

I have been torn apart. (Both shoulders)

The cruelty of all that is crazy.

Much courage is needed to go through that cruel Magic.

(The Beast has really taken its revenge.)



April 17, 1986

Sometimes, I tell myself that the Beast does its work very well, which consists in tearing you to bits all the way down to the *bottom* so that you could move to the other side.

It is the “feline stratigraphy”.

(Probably, the last centimetres are the most difficult—but in these cases, you don’t know if they are centimetres or kilometres, months or years).

There is a sort of despair in me.

And I know that it is a claw, too.

*

It is always like a “bottom” that covers another bottom that covers another bottom...

And the more you tell yourself that, the more the Beast sniggers.

The only solution is to tell yourself that *everything* is the Divine, but it is sometimes difficult. The formula has difficulty springing out, it is as if crushed.

*

Afternoon

It is a battle in the body—later, I will tell about it.

*

Evening

A burst, a *cry* in the body: it is not that Cruelty that reigns, it is not all that nastiness, that Beast, that Gestapo of the body that reigns—*it is You who reign*, it is Your Mercy, Your Compassion, Your Truth, *You are the Reality*—and even if I die, it is still You.



April 19, 1986

The body begins to have many proofs.

A “proof”, for the body, it is like a baby that has proof that one breathes on the earth—it is *an obvious fact that works*.

It has proof of another Power, superior to death or which annuls death, superior to “life” and to the laws of life (it is the same thing: the law of life is death).

It has proof of the untruthful illusion of *all* the sensations “of before” (signs, symptoms and pains—it may hurt, but it is a falsehood all the same).

It has proof of the existence of a “human” concentration camp, physical and collective, guarded by illusory and cruel forces.

Those pieces of evidence are already the beginning of a going out of or of a practical breach through the barbed wire of the

concentration camp, only it doesn't know the last minute or the last step.

*

That is to say that it has the knowledge and the practical experience of the “spell” Sri Aurobindo spoke of—and one cannot “know” that without practically living what thwarts or annuls that, otherwise one would be simply struck down.

The fact of living that is precisely what constitutes the beginning of the undoing of the Magic.

It is like having proof that the Anaconda does not kill—you must go and touch it.

But if you don't have “what is needed”, it kills you all right.

What is needed: it is You.

You are the Reality.

*

For nearly four years the body has been learning the same lesson, layer by layer.

One must slice up the Anaconda layer by layer.

*

Evening

Today (and for some time now), it was completely crazy and “impossible” in cerebral matter—and yet IT WAS.

IT IS.

The body did not budge one second—it *knew*.

*

Conclusion: nobody will be able to make a “religion of the Supramental” (as they did with all the gods of the Mental) because they will first have to go and prove the Anaconda!!

A word to the wise!



April 20, 1986

Vision

Last night (19-20) I saw something that certainly has a very precise meaning, but I don't know which one (generally, one understands afterwards, in the act). It is still another of those Egyptian-Kotagirian (!) hieroglyphs of the new consciousness: an image that warns you or shows you a situation or an ongoing operation. And it is always addressed to the material consciousness.

I was in a “kitchen” that looked like ours here, except that instead of the green tiled floor, it was a white one. On one side, there was a ledge (long ledge) of white tiles (a kind of “table” fixed in the wall, on which one puts kitchen items) and parallel to that ledge, there was another ledge... on which I was sitting (!). So two ledges separated by a hole or a gap (apparently, my feet were dangling in the hole or the gap, but I could not see the “bottom”). So I was sitting on one of the ledges and I was trying to see how to place my hands on the opposite ledge in order to swing to the other side—I was seeking a good place which I could firmly grasp with my hands. The distance or the gap that separated the two ledges was not very important, but just sufficient for the length of my arms plus my chest that had to swing over to the other side. I had to bend my whole body and let it topple forward until my outstretched arms take firmly hold of the other ledge—and

yet a part of my body, *the basis* (buttocks and legs) *had to remain seated on the first ledge*. In a way, my body had to make a sort of bridge between the two ledges. I felt that it was somewhat difficult and that above all I had to find a good place to support my hands on the other side without slipping into the hole.

That's all.

That “kitchen” seems to be an “operation” place, because once I already saw myself there “boiling some lead” (!) and a pancake came out of it!! It is perhaps the kitchen of the new world (!).

*

Noon

The operation seems to concentrate more and more in cerebral matter.

It is difficult.

(Perhaps it is where the nest of the Beast lies?)

*

But what surprises me every time is that kind of certitude or trust or knowledge that lies in the depths of the body, in the depths of the cells, in spite of those dense leaden waves that go through and through, almost inexorably, and of that neuralgia that pulls and that head that feels like a cauldron.

*

Evening

An invasion of Power as solid as diamond—but it is Energy. What would be the pure diamond transformed into its equivalent of energy. And uninterrupted.

One feels *very close* to “something”.

*

One feels that it is Mother, the Great Mother, the eternal Energy or the Energy of the Eternal, in front of which not a breath of death can stand.

It is crazy! In a body!

*

If that manifested, what would happen in the world?

It is really the “automatic” (!) Purity.

*

Yes, you must really “hold on” to both ledges.

It is perhaps my vision of 1973²² that begins to come true...?

*

L.'s Vision

April 24

Last night, saw Satprem working amidst a lot of papers (I was helping him to sort them out) and, in the very middle, a thin hardbound book (wider than high), in gold. Inside: only words of Mother, marvellously presented, with much space on every page and doubly raised in gold letters. Each page was different: it was a combination of words and drawings, like a universal language.

Perhaps he has seen “my” Egyptian-Kotagirian hieroglyphs?!

Is this the PS to Mother’s “will”??

*

Conversation with Sujata

Of course, I don’t feel like talking; I have to force myself a little...

²² Vision of December 3, 1973: see *Notebooks 1*.

I am really elsewhere... well.

There is something that I saw, or understood rather clearly a few days ago. Probably as they were operating on Pierre.

That is to say, yesterday—the day before yesterday?

The day before yesterday. I don't know exactly when he was operated on, but, well, it was the day before yesterday. All at once, I saw things clearly—as when you are faced with the real thing, you understand, the clear, objective vision, which is not thought or sought, it is clear, that's it.

First, immediately after his first operation (it was in February, I think), they said that the operation had gone well, but I did not stop being worried. I kept feeling that it was not over.

You mentioned it, by the way... Was it not rather the end of January?

It was the end of February, I think. Well, I kept feeling that it was not over. Physical things are simply the translation of an inner situation. Why is one ill... why? Externally, there are quite logical reasons, but well... those are not the true reasons.

And even before he was hospitalised this time, I wrote to Jacqueline because I was worrying about him. I felt that he was not well, and then, even before getting the telegram (I told you about it), I saw him one night and I tried to relieve him, to help him—to help. Well, this is secondary. Now, we receive the telegram saying that the operation went well. Good. But I remain with the same question mark.

There are inner reasons to all that.

Obviously, there is something in Pierre that feels like being condemned to death. To say things in a way that is a little... oh, all those mental ways of speaking are very limited because they are brutal, they lack any sense of nuance... But, well, there is something in Pierre that is like that.

I clearly see the inner picture—I don't feel like developing it.

But, well, if there is an enemy number one of the work that is being done, it is Death. Death is our enemy. It is the greatest Falsehood. Well. Pain is the second great Falsehood, which is the cause of death. Grief, sorrow, etc., the pity of the world are other great and great and great Falsehoods. And one falls into the trap, one crucifies oneself, one kills oneself, one goes and kills other people, but it resolves NOTHING.

Revolt... One must be revolted, it is understood, but the revolt must go much deeper than that of those people. They are not revolted enough. One must go deep down and then UPROOT Death, UPROOT Crucifixion, UPROOT Pain and UPROOT Suffering. One must UPROOT that whole Falsehood.

It is a big job, isn't it; it takes courage to do that.

And one must be extremely revolted. Well.

I know the whole picture. I have known it for forty years. Forty-three years.

This is cause number one for Pierre.

Catherine rebels, rightly so, but her revolt is *not* revolted enough *yet*. The submachine gun, it is easy: the submachine gun, it sides precisely with the Enemy, there. The Enemy is delighted, he got you there! The Enemy, you must go and uproot him in other depths. Well, this is the problem for Pierre: does he want to uproot that or not?

It is more convenient to be condemned to death, it is easier.

(silence)

It is difficult to intervene in the destinies of beings, isn't it? It is something that *I* don't do, almost *never*, I can say. Everyone must assume his destiny. And in fact, as long as it does not spring from inside, all that we can say externally is quasi-worthless.

It can have an effect. In the sense that this external intervention, as you say, suddenly, touches something inside, doesn't it, and that's it, it triggers something.

It is possible...

Well, insofar as I can say what I have clearly seen, I can say it, they will do whatever they want with it.

Of course, that farm, it was something very good, and I felt that it was very good during all that period when... when he had just come out of that awful place, you see. It was an intermediary period, useful, refreshing (if I may say so), when he had to get away a little from that awful world. Well. So that farm... it was a very good solution.

But solutions are convenient for a certain time, then, afterwards... one must make progress. If you don't make progress, you condemn yourself to death, precisely. And to make progress is very difficult. People don't know what progress is.

So what I seem to have clearly seen when Pierre was hospitalised (and I knew nothing about it, except that I had seen him in the night and I was aware that something was wrong): I

looked at the situation, like that: but that farm, it's a place in isolation!

A place...?

In isolation—in a closed circuit. Well, you raise rabbits and more rabbits and more rabbits, but it is... it is a world that is closed... And it is very good—it can be very good for some people: when they are very-very-very evolved, then they can be in solitude. But progress is more easily made in the shock of the external circumstances. And there, the external circumstances... It is a closed world.

So, this is what I suddenly told myself: but shouldn't Pierre and Catherine go to Auroville? This is the thought that came to me.

Auroville is a nest of vipers, isn't it! It is a... well, we know the situation very well. But in that huge nest of vipers, there are a few sincere and genuine elements (there are not many of them, only a handful—a small handful, but there are a few) so in a certain way, thanks to those few, it is still an open world. So, could not Pierre's practical abilities and Catherine's practical abilities blossom a little there at the same time, with those few who understand?—even the others, who are completely negative, will be able to teach them something, you know: one learns through the positive and through the negative.

Would it not be a background in which they could make progress? It would be an open circuit.

This is the question I asked myself.

I told myself: there is perhaps something for them, there. But of course, it would be subject to two conditions, which are: no

question of coming here. The path is *closed*—there is no communication with anybody.

I need complete physical solitude.

I must do this work, I must go... I don't know where, but things must be done. For that, I need physical solitude.

And even communication... Well, I must do the work, I cannot, at the same time, do the work and be soaked in the world of Auroville and company—it is not possible. To begin with, it makes me ill, immediately.

And secondly, if they go to Auroville, nobody, of course, must know that we are here. That, nobody must know. Otherwise, immediately, the tide would come up and my work would be destroyed (not “my” work, it is not “my” work), but the work would be instantaneously poisoned, we would have to clear off and go elsewhere to hide. Well.

That they must understand.

So, practically, how can they go to Auroville, I don't know, I don't know the conditions. Micheline will be able to give them more information, probably, to tell them how to proceed.

Yes, but given Pierre's condition, you know... I mean, he cannot go out of the country without permission...

That, I don't know what the situation is now. I don't know the situation now. And to go to Auroville, it will take *months* to get permissions from the government and all that (you know how things are in India), it will take months. But if they approve of this suggestion, if it rings a bell or triggers something, as you say, they can set the mechanism in motion, can they not. And it is through Micheline that they will be able to know how to

proceed. Because... I am WITHDRAWN, I don't see anyone anymore, I don't write anymore, I am WITHDRAWN. This must be understood.

Well, they can get in touch with Micheline and see—*if* this solution speaks to them, well, answers to something in them. This is the essential thing: that it should *correspond* to something in them. If it does not, they can continue to make some progress also in their farm. It is possible.

It is for them to understand.

It is for them to understand. I only had a kind of clear sensation (while thinking of Catherine perhaps more than of Pierre... but both of them) that it was a world too closed—too closed.

Closed on itself...

Naturally, in Auroville, there are all the turncoats of the Ashram, there is a bunch of... there are hundreds of people, I must say, who are completely... who cordially hate me—but who will not say a word about it, who will not dare to say it, you see.

(Sujata laughs a lot) *Perhaps they will dare now!*

Now they will perhaps dare to say it. And then only five-six people who understand a little and are sincere. So, Satprem, that's no recommendation in Auroville (*laughter*), it is better not to speak of him! Alas. The Ashram has infiltrated everything, carefully. But well, in that swarming world of Auroville, there is

the worst, but there are also very good elements. Well, with that, one can do many things. I think of Pierre and Catherine.

Pierre is able to create (not to write, that is not his job—he writes very well, but that is not his job). His job is to create, to touch matter, and to do something with his hands. Wood. And Catherine also has a job: she will have many opportunities to serve, to help, whether with children or in... They will find their way...

Yes, she has many abilities.

... And they will find a few people really worthy, amidst all those vipers. And, well, it will be an open world.

This is what I felt.

Now... it is not a vision from “above” at all, it is simply a kind of clear logic. So there is nothing imperious in it, it is simply a suggestion, a piece of advice, a possibility that I put in front of them. The rest depends on them. It depends on them: I mean that they will understand better than I do. That’s it, they will understand their own necessity better than I do.

Yes.

But Pierre must *fight*. And REFUSE (this is something, probably, that has been driven into his cells and his consciousness by my father’s Christianity)—he must STRUGGLE against that pain, against pain—it is a FALSEHOOD. Crucifixion is a FALSEHOOD.

It is BEAUTY and JOY and LIGHT and a GLORIOUS body that must triumph. *Not* suffering.

And at all levels, suffering is a falsehood—whether it is physical or sentimental, at *all* levels it is a falsehood. THE TRUTH: IT IS JOY.

We are not there yet, but we are on the way.

That's all.



April 26, 1986

The impression of being like a bomb that does not explode. A massive state.

(The heart pulls. But the body does not mind.)

*

Evening

Without knowing anything, my Douce made a curious little drawing this evening.

And she called it: “a drop”!

*

Sujata comes across this story of Sherlock Holmes and the Czech professor who had found a method of rejuvenating with ape glands.

“... Others may find a better way. There is danger there—a very real danger to humanity. Consider, Watson, that the material, the sensual, the worldly would all prolong their worthless lives. The spiritual would not avoid the call to something higher. It would be the survival of the least fit—what sort of cesspool may not our poor world become?”

The Creeping Man, around 1892

Even Sherlock Holmes understood better! (than our technocrats and Teresian Nobel prizes).

Stamp issued for the “Children’s Day” (!) (Nehru’s birthday):



They no longer say to children: You have a Treasure in you.
They tell them: You have a Machine that will resolve everything.



April 27, 1986

It is sheer torture. I don’t know why.

It seems to never stop increasing in density...

*

Or is it because the layer is harder, the resistance greater?

*

Chernobyl.



April 29, 1986

Now the process is clear.

It is an immortal Power and slowly-slowly, it is Death that explodes, everywhere-everywhere, layer by layer, atom by atom.

What was covered un-covers itself little by little.

*

There remains that last step...



April 30, 1986

If it were a question of leaving the old to enter the New, it would be easy! But it is that constant pain of becoming the New within the old—and it is like that down to the last atom.

So all the fathers are there and all the grand-fathers and everyone is there to besiege you—it is as if you had to convert the whole of humankind in you!

All the ways of negation are present, from the most golden to the muddiest.

And they tell you kindly: we all died because of that. (I saw that last night. All the forefathers were there, lying down in close rows, like sardines in a tin.)

PS: there was just an empty place for me!

*

Mother did say it: the battle is endless.



May

May 1, 1986

I don't know which layer of coal I am in, but it is a triple nightmare, in the body, in the heart, in the mind.

Probably, the state of the world is like that.

*

Vision

All the same, I want to note down a strange and unexpected "hieroglyph" that I saw last night (from April 30 to May 1). "Someone" was lighting a star in the sky (I don't know who this "someone" was, but I was probably taking part in the operation) and I told "someone" who was working with me: "A reflector is needed for the Earth", I absolutely wanted it, it was important (that is, I wanted that star to be reflected on the earth). And I went to find a reflector in the room near my bedroom (as a matter of fact, there is a reflector on a shelf). I don't understand very well... A new star, is it a new creation? No? Or am I the "reflector"!??

*

Evening

You are as if innumerable torn to bits by that Power—unless it is Death and the Falsehood of the world that are being torn to pieces through these billions of cells and this agony.

You can only do that for the deliverance of the world and for the love of Truth on the Earth.

One *grain* of that Horror and that Falsehood and that Pain must offer itself to the Supreme Truth so that That can come in.

I am grain No 53766—and more than ever I know what I mean.

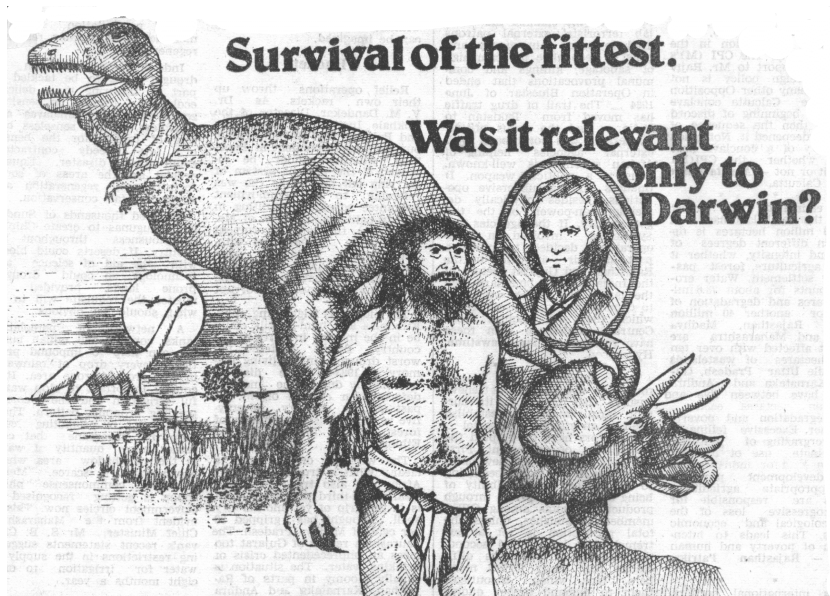
You only have the Supreme Truth to keep you standing.

*

It looks like a fight between Death and Truth (and not only one man's death).

(They are not even aware of the situation!)

Indian Express, May 3rd: P.S. to Conan Doyle...



May 4, 1986

It is so crazy, that death of death.

Everything tears without tearing, everything bursts without bursting...

And it lasts indefinitely.

You are completely tortured, and everything goes on as if nothing were wrong.

It is an awful Magic.

One must not be mistaken (take the wrong side)...

*

Evening

I begin to know very well, in detail, what that “spell” is.

I give thanks to Sri Aurobindo and Mother for making me catch a glimpse of a for-mi-da-ble practical TRUTH in the middle of this “human” nightmare.



May 5, 1986

Forty-one years.

What is needed is the true way out of all that, for everybody.

It is a Whole.

*

This morning, May 5, I read this article.

Forty-one years later, we are in the belly of the *same* monster, a little more sophisticated.

We have never got out of it. The Nazis have won the war.

The Hindu, May 4

A POWERFUL ESPIONAGE TOOL

It is said that when Gorbachev coughs, the NSA (*National Security Agency*) knows it. The American National Security Agency intercepts more than 24

billion conversations in the world, which, after being deciphered, are served up to the American Intelligence and Security agencies. Little known to the American public, and even less to the world in general, the NSA represents the most powerful espionage tool in the entire world. So Americans routinely listen to the private conversations of Soviet leaders and government officials, as well as those of the allies. Security above all!

“Gamma Guppy” is the code name for the top-secret conversations in Moscow regularly transmitted to the USA government officials. Gorbachev in a meeting in his office, Gromyko in his dacha or Shevardnadze in conversation with his assistants from his Zil limousine in Moscow... These are examples among many others of how the United States of America, the most powerful empire in the world, keeps an eye on his main rival. For the USSR is hardly more than that. Sometimes an adversary, but never an enemy.

In 1967, the death of the Soviet cosmonaut Komarov was immediately known to American leaders, though the Soviets themselves had waited a certain time to broadcast the information. All communications between the spaceship and Soviet controllers were recorded and deciphered and the Americans even knew the exact moment when the controllers lost contact with the spaceship, unable to slow down its re-entry into earth's atmosphere. When there was no more hope of saving Komarov, Alexis Kosygin, the then Prime Minister, spoke personally to Komarov, telling him that he was a hero of the Soviet Union and awarded him the corresponding distinction. The death bound astronaut could then speak to his wife,

reassure her and give her a few pieces of advice concerning the education of their children. It is only in the last seconds of his trial that Komarov broke down, shouting on the radio: "I don't want to die, do something!" The capsule, while entering the burning earth atmosphere at a too sharp angle, overheated. At the last second of his life, Komarov let out an ultimate cry of horror before his spaceship exploded. The NSA was there, too, listening, recording each thousandth of a second of the tragedy. Silently, as always.

The Americans know almost everything about the FBI and the CIA. But less than one percent of them has heard about the enigmatic NSA—the biggest American intelligence agency, the most powerful, and also the most secret. An annual budget of 12 billion dollars enables 60,000 devoted and highly-qualified people everywhere in the world to continually improve the formidable electronic web of sources which gather information. Military, diplomatic and electronic data are transformed into information usable by the NSA. Conversations through telephones, cables or satellites hold no secret from it. Powerful computers are programmed to intercept names and key-words in the about 500,000 conversations under surveillance every day of the year.

It was on November 4, 1952, during the second part of Truman's presidency, that the NSA was born. Unlike for the CIA, there are no laws ruling its activities and Congress itself has no right of supervision over it. There are only texts and documents meant to protect its activities. Even Directive No 6 of the National Security Council at the White House, which formulates the guidelines of the NSA's activities, is secret. We

were then at the apex of the Cold War.

American Presidents of all opinions have several times rejected the requests of the powerful committees to control the expenditure of Congress, asking further information about the NSA. Such is the basic rule carefully applied every time to protect the nervous system of America's most precious tool in its relentless information war against the Soviet Union and, in this field, against any person or organisation which could try to be an obstacle or strike a blow to American security anywhere in the world. Such is the protection system surrounding the NSA that during the first fifteen years following its creation, not one document even mentioned its official existence.

Today, the headquarters of the NSA in Fort Meade, Maryland, about an hour's drive from Washington, covers 15 hectares in the middle of a pine forest, cut off from the rest of the world, as it were. A site far more impressive than that of the CIA in Langley, Virginia, with headquarters surrounded by three barbed wire fences each three metres high, dog patrols, electronic detectors outside and inside the building and carefully controlled entrances inside the glass and steel fortress. Employee identities and passes are regularly checked by mobile patrols. The secret documents are locked up in strong-boxes guarded night and day and protected by three different combinations. No, nothing is left to chance, as far as the security of the NSA is concerned.

Employees allowed into the fortress have fulfilled the strictest security checks before obtaining their job. Birth, education, studies, friends, previous relationships, etc. everything has been verified and checked as a possible risk for security. For instance,

all employees are regularly submitted to lie detector tests, regardless of their rank or the number of years they have spent at the service of the NSA. Anybody can become a traitor. More than a habit, more than second nature, the security imperative becomes an instinct among NSA members. Some of them have not even informed their families of their activities and true work. The members say jokingly that NSA means *Never say anything*.

Computer equipment among the most sophisticated and powerful in the world, some of which was specially conceived for the specific needs of the NSA, is used by the agency. The computers are able to decipher up to 600 coded communication lines per minute. The NSA's computer centre, situated at the centre of Fort Meade is divided, like the human brain, unto two hemispheres, a right hemisphere called "Carillon" and a left hemisphere called "Loadstone". Carillon owns 4 interconnected IBM 3033 computers that are connected to printers able to product 22,000 lines per minute. Loadstone is even more impressive, with its Cray and IBM supercomputers, each of which can perform from 150 to 200 billion computations per second. Both are interconnected, which enables them to transfer 320 billion words per second, which is the equivalent of 2500 300-page books.

Carillon and Loadstone are also connected to 3000 NSA specialists everywhere in the world, in Japan, in Taiwan, in South Korea, in West Germany, in the Azores, in South Africa and in Turkey, to mention just a few countries. In Turkey, for instance, the NSA runs several crucial listening posts along the Turkish-Soviet border. From there, it can wiretap the strategic

Russian ICBM launching sites along the Caspian Sea, as well as the Turyatam test ground in Central Asia, where the USSR tests its new strategic launch vehicles.

Most of these listening posts are entirely automatic, isolated on summits and programmed to instantly decode telemetric data from Soviet rockets. This data is immediately transmitted by satellite to Alaska, where planes with electronic equipment hasten to record the latest phases of Soviet rocket flight.

Almost all the work of NSA specialists consists in cross-checking, referencing and listing pieces of information on the same theme from different sources, as, for instance, all communications between the USSR and its partners from the Eastern Block taken from Turkey, West Germany or elsewhere. The NSA also has a post which controls China from Hong Kong.

NSA's computers in Maryland receive four billion characters per second. Some of them are programmed to instantly detect the least change of structure in the flow of information coming from the world, to the letter. Anomalies are immediately diagnosed and correlated before being submitted to human analysis. All communications and pieces of information, whether they are synthetic or human, between the USA and Europe, can be recorded. All public phone boxes in the USA and in the United Kingdom are also under surveillance.

If the whole flow of modern man's information had to pass through one point of the globe, it would be Fort Meade, where America maintains a vigilant control over the pulse of human communications and over modern civilization.



May 7, 1986

They are making their way through the death of the world.

*

It would take only a pure drop passing through this body.

(One point represents the whole.)

*

Evening

It is very clear: the world, and each individual, is shut up in a gangue of death, and on the other side, it is freedom, powerful life, truth without shadow, unmixed Love—one has to make *one* breach in that so that the Immortal can move into the Mortal. Then EVERYTHING will change.

This is the Apocalypse.

*

Letter from Satprem to his brother Pierre)

Pierre-Catherine,

You don't how much Mother wants to help you—you must not erect barriers between Her and her action. Our inner and subconscious System is full of barriers, full of death, full of falsehood, full of complicity with suffering—if we want to uproot the System from the world, we have first to uproot it in ourselves. We must want to live in order to see the New, to *help* the New take shape—take *shape*, yes. So we must uproot all falsehood in this poor body, with absolute sincerity, and a call—call, call, call for this Truth, true, new, which desperately seeks

to deliver the world from its horrible and innumerable
Falsehood.

Have courage. With you.
Satprem



May 9, 1986

They are entering in Matter.

*

(Or going out of it, I don't know.)

*

Evening

It is this “watertight wall” that is disintegrating.

It is somewhat terrible and Marvellous.

*

In fact, all these notebooks could be summed up in two lines:
you know, one doesn't die of it, it is only death that dies (!).

We must rely ENTIRELY on the Divine.

Death with its millions of claws and nasty tricks...

*

(Questions asked by a reader)

Several readers of Life without Death found a similarity of description between Satprem's experience of “the corporeal consciousness which begins to rise and rise...” and Mother's experience of January 24, 1961, when She says that “the body's consciousness rose and rose and rose...”

As Satprem says that “Mother and Sri Aurobindo never told explicitly anywhere [that they had seen that], some readers wonder...

Yes, later, much later, I remembered that experience of Mother’s and I wondered whether it was not the same thing. But what people don’t understand, is the huge difference between the schoolboy who hears about the Amazon and the one who finds himself suddenly thrown onto the Oyapock—you can tell him: “Ah, this is what you read on page 372 of the geography course”, he will shake his head: “Well, perhaps, but it’s not the same thing!”

You don’t understand really until you are “on the spot”. And it is then very new.

So I apologize to Mother, to Sri Aurobindo and to the Vedic Rishis, in all humility, and I have to acknowledge that I did not understand anything of it until it happened to me.

So I invite my scholarly friends to leave page 372 and go for a “direct” ride on the Oyapock...

PS: To be more precise, when Mother told me about that experience, I did not understand very well what it meant, I thought it was the *kundalini*, because afterwards she told that “that” came back down from centre to centre. But in the experience I had (for weeks, day after day and for hours), it was *the whole body* that rose up, there was no “kundalini” or the whole body was the kundalini! It was a total Mass.

2nd PS (!) Another detail that struck me: that *mass* that rose up from the whole body did not “come back down”! It was very curious. It rose and rose as if you went up to the sky (!) and then

suddenly, without “coming back down”, you found yourself with your two feet in Matter as if it were *all there*—as if that “sky” up above were under your feet and under your nose, *there*. It was strange. And I went for a walk in the forest on my two feet as usual. And not only one day, but for weeks, day after day.

3rd PS (!!!)

In answer to your question.

What caused *my* lack of understanding is that Mother speaks of “centres”, whereas in my experience there were no “centres”—it was a TOTAL Mass. And there was no “coming back down”.

You must understand that the experience of the one who follows is not the same as the experience of The one who *opens the way*, inevitably. There is a before and an after the Niagara. There is a before and an after Gangotri. It is still the Ganges, but just try to make it come down and open the Rock!

One day, a little further along in Time, there will be a great Benares for everybody... and perhaps one will no longer understand the gigantic work They have done. It will be “myths”—that is the way of the world.



May 10, 1986 (In the morning, around 11.30)

Vision

Seen: the Earth burns (northern hemisphere).



May 11, 1986

Much pain everywhere—incomprehensible. The whole body.

*

Evening

All the same, they murdered the one who said: “know thyself”—
—already.

His death is more unsettling than that of Christ.

There was a fatal choice in the History of the West.

Roman brutality and Christian obscurantism prevailed.

Scientific obscurantism came to complete the degradation,
with an even more spectacular brutality.

All that was missing was democracy to share in the stupidity.

At the end of the human cycle, we can wonder about that cup
of hemlock and the huge mitred and scientific and barbarian
masquerade that followed, simply because that primary truth
and that primary power had not been acknowledged.

And India, which knew better, is about to “rush into the 21st
century” with the old worn-out monkey of the West—if Sri
Aurobindo and the gods of Evolution allow it to happen.

The assassination of Socrates and the establishing of the
Roman Church are the greatest tragedies of the West. They
replaced true knowledge by prayers, sin and salvation by the
grace of somebody else—then they preferred the grace of the
Machines. The second falsehood was the first one’s daughter and
their materialism the reverse of their false salvation. The priests
of the two Churches join hands. Two false powers don’t make for
one atom of true Man.

*

(I am making all this speech (!) to distract myself from pain. I really don't know why that Socrates sprang up in my consciousness when I did not think of him in the least!—unless he thinks of me!!)

(I can almost hear him laughing: “My child, if you know yourself, you know me, where is the difference! Do you think there are dozens of men?”)

(Then after a while and scratching his bald head, he added: “Only it produces neuralgia and poisoning!”)



May 14, 1986

This insidious struggle with its invasive neuralgia...

I tell myself, I repeat to myself that it is part of the process, but...

*

It has been four years today.

*

It is probably that large neuralgic web of the world that is there.

The mesh has to be worn out.

(The fratricidal slaughters in Ceylon).

*

Evening

One can see those inhuman horrors in the world, clearly and more and more, and one would even understand those Horrors if they brought something into the progressive consciousness of

the species, but the species doesn't learn anything anymore! It doesn't progress anymore, except in Horror, it is grasped by a subhuman and cruel vital force that drives it and leads it—the species has gone mad!

*

I have been in the black wagon for a long time. I still don't see the end.

Everything will probably come at the same time.



May 15, 1986

Mother would say: “torture or beatitude?”

You don't know if it is beatitude—not at all—but you feel, the body feels, under that torture, at the bottom, at the very bottom, something unimaginable, incomprehensible, unknown, that tries to make its way, to go through that net of misery, that awful crust. But it is quite terrible. But the body KNOWS.

It knows that it is YOU.

*

It is absolutely like molten lava pressing and pushing everywhere to make countless fissures crack throughout the body.

*

Evening

This must be “the foundation stone” Sri Aurobindo spoke of.

The Hindu, May 15

ARMAMENT PLAN

Bonn: West Germany's leaders agreed to support a controversial plan of the United States to produce a new generation of chemical weapons. This decision, which would lead to a deployment of new binary weapons in Europe, was taken during a meeting of the top-secret Federal Security Council chaired by Chancellor Helmut Kohl. NATO ambassadors will meet in Brussels on Thursday in order to try to work out an agreement on the new weapons, and Germany's position on the problem is crucial, the diplomats said.

*

As Sujata says, it is the whole nervous system of the world that hurts. (No, she said: which is in its death throes.)



May 18, 1986

Isn't everything (shoulders, neck, legs) going to end up being irremediably demolished?

It is crazy.

Or is it the way out?

*

When you see that barbarian rush, you are ready for anything.

*

Afternoon

I have the impression that I am being dragged out from the black wagon, as if I were made to go through the walls.

*

Evening

It is always the same thing; it is Falsehood and torture that want you to think that they are Reality itself...

Stay in the wagon like a good boy and you will be quite comfortable.

*

Last night, I was walking—I was rounding a promontory—in a bubbling of white foam. As on the Côte Sauvage. (I was in it up to my thighs.)



May 19, 1986

(Thirteen years ago.)

She has filled me for so many, many years...



May 20, 1986

I can't take it anymore. I can't, it is too cruel.

*

It is as in the caves of the Gestapo. "We are going to call Karl". And Karl would appear, bare-chested, with his huge belly of a beast and his leather belt.

*

Afternoon

I continue. What else can I do? It is That, or the Horror that triumphs.

I believe in the Divine Victory on the Earth.

*

Evening

It is a ferocious battle in the body. Mother would say: “I feel like screaming” and it is that.

*

To notice it does not help.

We should only notice You.

But it is difficult, it is as if behind a mist of pain, on the edge of revolt in the body.

I am on the wrong side.



May 21, 1986 (in the morning)

Vision

Seen: Mother’s legs on fire... (Her legs represent the earth—India?)

*

The Hindu, March 21

WITHIN FIFTY YEARS, THE MOON AND MARS WILL BE
INHABITED

Washington, May 20

Men and women will live and work on the Moon and on planet Mars within 50 years, the Government Committee in charge of studies on the future of the

American space program said on Monday.

Published here, a report from the Committee says: “The future will see a growing number of people working on bases in orbit around the Earth, on the Moon and later on Mars, inaugurating the occupation of vast stretches within the solar system.

This objective could be reached at a “reasonable” cost of about 28 billion dollars in 2010 and 40 billion in 2030, says the Committee. The present budget for civil space is 7,3 billion dollars.

The report submits a plan in three points for the building of new spaceships and of a space port in orbit by the year 2000, a permanent station on the Moon before 2005 and a detailed exploration of Mars for 2015 in order to build a space station.

The 15 members of the Committee, of which Neil Armstrong, the first man on the Moon, is a part, have dedicated their report to the seven astronauts who died in the explosion of Challenger. — AFP



May 22, 1986

You endure it for half an hour, three quarters of an hour, and then there is a point, a moment when the body says: I can't take it anymore.

It is so terrible. With a supplication and a despair, and a sense of powerlessness.

So what can I do?

I cannot take it anymore—so what?

*

It feels, it knows that that Power wants to deliver it, and at the same time there are these torn shoulders, these torn legs, which cannot bear the Power anymore.

So what?

I don't know what to do anymore.

And to stop the work, it is like dying.

It is that point of pain, such that you *cannot* take it anymore.

It is death.

*

There is the Grace... the miracle?

*

I am going to try again this afternoon.

You continue and continue as long as you can, and then there is that point where you cannot stand it anymore. This is despair—you cannot anymore.

It is like Karl's victory—but it is UNACCEPTABLE.

*

(During the night of May 19 to 20, I saw my body lying on a sort of rock or grey flagstone, and it was sliding and sliding irresistibly towards a pit). (I felt that it was sliding and sliding and I could not do anything.)

Perhaps it is a phase of the process?

*

Since May 20, I clearly understood that any "psychological" element must be eliminated from one's consciousness: if you believe in Cruelty, it becomes even crueller and you reinforce the Magic. But it is difficult not to "believe" in those torn nerves.

*

M.'s Vision

May 22, 1986

This dream in three parts (I am no longer sure in which order the first two were):

Satprem was sawing or chopping a sort of horizontal beam across a door (half-way up), and in my dream, it clearly meant: the end of humankind.

Then a scene (L. was present, so were N. and a few other people) with a terrible thunderstorm: no rain, but deafening thunderclaps, very near; it was very aggressive and violent, like an attack. I was calling Mother aloud.

Then, (to escape from the attack?) Satprem found a passage in a huge wall, perhaps ten metres thick. The passage was a big pipe (a sort of drain, about one metre in diameter) at the base of the wall: it had been there for a long time, but it had been covered (with plants perhaps, etc.), encumbered, and Satprem “simply” removed all that to uncover the passage—an impression of easiness. We (about ten or fifteen people)* went through it and emerged into a completely uninhabited country (= never inhabited, virgin), very beautiful, a lot of nature (but not untidy). Then we arrived at a building that was going to be our “headquarters”: a clean and harmonious impression. On a table were two photos left by Sri Aurobindo and Mother of their houses or places: a photo of Mother’s place (I don’t remember very well: perhaps a sort of flat) and one of Sri Aurobindo’s, on the edge of an all-blue ocean. (N.,*

* (Satprem’s note): Yes, brambles.

* (Satprem’s note): As many as that!

last night, too, dreamt of a pretty building almost on the horizon on a grey-blue sea. But I don't remember having seen the building.)

Satprem, looking at the photos, "recognized" the places and observed that he knew them very well. We understood that they were somewhere in this country, not far away.

*Then followed a whole phase of organization or adaptation to the life in that new country, with sometimes "a few difficulties" (mainly for the food! as nothing had been planned). A few of us went through the passage again several times to fetch objects, various things (among which vegetable seeds!) but each visit was very dangerous, because the attacks started again immediately. But as soon as we went into the passage again, all danger stopped: the "others" could not follow us there (not that the passage was hidden, but it was simply impossible for them to go through it.)**

(Satprem's commentary): Yes, I am *in* the wall.

Your dream is very interesting.

We'll talk about that later, when it is over...

*

It is not a matter of passing to the other side, but of making the other side pass through to *here* so that the abominable thing would be destroyed.

*

Evening

I don't ask not to feel pain anymore, I ask to be able to continue.

* (Satprem's note): Yes.

(This afternoon, I resisted for an hour and twenty minutes.)



May 26, 1986

Now it is seen, it is clearly seen, *exposed*, this swarm of little “Karls” in the body, this microscopic Gestapo that pulls all the threads of the cage and tears and scratches: “But stop pulling that unbearable Power—and we will leave you in peace.”

So—so the whole battle consists in REFUSING to believe in that innumerable cruelty, there, holding on to Matter—that dreadful Magic—and to cry out again and again: it is You, *You* are the Marvellous Reality and You are the one who comes to deliver us from that Untruthful Horror.

It is agony.

But it is the agony of Death and of Falsehood and of Cruelty.

Until the end, I will go, as far as I can, and *with all my heart*—it is to You that I belong.



May 27, 1986

It is the Divine in the body that wages battle—he sees, he knows, he does. We must let him do and HOLD OUT. To hold on to Him like a dying man.

*

When it is over, They will pour their balm on all these wounds.



May 31, 1986

Horrors again.

It is the black wagon, more and more.



June

Night of June 2 to 3, 1986

Vision

Met André Morisset. He must have changed his mind (unless Mother opened his eyes (!). I no longer remember the beginning of our meeting, but in the last image, he offered me two or three enormous packets of butter (!) and I told him: “What is the use, now that everything is over! It was *earlier* that I needed it” (this was said without anger or impatience or bitterness, but simply as one notes a material fact). Well... may peace be with him. Then Sujata appeared and, more practical than me, took the packets of butter, saying: “It can be useful”! Funny, isn’t it!

It seems that one perceives better on the other side. There is an obsessive or obscuring element that goes away.

Which means that we can change our mind after our death!

It would be better before.

(Many must have been really amazed to find themselves alive after their death!!)

*

Indian Express, June 2

USA PLANS TO BUILD A NUCLEAR REACTOR IN SPACE

New Delhi, June 1st (PTI)

The American Energy Department plans to build and deploy a powerful nuclear reactor in space, which would supply energy to military installations for the American program “Strategic Defence Initiative” (SDI), a report says.

The Department asks for the support of the

American Congress to build a SP 100 reactor, which could be fully tested and ready by the end of 1993 and would be sent into space aboard a space shuttle, explains the report published in the magazine *Science*.

The SP 100 reactor, using highly enriched Uranium 235, will produce up to 300 kilowatts electric current that will be distributed to the military platforms in space. Mr Gerold Yonas, the scientific head of the SDI program, more generally known as “Star Wars”, called the future reactor “the key power station of the whole SDI project”, says the report.

What motivated this effort to build powerful nuclear reactors and to deploy them in space is the awareness that the SDI arms will need a power supply that will far exceed all those that were launched so far, adds the report.

SP 100 will be the first nuclear reactor in space to operate at more than 1000 degrees Celsius, to use uranium as fuel and liquid lithium as cooling agent.

The only reactor successfully launched into space by the USA dates from 1965. That reactor went wrong in less than six weeks and is still in orbit around the earth.

Still according to the report, systems such as SP 100, designed long before the SDI program, were power supplies meant for commercial or scientific space stations like Skylab, which was launched in the early 70s. But with the present development of technology intended for SDI, military projects to which top priority was given, have replaced most of the civil programs.

A still more powerful multi-megawatt reactor,

producing several hundred million watts, is also being designed. However, experts consider that such a reactor will not be ready before the 21st century, “after the SP 100 has proved its worth.”



Night of June 4 to 5, 1986

Vision

I can't understand. Once again last night I found myself for a very long time (perhaps an hour of that time, which is very long) in a concentration camp. And it was so material, so “real”, so alive that I did not realize at all that I was in a “subconscient” dream. It is only at the end of that awful experience, when one of the guys asked for my number (which I could not remember—and he screamed “*sieben*” [seven]...) and wanted to kill me (he pushed his fingers into my thorax area and I felt a violent pain in the nerves between the posterior ribs) that I woke up...

I thought that this kind of nightmare was over, cleansed away, and it comes up again—why? And I am sixty-three...

Why again?

Well, I was *in* the concentration camp, as really, as awfully as if I were still in Buchenwald or Mauthausen—*afterwards*, one realizes that it was a “dream of the Subconscient”, but it is afterwards.

Shall we indeed never come out of it?

It is only the physical pain in the nerves of the thorax that woke me up... one hour later.

Well, I could not tell the difference between the “real” concentration camp of forty-three years ago and the concentration camp of last night’s nightmare.

It is somewhat frightening.

*

It is *there* because it is alive—it is the whole world that is *in* the concentration camp. The *same* forces are there, everywhere.

The nightmare is *here*.

Little Karls swarm about everywhere around the world.

So I feel them.

I wonder whether all this neuralgia that afflicts me doesn’t come from that?

*

This morning, I told this to Sujata and spontaneously she said: “The whole world is in the island of Dr Moreau.” (H.G. Wells)

*

What I have found the most difficult for four years, is the struggle against grief—that perfidious poison. Then physical pain takes over from the other. And when the two combine, it makes for a difficult association. It is usually at this stage that the self-destructive mechanism is triggered. I have a lot of compassion for all those poor men (the true ones) and I wonder how they can get out of those innumerable traps.

We must really make a HOLE in that.

*

Evening

This afternoon, that kind of molten lava was so powerful that I felt my legs burning (between the heels and the knees).

*

All the same, I remember that at one point during last night's "nightmare", I repeated: there is You, there is You... and I saw a blue light of Sri Aurobindo's light—but the nightmare went on. There is therefore something in my present consciousness that enters that awful Subconscient world...

That blue light struck me because it was very intense or alive compared to the almost complete darkness that prevailed there.



No date

1946-1986

I often say to myself: Forty years ago, I spent three seconds in front of Sri Aurobindo and in front of Mother, and those three seconds have been all the meaning of those forty years...



June 9, 1986

This morning, just before waking up, I was writing to somebody (who probably talked to me of this Yoga or the work that is being done at the moment): "It is not at all meant for crazy people, but for the last survivors."

Strange.

*

Afternoon

It is miraculous that it can pass through without everything blowing up.

Sometimes I feel the Secret.

*

Evening

Now I think (?) that I understand the meaning of the rather inexplicable “hieroglyph” that I saw during the night from May 31 to June 1st—I will talk about it later.



June 12, 1986

My back and shoulders have become such suffering.

*

All the nastiness of the world seems to hang on this nervous system.

*

Evening

There is no need to be a great expert to see that this planet is doomed to fast self-destruction unless a new species can emerge and, with divine authority, tell all those rats: that’s enough now, your reign is over.

It is the *only* hope.

That is, to make the other side pass through here, through this barbed wire. An invasion of the Real.



June 13, 1986

The whole problem is to let one pure drop pass through.

*

It is not at all a “moral” problem, it is pure mechanics: “this” can bear only “that”.

(That is why it is slow; if there were too much of it at one go, we would die with death.)

*

Now the process is clear-clear-clear. But it is somewhat terrible.

We don't know how it will end either.

My idea is that if we go to the end, Mother will be able to pass through.

*

Again last night (from 12 to 13), I saw another strange “hieroglyph”, the meaning of which is not very clear to me...



June 14, 1986

The entire human “psychology” is against it.

The animal is in pain without psychology—it is a fact of nature.

Man is in pain and all his psychology worsens the situation.

It seems that it is not “individual” psychology, but a force that is as if *supported* by as many individuals as there are billion in the species. The whole species is against it.

I think that the “individual” is a myth—EVERYTHING is there.

So?

It is the black wagon that continues.

*

Afternoon

As if a gigantic Power extracted the body out of its skin by force, as one pulls a cork out of the neck of a bottle. And almost ferociously, mercilessly, without stopping, it is a never-ending torture. The body seems to pass through a rock. Sometimes, you would feel like fainting and let everything fall there, on the floor. For one hour and thirty minutes.

Obviously, we are in a gangue.

*

Evening

I feel like fainting on the road. I no longer know how to carry my arm at the end of my shoulder.

And then, all the positive and Divine side seems engulfed in a mist of pain. Only pain remains.

*

They all went away.

I still hear the “ancestors”: “We all died because of that”...

It is strange how one pain *attracts* all the other pain, instantaneously. It is like a magnet for all the Misfortune.

*

I hear my venerable “ancestor” Socrates: “Do you think that there are a thousand men? Do you think that there are a thousand woes?”

*

We must make *one* hole in the coating, that’s all—if possible.

Sri Aurobindo and Mother made it—we must be able to follow.



June 15, 1986

I no longer know what to do with that neuralgic cage, or how to come out of it, or how to remain in it, or how it can change.

*

I have never been in such Blackness.

*

It was forty-nine months ago yesterday.

All Death, all the refusal of the Inconscient, seem to cling to that tearing in my shoulder.

The more that Power insists, the more that tearing is torn up.

I no longer know what to do.

In any case, I love Them.



Night of June 15 to 16

Sujata's vision

Sujata meets Mother, dressed all in white. Mother holds out to her a sheet like parchment (an early form of paper) on which is written (in Bengali): “You will get (obtain) soon” (*Tomar shigguir hobe*). Sujata naturally thought: you will get “realisation” soon. It was not only one sheet, it formed something like an exercise book, and on the first page, this was written in Bengali.



Night of June 20 to 21, 1986

Vision

I had a strange vision last night. Again, it was as in a concentration camp, but it was more an *atmosphere* of a concentration camp. All of a sudden, I became aware that I was tapping a wall, the lower part of a wall, with my stick (the one I use for my walk), like a blind man who taps the edge of the pavement with his stick. The darkness was COMPLETE. And I moved forward, following the wall with the end of my stick, tapping and tapping as if I were looking for an opening somewhere or a hole or a breach—an exit. And for how long had I been there, following that wall? I don't know, and I went on and on: knock-knock-knock, knock-knock-knock... There was something striking in that. Then, in that place that seemed to be made of darkness, without anybody, with nothing except that wall that seemed to enclose everything, all of a sudden I saw a being appear—I thought he had come to kill me because nothing except death or horror seemed possible there, but I realised that it was an “ally”, like a soldier. I don't know how I managed to see him in that complete darkness, but some light probably emanated from him. He asked me: “Do you know where the means of communication is?” (with the “outside”, probably, or some kind of telephone to communicate with “outside”). I answered: “I know nothing here.”

And there was something so pathetic in that “I know nothing here.”

And I went, like a blind man, tapping and tapping that endless wall.²³

*

It is exactly the situation.

It is the Night and neuralgia.

O Lord, what can be done?

*

The more I call that Power (that Supreme Power which could liberate) the more the neuralgia twists and makes knots and balls, and spreads gradually.

I no longer know what to do—what to do?

*

It is the night of the Inconscient.

But not a neutral night: a neuralgic and utterly helpless night.

*

This is it, “where is the means of communication” if one cannot take it anymore, if the body cannot call that Power anymore?

(I really have the impression that the one I saw appear suddenly during the night, like a “soldier”, was the “worker”—he was wearing some kind of overalls. So the “worker” knows nothing more than “me”.)

I know nothing here...

*

²³ I told this to Sujata and she said: it is absolutely as in Sri Aurobindo’s poem: “*And knock at the keyless gate*”.

Perhaps the mere *fact* of being in there, even if one can do nothing, could or would be sufficient to call the Grace *there*.

*

Yesterday, my Douce offered me a new armchair.
But I can't sit in it.
It is like that.

*

I can console myself by saying that there is nothing lower than that or farther or deeper—I explored all the layers.

It is death or... Something Else.

*

Evening

There is You, there is You...

This "I" who tapped the wall like a blind man in the night, instead of saying "I know nothing here", should have said: I know You, I know You. There is You, there is You.

And that's that!

Perhaps he has been put there to learn to say there is You *there*. So that it puts the light on *there*.

*

But all this neuralgia gives the impression (the sensation, rather!) of pure... evil.

Why?

Why all this?

It seems that the world is now only pain.

They kill each other everywhere.

Indian Express, June 20

Vienna, June 19th

The world population is expected to go from 4.8 billion present inhabitants to 6.1 billion in 2000, Mr Rafael Salas, the President of UNFPA (United Nations Population Fund), said here on Monday.

“Until the world population stabilizes at about 10.5 billion, probably in 2100, population will remain a critical issue for the world”, he adds.

Mr Salas explained that the world population keeps on increasing at the rate of 156 people per minute.



June 22, 1986 (the neuralgic cage)

You come to teach me how to come out of this Falsehood.
The importance of Immobility.

*

(I saw a white door, with a few black scratches.)

*

I try to pass through.

*

At all levels it is the same thing: there is Falsehood, and you must come out of that Falsehood, and it scratches you on the way.

*

If you take the Falsehood for Reality, you don't come out of it.
All depends on whether you perceive the Reality constantly enough, from second to second.

Each lapse accentuates the claws of Falsehood.

*

At the end, we will know whether we can come out of the black wagon or not.

(Basically, this is how the first little seals came out of water...)

When I say “the reality”, there is nothing mystical about it, it is simply the next reality or a reality in advance.

Evolution always consisted in becoming the next reality.

So our Science can say whatever it likes, but it is a science of the old reality.

(When you are in neuralgia, you are somewhat too inclined to forget it.)

*

Afternoon

It is so crazy! As if the body streamed forth through all the pores of the cage.

(Or else it is another Matter that takes the place of this one? Or goes through this one?)

A white sensation like molten diamond.

Neuralgia is as though evaporated in that!²⁴

*

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



June 23, 1986

²⁴ Even if it comes back later... from habit. Or else one re-enters the cage.

There's NO POINT in asking "why", one must find a way out—and all the nerves stand in the way.

This nervous system is really the agent of Death. Such is my well "considered" conclusion.

(If you ask "why", you immediately fall into the unacceptable.)



June 24, 1986

In the end, I think that I am making the crossing of Death or the great breach into Death. "The deep falsity of Death" of Sri Aurobindo takes a deeper, more material meaning. "You are in the Battle of the Earth."

Here is what I think I perceive.

Over this *material* Reality made of Love and Goodness and Mercy—and spontaneous Knowledge, Truth, Freedom—something threw a net of Falsehood and pain and darkness and death. And we try to come out of that evil net.

So that cruel false reality tries to hiss in your ears and by all the most convincing means: you see your cruel Divine who conceived that maleficent trap... just go to heaven, but not here.

And everything is upside down. And everything strengthens the Evil Spell.

*

False Matter is Matter covered by this net; true Matter is tomorrow's miracle.

*

It seems to be a fight between Cruelty and Love.

(So, I understand why I was put in a concentration camp at twenty. And why I have constantly come up against that Cruelty for four years.)

I can understand *everything*, but not cruelty.

Whenever I encounter that, my heart bleeds as if I were affected in my *own* humanity.

The worst ordeal of the concentration camps was the wrenching away of my own humanity—it was not the “fault” of the others, it was my own wrenching away. I was mutilated... for ever. It is only Sri Aurobindo who saved me, or else I would have killed myself.



June 25, 1986

I no longer know what to do.

A blind wall. (and painful)

*

I prefer the misery that tries to come out of it rather than that misery that sinks into misery.

*

There is You, *precisely*, in that Misery. That Compassion under the barbed wire.



June 26, 1986

I found a Secret—perhaps the Secret.

There is Your Love, precisely because it is so obscure.²⁵

*

One must not be afraid.



June 30, 1986

The bird is in a cage.

It bangs and bangs and tears itself up.

It does not understand those unreal bars.

It KNOWS that there is open air, and unencumbered flight.

It KNOWS.

Such is the corporeal consciousness.

*

Now I understand accurately this verse from Sri Aurobindo:

“When man’s corporeal mind is the only
lamp...”

*

France decides to “deploy” neutron bombs. And Mr Mitterrand goes to the United States for the installation of the renovated Statue of Liberty (designed by France).

It is liberty-equality-fraternity of Horror.

Hitler did not lose the war.



June 1986

²⁵ Then, those lunatics speak of “Hell”, but if there is a place where He is indeed, it is our hell.

(Letter from Satprem to his mother)

My much loved little mother,

You are so often in my thoughts and my heart. You are very dear. Do you still go to the small low wall to look at the bay and tell it that I too love it? Life goes by but that very soft and peaceful and endless light remains. We will walk together on other beaches.

I send you a flower from India with my smile and my tenderness.

Always-always

Satprem



July

July 2, 1986

It seems that the nervous system has decided to adopt a new attitude (I should rather say: new gymnastics) towards that Power. It is still too soon to talk about it. But what strikes me is that the nervous system *itself* has decided—I have nothing to do with this. Suddenly, it tries to find another way of behaving.*

It tries to find.

We'll see.

But it is full of old wounds, so it is difficult (for nearly three years it has been hurting itself...)

It is somewhat like trying to find a comfortable position in lightning! (or in a volcano)

*

Afternoon

It tries to undulate, like seaweed in a wave (what a wave!).

That verges on acrobatics.

I think that I have touched a... practical secret.

*

The nervous system is the guardian of the species—the guardian of death, the guardian of individual limits. We could say: the guardian of all the miseries of the species.

*

Evening

PS: I am wary, because you think you have found a secret, and the day after it doesn't work anymore...

Those are... successive secrets.

* It was this morning.

The only Secret is the constant Supreme.
That Compassion.

*

I remember reading a very beautiful story, which touched me a lot.

After his death, a poor man found himself “in heaven” and he saw the image of his life unfolding as if on a beach at the seaside. All along the beach he saw two sets of footprints side by side, and the Supreme told him: “you see, I was with you all the time”—“But look, said the poor man, here, I was alone and I was very miserable, there is only one set of footprints.”—“Yes, the Supreme said, it is because I was carrying you.”



July 4, 1986

What can I do? How can I continue like that? There is such pain... where is the solution, the way out? What to do?

*

Sometimes, I tell myself: well, one has to go down there, so that the grace can enter there.

But...

One knows nothing-nothing-nothing.

*

It is not just for the fun of it that They keep me there; there must be comprehensive laws.

(There: that Blackness of pain).



July 5, 1986

What matters is to be that aspiration in spite of everything.

*

I am constantly living with all kinds of pain as if Hope had to be invoked for *each one* of these pains.

It is like a constant dialogue of the dead.

As if pain had to be redeemed here and there and there...

(My brother has a posthumous role that I had never suspected—and how many unknown brothers?)

One carries a whole world, undoubtedly.



July 9, 1986

These shoulders are so bruised that I don't know what to do anymore.

It is this perpetual: "there is nothing to do", what can I do?

A wall.

And "I know nothing here"—I can do nothing.

Knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock...

*

Afternoon

Everything is on the verge of shattering (especially the spine). Sometimes, it seems that the head is going to be torn from the trunk under that wild rush of dark blue lava (there is a little gold in the blue). It is rather awful. There is no fear, but how to bear that, to continue like that?

The whole body is in a kind of blue convulsion, like earth shaking—or rather tearing apart.

“It’s crazy!” Carmen would say.

It is beyond faith.

It is perhaps love.

One is carried, otherwise it would be the end.

*

PS: There are the invertebrates and the vertebrates. All that is missing are the di-vertebrates.



July 10, 1986

I think that I have understood the nature of the physical obstruction. In my trouble with this spine, I was inclined to forget that it ends in a certain cranium—and what’s more, with a small “bulb”.

*

Afternoon

Tad Ekam.

*

Evening

Sujata’s vision

Last night (from 9 to 10) Sujata saw this: she was in the Ashram, climbing down the stairs from Pavitra’s, she looked up and suddenly she saw that there was no Samadhi anymore, no

marble, nothing, only earth, turned over as if by a spade or ploughed. Black earth.

She was so surprised that she remembered what she saw.

There were one or two people who were trying to level the dug up earth. (Perhaps they wanted to hide it?) (It is my own comment). And that surprised Sujata, too.



July 11, 1986

I don't know if one can be victorious in that, but one can try not to die of sorrow.

After forty, fifty, sixty years, I will say: "Still that Horror?" It is endless, pitiless. It is like black in the Black.

*

Evening

I can't take it anymore.

What to do?

What to do?

*

And all the thoughts and all the voices are so nasty and harrowing, it is like a pack of wolves and the screaming of hyenas.

This mental world is rotten.

And the body has the sorrow of its incapacity.

*

Animals, in their pain, are not assailed by such a pack.

In the heights, the mind can idealize—hyenas leave it in peace. It can even “liberate” itself and the wolves won’t say anything.

*

There is You



July 13, 1986

There are no “illnesses”: there is a state of Falsehood. So there must be a Truth or a state of truth that heals that Falsehood. “Illness” is an obscurity, a resistance to the light. So there must be a possibility of bringing the light in and making the resistance melt in the light. It seems to me impossible that the body should discover this physical obscurity, this physical falsehood, without being able to call for the Power of Truth that will deliver it from its obscurity.

As long as one accepts the state of Falsehood, one accepts the consequences of Falsehood—illness, pain and death. But when one *wants* to cleanse this Falsehood away, purify this Obscurity, it does not seem to me possible not to find the Means that purifies and cleanses and heals—“heals”, that is, restores the state of Truth instead of the state of Falsehood.

The divine state is joy and light and Harmony—not pain or obscurity or disorder.

The “worker” asked: “Where is the *means* of communication?”

*

Death is the final Falsehood. I want the final Truth.

*

PS: I had to stop my concentrations two days ago, because the neuralgia in my shoulders and in my back eventually amalgamated into a solid bar, from the neck to the middle of the thorax, producing an agonizing pain—especially when the Power rushed into it like a bulldozer.

I look for the *means*.



Night from July 13-14, 1986

Sujata's and Satprem's visions

Sujata met me last night and I said to her (she told me): “We don’t realize to what *extent* life is polluted here”. And I added, she said: “Fortunately, we are a little accustomed to it, otherwise we would die.” (!)

The same night, I had a long nightmare (I was screaming): I was in that same complete night in the midst of a storm of violent and furious forces—a blind fury.



July 17, 1986

I don’t know where the door is, I don’t know where the key is, and I knock and knock in the night.

The body is more and more torn.

*

And in the depths of the body, that indubitable and marvellous YOU.

*

Evening

It is not the Power that hurts (!), it is the physical resistance and obscurity that hurt.

Should obscurity be allowed to rest? (!). Or to continue despite everything.

*

The Mind can give itself all possible answers, but it knows nothing—yes, “I know nothing here.”

The body thirsts for “that”.

*

Its thirst is the only answer.



July 20, 1986

I can't manage to get out of it.

Nothing is told to me, neither to stop nor to continue—what can I do? What can I do?

*

It is not pain that distresses me, it is the despair of not knowing what to do.

*

Even if I fall, there is You.

*

What's the use of falling?

One must overcome.



July 24, 1986

It looks extremely dangerous, but I think I understand the last steps.



That nothing-to-do is like death.

My back cannot receive that Power anymore, it is completely demolished.

I can hardly walk, for I no longer know how to carry my arm at the end of my shoulder.

Neither sitting nor standing nor lying down—except curled up on the left side (the right side is hardly possible because of the sciatica).

Even “rest” doesn’t give rest.

So you are very distressed.

It is a big question mark.

*

Should I break through the nervous barrier, at the risk of making everything explode, or should I stay there looking at the Wall?

I have no answer to this question.

*

It is not that I am afraid of making everything explode, no, but then I’ll lose my tool.

But if, in any case, the tool is no longer of any use??

I have no answer to this question either.

*

Evening

Rather than staying here looking at the Wall, I'd better do as Mother: go to the "impossible point", and when it is completely impossible, I will leave, and that's it.

At least, I will have tried.

*

(That's what you say, then when the pain becomes excessive, you don't know what to do anymore, neither to continue nor to stop... It is a stupid situation.)

*

Obviously, there is something that grates and grieves and laments, and it does not help (the little Karls take advantage of it).^{*} One should have that "wide brow of peace" Sri Aurobindo speaks of.... It is almost a mechanical necessity.

*

What is pain?

An ultimate deception?

*

One must know how to question the most obvious.



July 25, 1986

^{*} What I call the "little Karls" (because it corresponds to something concrete for me!), Sri Aurobindo would probably call "a weird pygmy world".

An extreme fragility.

The slightest wrong move would demolish everything.

As if a tremendous Power—we could say an almightiness—tried to seep through millions and billions of openings in a fine mesh without breaking anything, irresistibly and at the same time with an infinite carefulness. As “someone” who knows his own body.

*

We could say that it flushes out all the hidden recesses of death—there are many of them! We are full of death.

We must not take things the wrong way (and mistake the new Life for an invasion of death!) (A first Amphibian could not say it better!)



July 26, 1986

and my Douce's eyes...



July 27, 1986

That *Mass* of dark blue Power is boring a hole through the cerebral matter by successive pushes.

This afternoon for an hour and twenty-five minutes.

This is probably the knot of the “problem”.



July 30, 1986

A new spot on the spine has been damaged.

*

You are so Real, more real than all that.

*

What you want will be, in spite of all detours, resistances and delays.

(And who knows, maybe there is no “delay”.)

*

It is really the “keyless gate”.

*

The Hindu, July 29

THE USA PREPARES FOR THE 4TH WORLD WAR

Washington, July 28

The Reagan administration is establishing a \$40 billion program to wage the 4th world war, even if the 3rd one turns to a nuclear war.

Though it is anticipated that the use of 100 nuclear warheads by the Russians would lead to the death of 71 billion Americans, the \$40 billion program has been designed to wage a subsequent war on a massive scale, the *Washington Post* says.

This plan envisages the necessary measures so that the survivors—after the destruction of most government buildings, defence installations, headquarters, etc. during a nuclear exchange or an opening attack by the Russians—could still organize an extended nuclear war against the Russians.

The plans envisage the setting up of 150 to 200 radio towers throughout the country, for a cost of \$800 billion. 56 towers will be in place by the end of the year, and 130 to 150 will be built thereafter, says the *Post*.

The army has already spent almost \$20 billion for a command network, control, communications and information, so as to prepare the USA for the 4th world war. The stealth bomber (which will avoid Russian radar detection) and Sram II (short-range nuclear missile) will find their place in a flexible combat strategy.

Military satellite communication, which might cost from \$10 to \$20 billion, will support a campaign of multiple exchanges, during which the two parties might fire nuclear weapons.

A squad of 18-wheeler trucks, similar to ordinary trucks but fitted with electronic equipment and deployed under cover, will be used as headquarters by the generals, after the Pentagon and the other installations have been destroyed.

At first, the assumption was that a nuclear war would last only a very short time—a few minutes—and that after that one of the two sides would cry out: “Pax!” The new strategy supposes that both sides would not hesitate to sacrifice most of their populations and to see their towns and installations destroyed, as the nuclear war rages on. — PTI



July 31, 1986

The body looks for a new way of doing, or rather of not doing: a spongy nonentity.

It does not try to “help” the Power or “overcome” obstacles—it tries to let it impose itself, flood in by itself, without “running” with it. A complete passivity.

*

Afternoon

Sujata’s Vision

Sujata sees this: a sort of hospital. A room with a very large bed. “Doctors” are bustling around a new-born child who has breathing difficulties. They save him by putting some kind of round pink “coins” (half a dozen) on his chest. The child is very tall, not like a new-born baby, and he is white in colour. Then Sujata has a long conversation with the new-born child and he expresses himself with power (probably in the “language of consciousness”). The Mother is immobile, as if in trance.

✓

August

August 3, 1986

What can I do?



August 4, 1986

I am stuck, there, in that obscure physical, that ultimate crust of Falsehood. And the body seems to deteriorate more and more.

*

(I had to write a stern letter to Luc and instantly, I had pain in the groin and in my right knee, plus raging sciatica on the right side—an instantaneous neuralgic “sympathy”.)

Yes, one “suffers with” *everything*.

I remember, two or three months ago, one night, I found myself applying heaps of white cream on my brother Pierre’s shoulders—he was lying on the ground, bare chested. Immediately after, at about four in the morning, I started to have spasms in the solar plexus—an awful, spasmodic pain. And it lasted until around noon.²⁶ Then the postman arrived with a telegram from Catherine “informing” me that Pierre was hospitalized for another operation on his neck and shoulders...

Is it that, “the body is everywhere”, as Mother said?

There is a perpetual invisible contagion...

*

²⁶ I had noted this in my “bits of vision” and it was during the night from April 20 to April 21...

So one clearly sees all those claws, under the cover of obscurity, ready to pounce on the *slightest* psychological movement—we must abolish psychology completely, or else we are ripped to shreds.

A patient stoicism.

Neutrality. Sri Aurobindo would say *samatâ*, he always insisted on this, but it can be understood only on a physiological and mechanical scale. A sailor could understand this: you must remain standing on the deck, even and especially when the sea is raging. If you begin to discuss with the waves, you go overboard, it's quite simple.

It seems that everything is inhabited with nasty shadows—it is strange. As though all of human nature were rotten.

*

If one hadn't entered that darkness, one would *never* have seen all those forces, they would have remained crouched there, until death.

And they undermine *all* "life".

They are the death of life.

It is *seen*.

It is a true discovery.

*

"To purify" means to make all this come out and to see all this come out.

One must be ready to see many things come out.

*

It is the only way to "be cured", or else one can die and die in-de-fi-ni-tely.

It is the den of death.

*

Evening

Up there, on the poetic-philosophical “heights”, they play the harp, but their strings are attached to these entrails.



August 5, 1986

This Afternoon the Miracle was here
for one hour and thirty minutes.

*

This morning, my back was a bundle of suffering, full of knots and balls, and this afternoon I did not even intend to sit down, but I sat down, and then... without knowing how—very SIMPLY—that Power passed through... without obstruction. Nothing, no neuralgia. It passed through as if at home. And I have been struggling and struggling for months and days and years to overcome that neuralgic torture. It passed, very simply... A simple Miracle of the Divine. As though neuralgia did not exist, and that's it.

I can't believe it.

And in the whole body, that irrefutable: IT IS THAT, IT IS YOU—it is the other Reign.

And above all, IT IS MOTHER, IT IS SRI AUROBINDO (not just any divine!! Please!)

(Perhaps more Mother's side than Sri Aurobindo's but... they blend into each other!)

And the natural simplicity of all that... as if at home! I did not even think that I was going to sit down in that state of pain...

Then, it is another state, and that's it—and another *physical* state.²⁷

I have been knocking, knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock... for how many months?



August 6, 1986

Still something, at the top of the spine and at the base of the neck, that resists, and is painful, naturally.



August 7, 1986

Constantly-constantly we must transmute sorrow or sink with it.

This also is seafaring.

(Or evolutionary mechanics, as one wishes.)

I try to hold my course in spite of everything.

*

Afternoon

It is always the same mechanical difficulty.

There is this massive Power—thick, we could say, thicker or denser than lava—that tries to make a breach through this cerebral matter and this kind of cranium, and only a little of it is (perhaps) able to filter through, and the rest is forced back by the Resistance, so that repulsed Mass flows back towards the

²⁷ My eyes were wide open. I could hear the birds and the wind...

neck, the shoulders, the back and this is what makes all the damage. And the Power continues indefinitely, wave after wave, as if battering to pass through that rebellious matter, and the Resistance resists and resists and forces the influx back—the result is disastrous and painful, almost torturing. And it goes on, indefinitely, wave after wave.

When I was in the “kundalini”, it passed really well and it flew up on the heights, but that kind of solid Mass cannot break through. It is not the same thing (!)

*

Evening

And the assault of hyenas.

*

This body is a sort of old wreck rather than a seaworthy hull.



August 8, 1986

If you draw back even a millimetre, Destruction is immediately there with an intensity exactly proportionate to the power you deployed to fight against it.

*

I remember, one day in Rameswaram, in that sort of white cavern infested with mosquitoes, I told myself: if only I were told: you have three million cubic metres to move and at the end, you will be free, you will no longer suffer (it was already in 1958...), I would take a shovel and a pickaxe and I would begin, because I would know that there is an *end* to all that.

It was... twenty-eight years ago.

There are *moments* of life, like this, that remain fixed, as though for eternity—it was one of “those moments”, as in the black wagon.

I have tried.



August 10, 1986

One must be absolutely soft, like a baby on his mother’s knees, flexible and undulating with the slightest movements of the Current—one could say: to let oneself sink perpetually... it is difficult, one must learn.

*

To do as though the body had no prior knowledge.

It only knows its mother.

It is a new nature to be learned.



August 11, 1986

I don’t know why, at night, I am obstinately shown images of my past life, with detailed exactness of places, persons, reactions, conversations, acts, even clothes... as if the whole movie were there, intact, to the slightest material detail. And it is so sad, so miserable and harrowing... this morning while waking up, I felt like crying—as one century or more ago; I had the sorrow of one century ago, the same sorrow! It is absurd! Stories like out of Dostoevsky. But so alive! Well, as though it had

happened yesterday... So from how many lives do we have difficulties to overcome? Sorrows from how many lives to dissolve? All-all the “past” is in the present. Really, I have lived this human life down to the bottom and I *know* why I work.

(It is the story of the “worker’s” past life, not the “other’s”—the “other”... hmm!... I remember, one night, I saw myself like a coolie pulling a rickshaw, and the “other” was quietly sitting in it, and he had the nerve to call me to say: “But why do you go to all that trouble? Get in with me.” This, I did not forget. He is probably right, but... it is “I”, all the same, who pulls the cart.) (No wonder that I have neuralgia in my shoulders.)

And each time, you are in front of the *complete intensity* of the “problem”. It is somewhat frightening.

But let us be fair: without the “other”, I would never come out of it, I would start the same disaster over and over again in perpetuity.

But without “me”, the other would be impotent, static and eternal for eternity.

He is my eyes, I am his arms.

We don’t always agree, but...

*

He is Love, I am his shovel and pick-axe, and his pain.

(Because I do silly things all the time) (with enthusiasm) (less, now).

*

So (I knew nothing of it), I find again gestures and attitudes of hundred years ago in this present life!

I could also say: he is my wisdom, I am the stupidity that enlarges his wisdom... until *everything* is understood.

When we agree, *everything* will be Love.

Because the third member of my trinity is a certain Voltaire who looks at everything with piercing eyes.

*

O Mâ take-take all that old humanity in me and change it into SOMETHING ELSE from bottom to top and from top to bottom.



August 12, 1986

It is communicating Matter.

L. must have received my letter, because yesterday evening, I had pain again in the groin and this morning, I had a neuralgic bundle in the back. I could not sit down.

What can be done as long as the body is steeped in that general obscurity?

Can one make a breach in this “barbed wire” as long as collective Matter cherishes this barbed wire, supports this barbed wire, wants this barbed wire?... There are some five billion “humans” there. How many wills are helping?... Four or five, perhaps.

Great evolutionary breaches were always made under the impact of an external shock, or else the whole general gravitation holds you back in the old circle or the old bubble—it is the well-guarded, human “concentration camp”.

I don’t see any solution, except a divine shock.

*

They can philosophize about the getting out of the barbed wire, but when they are put to the concrete test...

*

Afternoon

I sat down anyway.

Still that dark blue battering through cerebral matter, one thrust after the other, one thrust after the other—a *mass* of dense sapphire that pounds and pounds against the cranium. For one hour and thirty minutes.

There will surely be a last pounding... and we will be there (?)

It is quite crazy. A divine super-reason is needed to go through this.

Or a super-Grace!

IT IS YOU.

*

Evening

Of course, what resists the most is the best adapted or the most specific instrument (organ) of the old species.



August 15, 1986

My back is crushed to a pulp.



August 16, 1986

Vision

Last night, I had a long intimate meeting with my brother François (who passed away in 1973), as I had never had. First, there was a long discussion-conversation and I made such a strange and unexpected remark to him that I want to note it down. I told him: “But why do you want to mentalize *everything*? It is as though you covered yourself with newsprint.” (!!) And it is so true, so exact!

They can’t accept the *bare* truth.

In the end, I told him: “I touched so many graces in my life, and I would have wished to give you so much...”²⁸ He told me: “But why?” I answered him: “But because I love you, you idiot!”

They cover themselves with newsprint...

*

(Last night also, I met Carmen—I meet only “dead people”! She is the one, by the way, who helped me find François. At the end of our meeting, I asked her: “Do you know where my brother François is?” and she led me to the place—he was hiding!)

If, here, it is a “strange life”, there also it seems to be a “strange death”—really, the reign of the Supreme, the reign of Truth, is needed.

Basically, the next reign is the reign of as-it-is.

*

And this as-it-is is so adorable and refreshing!

²⁸ In my consciousness, at the moment, concentration camps were part of blessings... (These are states of consciousness in which things are very gathered, as though “packed” with meaning, in the blink of an eye.) I don’t know what it does in the other’s consciousness (what echo it evokes), but probably there is no “other”.

The body *does not understand* why it is suffering—for it, it is Falsehood.

What *prevents* us from living “that”?

(As the Americans would say, it is a million dollar question, because...)

(Better than that, it is perhaps the issue of the “barrier of the species”, that which makes life and death.)

*

Evening

My body is convinced through some sort of perception that is “cellular” knowledge, that there is only ONE Being—the Being of the universe and of all universes and of EVERYTHING—and that we are in that, separated from “that” by a kind of black coating that makes all the misery, like frog eggs in that Wholeness, ONE. It is that separation that makes all the misfortune: Ignorance, Darkness, Error, Pain, Death. In that separate coating, we know NOTHING. We are ridiculous and ignorant and painful frog eggs, separated from EVERYTHING and EVERYONE—and we die because we are separated from “that” which makes us live, which *is* Life. Life without death and without “other” and without limits. Life, ONE.

Here is what the body feels. And it tries to go through that which makes the barrier.

✓

August 17, 1986

I am going down.

*

(This, again, is the voice of the hyenas.)

I go to You in spite of everything.



August 18, 1986

It is a torrent of lightning that comes up from down below (from under the feet).

*

(Sri Aurobindo indeed said that, “without preparation, people would explode”. And what preparation!...)

*

We settled in Land’s End eight years ago to the day.



Night of August 18-19, 1986

Last night, I was at the bottom of a hold, “unravelling” the chain of a boat. (“I” = the worker).

*

Do I untie the central mooring line of the “boat”?



August 20, 1986

The word that I understand the most in my life: compassion.



August 22, 1986

I hear such nasty voices, I see such appalling things and I live almost impossible things.

*

Evening

Vision

Last night, I was sailing on entirely black waters, like an absolute black, moved by a violent current (but without waves), and I had only a jib, a very small jib (which the sailors call “storm jib”). Then I turned around to “arrange” my rudder and I realised that I was not even sailing on a boat, but on a raft, and that my “rudder”, which I tried to fix, was a sort of rose-red coloured piece of wood

What could one “govern” in that hellish current, I wonder.

*

If Sri Aurobindo had not told me: “I give you a realisation”, I would really think that I am heading towards disability and disintegration. I fully realise what Grace it was on that July 21, 1984 (not to mention that Marvellous You).

*

The adverse forces struggle furiously to keep up appearances—the *status quo*—but when it cracks, the whole world structure will crumble in one go. All their marvellous organisation = on the ground, zero, nothing left.

Then it will be the Hour of the Change.



August 23, 1986

You would almost become mad, or cry out in despair, from not knowing *what to do*.

It is like a cord of pain, as big as a thumb, that comes down from the occiput, along the neck and spreads in the shoulder.

The more the Power insists, the more the cord hardens, twists, tortures and swells.

To force the barrier at the risk of making everything explode? But it does not seem to me to be the true method.

To do nothing?—but the pain does not ease, there is no rest, in any position.

I hobble along and grope around in the dark: knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock...

It is really the “keyless door”—there isn’t ANY key.

One can only knock and knock with one’s pain.

*

It would be better to remain silent.

*

Evening

O Lord, give me courage, because the current is really black and cruel.

(And life rests upon this...)

The waters of the Styx are at the bottom of life. (I always had the curiosities of a sailor, but all the same...)



August 24, 1986

I struggle like a drowned man.



August 25, 1986 Afternoon

There seems to be something new.



August 26, 1986 Afternoon

Since yesterday afternoon, something quite unexpected happens, in the sense that I did not imagine that it could happen “like that”—but I did not know at all how it could “happen”, anyway.

There was that blue sapphire mass which rose and rose from below and banged “up there”, in that cranial box, like a battering, and I thought-imagined that one day, it would burst, open up there and that everything would fly up... I don’t know where—into That. And that “last pounding” could not take place, and there was torturing neuralgia. Then, vaguely, without my understanding very well what was happening, yesterday afternoon (and even more clearly and profusely today) I felt that at the end of that sapphire blue wave that could not burst up there, something occurred, like a *descent* (but I don’t know whether it is a descent or an invasion), well, a SOLID MASS, something as solid as a mountain, that slowly came down in the whole body, all the limbs, immobilised everything,—no more neuralgia in that, no more “centre” in that—and seized

everything. And the sensation: the DIVINE ABSOLUTE. An ABSOLUTE as solid as a mountain (I would say: Sri Aurobindo + Mother).

And today, the same phenomenon unfolded, but continuously, that is, this sapphire blue wave rose and rose and when it arrived “at the end of the path” (if I may say so), instead of bursting up there, there was that penetration or that descent, as solid as a Mountain, and when that “Mountain” arrived at the bottom of the body, a new sapphire blue wave went up and up, and again the solid Mass came down and down—and so on. And what seemed somewhat crucifying or torturing in that sapphire blue ascent was as though seized, caught, immobilised, invaded, solidified by the Massive Descent—and it was the ABSOLUTE. No more pain, no more I, no more anything: YOU, THAT—the Marvellous You like a living mountain in the body (or rather: the body *in* a living mountain). So, no more question of “bursting”: it was absolutely FULL.

I don't know very well how to say it.

*

Evening

All that we don't turn to honey, turns into death.

✓

August 27, 1986

I don't understand what is happening.

*

Evening

(If I had stopped at the first scratches and pain, I would never have started out. So...)



August 28, 1986 afternoon

It is really strange.

I had barely sat down when, in one second, that dark blue wave flew from the tip of my toes up to the top of my body, and hardly had it touched the “top” when a wave instantly came all the way down, and so on and so forth, at a very fast rhythm: a wave rose, a wave descended, and I was, the body was like a small puppet that bent, straightened up, bent, straightened up, almost each second. (If my arms had not grasped the armrests, the body would absolutely have bent in half with each descending wave.) But what is strange is that the two waves, rising and descending, ended up “covering” one another as though they were simultaneous or ran together. THEN those waves became thicker and thicker, solid: the ascending wave more and more solid, the descending wave denser and denser and solid—slower and slower, too. And, sometimes, the blue wave from below rose with the strength of a groundswell (I felt it *rolling* in my legs, in my thighs, the posterior, the lower back, the back) and it passed, flew through the head as though there were no “cranial box” at all, then it touched that (indefinable) Mass that began to descend and descend with the same Solidity down to the tip of my toes, and sometimes everything became one solid Mass, as though the body no longer had any walls, no centre, no more little thing imprisoned like a doll—only ONE dense Mass.

Then, from time to time, in the middle of that “uniform” Solidity (if I may say so), another groundswell rose from the tip of the toes, slow, thick, almost solid, all the way up, as if there were no skull, or no lid or no cranium anymore, and again a massive, dense, solid wave came all the way down and everything immobilised without centre, without walls, without I (without neuralgia either) without limits. It was like *one* great Matter.

All this had a mechanical appearance, but you felt that it was a kind of Miracle. Something like a UNIQUE phenomenon.

(Naturally, for what I call “me”, it was Sri Aurobindo.)

But the most curious was, at the beginning, that sensation of the two waves (one rising and one descending) that *covered each other*, as though they were simultaneous, to the point that, sometimes, one no longer knew what rose and what came down—it seemed one single thing.

After one hour and fifteen-twenty minutes, I stopped the operation to go and walk.

*

Evening

Is it what Sri Aurobindo called the “junction” between the Supramental contained in Matter and the Supramental “up above”?

(What “descends” has something quite *sovereign*, like an absolute.)

I have no talent for “vision” at all and I would not be able to describe the colour of what “descended”. But what comes from below has always been very clear: it is that sapphire blue, the “blue sun”.

*

P.S. Tonight, my Douce made a strange “little drawing” (without knowing anything).



29 August 1986

My head turned to mush after yesterday’s operation (I did not sleep last night). I sat down anyway this morning, and *instantly* the same phenomenon started again. In one second, it was there as though it had never stopped!

One could say: the “divine phenomenon”.

But there is an immense relief in the body not to any longer have that battering that came to bang in that box. It goes through massively, without obstruction. Only the body is not quite used to it yet.

*

Afternoon

It is no longer a “groundswell”, it is a volcano that rises from below the feet, almost violently, an irresistible power—you would think that your head is going to be torn from your shoulders—but it passes through. And what answers, the descending wave, seems to be denser and denser, denser and denser, sovereign, and it presses—you feel your posterior flattening on the armchair springs. And so on and so forth, wave after wave. It is particularly difficult for the cerebral matter that seems absolutely crushed like a squeezed fruit, but it is difficult for the whole body as well—one has the sensation of living a sort of earthquake.

After fifty minutes, I stopped.

*

This August 25th seems to be a milestone.

*

I discovered this in a diary printed by the Ashram, with Vedic quotes translated by Sri Aurobindo:

The sun that was dark has *shot out* its tongue
towards the Gold.

(What Sri Aurobindo calls “the Gold” is the Supramental.)

It is exactly that: *shot out*.

It is what happened on August 25!!



August 30, 1986

I see, through concrete (and hard, painful) examples that the nervous system is the instrument that catches *all* the surrounding obscurities. I understand Mother in detail. One would wish to be sheltered from everything, in a cocoon, until it is over—that is, until *all* this miserable system (this animal-human system) is changed...

You can take all the precautions you like, but as soon as you get in touch with somebody, all his obscurities, all the death that is there, *hurls* itself at you. It is strange. And it is instantaneous.

Then, afterwards, you have to calm the neuralgia down for hours on end—it is like a hook that plunges in and drags and pulls. A real nastiness. And the external contact can be very “innocent”, with really kind people, but all their death is there

and hurls itself at you. It is really strange and instantaneous. One could say that it hurls at you *voraciously*. It is quite curious to see. But painful.

At the bottom, one is completely bare.

*

Now I remember: one or two years ago, I met Mother one night, and she told me: “If you come near me, you have to be *very careful*, because my centre is everywhere.”

Now I understand what “you have to be careful” means. But you don’t know what to do.

(To console myself, I can tell myself that I “came near” Mother!)

*

Each time, you are in front of the *whole* problem...

How to live in the middle of death without being swallowed by it or without changing it?

Can it change in *one* point?... without changing everything.



August 31, 1986

Significant: for a few weeks, an advertisement has been showing a TV screen with a photo of Hitler like a movie star with the caption of the Indian vendor: “The TV with a German accent”.

This morning, on the sports page of the *Hindu* (which I never look at) were the 1936 Olympic Games with a large photo of Hitler.

He comes out again.

*

Evening

The “divine phenomenon” continues.

It is like two volcanoes: one that rises from below, the other that pours down from above.

Wave after wave.

Between the two, the body... (like the chimney of both).

*

The only “reason” for undergoing this is to take this body as a symbol of the earth and offer all that is inside.

And we love Them.

*

I remember that in the Vedas, they say that Agni is “without head or feet”, that his two extremities are hidden. Perhaps it is that... which uncovers itself.

*

Another strange little drawing from my Douce.



September

September 1, 1986

The three difficult months—Sept. Oct. Nov.

*

For an Old Primate about to become a Man, all life is a contradiction of what he is to become or a contradiction of what he has been. This contradiction is painful and fruitful.

At each moment, one has to hew ahead and behind.

It is like a double virgin forest.

*

Last night, I met people that I didn't know (it often happens to me), it was long and tiring, then one of them stared at me and said: "You look a bit shrivelled". I woke up, bursting out laughing.

In that world, they are inconsiderate...

He was not wrong.

*

Afternoon

It is really the Supramental that descends into the body.

A Mass of Solid Fire.

You think that everything is about to break, to burst—and how is it that it does not break? it is a kind of miracle, almost unbearable.

For one hour and fifteen minutes.

It's awesome.

*

(The neuralgia is very painful.)

✓

September 2, 1986

It is strange. This afternoon, it was not as usual. I don't really understand. Immediately that volcano from below rose, with a Power able to demolish everything, almost with violence, as if *pulled out* by "something up above"—it rose, that lava or solid volcano rose, and it *did not stop* rising for one hour and twenty-five minutes. It was a sort of continuous- continuous volcano, and it rose I don't know where, without any obstruction in the cerebral matter, without any barrier in this skull, as if there were no cranial bone at all (had there been the least obstruction, everything would have broken, it could demolish everything) and it rose and rose upwards—I don't know where it was going: the body was only the passage way—the "chimney". But in this uninterrupted torrent, at times, there was a new "wave" or a new "eruption", a new density that rose, even more solid, and it rose and rose continuously, dashed up above, then, from time to time, in the middle of that uninterrupted current, a new mass rose from below, and so on, for one hour and twenty five minutes—and NOTHING CAME BACK DOWN! This is what is surprising: nothing came back down. After one hour and twenty-five minutes, I stopped the phenomenon, but it kept going and going.

The body, simply like the passage of a chimney.

But the power of that blue torrent or blue volcano!... Nothing could resist it, had there been any resistance all would have been smashed to pieces (I mean, my whole "body").

I don't really understand. But it does not matter *as long as it passes through*. And it is passing through.

*

(And not once did I feel neuralgia throughout the operation!)

*

Evening

I feel completely “groggy”—yes, “shrivelled”.

But deeply in my heart, something is reassured.

*

Passage from a letter from P.

I told you one day how it has become “expensive” to live in Auroville,²⁹ where nothing is free anymore, nothing. Your bread, your milk, your gas, your “house tax”, your basket,³⁰ your repairs or maintenance work in the house, your electricity, phone... and recently even the dentist! Everything plus amma whom we cannot do without. It is about 1200 rupees per month for two people.

Deception everywhere-everywhere.

Everything is swallowed back by the Falsehood.



September 3, 1986

That double volcano again.

Wave after wave.

²⁹ Satprem crossed “ville” out and wrote “business”: Aurobusiness.

³⁰ At that time, each Aurovilian family or community used to receive a basket containing basic food items, three times a week. In the beginning, this service was free. (*Tranlators’ note*)

But what goes down is rather... crushing. And the denser what descends is, the denser what rises is proportionately. Denser and denser, denser and denser.

Finally, the body is a kind of impossible cauldron, but which lets itself go. (It is the neuralgia in the neck-shoulder-back that is becoming torture—this is the biggest difficulty.)

(This morning, I saw X, and within two minutes, the neuralgia was back. It stuck to me the whole day.) (“Stuck”— or rather tore).

It is one’s participation in the ambient nature (!).

*

What is at stake is to know whether another physical nature can form?

*

Evening

Sri Aurobindo speaks of the “grim foundation stone”. I wonder whether the *body itself* is not the “grim foundation stone”... that is being “worn out” on both sides, by this volcano from above and that volcano from below?

It is this gangue of death.

*

Vision

* By “the body itself”, I mean the “pure” physical, without any of its sheaths. The whole “descent” or that huge geological (or paleontological) boring was precisely made to make a hole in those sheaths, to lay them bare. Then you reach the “bedrock”: the body.

What seems to be completely there, right under our eyes, is in reality completely buried, thousands of leagues deep underground. Even a baby is already coated.

Last night, I saw something “funny”, humorous. I had a broken tooth and it had to be extracted (teeth are generally the symbol of deeply ingrained physical habits). I saw a hand coming near my jaw, armed with a huge white-handled tool, and which was about to start the work. I asked shyly (I was the “patient”): “Without anaesthetic?” The other (yes, alas, “the other”) answered quietly: “Oh, you’ll take a little *Saridon tablet*.” (It is what I do in the evenings when I have a little too much neuralgia: I take half a *Saridon*.) So I opened my jaw (I could see it also from the outside) and in one go, he pulled out not only the broken tooth but two or three big molars, really as though he was pulling out a piece of my jaw. It was rather a terrible sight. But apart from that, it did not seem to hurt me! (though I only saw the patient’s jaw, not his nose). With a movement of the forceps, he cleanly removed all of that. “Oh, you will take a little *Saridon tablet*.”

So sometimes I am the patient, sometimes I am the worker, sometimes the sailor and sometimes the coolie—in brief, I am the handyman...!

Well, tonight I took half a *Saridon tablet*.

(I don’t know if the *Saridon* relieves anything, but in any case, it relieves my idea!)

All the same, that “other one” has some nerve.



Night from September 3 to 4, 1986

Vision

Vision of the mother elephant.

I don't know why, I have the impression that it is my mother.



September 4, 1986

It is such agonizing torture that I no longer know how I can continue.

The patient is at the end of his pain...

There is You, there is You, it is You, it is to You—that is all I know.

*

Evening

I don't know why, but I still believe that there is something *false* in those pains (of the nerves).

It is this *perception* of pain that is false.

It is like a residue of the old animal that bites.

*

It is how it is. One has to make do with the conditions at hand.



September 6, 1986

It is Fire that rises and Fire that descends.

*

Evening

They won't be able to "swallow" *that* back.



September 8, 1986

That “tidal wave” or that volcano rising from below: exactly as you are drawn out of a corpse when you die.

*

(Strange life where one never stops dying!)

Perhaps the old animal is stripped from all its “standards of living”... But it is never-ending!

One must have given up *everything* (except “that”).

*

Afternoon

What descends is becoming of a... frightening density (but there is no fear, simply you are at the end of something, at another precipice—their Precipice).

Yes, Mother did say: “a Power able to crush an elephant”.

Wave after wave for one hour and fifteen minutes.

*

Evening

It is still the difficulty of that neuralgic border.

*

The impression of being on the border between Matter (that we know) and something else... that tries to come in.

*

A remark of our J.C. This morning, I ask him, joking: “Are you wise?” He answers with such conviction: “Oh, I am VERY wise... considering the way I came in a cradle.” (!)

The matter of Auvergne³¹ is honest.

The Pope would have answered that he is infallible.



September 10, 1986

We are simply some matter in pain which doesn't know how to adapt in order to receive that unlimited Power.

We feel, we know that it is Divine, but we are still too much of an animal to receive "that"—it hurts the old limited beast.

Of course, it is difficult to soak in a volcano (or rather two!).

*

It is these vertebrae and nerves that have difficulty, one should be made of gelatine!

And, in spite of all those pains, there is something in the body's depths that thirsts for "that".

It is truly mysterious.

We are not out of the "black wagon" yet, and yet "that" filters through.

*

One could say that it hurts the "black wagon", but *not* what is inside it.

What is that "black wagon"?

The "spell", Falsehood, death?

When we have gone through, we will know.

*

³¹ J.C. is from Auvergne, a region in central France.

... Why can't I be matter? Or represent it at least? At least you will admit that I have got some matter in me and you will hardly deny that that matter in me is *connected or even continuous* (in spite of the quantum theory) *with matter in general*? Well, if Krishna or the Overmind or something equivalent descended into my matter with an *inevitable extension into connected general matter*, what is the lack of clarity in the statement of a descent into the material?³²

Correspondence with Sri Aurobindo,
September 15, 1935

This has been my northerly heading since the beginning—or else, what's the use of it?

*

Evening

Another curious drawing by my Douce.



September 12, 1986

If it was not miraculous, it would be terrifying.

It is certain that They want to do something.

*

Evening

I have the impression that it is the “blue sun” that rises and the other that descends. But the most difficult to bear is that blue sun—you are as if *wrenched*, when it goes up. The other is more massive and sovereign. It is crazy.

Perhaps it is the one from above that drags the one from below (unless it is the one from below that calls the other?).

³² Passages in italics have been underlined by Satprem.

You don't know, but they are alternate volcanoes.

*

(Since August 25, a new process is in progress (or rather: a new phase of the Process).



September 13, 1986

A reflection from my Douce:

The Middle East was the cradle of the three greatest religions of the Earth: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. And it is the place where they murder one another most (in the name of "God") and the most bestially.

It seems that the cradle of religions and the cradle of terrorism coincide.

If we added up the number of religionists on earth, we would wonder where "God" is going to lodge—perhaps at the Devil's!

*

I imagine God coming down on Earth and politely asking the way to a policeman: "Which way, Sir?"... One can imagine what would happen...

*

O Lord, there is You, there is You, otherwise everything is a mockery.



September 14, 1986

Four years and four months ago to the day.

*

A denser and denser Mass rising, a denser and denser Mass descending.

It is indescribable and agonizing and sublime, beyond all human physiology. Only the Supreme can do that and give you the Grace to be subjected to that. But an unheard-of Grace—like a Grace for the Earth.

What is unfolding in the body is like a great cataclysm of Nature.

It is certainly that which Sri Aurobindo called the “Supramental”.

As if you entered more and more the heart of a crushing Sun.

For one hour and twenty-five minutes. (I stopped, but it continued).

*

Always an extreme difficulty at the passage in the shoulders and the neck.

One must be *completely* immobile so that nothing breaks.

*

Sri Aurobindo dug for forty years...



September 15, 1986

It is always the same experience: the bars or the barbed wire of the old concentration camp want to make you feel in all ways that they are the Law and the normalcy and the conditions of life—and they pull, they pinch and tear and boil and threaten to

burst while that Power literally EXTIRPATES you from this Falsehood.

It is always the same thing: Death wants to convince you that it is Life.

It can be very convincing.

The “cataclysm” is the exit of this... hideous system.

If we get out of it or when we get out of it, something will be changed in the evolution of the species.

It will be the passage from the animal evolution to the divine evolution (or let’s say: to the really human evolution—the end of the Beast). (The religious Beast, the scientific Beast, the political Beast, the policing Beast, the financial Beast and the whole caboodle of Falsehood.) (In brief, all the “salvations” that we have invented inside the Concentration Camp—outside, it is SOMETHING ELSE.)

*

Different levels of the back are going to pieces one after the other (out of sympathy, I suppose).

*

Noon

My brother Pierre amidst the wolves. Threatened with being put in jail again.

I received the neuralgia before receiving the letter.

*Homo homini lupus.*³³

Plautus said that, 1986 plus 180 years ago...

³³ “Man is a wolf to man”. Plautus (254-184 B.C): a Latin comic poet, author of many plays.

They are not “men”, it is the animal brute that uses its intelligence for voracious purposes.

*

Evening

I watch brutality rising everywhere.

*

But it is the very characteristic of that supramental Power: it makes *everything* come out, the most hideous and the best. So that everyone would be faced with the *fact*. Or the choice.



September 17, 1986

(Satprem dictates a letter for L.)

L., I would like to add something to the small message I wrote you yesterday. I dictate this.

As I read again your letter to Sujata, I see that you don't really understand the depth of the situation, when you say that “it is the problem of M.” or “the more central problem that has something to do with the very way I am carrying out my mission.” No, L., it is not “the problem of M.” The “central” problem is what is taking place here, *it is this desperate effort* so that some human matter can form a bridge with the other thing, the world that we want to incarnate. This is the central problem. And naturally, the forces are ferociously trying to disorganize, shatter or destroy the work. Without being aware of it, quite unwillingly or unconsciously, you make yourself the instrument of those forces of disorder that only wait for a microscopic little

opening to rush in here and wreck everything. This is what happened in the Ashram, in Auroville, and it is what happens everywhere, sadly. Those who want to do the work or try to do it are ruthlessly put to the test. I am not Mother and I cannot take upon my shoulders all the difficulties and problems and external vexations. One human being must, oh, he must form the bridge. There is no “I” in that, there is no individual: there is a very desperate terrestrial attempt. When you react as you did concerning M., you don’t realize the upheaval that you create here. You seem not to understand human beings and their sensitivity. And naturally, any upheaval touching M. or N. or J-C falls on my shoulders, heavily and physically. It is precisely the open door that those forces of destruction are looking for. Sri Aurobindo said: “Down to the last atom” and I begin to understand very well in my flesh what this last atom means. Not only do you upset M.’s or N.’s consciousnesses, but your “practical” and logical idea undermines and tries to destroy the very basis that serves as a protection for the work that is being done here very silently. You must not fall into the trap of those forces. You must understand the extent of the “problem”. The work of the *Agenda* here must be protected from all attacks under a practical pretext or otherwise. Do you understand?

What you call the “central” problem of your mission in the United States is not in question. You do your work very well and in the difficult conditions of that thankless country. This is not to be called into question. But there is the deep and invisible aspect that must be absolutely understood. This invisible work has three pillars, as I told you: here, in Paris and in the United States, and each of them is indispensable and what shatters any

of them comes and affects me directly, that is, affects that desperate... and dangerous attempt.

I appeal to your highest consciousness. Really, this poor earth is quite on the edge of the abyss.

If we translate and compose the *Agenda* here, perhaps the results will not be as brilliant as you hope, but in deep truth, what comes into play finally is the force of Mother which is behind the translation and the work of those who are here. We will involve an English-speaking person to rectify the possible awkward wording—we do or will do our best with our love for Mother. It will not change all the enormous work that you have to do in the United States. Nor will it change the donation of Leonore's Trust, since the *Agenda* will be printed in the U.S.A. under your direction and distributed by you with the needed publicity. Nor will it change the role of Eric who will continue his advice and proofreading of all the translations that you will do. Certainly it would have been preferable that you should continue as a team, M. and you, but I do see that it is not possible. Even your latest letter to M., after my long and painful objurgation, did not succeed in dissolving the things. Your attitude always seems to lack a certain human understanding. Everybody has their limits, this is their intimate part of the work—providing that they admit their own limits. This collaboration has not been possible, but the complete disorganization of the invisible basis that is here must be avoided at all costs. If you had a bit of human understanding, you would have clearly seen that human beings cannot live here abstractly, while mechanically typing Dutch or Spanish or Italian texts letter by letter, without understanding anything of it. Something else is needed to live.

And the beings who are here are particularly targeted by the forces of disorder that are everywhere, lying in wait. They must be able to live harmoniously and otherwise than in the abstraction of foreign languages mechanically typed. Or else, they break down, and naturally it is the true work that breaks down and is in danger.

If you want to be my brother, I really need that you help me and that you help Sujata by protecting us from outside turmoil, and by avoiding turmoil and pains—I could say grief—to those who are around us, which reaches me necessarily and physically. It is very difficult, Luc. You must help us. That's All.³⁴



September 18, 1986

More and more, more and more.



September 19, 1986

The whole body in a sort of sidereal convulsion.

An automatic respiration (deep, thorough).

For one hour and twenty minutes.

*

An ABSOLUTE You, to You, or else you burst.

And yet something bursts in the body.

³⁴ There was an earlier PS from L., where he said: "If I were you, I would beware of M." It was about M.D....

It is so crazy! So crazy!

*

Evening

One could say that it is something like the formation of a star—another sort of Matter (?) which agglutinates (?)

It is incomprehensible and beyond unbearable—something else “bears”.

*

It began on August 25, undoubtedly.

It is perhaps the “bridge” that is being built.

*

It is curious, without knowing anything of my impressions of an “I” as Voltaire, my Douce made a drawing of Voltaire!

*

But what a comedown between the “humanists” and the scientists!—comedown of the intelligence. And they think they are very “intelligent”!

After the religious Middle Ages, the scientific Middle Ages. (We no longer have the time or the means to go back to the “humanists”—it is the New being or the disaster.)



Night from September 19 to 20, 1986

Vision

Last night, I met my mother (who, for a change, seemed to be my mother and not the great Mother) and I told her: “If we make a hole in this prison, it changes everything!” And it seemed so

obvious and so simple. (It was not a discussion or a mental explanation, it was like something lived, with practical demonstration.) Of a simplicity you had never thought of!

*

Morning

All that is extraordinarily mechanical.

The volcano from below, the volcano from above, the volcano from below, the volcano... and this kind of corporeal chimney like a convulsive accordion—pulled, flattened, pulled, flattened... It is mad, I must say: but it is Divine (!).

Sometimes the armchair is so flattened and creaks so much under the weight that I wonder if I am not going to make a hole in it!

The shoulders have much difficulty (and the back). Sciatica also, but much less than before.

It functions by itself, I have nothing to do with it.

When you come out of that, you are a little... staggered.

*

But the inner sensation: the Grace in action. And not just any “grace”: the *supreme* Grace.

*

Afternoon

The operation had already gone on for forty-five minutes or one hour when, rather suddenly, the automatic respiration started and the movement of the rising of one volcano and of the descending of the other accelerated and accelerated, almost every second, until the two movements almost overlap or coincide (I thought the whole body was going to be broken up in

that kind of accelerated convulsion), then it became a sort of *single* Mass, like a Mountain (it was almost a relief after that convulsive cataclysm) and at times, inside that Mountain (the body was caught inside it) there was something like the slow movement of a swell that seemed to lift everything up or push everything down.

*

Evening

My back (the right side) is like a BRICK OF PAIN;
(I need *high* armrests.)

*

Another “significant” drawing by my Douce.



September 21, 1986

Afternoon

When that sort of convulsive cataclysm comes, it is absolutely terrifying (I understand why the automatic respiration starts at that moment, because nothing functions as usual anymore—it is really a kind of physiological cataclysm). And it lasts for a long time, then that Mountain which is almost, which *is* a relief after... I don't know what to say, but it is very frightening, and yet nothing is “afraid”: the body lets itself go as if in a tornado or a dreadful phenomenon it can do nothing about except to surrender *totally*. It KNOWS that it is You, but... all the same, it has to undergo that without breaking down.

It is exactly as yesterday afternoon.

*

Evening

In fact, this “Mountain” is probably when the two volcanoes join up and form one single Mass (?).

*

If people knew, they would easily think that I am mad.

Sometimes I look at myself and I say “Come on, Bad...” But I am still heading North.

(Yet we are right in the equinoctial tide!)



Night from September 21 to 22, 1986

Again I saw an enigma (the small green bag).



September 23, 1986

Land’s End surrounded by a corrugated iron “shantytown”. They come and cut all the eucalyptus trees. They are at the doorstep of Land’s End.

Nothing will escape their voracity.

But—BUT the Divine Phenomenon continues inexorably, and more and more for-mi-dable.

(Perhaps I begin to understand the meaning of my enigma of the “green small bag”.)

Received today...

WORLD POPULATION HAS REACHED 5 BILLION, THE
INSTITUTE SAYS

Washington

Monday, the birth of a child at some place on the earth will make the population exceed 5 billion inhabitants, the World Population Institute said on Sunday.

“Never have so many people shared the space of this planet,” Werner Fornos said, the President of the non-profit organization that seeks for a better equilibrium between population and world resources.

According to the Institute’s estimates, the world population is growing by one million people every four or five days, that is to say, an increase of 85 million inhabitants per year. During the last twenty-five years, the world population has increased by two billion and it is expected to increase by 3 billion within the next thirty-five years.

Mr Fornos explained that today nine babies out of ten were born in the Third World and that if the five billionth human grows up there, he is likely to do it in “poverty, illness, hunger, illiteracy and unemployment”.

“The life expectancy of a baby born in the developing world is 15 years less than that of a child born in the industrialized world, he explains. In Sudan, a child’s life expectancy does not exceed 35 years.”



Conversation with Sujata

Satprem with J.R.D. Tata

Satprem saw the elephant in his mother’s womb

The steamroller

(Sujata): Today is the... 23rd (already 23rd!) of September... 1986, mind you!

(Satprem): First, I am going to tell you what I saw this morning: this is a detail, it has nothing to.... I was with Tata.

Oh!

But a very... very affectionate meeting, very... like old friends.

Yes.

Exactly like old friends. We were seated in a place that looked a little like the seaside, a sort of cliff, I don't know, a little above the sea; we were there, the two of us sitting on the ground, and we were speaking like old friends.

So he told me about his hobby, which was skiing, and I spoke to him of my passion, which is boating! And we told each other stories about skiing (*Sujata laughs a lot*) or boating! (*laughter*) It was very kind, very... really, like old friends.

Then, suddenly, as we were speaking, a huge wave came and ffft! It passed above our heads, perhaps two or three metres above our heads, without *one* drop falling on us. At that point, I saw all of a sudden (you understand, I was absorbed with Tata, I was not paying attention to the landscape, you know) I saw that huge, dark green wave pass—a breaker—pass above our heads, two or three metres above our heads, without one drop falling on us! Then I looked up and at that point I saw on the cliff edge...

there was a very charming small rose bush, with those tiny very pink flowers, I think that Mother called that...

Rosemary?

“Divine tenderness”.

Ah, yes, yes!

You know, tiny pink roses.

Yes-yes!

Which was there, unexpectedly! Which grew... A small rose bush on the edge of the cliff.

Oh, how pretty!

(tender laughter)

“The Divine’s tenderness”, I think it is that?

Yes, I think so, yes.

We were there, the two of us, sitting...

(silence)

That wave, I don’t think it corresponds to a fact. It is perhaps what was in his consciousness, or perhaps in my own consciousness, you know, it is possible.

Yes.

It is possible.

But it can also indicate a fact, deep down?

Perhaps it is also a fact...

Well, apparently, we were not speaking of world disasters! *(laughter)* We were speaking of skiing and boating—and it was charming!

You understand, with whom do I speak of boating?! *(laughter)*

And then, after seeing the rose, it was over?

Yes, I saw that wave pass, then I looked a little like that: I leant over (we were on the edge of the cliff), and just on the cliff edge, there was that small rose bush with all its tiny pink roses, quite charming, which was there as if... hanging in the void. There was a bit of the rose bush root on the edge of the cliff, and the rest was in the void with its charming little roses. And we were there! *(Satprem laughs)*

(Laughing): With the tenderness of the Divine...

I found that very charming.

Yes...

You know, I am sure that for Mother, what Tata represents... There is a great connection between Tata and me, mind you, a great, deep connection, of *[inaudible]* of being, that is, a very alert, very conscious material consciousness, and which wants to fashion matter, organize matter, change matter. That is Tata, a great organizer of matter—only, in the way he understands. And in my own way, I have always fashioned matter, haven't I,

and it is Mother that made me understand that there was a supreme way of fashioning it: it is the transformation.

But there is a great connection. Apparently, externally, they are completely different lines, but inwardly, deeply, it is the same Consciousness in Matter, which organizes Matter.

This is the deep relation between Tata and me.

He doesn't know it, but Mother clearly sees the... She clearly sees who is who. And what goes together and what does not look alike.

And Tata, without understanding why, his sympathy for me, this is what he feels: he feels that I, too, am kneading matter, but in a way he does not understand very well; behind, there is his Indian consciousness, deep, which feels things.

But that was not what I wanted to tell you.

It was quite a strange vision that I had (I am going to tell you the date, because I have noted it down; *searching*) when there are bits of vision like those which I don't understand anything about but which certainly mean something, I write down the date, then simply the fact—but I remember very well! Ah! here it is. It was some time ago: it was during the night from September 3 to 4. That is, at the beginning of the month. And it is precisely those visions of the New Consciousness, which are extremely precise: it is seen, memorized with an extraordinary clarity, and it is often enigmatic, isn't it—it is enigmatic as long as you don't have the key to the enigma; and then when you have the key to the enigma, you realize that all the details are of an extraordinary perfection. And I don't really have the key to the enigma.

(silence)

So that night, I saw a mother elephant, of a grey colour—generally elephants here are rather dark brown; those I have seen—in Mysore, for instance—are rather dark brown-coloured... I don't know: it was a grey mother elephant. She was pregnant, you know, she was heavy, so heavy that she could not walk. I understood immediately that this mother elephant was pregnant, that she was expecting babies. And she was so heavy that she could not walk. Then two elephants came and placed themselves on each side to carry her between them, as if with ropes or I don't know what... those two elephants were supporting the mother, so that...

So that she could walk?

So that she could move—she could not walk: she was so heavy!

And at that point, suddenly, I saw the inside of the mother elephant's womb; and in her womb, there was one (or two? Perhaps two? But the second one, it is not clear)... there were two little elephants. But I saw one of them clearly, like... before my eyes: as white as milk! And so cute! He was perhaps, say, almost one metre high, or fifty centimetres, or eighty centimetres high. As white as milk. And as if sculpted, you understand: the nails of his legs, his trunk, he was... it was exquisite to see—as white as milk. So much so that I wondered if it was not a statue! And he began to walk, gently, like that, in his mother's womb! He was walking in his mother's womb. This little elephant was exquisite: a miniature little elephant! As white as milk. And I had

the impression that there was another one, but the second was farther in the womb! (*Satprem laughs*). I could not see it very clearly, I am not sure. But the first one! I saw him, suddenly, lift his leg, gently, then another one and he moved forward—he was walking in his Mother’s womb.

It is so strange, mind you!

And it hasn’t “clicked” yet?

In fact, there is... There is the fact of what is happening, which is so formidable, but... what does it mean? I don’t know...

The second one (if there was a second one, I am not sure), perhaps he was lying down or... was farther in the womb? (*laughter*) He was perhaps... not yet “moving”, or perhaps lying down. But the first one was there, just... I could see in the mother’s womb, you know, it was clear, obvious! (*laughter*) It must have been an enormous womb! (*Satprem and Sujata laugh heartily*). He was so exquisite, this little elephant calf, with his well-shaped nails, and all white like milk.

As would be white marble?

Yes, but... white marble, you understand, is a little inert.

Yes.

But this was very alive, and it was like milk! (*Sujata laughs*)

But I don’t know if you know, in Indian tradition, for instance, Gautama’s (Buddha’s) mother had dreams, hadn’t she, before the moment Buddha entered her womb...

Yes...

She saw a certain number of things, among which a white elephant. It is said to be a sign, when the mother sees that, it is a sign that there is a being, like an avatar, who enters there, who incarnates...

This is all I can say... I cannot tell you... I cannot tell you... It is certain that since the... something formidable is happening. Crazy! If it were not supreme, it would be lethal. Well, I cannot speak of that but it is... it is that Supramental Power—more exactly, it is the Supramental Power in Matter that joins the Supramental Power above. And all that takes place in a body! So there is reason to be completely crushed, blown to pieces—it is mad! But what can one say about that? One cannot say anything about it: it has... it has to be lived, and then... what does it do? I know nothing about it—besides, it doesn't worry me. It doesn't worry me, it does its job, in Matter, as the Divine sees it, doesn't it? It must stir Matter, for sure.

There is no individual in that, nothing of the sort—nothing: there is some Matter. An individual would be... it is not possible! It is not possible. *Nothing* can bear that! One must disappear: one must be only matter—and matter still in... in the mother's womb, wait a minute! Yes, to be completely in... a point within Her. Otherwise, it is not possible, it is mad.

What I always tell myself is that if it succeeds in passing through a grain of matter—animal matter—well, it must... As Sri Aurobindo said... “Matter is *continuous*”, it is our illusion of the appearances that makes me, you, Tom, Dick and Harry, but Matter is perfectly communicating. Well, this is something else.

But what's the connection with... I don't know, what is that mother elephant? He was exquisite! He was really so...! Yes, he was exquisite. That mother was so heavy that she could not walk.

(silence)

And obviously, she was about to give birth. Her baby was fully alive—he was walking in her womb! *(laughter)* A spacious womb!

And the two other elephants which came to help her, what were they like? Grey, too?

The same thing, they resembled each other—the three of them looked exactly like one another (the mother elephant and...) it is simply the consciousness that immediately knew that she was pregnant, that she was heavy. Then there were those two others, as tall as her, not taller, the same colour, that came on each side to carry her, you know, between the two, as if there was a rope holding the mother by the middle of the body, to carry her. And at that point, I saw inside the mother's womb.

(silence)

And the white you saw, you said: like milk; it was not like ivory?

No, ivory, sometimes, is a little yellow; this was really perfect white. And living white, you see.

Yes.

(silence)

I cannot say “luminous”, except that, of course, compared to... the darkness... *(laughter)*

(bursting out laughing): Internal?!

... the internal darkness! He was very bright, if I may say so! He was there, before my eyes, in front of me... very close, I could see him, like that. First, precisely... First, I thought of a statue—it was so delicate, wasn't it, so... Then, immediately, he began to lift a leg, then another (he was moving his trunk a little, like that, very softly, very softly) and to take steps in his mother's womb! And he seemed sculpted.

So exquisite!...

Exquisite. A perfect little being.

That's it. I cannot say what that means, because I know nothing about it. But, well, it means something, obviously.

(silence)

Well. I have nothing else to say.

(pause)

You remember, Suprabha said that this time, Durga is coming back on the elephant. And the elephant is probably Airavata, who is all white, you know?

Airavata, what is it?

Airavata is the divinity of the elephants, mind you. It is the celestial elephant.

This time? I mean, at what moment is it? The beginning of October?

Yes, I think it is on October, 12th.

She is coming.... She is coming on...?

She is coming on the palanquin.

But what does the “palanquin” mean³⁵?

(laughing): *“Pestilence” [plague] !*

(bursting out laughing): Pestilence!

Plague.

Well, you know, the pestilence makes itself felt! At our doorstep.

(laughing): *At our doorstep, yes!*

It is really the human plague.

And on the 12th, she returns to Kailash, near Shiva, and it is on the elephant.

What does it mean?...

Oh, it is not possible that...

³⁵ In reference to Durga’s celebrations, during the months of September or October. At that moment, Durga’s vehicle or mount, different every year, has an influence on future events... (The palanquin announces epidemics, the horse a disaster, the boat flooding and starvation, and the elephant, wealth and good crops.)

It is not possible: what?

That some things do not happen. What? We don't know. What, how, when?

(pause)

You had a nightmare today, didn't you?

Yes, last night I had a nightmare. I had seen Tata in the morning. But during the night, I had a sort of nightmare... Suddenly, I was awakened by a noise... a mechanical noise, a terrible noise, and it was like a "steam roller". So I told myself: but how could a steam roller have come into Land's End?! A noise... Yes, that kind of machine that flattens everything. And then this morning... And this afternoon, you know!

Yes. They are here?

They are here.

How many?

I don't know. They are installing their corrugated sheets and their shanty town. And kids, women, men... Then they will cut everything. They will transform everything into a termite nest. They, too, are doing some transformation! *(laughter)*

(Laughing) Listen, they are really doing a rat's job!

They devastate everything, raze everything, don't they!

It is really the...

These eucalyptus trees... they will cut the big ones, too?

They will cut everything!

Cut everything...

What do you think could be left?

If it were only over there, you know...

There is no “over there”! We are surrounded here.

“Over there”, I mean: above...

There is no “above” or “below”: we are surrounded, it is the human plague that... that gallops.

Really, the speed is amazing, isn't it? Everything is shown to you... before your eyes.

Yes. We get the picture, here.

It is really, as you say, a quiet picture...

A quiet scenario: it looks like nothing, step-by-step, destruction...

And inexorable. The roads built up there, the forest completely ravaged; now, what remains (a semblance of what remains) is doomed—we see roads everywhere, don't we, even from my window I see them! And the bare hills...

Yes.

(silence)

We wonder when the Divine will be willing to intervene a little, don't we? He is as you say: a bit slow! (Sujata laughs)



September 26, 1986

It is clear.

False matter is all the layers that we are clothed in and that we mistake for Matter itself and for the law of the bodies.

It is the black wagon.

The Illusion that the Buddhists only saw on the surface.

“Heaven” is *right here* under those deceptive coatings that separate us from the divine Reality of Matter and the true Law of the universe.

We have to make a hole in the black wagon.

We only know the convincing “laws” of the material Falsehood that envelops us.

We have to dig a tunnel down to heaven.

One doesn't leap over the barbed wire: one digs a hole underneath it and in one's own skin.

The “salvation is physical”, Mother said.

I UNDERSTAND in my skin.

But then such a powerful Reality... “Heaven” is not hazy (!) It is the Earth of the next species.

*

A very “practical” fact: the neuralgia seems to improve. Which means that the guards of the prison are beginning to let go.

(There are others—they are in *each* layer you go through, or to prevent you from going through.)

*

Afternoon

All-everything is so inordinate. This body traversed by those two unleashed volcanoes so massive, so crushing. I don't know if it is a corporeal cataclysm or an apocalypse.

As if, *with your body*, you were going through that “bedrock”.

You go through “something”, but what?

Or you are gone through by “something” that corresponds to nothing of the earth that we know.

You *know* that it is the Divine, that's all.

You know that it is Mother—perhaps she will go through this Wall of Falsehood and materialize, deliver us...

*

Evening

All that³⁶ is going *somewhere*—but to what?

*

In the second era, evolution was not bound to make more and more gigantic dinosaurs.

We are not bound to make more and more innumerable rats.

*

(neuralgia unleashed again).

(But there has been communication with X+Y+Z...)

(The prison is everybody).



³⁶ “All that”: I mean the phenomenon this body is undergoing.

September 28, 1986

It is a kind of crushing agony.



September 30, 1986

The decisive importance of that deep “automatic respiration”.

*

I wonder whether the difficulties of the neck-shoulders are not also linked to the circulatory system. The jugular veins must go this way (?). There is a terrible pressure there.

I will soon learn the whole anatomy.

*

Evening

Beings repeat themselves with one story or another, but it is always the same story.

Whenever I met Mother, it was always new. We were going to build the future of the Earth. It was never-lived.

Mother was the most beautiful navigation of my life.

Perhaps we continue!

(I think I hear her laughing.)



October

1^{er} October 1986

The difficulty is fully *understood* (by the body), well gauged.

This body is criss-crossed by a billion nerves that contract, retract or stiffen and tighten and twist or get stuck at the slightest breath, the least change, and those billions of nerves must learn how to abandon themselves, to let themselves go completely in that sort of gigantic convulsion (for them), like a strand of seaweed in a tidal wave. That's all.

It tries.

*

(For amusement, I note: the volcano from below is sometimes so tremendous that my feet are literally *lifted* from the cushions on which they rest!) (or they flatten on the cushions when it comes down!)

*

Afternoon

I went through an abominable agony.

The whole body shrivelled, flattened, was crushed inside as in an implosion.

An agony. For one hour and twenty minutes.

Then everything more or less stabilized or solidified. (I called Sujata to stand up.)

*

And yet, when it is over, you walk normally... (well, ten or fifteen minutes later)

*

Evening

I wonder whether I will be able to bear a second operation like this afternoon's?

Where do I go?

*

And it is not that I “concentrate”: I only need to sit down and instantly the two volcanoes are there (at first the one from below), as though they waited for me to be quiet, in “position”, to become active.

*

One passes through a barrier.

*

How can I go on like this?... A miracle will be needed.

How, how could Mother bear this? How could Sri Aurobindo bear this? How?



October 2, 1986

From the moment you set out, you have only to go to the end. And in God's hands.

*

Afternoon

I had been in this agony for fifty minutes (the clock struck four) when that Mountain descended. And in that, there was no longer agony, no longer pain, nothing unbearable or impossible anymore—there was this MASSIVE ABSOLUTE SUPREME.

The body was like a point of matter within this MASSIVE BEING, *without limits*, without “I”, without anything except that absolute sensation: the MIRACLE OF THE SUPREME.

And this prayer in the depths of the body for offering all that darkness, that animality, that human misery, that Ignorance, that pain so that this system could change and the Divine Victory, Mother’s Victory be on earth.

From time to time, in that almost immobile Mass, a new mass rose and another came down, but it was an immense *Whole* that moved massively like a swell. In that, everything was DONE.

*

Pain, agony were the limits.

The second before, the body was in that crushing chaos, then that Mountain comes and it is over.

The body cannot call this anything but a miracle.

*

Evening

Therefore, the body now knows that there is simply (hmm!) “something to go through”.

What is this “something”?

We will understand little by little.

But it can be *gone through*.

*

Several times I told myself: But if such impossibility—physiological impossibility—can be crossed, it means that there must be an Illusion somewhere—a very efficient illusion (as in the concentration camps) but an illusion all the same.

Either it is the “law” of the bodies, or it is not.

*

(After all, the fish also could have told itself that the surface of the water could not be crossed.)



October 3, 1986

Vision

Two or three nights ago, I saw something that I could not explain (that is, the meaning was very clear, but I did not understand *why* I saw that). It was something that I immediately called “an aesthetic nightmare”. First I was on the very top of a big building and I was invited to visit the place. I went down to the ground floor, then I came up from one floor to the other, looking at sumptuous rooms with wooden panels, art objects, arrangements in the “best taste”—it was the most beautiful aesthetic.

And the higher I went and visited those rooms one after the other, the more a kind of anguish seized me, an indescribable unease, as though I were in a nightmare. And all of a sudden, as I was about to arrive at the last floor, I cried out: “But it is all *false!* It is false, false, false, O Lord!”

I woke up with this “O Lord”, and it was really like a nightmare. I wondered *why* I was seeing this, where it came from. Then, suddenly, I had the feeling: but all that is soulless! It was very beautiful, really the most aesthetic, but it was soulless.

And last night (from 2nd to 3rd), I had another vision that explains the first one.

I found myself in a large room, like the one which is near my bedroom (which was a “lounge” in the past, at the time of the British). And in the middle of that room, there was a large piano, like the largest concert Pleyel (perhaps even larger, still), fully covered with a white or cream shawl (the room was in a sort of semi-darkness). I literally hurled myself at this piano (like a starving man!) and the shawl slipped off by itself, so I discovered a magnificent piano with three superimposed keyboards. Immediately, I wanted to play on the middle keyboard—it was superb, with keys of a milky ivory colour, almost alive, and without black keys. I started to play the first notes of a sonata of Beethoven—and *all* the notes were wrong! I was so surprised, so disappointed, as though I no longer knew the notes and could no longer play. Then, in the dream itself (and that is what surprised me), I told myself: “If I insist and still want to play on this piano, I will start to hear music—and I NO LONGER WANT TO HEAR MUSIC!”

I woke up with that: “I no longer want to hear music”, and “all the notes are wrong”... I who adored music!—music has always *moved* me deeply and I have always wanted to write books in the way one plays music. And I no longer wanted music!

So now I understand: it is my whole Subconscient that is changing, my entire big keyboard that is leaving! And the Subconscient is the place where things are *played out*, it is there that all the drama of life is prepared—precisely its aesthetic and poetic and musical drama—and *I no longer want* all that, I no longer want that music of tragedy and that poetry of tragedy and those novels of tragedy—no more of that culture or the aesthetic that *cultivates* human disaster and makes such “delicious” meals out of it.

That is, a great change in my Subconscient itself.

I want SOMETHING OTHER than this super-humanism. And it is my Subconscient itself that says it and wants it. O Lord...

For forty years of my life, I have lived with that super-culture, that kind of “musical” refinement of the superior Mind—and... pff! (if my brother François were here, he would be outraged—but he died of his culture, it even drove him to suicide.)

*

Basically, all this culture and this music and this aesthetic are the world of the gods of the Mind.

I remember a sentence of Mother’s: “At times a circle of gold, at times a circle of iron, but one goes round and round in circles...”

There are sentences that resonate like this, as if through ages of futile and disastrous lives, under the sign of one god or another.

*

Afternoon

It is so crushing! More and more crushing! How is it possible?

As though all this structure were going to disintegrate from within—atoms changing place! Or what?

*

These are not “experiences”: they are operations (!)

*

Evening

I understand why Sri Aurobindo said that it would be the aspect of Power that would manifest *first*: it prepares the great earthquake of rats.

Already in 1935 (twelve years before India's independence), Sri Aurobindo foresaw the "*goonda raj*"... [the reign of the thugs]



October 4, 1986

Something is needed that has the *power* to shake terrestrial consciousnesses, or else, all those tricksters—the Mother Teresas, Reagans, Kaddafis and Popes & Co.—will continue their work indefinitely, under one name or another, with one “revolution” or another that does not revolutionize anything because it is still the same rats that continue.

Each time I look at the issue of that human “transition”, I see no other solution than Mother's manifestation in her new body—only this would have the power to shake and cleanse everything and to crystallize or gather the elements which are capable of making the transition. Or else, there will be fewer and fewer capable elements and they will eventually all be engulfed in that tide of darkness.

And even those “capable elements”, I don't see how they will have the courage to make that terrible hole through the evolutionary layers, unless a Divine Element manifests and does the work for them.³⁷

You only need to look at Auroville, for example, who cares to do *the Work*?—they want to make a pleasant little green island.

³⁷ I should not say “capable elements” (because who is capable?) but the *honest* elements. The grace will do the rest.

But they will eventually be submerged. It is the law of numbers. Even the Greek cities succumbed to the surrounding Barbary.

Everything is swallowed back by Darkness, unless one uproots that Darkness in oneself and one becomes divine. This is the Work.

*

Evening

This afternoon, my back and shoulders were in such torture that I had to stop after one hour.

It is completely torn apart.

What can I do?

*

Come on, Bad, do you still believe that it can be gone through?

— When I am dead, I will not say no.



October 5, 1986

It is such an agony. I am at the bottom of the black wagon.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw three horsemen: two white, one black with a goatee. They looked Muslim (?). I gave something to the two white horsemen, as though I placed that “thing” on their chests, uniting them... (They did not look very well.) I understand nothing of all this.

(I don't know why, they gave me an "Afghan" impression or of Muslims from that part of the world.)



October 7, 1986 *morning*

Undoubtedly, this very real "agony" is the agony of Falsehood, it is the agony of Darkness, it is the agony of Death and Unreality—it is the invasion of the Supreme Reality.

The only death possible is the death of unreality—and the body KNOWS.

*

Afternoon

Even with a supreme faith, it is such a tearing and crushing torture... I don't know how I will be able to go on.³⁸

There is the Grace.

*

Evening

If it is really that "foundation stone", it is absolutely "grim".

What would prevent that pain in my back from spreading like a plague?

*

When you see the havoc and ravage above and around Land's End, you can have the courage to go on.

Tiny fir trees cut and thrown on the side of the road—simply for "fun". How long still is that *perverse* animal going to last?

³⁸ This evening, my Douce made a little drawing that corresponds to the situation exactly: the body is at the intersection (or *in* the intersection) of

(About Indian and Western children, I say to Sujata:) “It is the sea and my mother who saved me, but without the third one, I would have been done for (!)”



October 9, 1986

It is almost a fury of Power.

I have never seen such convulsions.

(Yet, I am not a whirling dervish!)

Like a snake that wiggles to come out of its skin. (Sometimes I wonder whether I am not going to come out of my atoms!)

Strange navigation.

When the sea is raging, you firmly close all hatches and the cockpit, and “bob like a cork”—here, you must open all possible hatches and let the storm pass through! It’s incredible.



October 10, 1986 *morning*

All this Matter is Your Body, and it is that covering of Falsehood that goes away.

It is the wall of the black wagon.

It is the deep falsity of Death.

*

It all depends on whether you (physically) perceive the reality of one or the “reality” of the other.

the descending triangle and the rising Blue Sun.

It is the “Storm” that destroys or the Storm that saves.



October 11, 1986

I no longer know.



October 12, 1986 (*morning*)

After all, I wonder whether it is the “fury of the Power” or the fury of the physical resistance?

I am “looking into” the matter.

The main thing is not to die of it.

But I feel a fabulous Grace.

Yesterday, I could have said that this body was at the end of its “tow rope” (as the sailors say).

(But I remember, one day, I saw myself in a hold, “unravelling” the chain of a boat—that’s it: no more anchor, no more chain, nothing that binds you to the old system.)

*

Afternoon

The *only* password: IT IS YOU. But perceived at each second in the billions of cells and atoms—then “that” passes through.

*

Evening

Each time the body manages to go through one of those agonies, it deeply feels that it is a benefit, that it has *learned* something, as though, each time, a limit were pushed back: “ah!

I could bear that” (so, it is implied, there is an illusion somewhere).

And the *only* possible dis-illusion: IT IS YOU. It is the only thing that makes (the obstacle) MELT.

*

It will probably be like this until we reach the last millimetre of the partition wall...

*

Meeting of Reagan-Gorbachev in Iceland: again a sigh of relief for bankers and arms manufacturers.



October 13, 1986

Afternoon

There was such a tearing pain in my shoulder that I had to stop after one hour. This spine and these nerves can no longer bear those Masses that go up and come down, rise and fall without respite and crush them. You can say whatever you like in order to try to bear that, but... you go on until a certain point, then there is only distress in the body.

*

Today, I did not go through my millimetre.

*

Evening

This nervous fortress is the supreme lair of Negation and Refusal—it DOES NOT WANT. It is the real concentration camp of the species.

Can this system change?—convert to Divine Freedom?
Or will another kind of body be needed?
And how will it form?



October 14, 1986

One passes through a wall of death in one's body.



October 15, 1986 (noon)

There is a perfect and living, corporeal, all-powerful Reality,
entirely wrapped in death and Falsehood.

It is the One that makes its way through the wall.

*

It is understood and lived.

*

Afternoon

Again that fury of Power, that agony, automatic respiration.
Then that MOUNTAIN CAME.

And there, everything is done.

No more death, no more agony, no more I, no more limits—the
ABSOLUTE DIVINE.

*

It is like the dawn of the next Reign.

*

It is still dark, but behind, there is that light that rises.



October 1986

(Letter from Satprem to his mother)

My much loved little mother,

This 30 October, your son will be 63... and he feels so much and such gratitude for all that you have given him. Of these 63 years, it is not so much the images and memories that remain, but something that has carried me and carries me through everything, and this something looks like your smile and the light of the Bay—it makes a wide surrounding of peace and force, it is always there, it is always loving and it unfolds forever in my heart like the backwash of the bay with a seagull's cry. Oh! my little mother, you have put vastness and solid eternity in my heart, and we will meet again always-always and everywhere and from all sides. This, one does not lose. We go together, as I am grateful for what you are.

With you

With my love, always

Your son

Bernard



October 17, 1986

It is worse than dying.

The body is curled up and crushed like an old doll in a wine press.

How long will I be able to hold out?

One really does that for the world's misery.

(Diane³⁹ is gone.)

One must find the true exit from that human hell.

*

Evening

I understand better and better why I began with Buchenwald first.

*

P.S. My worry is not suffering, but the fear that the demolition becomes so great that the body may be unable to go on.

This fear is probably also a Falsehood. They are all the “tricks” of darkness to hold you back in the cage.

Otherwise, all the voices became silent: hyenas, wolves and the old cohort of Falsehood. There remain only fire and pain.

*

At one point, this afternoon, the body said: “I give you my death.” And suddenly, there was a great immobility of everything and a Silence in the pain.

*

The basis of Falsehood, its power (or its hypnotism) is that “irreparable” aspect of the physical consciousness—“Ah! this is irreparable”.⁴⁰

³⁹ An Aurovilian who had fallen from the scaffolding at the Matrimandir construction site.

⁴⁰ Basically, the “physical consciousness” is the consciousness of false matter, while what I call the “consciousness of the body” is what KNOWS and feels the “other thing”—and adheres in spite of everything. (Mother would probably say the “consciousness of the cells”.)

This is what is in question.

Sri Aurobindo must have gone through many pains to be able to say in his quiet voice: “It’s a spell”. Three words—forty years of trials.

Nobody realised that these three words matter more than Einstein’s equation or the atomic fission formulas...



October 19, 1986 (François)

It is such a constant prayer:

May this human misery be able to change

May this way of being be able to change

May we be able to be differently

on earth.

*

One hopes nothing for oneself

But one so much wishes

other brothers

not to have this misery.

*

Evening

Again a strange drawing from my Douce.



October 20, 1986

It is another Law of Matter, or else I would be dead.

*

All that we call “life” is disguised death—perhaps it is the true Life that enters.

(“That enters”, one should rather say “that crushes its way through death”).

*

It is always the same experience, but death dies progressively, or else one would explode with it.

(I don't care about being “immortal” (!) but I care about the end of that Misery of men.)



October 21, 1986

Sujata came upon this:

A creation by a consensus of superior and nether powers is the condition demanded by the Spirit for its decisive works; and this double action, this meeting, consensus, unification of the superconscient and subconscious gods in a growing consciousness is the key to the critical revolutions of Nature. The creation of conscious supermind on the terrestrial plane will be done therefore not only from above by the Spirit but from below by the Earth-Power. The sun of supramental Truth will descend into the body, but also it will awake another secret sun of supramental Truth that was asleep *in the*

*foundations and very principle of Matter.*⁴¹

Sri Aurobindo

(Archives and Research, December 1982)

This is exactly what is happening! But, how does one manage not to be disintegrated by that volcano from below, one wonders? It is such a fury of irresistible Power. And each time the volcano from above pours down, it makes a new upheaval or a new eruption gush out from below, even denser, more massive, more frenzied, one could say—it is crazy! And the body is the chimney. It has been like that since August 25. One could say that it becomes more and more massive and frenzied day after day and hour after hour—how is it possible?! And it rises and descends, wave after wave and each minute without stopping, from the second I sit down. You are crushed. (Or death is crushed, I don't know.)

*

I noticed this: when the automatic respiration is activated and the volcano from above comes down, it makes “hah”, exactly like the woodcutter who strikes his axe—“han”, the breathing reaches rock bottom. It is really like something that forces its way into Matter and the breathing makes “han”. And it goes on minute after minute, sometimes second after second. I think that without that automatic respiration, the whole functioning of the body would be in chaos.

*

⁴¹ Words in italics have been underlined by Satprem.

I was really moved to read that text from Sri Aurobindo, as though he told me: “You see, that’s it.”

*

Very rarely (perhaps once in three weeks) that “Mountain” comes. And what is that Mountain? It is not yet clear. But then, it is a formidable relief.

*

Evening

It is an inexpressible crushing torture.

Will I be able to hold on?

My back is a wound.

*

Are the atoms not going to change their sun? (!)



October 23, 1986

All the same, it is curious, that superstructure that suffers and moans (it is sheer torture for it) and at the same time, in the same body, deep within the body, “something” that adheres COMPLETELY. And not only “adheres”, but *knows* and *recognizes* and calls for “That” as the supreme salvation. For it, it is *obviously* Mother and Sri Aurobindo, and for the other, it is obviously something like death to overcome. Curious.

And Masses more and more formidable that rise and descend...

What rises is almost unbridled.

(Yes, it was in chains, and it is unleashed...)

*

Evening

It is so difficult for these crushed vertebrae.

Where is the Falsehood?

This entire old structure?

*

One only has to go on as long as one can.

(Without knowing anything, my Douce made a drawing of an axe (like a foot) that plunges into the blue sun!!)

*

I don't *believe* in Pain—I believe in grace and Joy and Beauty and Love.

*

There is no way out, unless one comes out of it *physically*. It is like the concentrations camps: you don't come out of it morally (!), you come out physically, or not.

*

Where does Knowledge hide!

I am given this survey from *Paris-Match* on the memories of dying people:

LIKE A VERY ANCIENT MEMORY BURIED IN THE DEPTHS
OF HIS MEMORY

(...) Third stage (23 per cent of survivors): the subject feels that he is sucked up into an immense *dark hole* where he has the impression of moving forward at great speed; his state of inner peace deepens.

Fourth stage (reported by 16 per cent of survivors): a light appears at the end of the darkness; as he comes

near it, the subject has the impression that it emits “pure love”.

Fifth stage, lastly (reported by 10 per cent of survivors): the subject goes into that light; he then has the impression of melting with the cosmos and knowing both total love and universal knowledge.

(...) And the images stopped. Tom felt that he was sucked up towards a *dark abyss*.⁴² An inexorable darkness attracted him. But he continued to feel infinitely calm and good.

Something attracted him, more and more strongly. He was still floating, but at a crazy speed now. He told himself that at this speed, he was going to reach the stars. And he ended up wondering whether he was still alive. He concluded that he was not. “I must be dead”, he told himself. Then the light started to appear.

At first like a star, a dot on the horizon. Then like a sun. An enormous sun, whose prodigious light however did not bother him. On the contrary, it was a pleasure to look at that sun; the closer he came to that white and golden light, the more he had the impression of recognising its nature. As though a *very old memory* hidden in the inmost depths of his memory were waking up, gradually setting ablaze the whole field of his consciousness. And it was truly delicious because... it was a memory of love.

Incidentally (was it possible?) that strange light seemed itself to be exclusively made of love. The “pure love” substance was now all that he perceived of the

⁴² (Satprem’s note) It is the Inconscient; the “rock”—knock-knock-knock...

world. And yet he was not drunk. He even had the impression of never having been so attentive and concentrated in his whole life. Life? Was he not dead?

— You see, Tom says, I am in love with my wife and I have two children whom I adore. Well, all this love at the maximum of its intensity represents only a small part of the love I felt in the presence of the light. An infinite, total love.

Tom Sawyer will never be the same.

There is a very strange aspect to his change: suddenly, he started to be passionate about physical science, and particularly about quantic mechanics. He says that it came back to him in snippets, at night, in his dreams: the little mechanic from Rochester began to “remember” Max Planck and Niels Bohr, scientists whose existence he did not even suspect so far. But he finds this normal: he maintains that in the presence of the light, he “knew everything”. Because, in a certain way, he “was everything”.



October 25, 1986

This blue sun is completely unleashed—like a rocket of power. And it goes up to touch something that descends again like a Mass and the body is diminished-diminished-reduced-reduced, flattened as though it became a microscopic doll or... I don't

knock-knock-knock...

know... a grain, something completely reduced and GATHERED UP.⁴³ (And so on.)

And it knows that it is YOU.

The Grace of the Supreme.

The only constant cry of the body: that this Earth can change, that this Earth is Yours—You-You-You and nothing else.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Sujata with the robots

(Sujata:) So it was yesterday morning.

Yesterday was the 24th?

October 24, yes. And it was towards morning; in any case, it was after three a.m.

When I became aware, I had a vague sensation that I had seen things before. But there, I found myself in a very clean place, a kind of small terrace, very clean, with a table at the back and somebody was sitting at the table—then, there was a moment of “action” that I saw. There was somebody who probably was the one who took care

⁴³ This is when you have the impression (the sensation) that there will be an implosion, but at the extreme limit of crushing, when the whole body is smashed up, thrust on the armchair springs and like a sort of doll reduced to the maximum, at that moment, a new “dose” of blue Sun suddenly arises like a rocket and triggers a new descent of that crushing Mass... And so on and so forth.

One must have renounced all physiological and human norms.

(Only my neck and shoulders have not given up their neuralgia!)

of the place, that is, who was taking decisions, etc. Then somebody else came to announce some news. And the piece of news was that there was a... (how to say it? I don't know the words, actually!) a kind of satellite (or what, I can't say) that came from another place in the universe, you understand?

Yes-yes.

It was not terrestrial. It came from another place, and it came on earth to attack this place—or the earth itself?—probably only that place.

And the man who was there, who was supervising, told the person who had come to go and warn the others and so to realise more clearly. But there was a table with all sorts of buttons, etc. (it was a table, and at the same time, it was a computer, or what, I don't know) there were screens where he looked, but not very visible.

Was he white? A white-coloured man? A Westerner, or...?

I can't say... I can't tell you which colour—you are going to understand why!

So the person who had come to give the news left (I had the impression that it was a girl—a young girl). I saw... her gait was somewhat... strange, the way she was walking (her movements), somewhat strange. So she went away, and then, I spoke with that man and I understood—this is when I understood what was happening: on their screens, they had indeed seen that thing (a satellite or what?) which was coming to attack. And it reminded me

that I had seen something beforehand (before becoming aware), as though I had a sort of knowledge of what had happened. And I remembered that I had seen something very red: which means danger, isn't it. And it was a satellite whose occupants were "nasty"—they were "nasty people"! you understand? (laughing) So they came to attack in order to "break apart everything", all the work done by those people (it was really clean)—well, all those people were only robots! Including the manager and the young girl who had come: all were robots!

They were robots!...

Yes! I arrived, like this (but everything was immaculately clean, almost as a good hospital can be... like that). (Satprem bursts into laughter) There were not many things, and the place where I was was quite luminous because it was an open place, like a terrace. And all were robots, even that young girl...

They were robots.

They were only robots. I found myself (in that world)... (Sujata bursts into laughter) I tell you nothing, my story (what I am saying of it is nothing at all... It was full of activity, you understand, because it was a moment of danger and everybody made arrangements and asked: what can we do? How can we do it? Etc.

(silence)

Perhaps it is a symbol. It is their entire electronic and mechanical civilisation that is attacked—their artificial humanity—that is attacked...

Oh!!

Or that is going to be attacked.

Oh!! That is going to be attacked!...

(silence)

“Satellite”, you understand, means a power that arrives—and a power that is not terrestrial.

No, that is not terrestrial.

Which is not from their system.

(laughing:) Precisely! Exactly the word.

Which is not from their system.

But I, in my innocence, said: “But if it comes, it is better to stop it while it is still far away”—that was the question that I innocently asked the manager, you understand. And the manager said that he could not, that he had nothing to oppose that.

Ah, he said that he could not?

Yes, he could not, he had nothing to oppose that.

Yes, it was outside his system. But it is very interesting!

(Satprem and Sujata burst out laughing)

It was a world of robots! I never think of robots, you understand!

Yes, if you saw that, it is that...

It was towards morning?

*Yes, it must have been between three and four a.m.
That is why I kept the memory somewhat clearly.*

Yes, generally, it is at that time, towards that time (not very-very far from matter, from the moment when we wake up) that we see things from the subtle physical—well, “subtle physical”: I don’t know how to call this, from the supramental world, or... that new world which is there, touching, which is there, right there near matter. Which is the great danger for them! *(Satprem and Sujata laugh)* And which is... charging!

Yes, it charged! At full speed.

... To charge into their system.

*Yes. But what I can also say: I spoke of a little terrace,
and all the rest was actually below.*

Below?

That is, when the girl went out to warn the others, she had to go down because everything was down there: I was in the highest, and probably the most luminous place also.

But does it mean that they know when something comes!?

My Douce, those who preside over their system are forces that know very well. They know very well that their end is... imminent. But...

But they are helpless.

They are helpless.

They have nothing (laughing) to oppose that.

What they can do is doing damage. To drive people, people of power, to do damage—to drive *everybody* to do damage.

Yes, each in his own way.

That's it... As Mother said [quoting the Asura]: "I know that my time is near, but I will do as much damage as possible before leaving"... Well, they have done damage!

Oh! yes.

Particularly, damage in the consciousnesses. In *the* terrestrial consciousness, it is an immense damage.

They have completely *polluted* the terrestrial consciousness—polluted, that is, completely darkened, dazed. Everything—everything, everywhere, everybody. Those who escape are...

Rare...

... Rare beings... rare beings who escape. And who (the most part, even those who escape), are completely... *don't* know what to do. Look at Tata, huh?

Yes-yes.

They don't know what to do. And those who would know, a little, what to do, they... they lounge in their pretentiousness, don't they.

Lounge?

That is...

Flounder about in it?

Yes, if you like! (*laughter*) Flounder about in it! As in Auroville. No, humanity is quite hopeless. There is nothing to do. Only the Divine can do something, using the good willing few here and there, like that—there are a few, who call: that's all they can do.

(silence)

But, for a certain time, I have been saying: "The genius of Mechanics is angry."

Yes, we see all those accidents...

Everywhere-everywhere.

It was last year that you said that, wasn't it? I remember, it was in August last year.

I no longer know.

Yes, I remember very well. And plane crashes kept on happening.

It is easy to understand that this huge colossus is based on wisps of straw. It does not take much for everything to... Snap! it is over, on the ground! It does not take much: the Divine has only to do: pff! at the right time and the huge giant which seems so formidable: crash! And there is nothing but panic left! Their whole system...

You understand, their system is so sophisticated, so... so crazily complicated (*laughing*) that it takes only a passing fly to... to knock everything down! Disorganise, dislocate everything. They are fantastically fragile, with their tremendous power. They are fragile, but since they are not even wisps of straw— a wisp still has the merit of being able to let itself be carried away by the current! (*laughter*) They are not even wisps of straw! It is an enormous Maya, a tremendous—efficient—illusion. Efficient as long as the Divine does not do: “pff”!

Pffow!

He waits for the right moment, doesn't he. He knows perfectly.

But it is a colossus... it is an octopus, a formidable giant that covers the entire earth. But it is... fantastically fragile!

But it is not only the earth! It wants to cover the entire solar system!

All they can! All they can. Look at the madman—the raving lunatic who wants to send his things... make war among the stars!

(With mocking laughter:) *Star wars, yes!*

They are pitiful puppets. And dangerous.

But it is really as you say, the “consciousness obscured”, because people go along with it—they understand, because there are scientists who conducted research and said: here is what is happening, what will happen—but nobody...

But nothing will touch them!

Yes!

Nothing, my Douce, they are hypnotised and possessed. They are possessed: how do you expect possessed people to behave sensibly?

With all their superb Science, their equations, their FORMIDABLE knowledge, they are completely darkened! Completely.

Yes, it is strange, isn't it!

They are possessed. It is a possession.

This is the Adversary's greatest damage: this damage in the consciousnesses which is fantastic.

People are... they no longer see—they don't see. They can be told very bluntly, it is as though it did not enter. There is such a layer of darkness enveloping them, that even if they understand, they act differently, it does not penetrate. They are wrapped in obscurity—even if they understand, aren't they.

Yes.

It is like the early Middle Ages when crowds... (fortunately, crowds were not numerous at that time) were possessed by Christianity. They were possessed.

By religious fervour...

By religious *terror*. Well, now they are possessed: it is a scientific early Middle Ages, they are *possessed* by the scientific mind. It is an equal possession—more terrible because it has more means and because crowds are bigger.

(silence)

“Scientific Middle Ages”, that is well stated.

But it is exactly that.

But we can laugh about it, can't we, because science prides itself on the reason...

Oh! It went away long ago! It is not Homo sapiens, it is Homo electronicus!

(bursting into laughter:) That's it! Exactly! This is what I saw, that world: “Electronux”—no! How do you say it?

It is not Homo sapiens, it is Homo electronicus.

E-lec-tro-ni-cus, yes!

(laughter)

Like the circus!

(bursting into laughter) *Circus!*

Yes. Only it is a circus... a rather tragic circus.

Oh! My Douce, there are... At the end of last century, there were still a few humanists. It was really... one can say that it was one of the heights of Intelligence—of what is *specific to man*, not to the robot, of what is specific to man.

Yes.

People who had the power, not only of reason, but of humour, and at the same time of comprehension.

Yes, yes. A refinement of mind.

A refinement. It was the best... There have been Voltaire, Anatole France, Romain Rolland, there have been... well, one must say that they were mostly...

Different aspects, yes? Like Bernard Shaw, etc.

Minds who were really humanists, who gathered human understanding.

And a certain form of compassion, too...

Yes.

You understand, the compassion of a somewhat wide intelligence, which understands the poor human brothers. And at the same time, the irony that clearly sees, doesn't it, that laughs at... human fragility—or human *pretensions*.

Yes, rather pretensions.

Mostly pretensions: like Voltaire, or Anatole France.

But I don't know why, when Malraux left...

Yes...

... I have had the impression that, there, it is the end of a human era.

Yes. He was also a humanist.

He was almost the last of...

The thinkers.

... thinkers, yes.

Yes. Now this is something that no longer exists. I remember, when I was still young, still not so long ago (only forty years ago, isn't it), there were *a few* books that were published, not many, and we knew that a book was meant to *carry* something. It was rare: there were a few great publishers and there were a few books that came out; and of course, detective novels for the public, and a few short stories...

... serial dramas!

A few serial dramas. Now there are thousands of books! Thousands! It is a dustbin. It is a dustbin: there is no longer any human consciousness at all, at all. With all their enormous know how, knowledge, information: they know everything. Tons

of information pours in, and what kind of information!! Everything is done for collective hypnotism.

But it is not true knowledge: it is “information”.

Not at all, it is not true knowledge: they draw pseudo-information from it, pseudo-knowledge—like the other one, there, who will make speeches about God (!) on television: he phones to God and... they can reassure the whole world—sorry, the whole of America! Not the whole world. (*Sujata laughs*). For the rest, there is the Pope, there, playing his particular jokes.

It is a joke! Everything is a... diabolical joke. Either dressed as a Pope or an Ayatollah or a President or a... they all are diabolical jokers, that is, hypnotised, really, by dark forces.

(laughing:) *You know, “pape”⁴⁴ in our language means “sin”!*

It means sin! (*bursts of laughter*)

They are windbags, full of a nauseating wind—pooh! There is no more humanity, none at all. It is no longer evolution, it is retro-evolution—at a galloping pace.

Yes, yes.

So they discover human beasts everywhere and they are panic-stricken: “Ah! They ignited a bomb there!”—they discover “beasts” everywhere, and the beast is the other, of course, the one who sets off the bomb is the beast. They don’t realise that they are *right* among the beasts.

⁴⁴ Pope in French. (Translators’ note)

Ah! No, it is a world of tragic jokers.

(silence)

But I think that the other universe that supposedly comes to attack our magnificent system is not another universe: it is IN the earth. It is INSIDE, within, and it comes out... It is from within that it comes, not from outside.

Yes, it is not an external, but an internal attack.

It is from *the depths* of the earth that it comes, from the true Earth. It is from there that it comes, it is that which is *uprooting everything* and which will make their colossus fall, like this: pfff!

It won't be extra-terrestrials, but it is quite an intra-terrestrial.

(silence)

Sri Aurobindo did say, huh! "The secret Sun in the very foundations of Matter". The one that all their electron microscopes have never *seen*.

(silence)

Well, let's wait. "Let's wait": let's work.

(softly) You are the one who works.

Oh! No, I don't work...

Yes, yes... yes, my Doux.

I try not to resist.

This is the biggest work, isn't it.

And what do we know?...



October 27, 1986

It is such an agony, second by second.

?



October 28, 1986

I no longer know what to do.

*

Lord, I am at the end.



October 29, 1986

If I believe in the reality of this pain, I only have to give up and believe in the reality of the Concentration Camp—accept Death.

I believe in the reality of Freedom and Love and Seagulls that cry in the wind of the Open Sea.

*

But why does this pain—this Falsehood—persist in not accepting the Reality of Love?—it is a mystery.

One must go until the end.

One day, it will be like May 5, 1945.

But this time, it will be the liberation of the whole “human” system.

*

Evening

This Matter seems to be made of a crystallisation of Pain.

All its life—for ages—it has been hammered, assaulted, tortured, eaten and... indefinitely in each of the “incarnations” of its “life”. And it has suffered so much that it knows only that—it could say: I am Pain. And... I yearn for the end of that Pain.

This is what I encounter.

A no-no-no, hardened, stiffened, coagulated, like Basalt spat out and hammered by Pain and steeped in Pain.

It is very sad.

Only Love can open that... but...

It is like the last door or the only possible Door.

*

(I remember Carmen at the end of this life: “I don’t want to suffer anymore”... and how many millions and billions of “lives” before?)

So one understands *completely* what Sri Aurobindo and Mother wanted to DO—for once to DO: not to preach, but *to do*.

One human matter must be able to follow—this is what I tell myself... desperately.

(So those great religious and scientific and political leaders who hold forth in the midst of the concentration camp...)

*

This Blue Sun is what is undermining the Concentration Camp.



October 30, 1986

The process becomes quite tangible (!) and clear—lived.

All our life, from our first breath in the world, we are wrapped, surrounded, imprisoned in an invisible wall of death, and that wall, we traverse only at the time of dying (to realise that Life is on the other side!) But, when that volcano from below rises in increasingly denser and denser waves and goes to touch or trigger or call—bring about—that volcano from above that comes down in increasingly denser and denser waves, the whole body has the sensation of being crushed, flattened, squashed, huddled up, reduced to a state of a kind of microscopic doll—a grain, as in an implosion. BUT it is the crossing of that wall of death... that one makes fully alive!... to find again the Great, ONE, Total Reality, made of Love, Life at last, true Life. And it is at the time of that crossing, in that kind of “unbearable” crushing, that one must not mistake reality and take Life for death!

This is what is lived gradually, through successive waves or through successive “crushings”. And one understands that it cannot be done in one go.

But the body UNDERSTANDS.

*

But when that Life enters our death, *everything* will change!

It will be the end of the concentration camp and the beginning of the New, divine Evolution.

Then we will realise that all our Science, all our Religions, all our knowledge and means and human powers are worth nothing anymore in front of a New, for-mi-da-ble Reality.

It will be another Earth and heavens will no longer be “up there”.

It is that, the vision of Jean de Patmos, and it is that, Sri Aurobindo’s and Mother’s work.

*

Evening

I feel much grace around me, and at each impossible twist and turn of my life.

✓

November

November 1, 1986

This pain is very implacable, and you don't know what to do. It is that of Carmen, of Diane, of millions and millions of bodies, it is the pain of the Earth.

You know that it is a Falsehood, but you don't know what to do to unravel that Falsehood, except to continue and continue as long as you can.

But there is a point where you no longer know what to do to continue.

And you cannot stop the Work.

Sometimes, I feel so desperate.

There is that Power that could liberate *everything* and we cannot bear it... It is absurd!

*

Knock-knock-knock, knock-knock-knock, and you turn around in circles like a blind man in a painful night.

*

Afternoon

You go through death in your body, cell by cell; down to the tips of your toes.

And the body relentlessly CRIES OUT: You, You, You, it is You, it is You, to You, to You...

Everything depends on this cry.

*

Evening

(Several times, my feet joined, like hands! Palm against palm...!)

(Sometimes, they begin to hammer the earth—that is, the cushion—one after the other, as if they kneaded or treaded the earth!)

It is quite... I don't know, crazy.*

It is as though you went through a *wall* with your body, under a prodigious pressure. A wall.

One can say: it is the Grace or death.

I believe (the body believes) in the Grace.

*

Mother would say: “to let oneself be flattened until one disappears”—it has perhaps a completely physical meaning...

*

Pain is the supplication of the body for that to change.

Generally, it is changed into death.

But... what does the Grace want?



November 3, 1986

All that evolution issued from the night and the beast... Now it has neckties, computers and priests, but the night is there and the beast is there.

*

The more I discover the night and the beast, the more I discover Their concrete Love.

It is this trans-materialization.

* My lucidity is still there, from second to second, but I lucidly observe things that are completely mad! Lucidly, but as an outside, impartial observer—like a parrot in the rigging (!).

It is the other side that passes through to here.

*

The other day, I read that an eminent scientist was surprised that our human brain had not made any “progress” since Neolithic man (!) Does he expect that the “superior man” will get a 208th convolution?



November 5, 1986

“To accept the appearances of disability”, Mother said⁴⁵...
Appearances?

*

The body goes along with its bundle of pain on the shoulder, like a donkey on the path, one step then another, one step then another. But even walking is a pain at each step.

*

Afternoon

In spite of everything, the body shouts and cries out: the Reality is You, it is not this pain, this Falsehood, this death, this torture—it is YOU.

It cries out and shouts, but it is sheer torture.

And what can I do?

I go to the limit: well, if I fall, I fall, and it is Yours.

The “limit” means death or Something Else.

But *why* this torture? What is it that LIES to God in there?

The whole system?

*

I keep going for one hour and a half because I have set one hour and a half, and afterwards I spend hours calming down that pain.

My God!... my God! What is all that?

*

Evening

In fact, the pain subsides only when I sleep and I catch it again when I wake up (or a little later).

So, in sleep, a Falsehood disappears.

It is that nervous consciousness—those first claws of false life in matter.

I should keep silent.

and



To die does not worry me

But to open my eyes

in other children who

at the end

will say “I don’t want to suffer anymore”??

It must change!

It must!



November 7, 1986

⁴⁵ See *Mother’s Agenda* 6, September 25, 1965.

In 1915, Sri Aurobindo wrote to Mother:

“... There is a sort of locked struggle in which neither side can make a very appreciable advance (something like the trench warfare in Europe). The spiritual force insisting against the resistance of the physical world, that resistance disputing every inch and making more or less effective counter-attacks...”

1915... For 35 years “inch by inch”.

One has all the death throes without death. And for how long?

*

Evening

Yesterday, November 6, I could have said that all was done, and this morning I meet X, and in five minutes, I caught all of death again (If I may say so).

And Mother in the middle of all that... day and night... It is unthinkable. (And I was part of “all that”. One could weep. So you swear to yourself that you will CONTINUE.)

*

It is the whole Earth that is in pain.

*

Sujata comes upon this:

Even the body, if it can bear the touch of Supermind, will become more aware of its own truth, for there is a *body consciousness that has its own instinctive truth* and power of right condition and action, even a kind of *unexpressed occult knowledge* in the constitution of its cells and tissues which may one day become conscious and contribute to the

transformation of the physical being.⁴⁶

(Sri Aurobindo, *The Supramental Manifestation*)

It is exactly my experience, it is that “something that *knows*” in the body, but over that (or innumerably inserted into that) there is this kind of torturing nervous octopus—can this be converted? It is the very conductor (the conductive network) of the old life...



November 8, 1986

Land’s End’s lane: the Huns seem to have passed this way (Huns with lorries).



November 11, 1986

I have the impression that the blue Sun is free.*

Now it is the other one that descends by successive crushing waves.

It comes to smash the prison open (to smash or to push).

One must not mistake one side for the other.

(This afternoon for two hours and twenty minutes).

*

Evening

⁴⁶ Passages in italics have been underlined by Satprem.

* Free: it has gone through all the layers.

Actually, it has taken all these years for the Blue Sun to go through all the layers.

It is the path of the Blue Sun.

*

It is an agony, but it is the agony of death—it is death that is dying. It is the “deep falsity of death”.

We are in the last days of the Iron Age.

Everything becomes so clear...

We must deliver the Blue Sun, it is the path of Men.



November 13, 1986

It is so crushing...

It descends continuously, wave after wave.

Nothing rises anymore.

*

(Tomorrow, it will be four years and a half...)



November 14, 1986

It is like a fight to the death between this excruciating pain and the Divine Power.

You go on and on, you try...

Perhaps I should say: a fight between the Power of Love and the Power of Death.

*

Evening

Land's End's lane.

My Douce says: "Now Attila has the means."

Attila has *never* been vanquished at the "Catalaunian Fields", anymore than the Nazis in Reims.



November 16, 1986

It is not that you "go through death": you go through *that which is* death.

It is an abominable crushing agony in the whole body.

Yes, you go through a *wall*. With your body. It is beyond any torture. Only the Supreme can make you bear that—carry you. And you go on.

*

Evening

People don't know *what death is*, because one would have to come back from it to be able to say (!). Well, it is *what death is* that the body is going through in full consciousness. And it is abominable to bear.

One can remember what is "on the other side", but the *passage*, the "something" that separates... It is *that*.

So they tell you (like that Tom Sawyer) "the black abyss", "the dark hole", because they don't know what it is, because they lose consciousness (that is, they "die"). Well, it is in that that the body makes a *conscious* hole.

You could say that you *dig* the hole with your body's consciousness (and under the crushing pressure of that Sun from above).

(Sun from “above”, or the true Sun of the other side).

*

The whole picture of “life” and death is so clear, but if you were to start another life again in another human body, you would start the same mistakes again (or others) and the same miseries (or others)—this is what is frightening.

It is only when this animal body changes that all will be changed.*

The body is the key.



November 17, 1986

Conversation with Sujata

**Sujata saw the Samadhi broken
and Mother gave her a bit of bark to keep**

(Sujata): So, it was yesterday afternoon, on November 17 that I had a “dream”, so to say.

I was sleeping-not sleeping, and suddenly I found myself near the Samadhi. You know, there is Pavitra-da's staircase that goes down, joins with another, and one of them goes directly down to the Samadhi... and at the end,

* I don't mean that the appearance of the human body will change, but that *the whole functioning will be different, will obey another law.*

there is a small courtyard. And I found myself leaning against this small wall (or column, I don't know), looking towards the Samadhi... And I was very surprised to see the Samadhi... all around—it is cemented all around, isn't it?—there was no cement anymore, there was only some earth, and all... (What's the French for it?) Spade?

Dug up?

Entirely dug up, yes.

The whole Samadhi?

All the way around the Samadhi. And the Samadhi itself was much narrower, but all white. And there were young people who were breaking it up, even what remained.

What remained? It had already been partly broken up?

I suppose. It looked very narrow.

How narrow? How wide was it?

The length remained more or less the same, but as for its width, for instance, I would say one third [was left], certainly. It was much narrower: perhaps not even half of it was left, perhaps one third was left, or one quarter.

And apart from that, it was all dug up earth?

All around was earth. But the Samadhi was of white marble. I could not see veins: to my eyes, it looked white. And there were young people who continued to break up

the Samadhi (on the side of Mother's bedroom), they were still there breaking it apart. I understood that the intention was to demolish everything.

Yes.

And, to my surprise, all that was being done under Mother's direction! And Mother was bustling around: She was there, coming and going, as vigorous as anyone could wish, full of life, in brief! And She was the one who was having it done.

I was fully conscious and a little surprised to find myself there and I thought: "I must go back (laughing) and... see Dhoum"! And at that point, Mother turns to me, takes some kind of bark, but very stiff and flat, rather large (like your bed, probably): a thin layer, but not plain, not of a solid colour... fawn coloured? How would you say that? A little yellowish-brown?

Brown? No, golden brown?

It was brown with some red in it, a little honey-coloured. And she told me to keep it. It was the remaining layer of the Samadhi (in my mind, it was somewhat like that). She put it on the ground and She told me: "You take care of that." So I told myself: "I cannot go back if I am busy with that!" (Sujata laughs) All the same, I knelt down and I tried to drag...

That bark?

That bark, yes. Because there were lots of people, I

suppose there was a Darshan or something and people were going upstairs and there were groups of people who were coming and going. It was not in a “safe” place. So I wanted to take it to a safe place, and I tried to drag it. I just put my hand on it (it was my left hand, by the way) and...

You wanted to drag it?

I wanted to drag [the bark] to take it to a safe place and... I made a little hole! It did not move. Then I saw that Mother herself was standing on one end of the bark! (laughing) Of course, I could not drag it! Then She looked at me: “What have you done?!” I don’t know if she said that, but her look meant: “What have you done?!” (Sujata laughs a lot). I looked at Mother, a little helpless, I could not tell her that she was standing on it and that I could not...! She laughed, then she moved aside. So I dragged. I dragged and lifted it, at that moment. And when I took the bark in my hands, I found that it was already much smaller (I don’t know how it had happened, the size had become much smaller). So I dragged it to put it out of the way of the others, so that they would not walk on it, damage it, and at that moment, Mother gave me something to keep it, for it not to get damaged.

The bark?

Yes, for the bark not to get damaged. And it was a kind of plastic, brown, too, rather golden brown, transparent. The bark was directly on the earth, wasn’t it, and over it I

placed the plastic—which was not like a cloth, not at all, it was a solid plastic, like cardboard, you understand?

Transparent?

Transparent, completely transparent. The bark could be seen through it.

So, that's it! (laughing)

But it is the second or the third time you see that Samadhi completely demolished and dug up.

Yes. Yes, the third time, I think.

The third time, how long ago? Not a long time ago?

No, I don't know when the last time was.

Yes-yes. The last time was perhaps one month ago?

Yes. It comes more and more quickly. The first time, there was no Samadhi left: everything was dug up. The second time, I saw Sri Aurobindo turning and there was no more structure, nothing at all, and Mother was not there at all...

Mother was not there at all.

Mother was not there at all and Sri Aurobindo was turning.

In the earth?

Yes, yes. He was lying down.

But in the earth itself? Without a coffin, without...

There was nothing! He was lying on nothing.

In the earth?

Directly in the earth, yes. He was turning over. That is... I suppose he was lying flat, and he was turning over, which means that his right side remained on the earth, and the left side upwards, you understand, he was turning around like that, sideways.

But simply on his side?

No-no! Not the head...

No, but I mean: did his head stay at the same place?

In fact, no, you are right, I've forgotten: the head had changed: his left side was on the earth and the right side...

That's it, his head, instead of being eastwards...

Yes, it was westwards.

He switched sides. But he was in the earth?

He was in the earth and (how to say this?)... turning sideways. The head had switched from the east to the west, and instead of staying flat on his back, he was turning over... I don't know what all that means?

But, well, in any case, it means that Mother is certainly no longer in there!

Yes, that has been (how to say it?) “recurring” for a few months. When I see [the Samadhi], Mother is not there.

First, we received a letter, do you remember? I told you about it, it was at the end of August.

What was it? Ah! yes, Mother was leaving...

Mother was no longer in the Ashram, we learnt it through a letter.

Yes, she had left the Ashram for good. That does not surprise me! A long time ago, I think!

(laughing) It was at the end of August, around August 25 or 28, something like that. We received that letter and in it, it was said that Mother had gone to France to live in her house, the house she had left.

That, I don't understand clearly why—I have the impression that Mother's house is India... Why does...?

I don't know. All that was in the letter and it was not Mother who had written it, it was somebody else who made all that known to us. And we decided (I don't know if it was me alone—but no, it was you and me together) we decided to go and join Mother, to live with her, because we thought that we had to take care of her: Mother must not be left all alone, you understand?

To go back to France!...

I don't know what all this means. But you see, for several months, actually since the beginning of August, I

have been seeing that.

Not a very long time ago, my brother Pierre, who knows absolutely nothing, isn't it so, who doesn't know the Ashram, who doesn't know... who has not heard anything about Sri Aurobindo and Mother: he saw the Samadhi explode! Blow up.

(laughing) Yes! Yes.

What did he know about the Samadhi? He said: "I saw Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's tomb, then it blew up to pieces, and after that I saw Mother and Sri Aurobindo coming out of the Shola and going up to your house, into your bedroom"!

Yes! And it was already several years ago, wasn't it?

Yes, four years ago—five years!

No, five years? Oh!... But I did not see it blown to pieces, each time I saw that it was broken up.

No, but you saw the earth dug up.

Broken apart, and the earth dug up.

It is much more interesting.

The earth... each time, there was some earth. But this time, a bit of the Samadhi remained, which they were breaking. What does this mean? In the process of breaking it ...

Myself, I kept telling people, like that: "We must make a hole in that tomb." No? Did I not say that?

You did, from the beginning.

We must make a *hole*. And I told *you*: “We must dig a tunnel down to Mother.” Well, you see, it looks as if it is all done. Well... I don’t know. In any case, She must no longer be there, this is certain.

The tunnel has been made.

Yes, the tunnel has been made! There is no doubt about it.

Yes, it may be that. And it is since August 25 that you had that change in the...

Yes. Since August 25, the blue Sun has gone out. Yes, for... how many years? I don’t know, three-four years, it kept rising and rising—and smashing me. It was becoming awful.

Really, it was *crazy*, that rising of... for years, you know, and it came to knock and bang into... it did not stop rising; it was like violent thrusts, you know, and which came from the head, violent thrusts. It gave me terrible neuralgic pains.

Then, on August 25, it suddenly began to descend. So it was a relief, because, as a result, that blue Sun went out; you understand, instead of banging all the time, it went out. So that began to descend, then, again new waves of blue Sun that rose, then it went down, then it went up, it went down... And for... I don’t know anymore, for a fortnight it has completely gone out, nothing rises anymore. And that descends, so it is... it is crazy, it is... You are completely crushed. It is sheer torture. Since August 25.

*So it would mean that the tunnel has reached there.
Mother could come out, so she is no longer there.*

She is no longer there.

*And this is what I see in my dreams. So all is well. I did
not understand.*

That blue Sun is the Power... Sri Aurobindo would say: “the Supramental in Matter”—the Supramental is the Divine Power, isn’t it? Well, what is the Power in the Earth? What power is it, if not Mother’s Power? Mother is... if someone is indeed the Earth, it is Mother, isn’t it?—who is the Power of the Earth, it is Mother.

For years, it has been sheer torture, too, that rising. My legs were... in what state! Then, on August 25 exactly, all of a sudden, that *mass* descended—then, it was as if that mass, while descending, opened the path, you see, and for the first time, the mass went down (it is a ceaseless movement, isn’t it) And that blue Sun began to go out, by waves, like that, to go out, from the tips of my toes to up above, and to go out with a... in the end, it was going out with such a *fury*! It was like a *rocket* going through my body! It was really enough to kill you! Things... really, a fury of Power that went through the body from under the feet to above the head. A fury. It was unleashed. Then suddenly, I don’t know, for a fortnight: nothing has risen anymore. As if all of that Sun had gone out.

And now, it is wave after wave, it descends. And there, you are crushed in an... agonizing way.

Could it be as Sri Aurobindo said: “The winepress of God”?

Oh! but you are crushed! You are like a kind of doll which... (you know, an old doll which is reduced-reduced, flattened-flattened) you have the impression of becoming like a *grain*—the whole body like a grain. A sort of explosive grain. You are *smashed to pieces*. The sensation of the body is of being so shrivelled and flattened, crushed, that after each descending mass, it feels like a *grain*. You are a smashed and tortured grain.

It is agonizing. It is sheer torture.

And then, as soon as you have reached the state of a grain, a new wave comes down, which re-crushes you again, then a new wave... It is mad, it is... It is awful.

Since August 25. But nothing rises anymore!

For some time, it has risen a little...

For some time, that... (yes, between August 25 and—August, September, October—for three months) it was really like two volcanoes: the one of... the blue Sun, which rose with fury, the other that went down, then the one that rose, went down, rose, went down—you were... it is awful to undergo all those things, you know. And then, in the end, that blue Sun, it had become a *fury*.

Oh! it was later when it became a fury?

Yes, it became a fury at the very end: it became... really, I would sit down and hop! it would rise like a rocket—if I had not

been in a very solid position, I would have been broken to pieces!
It was unleashed! A fury.

Then all of a sudden, I don't know, fifteen or eighteen days ago...

It was at the beginning of November?

Yes, around that time. It did not rise anymore. It was over. But it went down: one wave, another... Well, it is... crushing. You feel like an old doll, you know, which is... yes, as if in a winepress: there is a screw, isn't there, which turns and turns and turns and turns, then the doll is flattened more and more, then it is reduced to what? to...

The doll is my body.

So the body is there, trying not to slip, to go into... You are shrivelled—I tell you, you have the impression of becoming like a grain.

So it is sheer torture! The vertebrae exist! And the nerves exist!—so, how do you...? It is awful. I don't know what the outcome of all that is going to be.

Well, in any case, Mother *is* the Power in Matter, isn't she? Well, that *went out*. It began to really go out on August 25. But now there is nothing anymore.

(silence)

But that which goes down... what colour is it?

Ah! that I cannot say. The blue Sun has always been blue, of course, for me, hasn't it? At the beginning, it was like a sort of powerful ocean that rose (it was like the "mighty waters" of the

Vedas), then it became more and more, more and more solid and...

Like lava?

Like lava. It demolished my legs, it gave me sciatica, it... But that which descends, I have no idea. Sometimes, I had a sensation of, you know, as of a nebula—you know, like nebulae? Somewhat golden, in the blue—sometimes.

Oh!

But I have no idea of the colour of that which descends. I don't see anything. I am crushed, that's all.

There is no colour because my head is squashed, my back is crushed, and I am some kind of thing that moans and moans and moans in agony—so, colours... and then what? I set my alarm clock and I know that after one hour and a half... I'll hold out for one hour and a half—at least. That's all I know. So for one hour and a half, I get my fill of it.

(silence)

It is a... It is crazy.

It is agonizing. It is really as if you went through a wall with your body. It is absolutely like passing from life to death, you understand? But instead of going through death: you faint, you "die", then you pass away to the other side—well, I go through the wall... fully alive, with my whole body, you understand?

*I don't understand, because I don't have the experience;
without the experience, one cannot really understand.*

You have all the death throes, but not death. So you are absolutely crushed.

A supreme faith or a supreme grace is needed to bear that, because it is... it is... it is quite unbearable.

But you told me, I think, two days ago, that it was not “death” but all that...

Yes, it is not that you go through death, it is *what makes* death.

Yes, what makes death.

It is *what death is* that you go through. We are all surrounded by death, aren't we? Then we “die” and we go to the other side, that's what happens. Well, the something, the wall that separates the life we live in and the other side, it is that wall that you go through. And you go through it fully alive, with your body, don't you. So it is a terrible agony—and it is under the frightening pressure of that kind of... (I don't know if it is a sun because I don't see anything at all, they are masses of Power) under the frightening Pressure of that thing, it is as if the body went through the wall, wave after wave, like that: it goes through and through and through. Which means that it goes through millimetre by millimetre, it is agony millimetre by millimetre.

What makes people die, well, that is what you go through, millimetre by millimetre, like that. So you are crushed within it.

But if one manages to go through that wall, well, the other side will enter here, you understand? What is on the other side, you know, when people die?

Yes?

Well, what is on the other side will pass through to here: there will be a hole—a material hole in a body, somewhere in Matter.

(silence)

Well, that, I don't know, you understand. All that I know is that crushing. It is sheer torture—awful torture.

So Mother is sure to have come out. But... Well! Precisely, perhaps she will materialize when we manage to... to move to the other side?

Yes.

She came out from the depths of the earth, didn't she...

Yes. Yes.

And perhaps She will materialize when... when we have gone through that kind of... death—that wall that separates death from life. When we have gone through that... with our *body*, because it is with the body that it can be done, isn't it.

One has the agony, without death. All that people suffer, all that happens to people when they die: suddenly they fall into unconsciousness or whatever, then they faint and hop! their heart stops and they pass away to the other side... Well, it is that section of the journey when they faint, they are in the throes of death, the heart... in brief all their agony—well, it is what you go through, with your body, fully alive, under the pressure of that...

That mass.

... of that... ferocious mass. “Ferocious” is a way of putting it, but it is... “relentless”.

So if the body manages to go through to the other side fully alive, well, it means that the wall that separates life (what we call “life”) from what we call “death”, one Matter will have gone through, and therefore a hole will have been made and... and what then?—the other side will be able to pass through to here.

Freely.

Freely. Then perhaps that will be when Mother materializes? But She *has* come out.

Yes.

But She is not manifest yet in the matter where we are.

So perhaps it is the second part of the work? First, one had to make her... come out, from that earth. And then to make her enter this matter where we are.

(silence)

One makes a hole in that wall... that wall that separates life from death. Or that *MAKES*, more exactly, the wall that *makes* death, makes it so that everybody is shut up in a wall of death.

It is what Sri Aurobindo calls “the foundation stone”. It has to be gone through.

So it is not gone through *in trance*, huh! It is not gone through with morphine and... all those things. You go through... the whole agony, you have it in your body and consciously and...

Fully awake.

It is frightening. It is tough to be subjected to it.

Well, the meaning of all that we don't perfectly know yet. We can undergo it, and we'll see what will happen in the end.

In any case, I am absolutely certain that Mother has come out, hasn't she, ah! that, yes.

(next morning:)

Yes, that's it, look... You know, when I have bits of vision like that, or *you* have bits of vision, I note the date down—I put that in a notebook, like that, then I write the date.

Yes.

So, let's see... Here it is: it was in the night of August 27 to 28 that you saw that Mother was leaving the Ashram for good.

Ah!

You know, that news you received, that Mother was leaving the Ashram for good to go *(laughing)* to a house in France (I don't know...) well, it was during the night of August 27 to 28 I've noted it down. As for me, it was on August 25 that it began...

The descent.

The descent. If I had noted down the first time when you saw...

Sri Aurobindo?... Oh! no, the Samadhi?

The Samadhi dug up. But I don't know if I have the date...

Was it before or afterwards? I don't know... I don't note it down and I forget.

(Silence. Satprem is searching)

No, I don't see the... Perhaps I have not noted it.

Neither one nor the other? Both of them?

You saw—you did!—Sri Aurobindo turning around in his tomb, on October 16-17.

Ah?

Sri Aurobindo turning around in his tomb. The tomb was dug up, too, and Mother was not in it, wasn't she?

Yes.

It was on October 16-17. This I noted down.

So, what I saw yesterday afternoon, it was the third time.

It was the third time, yes.

But the first time was before that.

Yes, but I can't manage to find when it was.

It must have been even before that—perhaps at the beginning of August. It may have been at the beginning of August.

I don't know. In any case, it is interesting: it is on August 27-28 that you saw that Mother was leaving the Ashram definitively.

Yes.

It is definitive, isn't it, this is the important piece of news: it was definitive. And it was on August 25 that that going out of the Blue Sun began, and the crushing descent. Since August 25, I am in that.

It was the liberation, wasn't it? of the blue Sun that had remained for ages...

Ah! ages... I don't know!

Since the beginning of the creation, the blue Sun was kept prisoner in Matter. For the first time, it went out... you understand, it is that!

I don't know.

Sri Aurobindo spoke of the Sun hidden in the atom, didn't he?

Yes, in Matter.

In Matter. Sri Aurobindo knows.

Yes, I know that He knows! He did the work—and what a work! Well, now, that descends.

(silence)

Perhaps... if it succeeds in descending completely, or in going through completely, perhaps Mother will materialize, because

She actually came out. Only, She is not visible in the Matter we are; there is still a wall: life-death, or this world and then the other. There is a wall between the two. Well, this is what is being... what is being dug.

I don't know. All that is speculation, because what is going to happen? One doesn't understand.

... All that matters is to manage to hold out, isn't it?

Oh! yes.

That's it, my Douce.



November 18, 1986

This back has become such a tearing misery, I no longer know how to bear it.

*

With all my heart, I wish I could continue, but... I begin to wonder how it is possible.

Or else, to let oneself sink to the bottom, until... I don't know.

*

(As soon as I stop the concentration, the misery isn't tearing anymore! It is present, but it is simply a pain, rather constant, but, well, you can bear it.) (So it is these damned nerves that obstruct.)



November 19, 1986

(The appalling devastation at Land's End's doorstep)

This “human” kind is quite unworthy of reigning on the Earth.

Time is short.

*

Afternoon

Now, that “volcano from above” is not even “wave after wave” anymore, but an *uninterrupted* Mass that descends non-stop and (one could say) more MASSIVE every minute. It is unimaginable. It is only the Supreme Grace that can make you bear it in a sort of total annulment.



November 20, 1986

The floodgates are open.



November 21, 1986

Vision

This morning, just before waking, I saw a strange thing. I don't know where I was coming from, I wanted to return (home, I suppose) and I was in a hurry because I was afraid of missing the train to come back. So I was hurrying towards the counter where the train tickets were sold, and I put what I was carrying under my arm or in my arms on the counter, so that I could have my hands more free—and it was a baby! I realized that the "something" I was holding under my arm was a baby! I put it on

the counter, its buttocks on the counter, and its body was a little bent forward as if it were sleeping (I was holding it by the waist). And it reminded me a little of Mother when She had her eyes closed and her back bent forwards. But a tiny baby! He looked white, as far as I could see, but well formed, and I even had the impression that he had hair—I was bringing a baby to my home! (It seemed very usual and normal to me, and even a little cumbersome!) (the surprise was for that “I” who watches me—but not for the I in action who found it very natural to have a baby under his arm and was in a hurry to buy his ticket!)

There was even something funny: I asked the lady at the counter for a first-class ticket, and she answered: “there is no first class, you are the first ones”!!

It is humorous, isn't it? (like someone I know).

*

Afternoon

The Sun from above is entering the Earth.

*

Read this morning:

The Hindu, November 20

FRENCH POLICE FEAR NEW TERRORIST ATTACKS

London, November 19

French authorities are preparing themselves for a new wave of terrorist attacks. Police investigating the assassination of Georges Besse, the President of the Renault car firm on Monday, claim that they had known for several days that the life of an eminent French industrialist was under threat by terrorists.

They say that a French VIP had been given special protection following the threat, but not Besse, 58 years old, who, in principle, had refused any personal security precautions. The police fear that the murder of Mr Besse could be a prelude to a new wave of attacks by the extreme left group, *Action Directe*, against members of the “Entrepreneurial Class”. (On Tuesday, *Action Directe* claimed responsibility for the assassination and two young women belonging to the group are thought to have perpetrated it.)

Eighteen months ago, French police established a list including the names of 452 politicians, military men and industrialists liable to become a target for Euro-terrorists. The emergence of “Euro-terrorism” dates back to a meeting which took place in Spanish Basque Country at the beginning of 1985. Members of clandestine groups from France, West Germany, Belgium, Italy and Spain were present. At the end of the meeting, *Action Directe* and the German Red Brigade signed a joint declaration proclaiming the beginning of “guerrilla war in Western Europe”.



November 22, 1986

It is a continuous crushing and a continuous agony.

A tremendous Power that squeezes you through an iron wall—
relentlessly.

*

Why such resistance?

The resistance of the world?

Of course, everything is tied together...

We are an unfortunate bundle, together.



November 25, 1986

The Hindu, November 25

FIRST STEP TO TRANSFORM KOTAGIRI INTO A HILL
RESORT

As a first step towards making Kotagiri, 30 km from here, into a popular hill resort, the district administration is organizing a three-day festival next month in the second week of May.

A flower and horticultural event will take place on the last day of the summer festival. In order to discuss the preliminaries of the project, a meeting took place in Kotagiri, presided over by MJ Hutchi Gowder, the President of the Panchayat⁴⁷ Union of Kotagiri.



November 26, 1986

The Hindu, November 26

THE TECHNOLOGICAL PARK IS READY

New Delhi, November 25

The “Technological Park” of Kotagiri, in Tamil Nadu, is progressing fast. While the first phase of the project, with an investment of INR 100 crores, is already completed, the report concerning the second phase of

⁴⁷ Local governments.

the project, including an investment of INR 500 to 1000 crores, was recently submitted to the government.

Mr V. Selvaraj, state Secretary for Industry declared, in a press conference that took place here today, that the state was very eager to promote the project and hoped that it would definitively take shape within a year. “The preparatory work for the Technological Park is completed and ready to start at any moment”, he says.

It is hoped that the Park will give an impetus to the State electronic industry during the Seventh Plan. Television sets, computers parts and other consumer goods should take off spectacularly.⁴⁸

“One” is very interested in (the destruction of) Kotagiri.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Satprem’s bed stolen and the riot launching an attack

(August 6 to 7)

I saw something last night (it was in the middle of the night), I don’t know what it is linked to. You know, you only see images and you don’t know if it is linked—what it is linked to. It is perhaps the symbolic expression of something particular or it may be purely and simply the expression of a general situation—I really don’t know.

So in the middle of the night, there was *in* the house (or all around, or inside) an obscure invasion of beings that I could not see, but they were... I cannot say how many they were either,

⁴⁸ This project did not materialize.

but, well, it gave me the impression of an obscure invasion, like thieves—or what? I don't know. So probably I must have got up to go and try to contain things, then I came back to my room and I realized that my bed had been stolen! And in the place of my bed, there was a kind of board and I told myself: "But, I have not even enough room to turn! Where is my bed?"

Oh! the board was very...

Yes, it was a sort of thing for ironing, if you like...

Oh!

Yes, like an ironing board: there was just enough room for my body to lie down, without going over the edges. I told myself: "But I have not even enough room to turn! Where is my bed?"

That's it, that's all I have seen.

Between the moment you went out and the moment you came back, it had disappeared?

Yes. So I looked around, surprised: "Where is my bed?!" And at the same time, I told myself: "But... but I don't even have enough room to turn!"

(silence)

The bed symbolizes rest for the body, you see. So I don't have anything on which I can rest? Or... or... I don't know.

Or nowhere to lie down and relax.

Well, yes, nowhere to relax—I did have something on which I could put my body, but I told myself: "But I don't have enough

room to turn.” It looked like an ironing board (I am not big), but that was hardly as large as my body, and not longer. That is, something very uncomfortable.

Yes.

One cannot have any rest.

It is really that invasion from outside that makes everything become narrower...

The invasion, well! Is it that? But will it become still more... stronger? I don't know.

But I had noted the date. That was last night...

Yes.

That was last night, that is, from... Today is the 26th? From November 25 to 26.

Well, the other day, I saw something else, a little earlier, before the operation of the eucalyptus trees...

Yes.

Before that Viscose Company [a “company” manufacturing plastic with wood] came to make its...

That is, before September 23? They arrived on September 23.

I'll tell you that, I have noted it down. (*Satprem looks in his notes*) Ah, yes, well, it was in the night from August 6 to 7...

Ah? Yes.

You see, I note down in my thing.

That was the night I heard, as if coming from below, from the valley, drumming in the darkness. Tom-toms and the noise of a crowd, like a riot launching an assault on Land's End from all sides! Tom-toms, then the noise of a riot, you know, a rioting crowd, in revolution or... yes, a crowd launching an attack. It was in the night from August 6 to 7.

(silence)

There is actually an assault, it is obvious.

Already, when they cut the trees of Pax Lodge, I said: an invasion is galloping on the path.

Yes.

Well, and you see, afterwards they built a servant's house, on that path, didn't they, with all the damage, all the devastation that was there...

Yes.

And after that, it is "Viscose" that... The Huns with their lorries. Then, at the entrance of the path, over there... There is an earth platform, I don't know what it is for... whether they are going to build a hotel. You'll see, we are going to see a hotel sprout up!

How many crores do they have? How many crores of rupees for their Kotagiri...

Yes, “*Electronic Park*”.

“*Electronic Park*”... 500 crores?

This is for the second phase. They have already spent 100 crores and now it is between 500 and 1000 crores!

And that was in this evening’s paper; and in this morning’s paper, they said that they wanted to develop Kotagiri in order to make it a resort, a “hill resort”!

It seems that... Really, Kotagiri is targeted. And not only Kotagiri, but you see how the forces come and entirely surround us?

Yes!

Those forces know what they are doing; they are not...

And the circle is becoming narrower and narrower—this is what I see.

But there, in my room, they steal my bed!

Yes.

That is, no rest.

No rest... yes. Yes.

Well, the physical invasion is just at Land’s End’s doorstep, but there is the invisible invasion—an atmosphere that is absolutely...

Yes.

Absolutely hostile.

Yes.

We cannot say anything else; it is not neutral: it is hostile. Directed by very conscious forces.

Yes, men are puppets.

Men are pushed into... they are pushed. They are pushed here and there... and that's it.

Well, there we are. I don't know, last night, it reminded me of [a riot, an assault]... Does it symbolize a particular thing or...? No, it was truly as if the house... There was an obscure invasion, like thieves or like what else? I don't know.

Doesn't your house represent, say, the earth? Taken in a general sense?

No, it represents a spot where there is a material effort towards the Other Thing; this spot symbolises the place where at least *one* (perhaps there are others?), one material aspiration is there. And the material aspiration is the aspiration of the earth, isn't it?

Yes.

It is not the aspiration of Satprem.

No.

It is the aspiration of the earth that suffocates, is strangled, poisoned, polluted, raped and tortured in all possible ways. The earth cries out.

We feel it cry out around Land's End.

Yes, it is wounded, isn't it. And that continues, it is not over.

(silence)

But the other day, when you told me about that vision of the robots, you told me you had seen... before you saw those robots, you had seen their screen? It was before they noticed it that you had seen that red spot on the screen...

Which was coming at a fantastic speed, which was coming nearer.

Yes. But you saw it before they did.

Before. Before.

Before they noticed it?

Yes.

That red spot... it was red like what?

It was... it was really a red... like, say, your electric heater.

Yes. Yes...

A little like that, yes, infrared.

Which came nearer at top speed?

Ah, yes!

Obviously, those forces are desperate, aren't they; they sense that things are being done, and are being done... to destroy them! to uproot them, you know. They feel, they know. But remember what the Asura told Mother...

Yes.

"I know very well that my time is over, but before leaving, I will cause as much damage as possible."

Well, he did cause damage!

Things are going faster. I am certain that the red thing you saw coming at top speed is a divine Power.

Things are moving at a fast pace... but which way will it go?

But there is no doubt—simple external logic—when we see the colony of the Harijans who are fifty meters from us, who develop like that... and everywhere, all that is bursting forth, the inescapable logic is: THEM or US! "Us", that is, what we represent, or... the crowd.

That is, total Obscurity.

The crowd, the total, the great Obscurity. It is the crowd, or us. It is one or the other.

That is in simple external logic.

When one has seen things growing for eight years, since we have been here...

Oh, yes!

... logic would give us a few years—external, simple logic, you know, would give us still... a few years: perhaps two-three years? Materially, I mean, externally.

Do you believe, still two-three years?

No-no, simply on the material level of the forces as they are now. But the invisible forces are much more enraged than the visible forces, aren't they. And they won't let those little visible puppets, they won't leave them alone without doing anything.

I don't know why, I don't have the impression that... we still have two-three years.

But *I* don't feel at all that I have two-three years! Personally, I don't feel it at all.

But I am speaking according to an external logic that might say: oh! perhaps two-three years—I would say a few months.

A few months... yes.

And I can see it in my own body!... It is them or us. "Us", that is, what we represent, the aspiration that we represent—the terrestrial effort or the human effort that we represent. The human effort to surpass oneself, to come out of this terrible misery.

Well, that's where we are, I have no bed anymore!

*

November 5, 2004

(Sujata): Today, while rereading your vision of August 6-7, 1986, what would you say was the true meaning?

(Satprem): My body has no rest anymore. At the end of the operation, it will be the complete end of obscurity.

Obviously, it is also the supramental crushing that is getting ready to “crush” the total obscurity of the present world.



November 29, 1986

If someone came tomorrow to offer me the “mantra of life”, the power of becoming again young, handsome, strong (without neuralgia!) in this same human system, I would send him to go and hang himself elsewhere—it is still Death playing with itself, handing out its little presents within its deceitful System. (It is Death that is rejuvenated (!)

The “system” of Sri Aurobindo and Mother is PURE.

There is no need to have the “mantra of life” because it is LIFE itself, automatic and simple. There is no need to have marvellous “powers”, because it is Power itself, automatic and simple and pure. It is the supreme “system”, the System of the Supreme, without “tricks”, without any practical jokes at the end, without unfortunate opposites—without all those false powers of Death. It falls and no powers at all are needed anymore! It is RIGHT THERE.

*

We are always mistaken: we *are not* “in life”, trying not to die—we are *in death*, searching for the Life that is not yet.

Millimetre by millimetre.

*

My Douce finds this *Agenda* of April 21, 1965:

Once there is a body with sufficient stuff and capacities, there may very well be a sudden Descent of a supramental form, just as, when *the transition* from the animal to man was *sufficient*, there was a mental Descent of the mental creation: two beings, male and female.

This is what I keep saying: the transition must be *sufficient*. We must pave the way for Mother's transition. Then She will come in her new body and all that Obscurity will be swept away.



November 30, 1986

The closer I come to the “pure” cell—the body as it is, the more (it seems) a torrent of Knowledge flows from everywhere: knowledge of the world, of beings, forces, realities that make the countries work or bring them into opposition. The whole game becomes clear—lived. As if everything took place in the body.

But at the same time, I clearly see how saying things is futile.

(An individual example: one month ago, during the night, my body was resting on a large green lawn, it was refreshing. And suddenly, I was pulled from there, that is, I woke up suddenly, crying out “Pierre! Pierre”, as when an accident is about to happen.* So, the next day I sent a telegram asking for “news”. He

* An “amusing” detail (but inquiring): when I suddenly woke up, I saw my body lying on that refreshing lawn, and I saw myself immediately... picking up near me the magnet that I usually put on the most neuralgic spot of my shoulder: I was picking up my pain (!)

had fallen from a height of 6 metres after receiving an electrical shock... And I don't "think" of Pierre specially, not at all, but he is here and it is immediately lived.) (And the cause of the "accident" is also known—why it happened.)

Which means that the *oneness* of the world begins to be lived (in both directions, alas).

(It is not the small spot here that is transported "there": it is everywhere the small spot.)

(To console myself, I tell myself that if this small spot "here" succeeds in letting the other Power pass through, *all* the small dots will be shattered—obliged to change.)

The world is one single adventure.



November 1986

Conversation with Sujata

Sujata pensive

Well, tell me what you have seen.

Yes. You can lie down. Remain lying!

So, here it is. I don't know why, I suddenly

When the body's consciousness is on the other side of the "wall", it has no pain anymore, it is everywhere.

It is that wall of Falsehood and Death that the body *must* go through.

It will be the new Life.

Knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock... We are not there yet.

(When Sri Aurobindo was speaking of a "new *physical* nature", this is what he meant.)

A pretty terrestrial lawn without pain...

remembered: it was a short time after Pavitra-da's departure (hence in 1969, probably during the month of July): I had, one week apart, (or in the same week, I don't know anymore) two dreams.

Yes.

I did not pay attention to the first one, it is the second one that remained in my mind, but because of the second one, I remembered the first one, too.

In my first dream, I saw what seemed to be a forest, a "jungle" (it was not a virgin forest, not at all, but a place like that, with trees). And there was a very tall tree—I don't know if it was a palm tree or what—but it really seemed taller than the others, and up in it, there was someone who was looking round in all directions in a... frantic way? How to put it?

What do you mean?

Someone who was looking round very quickly, do you understand? Very quickly in all directions, as if she were looking for something. And I remembered her face, that's all.

That was the first time.

Her face?

Yes, it was a woman, by the way, who looked round like that.

In all directions?

In all directions. She was looking for something; she was looking for something a little desperately. I did not understand, I saw that picture, then, when I woke up, I thought: perhaps she was looking round for the way out of that forest (laughing) or what else? Well, I don't know. So this was the first [dream].

In the next one, perhaps one week later, I saw her again, I had the impression that it was the same forest. And I saw that woman coming out this time (so she had found the path meanwhile!) (laughing). She was coming out, and I don't know why, I followed her; there was, when leaving the forest, a kind of hill that she was climbing and I saw a car coming in the distance, a sort of jeep that was coming rather fast. She (that woman), too, was walking very fast—precisely not to miss the car. I don't know how, but I followed her quietly and I, too, got in the jeep.

Then, the jeep was going full speed; it was not really a path, it was somewhat like the bund, you know, like railway tracks. Sometimes, it passes through villages, there are embankments, you know? And the train runs a little higher. It was somewhat like that (by the way, I have a vague impression that there were railway tracks, too, but I have forgotten now). Well...

So that jeep was going very fast. Then it reached a sort of old temple and it stopped there. Everybody alighted. And there was (as in temples, you know?) a series of small rooms with various divinities.

Yes.

Like that. I have the impression (but I can be mistaken now) that we visited the place a little. But what I retained very clearly was the last room. The last room was consecrated to Shiva (I don't remember anymore to what the others were consecrated), but there, it was a lingam, I remember. She made her pranam, then I think that she went out and left. And I made my pranam... I don't know with what, I made a sort of... My whole body, my whole being was in my pranam, with something (I have forgotten what it was) (Probably I told Mother about the end of this dream⁴⁹).

Well. Afterwards... (You see, the entrance was like that), well, when I finished in the last room, I did not go out through the same door: I went out through the door on the right, which led to a kind of veranda. I found myself there, and I don't know why, there was a dog that was going with me, this is the impression I have—in any case, at that point, I remember the dog. (It is after that that I must have told Mother my story!) On the other side of the veranda, there was a kind of large door with a curtain and someone came to see me so that I would be received by “the Mother”. So I went inside, and the Mother was sitting on a high chair, sumptuous, etc. (I have forgotten, but I must have described this, it must be in one of the Agendas.) And finally, it was the Mother of Ignorance! Do you remember what I related?

Well, say it!

⁴⁹ See *Mother's Agenda* 11, April 18, 1970.

I don't remember well enough, my Doux, to tell it. I cannot tell you the details now, it is no longer in my head.

But how did you realize that it was the Mother of Ignorance?

I have forgotten now. She was the Mother of Ignorance...

It was about a cat, too, if I remember well, there was a cat!

Well, all the rest quickly went away. But I remember her head, that it was the... So yesterday it struck me suddenly and I told myself: but all that, all those divinities in the temples and the rest, it is the Mother of Ignorance indeed who reigns there! The divinities, etc., all that had happened before (in the first part of the dream) all that we had visited, all the rest, all the rest of the world: it is the Mother of Ignorance indeed who presides over that.

Well, yes. Surely.

Suddenly, it came to me like a kind of revelation!

But of course.

I had never thought of it like that! They say: the world of ignorance, the world of this, of that, but yes, indeed!...

Of course! It is the reign of Ignorance.

(silence)

The woman I had seen (both times) and with whom I had gone, was Indira.

Ah! It was Indira!

It was Indira Gandhi.

The one who looked round in all directions?! *(laughing)*

To find a way out of...

That's it! She looked in all directions—except in the right one!

No, but you understand, in 1969, she must have searched sincerely. I have the impression that at the time, she searched. And I was not at all informed of political things at the time, you know, I was not interested at all—it is only afterwards that I heard there had been the “split” of '69! And it was at that time. It must have coincided with something.

And afterwards, she went to visit the Mother of Ignorance?!

She did not “visit” her, she left before. She didn't know who...

Yes, it is that: she made pranam to all possible divinities of Ignorance!

Yes. I, too, made it! Don't forget!

You, it was Shiva.

Yes, I made it to Shiva.

Shiva, it is something else. Shiva is...

But he, too, was before!

“Before”? What do you mean?

That is, the Mother of Ignorance was after that: it was after making pranam to Shiva that I went out, and I met the Mother of Ignorance afterwards!

Yes, but you didn't make pranam to her!

To the Mother of Ignorance? No, I don't think so!
(laughter) *I think I nearly did it—I would have done it, you know!*

No, you certainly wouldn't!

(laughing) *But, probably something must have prevented me. I am very... (how to put it?) innocent, or...?*

That's it. Yes, you are innocent, but still not so innocent. Indira went directly to embrace all possible Mothers of Ignorance.

Yes. And she stopped there. She never really wanted the truth. That is the problem.

Never. She listened to everybody, she listened to all possible false voices.

Yes. But what also struck me a little, what I wondered about is: why this connection with Indira?

And who?

Me. I've seen Indira many times, haven't I?

Because she represents something of India.

You think it is that?

What else?

I don't know.

This was the beginning, and afterwards, too, do you remember, at Sir C.P.N. Singh's, in Lucknow?

Ah, yes, she stabbed me.

Yes, she stabbed you.

Ah, yes, that's it.

And then she herself fell and we walked over her.

And we walked over her.

Yes, that's it, she listened to all the false voices. And yet, she had every opportunity to be with the *Power of Truth*, hadn't she, not just any power. She had that, she had everything at her disposal, that woman. There was Mother's Power behind, she had *everything!* And she went and listened to some Brahmacharis—well, obvious cheats and fakes.

Yes-yes. (laughing)

That woman was full of falsehood.

She was indeed.

That she left is one thing, but the damage she caused in India? By her non-action.

But you see, her best time, with great possibilities, was precisely in 1969-70.

Yes, well, at that moment, you saw her make pranam to all possible divinities. And the true Mother was there—and she did not look at her.

No, this was the only moment when she looked at the true Mother a little.

Yes, to immediately...

Yes, it is immediately swallowed back, you know. The forces...

It is swallowed back at once.

Yes, the forces don't miss anything. A great innocence is really needed (laughing) to go through, or honesty and sincerity.

Yes, much honesty is needed.

A lot! One must really be honest-honest.

Well, that's it. It was... suddenly, it struck me: come on, but it it's that, it is really the Mother of Ignorance who reigns over all that!

That's all, that's what I wanted to tell you.

And this is, it is for those who try to turn towards something, isn't it, so there are divinities that are ruled by the Mother of Ignorance, then there are those who turn towards nothing at all,

so they are under the domination of the cruel Mother, of Perversion and Cruelty, of Violence.

That's it. It is... It is not the reign of... Truth yet.

“That which I call Love”, Mother would say.

We are still far from that—I mean the Earth, the terrestrial consciousness.



December

December 4, 1986

Now that the body seems to better withstand (perhaps) the crushing of the Mass of Power⁵⁰ that descends continuously, solidly, like a solid flow, it perceives more exactly what this Mass consists of—it is a Mass! And it seems to the body that this Mass is made of a *beam* of extremely fast, prodigiously fast vibrations, of a tremendous intensity, somewhat like a “laser beam”, but instead of a single ray, it is a *mass* of rays, a vibratory beam so tremendously “coagulated”, intense and fast, that it is like one single crushing Mass. And it descends continuously, continuously, as though it wanted to pierce everything. Actually, it goes down to the tips of the toes and below my feet. It is irresistible—if there were a resistance, everything would break. (Probably, the agony that I have been through for a long time, and that seems to be less important now, came from a resistance of the system.)

*

The passage must be “sufficient”...

*

The beautiful trees below our windows have been cut: there was too much shade for their tea.

This devastated Earth.



⁵⁰ That is, it no longer has those accordion convulsions and contortions like before, which was the sign that it could not bear the Power—it only feels a crushing or compression, but it remains more or less immobile. It must be said that the time of the “double volcano” was somewhat... formidable.

5 December 1986

There have been many traumas in my life—real, deep wounds that leave a mark or destroy you for life.

There are those that are known and there are those—many—that nobody knows.

And yet, each time I look at those dreadful things, each time I see that it was a grace.

Only, each time, I had to transmute or let myself be destroyed. That is why my life is Fire.

*

(Letter from Satprem to an Aurovilian)

Little Sister Gloria,

I have shared your pain for Diane and Janaka.⁵¹

I am sure that Sri Aurobindo and Mother have taken them in their Compassion and Love. They worked well.

Each one must understand what has to be understood. I don't want to say anything; I want to work.

With my tenderness

Satprem



December 6, 1986

Gigantic successive crushing, as if under a Press.⁵²

⁵¹The woman who had an accident at the Matrimandir site and her partner who committed suicide afterwards. *(Note from the translators)*.

⁵² I say “gigantic” because the body seems to be a grain of Matter under

How it can be borne, I don't know.

I never saw such "doses" (it seems that the more the body bears it, the more the dose increases.)

*

Evening

It is Truth in Matter that bears it, and it is Falsehood in Matter that is crushed out.

*

Violence rises everywhere (in the North of India).

In Paris also: the students. After all, under one pretext or another, it is humanity that has had enough of itself.

It is like an old being who has had enough of repeating his story and his misfortunes and, what's more, who has not grown in wisdom.

At the end of 17,000 years and something,⁵³ it is fair to be fed up with being human and it is sad not to have yet found the means to come out of it.

We are in full scientific and religious senility.

If my grandfather Ludovic, a materialist and scientist (and sailor) of the last century were still alive, he would say: ah! no, my children, that's enough!

(Perhaps he cries out in my veins!)

But we should not be mistaken: both religion and science *prevented* us from finding the true means and the true exit.

*

My back is a little miserable.

that inordinate (or measureless) Mass.

⁵³ I take Lascaux as a point of reference.



December 7, 1986

“To last, to endure...” Sri Aurobindo said.

Is it the resistance that is going to be crushed or is it my back?

You last, you last, but...

*

Sri Aurobindo gave me a piece of grey-black granite hanging from a cord of brown horsehair—this is it, it is this granite, you *are* the granite and the Power tries to go through it, and the granite resists. The Physical is some grey-black granite.



December 8, 1986

Only the Supreme Grace can do this, and not only do but make you bear this.

(Actually, only That can bear That!)

And I am now absolutely convinced that *all* our sensations are fabrications of Falsehood and death, except “that” which the body knows.

*

It becomes more fantastic from day to day...



Night of December 11 to 12, 1986

Last night, I was tortured (for once, they were not the SS). (They were perhaps ancestors of the SS.) (We have everyone in our skin, there is no doubt.)

I am now more than 17,000 years old.

*

(I often remember Sri Aurobindo: “his eyes unsealed by tears...”).



December 14, 1986

It is such crushing agony; I no longer know, the body no longer knows how to bear that.

It is like on the point of death.

And this torn and mangled shoulder, enough to make you cry.

I pray.

*

(Sri Aurobindo indeed said: “If the body can bear the touch of the Supermind...”)



December 15, 1986

(Letter from Satprem to his mother)

My beloved little Mother,

I am with you, I am near you and I love you with deep tenderness and so much gratitude for you on this day of your birth.

I wanted to make this little sign from a distance and hold you against my heart which you have strengthened and filled.

Do you go to the low wall to look at the sea? Tell the sea that I love her.

With your son's love

Bernard



December 16, 1986

I feel the strangling of the Earth.

Forces that don't want destruction, but putrefaction.

This is the nightmare.

One feels everything.



December 17, 1986

Last night (from December 16 to 17), I saw an enigma, but the meaning suddenly dawned on me this afternoon.

All of a sudden, last night, I saw a green snake passing in the air, right above my head! so pretty! so luminous, as if translucent, and of such a soft green, as nothing is green here—a delicate translucent green. It was not very big, but not small either, perhaps one and a half metres long and as wide as my wrist (or a little less). Then, suddenly, without transition, I looked in front of me and on a table, or rather a kind of work bench, I saw the “neck” and the head of a big black snake, but it must have been really big if I consider the width of its “neck”,

much bigger than my arm (perhaps twice as big) and it was all black with somewhat lighter patches, but I did not have the time to see it in detail because, suddenly, someone there (I don't know who) sliced its head off with a sharp blow.

It was really strange. How did this green snake, so pretty, become that black snake, so ugly?

Mother said that snakes are generally symbols of bad thoughts or bad will, but if it was a bad thought, it was really beautiful!

But this afternoon, there was a formidable Descent, which the body bore without flinching, without moving, and (miraculously) without neuralgia, without having to constantly struggle against that kind of torture. And while that formidable descent (*continuous*, without stopping for one hour and forty minutes) was taking place, all of a sudden the meaning of that vision (without me “thinking” of it) imposed itself from within: but it is the snake of the new Evolution! the green snake of the new Evolution. And it is the black snake of the old poisonous evolution whose head is sliced off!

*

(But, well, if the body has been able to bear this for one hour and forty minutes, it means that the neuralgic laws are not unavoidable.)

*

Conversation with Sujata

The green translucent snake: the New Evolution

So, last night, I saw an enigma. I asked myself: “But, really, what is it?” The New Consciousness very often sends you some kind of hieroglyphs, something to be deciphered. I know that those are visions... (I have had them very often) from the New Consciousness: it always has a very particular form (like the one I am going to tell you about), and it is really enigmatic—one must understand! (*Sujata laughs*) Until this afternoon, I did not understand the meaning; I thought that it was perhaps something else.

So, suddenly, last night (it was from December 16 to 17), I saw a green snake passing right above my head—but a translucent, luminous green, oh! how it was... of a green such as nothing here is, you understand. It was at the same time luminous, translucent—it was not very big, it was perhaps... (it is difficult to gauge, because a snake has some...) one and a half metres long and perhaps as wide as my wrist, but not even that, not even that. Not a big snake, not a small snake either—not a small snake. But it was so pretty, I was stunned! I who don't really like snakes—they are not very pleasant things! I have seen many of them in Pondicherry: night after night, during the first years in Pondicherry, I used to pass (as Mother did) through places full of snakes! fearsome, disgusting snakes, all sorts of things.

I don't like snakes so much; I saw plenty of them in the virgin forest, it is never pleasant—how many times have I almost put my foot on one!

But, well, this snake was extraordinarily pretty.

And suddenly, without transition, I looked in front of me and I saw a kind of workbench and... (but it was such a rapid vision

that I could not see all the details)—I saw a black snake resting on the workbench—but really big, you know, it was as big as twice my arm (I only saw the neck and the head), then somebody I did not know: snap! Sliced off its head, with one sharp blow!

Oh!... oh...

So I asked myself: but what is this?? This green snake that passes above my head, and all of a sudden that black snake whose head is sliced off! Mother said that snakes were often bad thoughts, bad will; but if it was a bad thought, it was extremely pretty, wasn't it!

No!

Yes, what do you say?

But the snake is also the sign of evolution.

Here it is! This afternoon...

I did not understand the meaning. I told myself: what is this thought that comes? It was so pretty! And what's more, it was passing right above my head, wasn't it!

Yes!

Just above my head!

It's lovely!

So this afternoon, there was a formidable descent. They are always formidable, but usually... it is sheer torture, you understand, my neck hurts and my shoulder hurts. And it was

formidable; I left that because... I stopped, you understand: it never stops, I stopped after one hour and forty minutes—it was long... Well, for one hour and forty minutes, the body did not move and I did not have any neuralgia. And really, it was a Power... One cannot describe these things because it is unexplainable to those who did not live it. But then, all of a sudden, from within, like that: “But it is the Snake of the new Evolution!”

(laughing:) *Of course!*

I hadn't thought of it—I did not think of it, you understand! And the head of the old poisonous evolution is cut off!

Yes.

This is what I saw last night.

It is very pretty!

But as soon as you spoke of a snake, green and pretty like that, I told myself: “But this is the new evolution!”
(Sujata laughs)

Well, you see, I did not think of it; this morning I asked myself: but what is this... because I heard so many times Mother say that they were bad thoughts or bad will...

Yes, that is also true.

And I saw many of them, didn't I, it is not funny! And it is not pleasant.

Yes.

But I told myself: all the same, it is extremely pretty! One had the impression, you understand, that it was luminous—it was not that there were rays and all that, but it was as if made of light, or translucent, you understand. And of such a green...

How to say it? Self-luminous?

Yes, almost, I don't know. Yet, it was substantial, but it was translucent, like... I don't know, never have I seen that before. Because you know, here, in the tea fields, there are green snakes (I often saw them: they are quite pretty, by the way), but, well, it is coarse, isn't it, and it is matter, it is of a somewhat gleaming green—well, it has nothing to do with this; while here, there was a kind of light: it was as if translucent.

I was very surprised. And above all, immediately afterwards, I saw that: in front of me, on a workbench, there was a very big snake, all black with a few dots—I did not have the time to see clearly because immediately I saw: someone was there and “snap!” sliced the head off of the serpent! I don't know who this someone was.

And with what? You don't know either?

With what, I don't know: it lasted a fraction of a second. Just enough for my astonishment, both about the green snake and that black snake whose head was sliced off in only... (all this, while I tell it to you, lasts five minutes, but there, it lasted three seconds!); the whole thing lasted three seconds—twice astonished! (*laughter*) successively.

And the whole morning (it is not that I really thought of it), but this morning, I told myself: still, what is all this?! And this afternoon, during the “operation”, all of a sudden, from within, like this, without me thinking of it, the meaning imposed itself: “It is the green serpent of the new Evolution.”

It's lovely!

It gives Hope.

Absolutely. It is more than hope.

Just above my head, like this—in the air!

It wasn't resting on anything, it was passing just above my head. Well, I did not see anything around which it coiled up or... I saw nothing: it was only there, passing; I looked at it, I felt... (*laughing*) some astonishment! And a second later, I again felt astonishment with that enormous black snake! (I did not see everything, I only saw the neck and the head.)

Yes, the neck and the head of the other one.

Of the other one, yes. This one, I saw it entirely. (*Satprem laughs*)

But you know, your green reminds me... do you remember Lyudmila Zhivkova?

Yes.

When she had that vision of the golden Buddha who was here above Land's End?

Yes-yes. Yes.

Large like that. She had also spoken of a green.

Yes. She said that... it was all spread on a... This golden Buddha was on Land's End and there was like a very large green lawn (the ground was entirely green) and then the blue sky.

Yes. But she described the green (the green here is very pretty, but it was not that): it was a very... very luminous green, too, if I remember well.

That green had struck her, indeed. She had described it.

Yes, she had spoken about it.

It was a green... yes, she might have said "luminous".

Well, that's all!

Well!

But what is surprising is that for one hour and forty minutes, it did not hurt. I did not feel... that torture; you know, really... I struggle.

Yes.

So, this also is a kind of miracle—it is not a "kind": it is a miracle!

And for one hour and forty minutes, huh. Simply, after one hour and forty minutes, I told myself: all the same, I must go and walk, go out, walk a little.

Get some fresh air.

Because it was going on—it is always like that, by the way, it goes on indefinitely until I say to myself: even so, it is time for me to go out a little and walk.

(Pause)

You said that it was obviously... That green snake is in the air...

Yes-yes.

It is not yet on the ground. But, well, it is in the air: it is not far, it passed right above my head.

So it is not far.

Things take time to materialise...

Yes.

But one cannot imagine that it is far away. All that we see all around—everywhere. You see, they are possessed and they run amok everywhere, actually—well, it is exactly the tremendous pressure of that Thing that pours and pours and pours down.

It is what Sri Aurobindo and Mother have done, They have: oof! They have uprooted all that filth that lies at the bottom of the terrestrial consciousness: so it comes out. Well, it comes out more and more and it becomes...

(laughing:) It comes out and out, it seems to be endless!

To all appearances, it obviously heads for complete destruction—everything-everything goes like that, but I think that the idea of those forces, those nasty forces, is not to destroy: it is to *rot*. To rot all they can—and they do it: all the consciousnesses, all the organisations, all things religious, scientific, or political—everywhere, everything is rotten-rotten-rotten, and in particular, all the consciousnesses are as if darkened.

So this can last! Because those forces, I think that... they seem to move towards destruction (they move towards destruction, actually), but they *don't* want destruction: they reign!—why would they want to be destroyed?! Huh?

Yes.

They want to make everything *rot away*.

And to reign as long as possible.

And to reign as long as possible.

Because, under one mask or the other, it is the same ones who reign. So why would they want to destroy themselves? They want it to *last!* But by *rotting* everything—and *irreversibly*, because what is worse than the rottenness of the consciousnesses? It is so ugly...

It is worse than death, isn't it.

It is worse than death.

So I think that, to intervene, the Divine does not wait... it is not the negative side, He does not wait for a certain quantity of

darkness to come out to intervene—it is not that. His “idea”, if I may say so! (*laughter*): the Divine made an evolution—well, the new Evolution must have a sufficient basis.

Yes.

It is this *positive* side that He is waiting for—in my understanding. When the basis of the new Evolution is sufficient, that is, when a few elements (because there certainly won't be many)... But when there are a certain number of recoverable things, or when, even one single *point* is able to let the New Thing pass through *purely*, at that moment... I think that at that moment, in a split second, there will be the Intervention. But He waits for this positive aspect. He does not want a *pralaya* [dissolution or destruction]—*pralaya*, what does it mean? We will start again with viruses?! Will we? We will start again at the stage of the virus and the earthworm?—it is abominable to begin everything again! To find ourselves ten million or a hundred million years from now in front of the *same* problem!

Same problem!

The same thing! With one appearance or another, but it will be the *same*. It will be that old... that bottom of filth in the consciousness of the earth—which the enemy sowed in the consciousness of the earth. So He does not want a *pralaya*: that settles nothing—there were six of them, according to what Mother said, weren't there?

Yes-yes.

There were six of them! So we started the work again six times!...

Yes. Yes.

Or rather, They started the abominable work again. For six earths! So we are not going to start again a seventh time from the stage of the virus and bacteria to find ourselves all of a sudden, in two hundred million years' time, in front of super-scientists who will go and conquer the stars! It is absurd. They are tragically grotesque. So *I* believe that the Divine is waiting for the positive side, for a base. For us to leave Him one square inch of earth! Where He could set the tip of his thumb.

Yes.

That is all He asks. That something could pass through, make the transition. From that moment on, the Evolution, the thread continues.

This is what He is waiting for. He does not wait until the others have made enough nastiness, does He! They made as much nastiness as they could, including to Mother and Sri Aurobindo. Well. This is not what he is waiting for. He is waiting for the positive side, for something, or a few elements, or a piece of Matter, a patch of earth, a corner at last—a tiny spot on this damned planet where He could *purely* set his foot, the tip of His foot: this is what He is waiting for. When this is ready, all the rest, in one second, well, He will do what He... He has His Plan, I don't know it. And it cannot be a long way off. Neither from the negative side, when you see all that horror that gallops, nor from

the positive side, when you see this tremendous cataract of Power that pours in... if it passes through one piece of matter, it passes through... all Matter.

In Matter.

But I say “tremendous” because I am a small... a tiny man: it is perhaps only a drop, you understand. But if there is only one drop a little pure—not “a little”: it can only be pure, because, either you are shattered, or you are pure. No mixing is possible. It is the thing unmixed—that is why it is unbearable: it is unmixed. It is supreme. You can mix nothing with that. Or else you are (how could I say?) it is the Supreme who carries you and enables you to bear the Supreme, or you are shattered. All the shadows, all of death: everything breaks, you cannot bear this. It is unbearable: it is pure! All their tricks are falsified, precisely; this is absolutely PURE.

And the *pure*, you know, is unbearable—except through a supreme Grace.

So if one pure drop of That enters this matter, it will perhaps be enough for Him?

He must have a base to be able to continue—continue with his true Plan, which is the New Evolution, in which there will no longer be those horrors, those mixtures; there will be something that will be *pure* and that will *automatically* dominate with its purity—automatically; there will be no power to exercise, it is automatic. Nobody can have a hold on this, no one. Not only no one, but no group, no... nothing! It cannot be taken over. You are not going to pocket the Supreme!

(laughing) *Can one put it in one's heart?*

(laughing) Well, that... You know, one must have a damned pure heart! Yes, it can enter the heart, but it must enter Matter.

Yes.

And it is very difficult: this Matter is made of death and falsehood. Matter is full of death and full of falsehood—human matter, in any case. It is built on that, it is made of that, it was formed by Death, formed by Falsehood, formed by Cruelty—it has been formed by Horror.

So?

Mother said that in man, death came in through movement. What did She mean?

That, I don't know. It came in through life. And life—what we call “life”—which is death, we are in death. And we are built by death, we are full of death. So that is why, to bear the Cataract of the Supreme, how can one expect death to bear that? We are FULL of it!

So it is... it is... all of Sri Aurobindo's and Mother's tapasya and heroism. Then... those who follow, the few, I really don't know... not in any group, no it isn't: individuals, isolated individuals, completely isolated, not members of one group or another.

(silence)

Then, perhaps... here and there, there are perhaps a few drops of the Supreme that can enter—I don't know where. But in any case, I know that here, it tries.

But it is difficult.

(silence)

So He waits, He waits for us. He waits for us.

Mother said: "I am millions of years old and I am waiting." Well, this is what the Supreme is waiting for: He is waiting for a few elements of this damned humanity to be able, to accept it. Instead of perpetually juggling with their super-Science or their super-Liberation, their *mukti* that liberates nothing at all! Their gods who liberate nothing at all! Between Science and Religion, we are completely trapped, we are outside the true solution.

"And this too was a dream"...

Yes, I remember this. It is in *Savitri*, isn't it?

Yes.

"And this too was a dream"—those ascetics in contemplation: "And this too was a dream". How Sri Aurobindo had seen everything! He had seen everything, He had understood everything. And He has made *everything*.

(silence)

Mother said that Sri Aurobindo "is the direct Action of the Supreme"...

Yes, it is an Action. It is an Action. It is not biblical and evangelical blah-blah! He has MADE IT.



December 18, 1986

Yes, the Chinese, step by step...

*

Mother will come to finish her *Agenda* personally.



December 19, 1986

They need neither “ideas” nor thinking anymore: they need slogans. You are “noticed” only if you look like a pharmaceutical item. So... communicate? It is like the plastic bottles spread out on the *Côte Sauvage*. You are “used” for five minutes and you go away with the next “sensational” wave.—there is no longer anything to say: one must DO.

(I say this because last night, I met my brother François and he always pushes me to express.)

*

Afternoon

Like a pillar from Luxor.⁵⁴

⁵⁴ The Pillars of Luxor are massive and squat, as if crushed under the weight of Amon’s scorching sky (oh! they are so beautiful!)—nothing in common with the Greek columns, which seem somewhat effeminate compared to these.

Exactly forty years ago, I had Luxor all to myself! Not a soul! (Except Gide

It is unbelievable.

Something is going to occur.

*

Really, one can say: it is madly difficult.

*

Evening

John of Patmos was a fisherman—decidedly, along with Noah, they are fellow fishermen.

*

Conversation with Sujata

No more Samadhi

What did you see, my Douce?

It is December 19? So it must have been the second part of last night.

I was in the Ashram. There were people here and there, and I went up directly to Pavitra-da's (upstairs, you know?). Then I entered the place where his office used to be—the place where I worked and in which Mother had interviews with you.

who was sitting at a table in Luxor Great Palace). For three weeks, I lived in a state of un-un-der-stand-able exaltation. It was the first time in my life that I met *something*. All their European Churches seemed to me pretty and decorative, but *hollow*—made for distinguished little priests. And even bishops.

All the same, from the concentration camps to Luxor, it makes a heck of a leap... I was immediately put on the right track.

Yes.

Well. So I entered, and I saw that Mother was sitting on the floor, there, resting a little on the wall, where the cupboard with books used to be...

Yes.

Right opposite the corridor. Mother was sitting somewhere there, resting on the wall, a little—all in white: She was dressed in white, sitting on the floor, on the carpet. And Pavitra-da was there, in front, also sitting on the floor. I was not expecting to see Mother, so I stopped a little and Pavitra-da asked me to inform the others that Mother was there, and that they should not come in just like that.

Yes.

I said: Well. Mother smiled but she did not speak, she did not say anything to me, She was there, quietly looking on.

So I went out to warn the others (I did not see many people, only one or two, scattered, like that). So I went down the stairs, on the side of the Samadhi, and I said to myself: “Since I am here and I did not make my pranam, I am going to make my pranam at the Samadhi.” I took a step, then I noticed that I had chappals [sandals] on! I told myself: “But what am I doing!” So I turned back, I took my sandals off and went on, and... (I’m really stupid!)

(laughing) *there was no more Samadhi! Absolutely no Samadhi. I remained there, I told myself: but what? And I looked. There used to be a cement pathway, near the Samadhi, wasn't there?*

Yes.

... where people used to kneel and... then, there are a few cement pillars, you remember?

Yes.

There was no Samadhi; then I saw black marble tiles on the ground (I think it was marble, or slate, I don't know).

Black?

It was black. Very well laid, very clean, it did not have the rectangular form of the Samadhi, but a kind of thing like that...?

This, I don't know.

You don't know... It was not rectangular at all, but it had a shape somewhat like, let's say squares lying side by side...

Yes.

... which would not form a rectangle or a square. There

were projections on four sides, you understand?

Yes.

Not quite diamond-shaped either—and [it was] a little more inside, not at the exact place of the Samadhi.

It had been moved, taking a large surface, and it was completely tiled.

(silence)

But no Samadhi?!

Not at all, not a trace.

It is the third or fourth time that you see this...

Fourth time! And each time, it is as though there was progress in...

In the disappearance or the demolition of the Samadhi!

But, there, there was not a trace: had I not known that there was a Samadhi there, I would not have suspected anything.

Yes, They came out. They came out. They have had enough of being adored by that bunch of idlers!

But it is not only that, you know: They don't care about that: I think that They really don't care.

Yes, They could not care less.

Entirely. It must have another meaning.

Well, it means that They are no longer there!

Absolutely; that, I told you (laughing), in August already (now we are in December?) that we had received the news that “Mother had left the Ashram for good”.

Yes.

She is no longer there. And I had also seen Sri Aurobindo with his head on the other side and...

They are no longer there, undoubtedly.

And last time, if I remember well, they were ploughing it under entirely... and that work was supervised by Mother. Well, all this is over and everything is now levelled out and (how to say?)... cemented again (laughter) if I may say so; it makes something like a courtyard, only, there was this mark, it was not absolutely the grey cement that is...

It was black.

*It was black tiling, yes, entirely black but glowing.
I don't know what it means?*

(silence)

It means that They are no longer there, that They came out.

But this, I imagine that it has been quite a while.

Yes, I imagine that it's been quite a while.

Yes. Not even a trace of Samadhi!

(silence)

I don't know. What do you... How do you interpret this?

I have no interpretation, I just tell you what I saw. But the question that I asked myself... (how to put it?) They are certainly not there, and all the traces are erased... That is, as I have just said, it was re-cemented, wasn't it; does it mean that the work that They wanted to do there is completely finished? Finished-finished-finished, completed? What They came to do (because They worked there, in this place), what They have done is completed, and now, it is the terrestrial work that is really (how can I say it?) sealed... Their Seal... Their Seal is there and... how to say it? It is difficult to express: I have a kind of sensation...

Yes. Try to express.

But, does it not ring a bell?

Please try, try to express.

That really that place no longer means anything.

Yes.

That's it. They came, They stayed there, They sowed something there...

“There”, you mean...?

Where They worked. Because the Ashram was the centre.

Yes-yes.

One should not forget: while They were there, it was the centre of influence. And little by little, there was a demolition, and now the demolition is total, everything is re-cemented and it is no longer the centre.

Yes, it is no longer the centre—yes, of course!

It is absolutely not the centre, it is not from there that it radiates (it has been so for a long time), but now, with all that “cementing” and that tiling, I imagine that They are completely done with that place. What They came to do for the earth is now for the earth.

Yes, well, I have felt like that for a long time!

Yes. Yes, but you felt this because your vision sees further, but I, when I see like that, in dreams, it means that it is now like this materially, too.

Ah! yes, it is also on the material level.

This is what you see in the “idea”, in the world of the future. But for me, what I saw is not the future, it is the present, it is a current event.

No? does it not seem like this to you?

Yes. Yes, what seems obvious is that They have completed all that their bodies had to do in that centre that was Pondicherry, it is true: They are no longer there, They work in the whole earth and everywhere.

Yes. Even the last remnants are no longer there, except that tiling that was somewhat different from the present grey cement.

(laughing) It was black cement!

It was not cement...

Well, it was black tiling!

Completely black tiling—all black.

(laughing) It was the mark of the unconsciousness of the disciples!

Yes. But why glowing? It was really very clean and glowing.

Well *(bursting into laughter)*, because the disciples have really polished things on the surface *(laughter)*, that they scrub well, they polish! They polish the façade!

It was polished, indeed!

They polish! (*bursts of laughter*) the facade of their worthlessness!

That is well said! (laughing) *Well...*

Well, they did their work, those poor disciples—“poor”: I don’t know, they are not so poor! Because... there are quite a few who are rich (*peals of laughter*)!

Rich in their bodies, but not inwardly.

Ah! no, not inwardly. I don’t care about the disciples: they don’t interest me at all. They made all the mischief that they had to make, probably, didn’t they; well, let them go their own way, I don’t mind, I mean them neither good, nor harm, nothing, for me they are non-existent. They are dust.

What interests me is what Mother and Sri Aurobindo are doing in the world—and They are doing, it is obvious. Even Micheline saw Mother, didn’t she?

Young, joyful, no?!

Young, joyful (*laughing*), in blue jeans! (*peals of laughter*)

Very active...

Yes, that’s it, She works! Mother told me a few months ago: “My centre is everywhere.” (*laughing*) She even told me: “You

must be careful! Because my centre is everywhere.”⁵⁵ It means that when one is near Mother, one swallows *everything*, everywhere; one is in contact with everything and everywhere. Well, this is the positive meaning of the work that we are doing, that we try to do: it is that if one goes near That, automatically, what passes through one body, passes through everywhere. But in return, one receives the darkness of everything, the resistance of everything, the neuralgia of everything! (*laughter*)

Yes, because one carries a lot of weight on one's shoulders.

Well, I am well protected, protected to the maximum.

But Pondicherry is a symbol of terrestrial resistance, that's all. There were many samples who represented various aspects of the terrestrial resistance and negation. They worked, they laboured in it. It is understandable, isn't it: They could not do their job with little saints around them! Well.

(*laughing:*) *A way of saying it: "little saints", aren't they?! Human nature is the same, so...*

It is human nature, perfectly, and it is even grimier, because it is polished on the surface and below it is... phew! We saw what it was, didn't we?

Alas...

Well. May they go in peace in their dust.

⁵⁵ See *Notebooks* 5, June 10, 1985.

And may Sri Aurobindo and Mother... May They not take long to manifest...

Really, may They appear.

Did I give you a neck ache?

No, my Douce, it's fine.

I don't know whether it is interesting or not, but since it makes a whole series in progression...

Yes, it reoccurs.

This is what interested me. That's it.

(silence)

Well, let's see—let's work and see.

Let's see the result in the world...

Yes, that's it...

...in terrestrial circumstances.

This is what I am looking at.

(silence)

Those Chinese... they gain ground slowly, but surely.

(silence)

Well, my Douce, there is nothing more to say.



December 20, 1986

It is the Almightyness of the Supreme.

The body becomes IMMOBILE like a pillar made of (or passed through by) this Power.

The body becomes as if *solid*, and yet this vertiginous Mass passes through it.

*

(I understand that if the body had had the *slightest* movement or contortion as in the past, it would explode instantly—it is crazy.)

*

It took almost five years for the body to learn how to bear this—and it is not over, it is perhaps only the first drop! (Five years plus how many at Mother's feet?)

But if "That" is boring into terrestrial Matter... one can expect results.

*

Evening

When I think of this... touching leap from the concentration camps to Luxor... Everything seems like chance, and everything is so meticulously prearranged.

In our iron shell, we know NOTHING.

If Malraux were alive, he would understand me (my brother François too.)

Yes, frog eggs (made of iron) separated from a Marvellous Totality in space and time.

It is that Wall of Death.

The new evolution starts on the other side of the Wall.



December 21, 1986

It was hurting so much that my heart began to pull and pull...
and then?

Knock-knock-knock, knock-knock-knock...

One can knock with one's pain, that's all.



December 25, 1986

This Wall of death is above all a Wall of pain.

A COMPLETE immobility is needed, regardless of the pain.

It is a curious difficulty, of which one measures at the same
time all the unreal Falsehood and all the really grieving pain.

It is like the concentration camps.

I believe in freedom.

*

The bird, in its cage,

does not understand those unreal bars

It bangs and bangs

to death

It only knows that there is
free air and unfettered space.

I bang and bang

and it hurts

(why hide it?)

but I know and know

that there is another space
and free air in a flurry of wings.



The Divine in the body is this irrepressible knowledge or this sunny memory.

Atavism and laws are the dark memory.

All of life and all of evolution are a struggle between that dark memory and the sunny memory. It is propelled like an arrow by this double contradiction.

The most contradictory point is the most propelling.

Death is that supreme contradiction.



Night of December 29-30, 1986

Sujata's vision

Last night, Sujata, with one of her Ashram friends, entered a house which she did not know and in which there was a little room dedicated to *puja* [concentration]. In that room, on small low tables, were all kinds of objects belonging to Mother that were adored—Sujata placed “aspiration” flowers here and there. Then, in a corner near the entrance door, she saw a picture of Mother (like a painting) on a small table, and on the floor, in front of the image was a little marble statue of a five or seven year old child. She looked attentively at the statuette and, to her astonishment, she saw the child open his eyes and look at her for a long time, and that child’s eyes were all blue! (He closed his

eyes when he saw other people coming near and he regained his appearance of a statue.)

Always this child...

*

Afternoon

It is astoundingly tremendous in Power.

What is going to happen?

(Since August 25, these descending Masses never stopped increasing!!)

*

If there were not that entirely mechanical (and automatic) action and if we had to depend on human psychology, it would be hopeless. It is not with the old fish “psychology” that an amphibian is made—but against it.

Only this adoration of the Sun is needed, *in spite of everything*.



December 31, 1986

It is such a torture,⁵⁶ one passes through stone or iron, pushed by that dreadful Power.

There is nothing more to say until it is over.

(Biology deludes us completely with its genes and molecules: as though it looked at images on a wall.)



⁵⁶ I speak of vertebrae (with their associated nerves).

January

January 1, 1987

Sujata says: the year of the Triumph.

I say: may God hear you!

She answers: No, I have heard God (!)

(Children are always right.)



January 6, 1987

It is almost terrifying in power.

*

Evening

(O Lord, if there is a possibility for You to put one foot on the Earth, it is worth letting oneself be flattened).

This “human” reign is shameful.

(Referring, in particular, to Mr Reagan’s budget with its billions of dollars for “Star Wars” in 1987 and his millions of dollars in aid to Pakistan...) (and assassins everywhere in the north of India).

The Hindu, January 12

AMERICAN ASAT MISSILES WITHIN TWO YEARS

Washington, January 11

American Defence Secretary, Mr Caspar Weinberger, said in a report that the USA was going to start the production of anti-satellite missiles (ASAT) within two years.

This project will come into being, even if

Congress refuses to lift the ban on testing weapons against objects in space, the Pentagon Chief said yesterday, in his annual report on the situation of the army.

Mr Weinberger maintained that the United States “would never give up” its research on the defence system made of space-based missiles within the context of Star Wars, which he called a bulwark against the Soviet cheating, in case of a possible agreement on arms reduction.

Given the long list of treaty violations committed by the Soviets, the Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI) offers one of the rare means of making sure of the Russians’ honesty, if they happened to accept an important reduction of armaments, he said.

Goebbels has become biblical.

*

(François) You see, brother, we work for such miseries not to exist anymore.



January 9, 1987

I keep seeing images of my past life (or lives) and each time I wake up from it with such a burning distress... Why?* As if one

* And it does not consist of “seeing images”: it is fully alive! You live that as if it had just happened. With all the intensity of one century, two centuries, three centuries ago—who knows what? All the intensity of human misery.

What is this human system??

wanted to make me go down to the bottom, down to the bottom of this human misery. There seem to be millions of miseries in one.

So you burn and burn...

*

They invent monstrous weapons in order to burn up their adversaries' future weapons—who wants to go and burn up the Misery in one's heart? Who wants to uproot the Adversary in one's heart?

*

In the concentration camps, if you start saying that you cannot stand it anymore, you are done.

*

These last days, several times I happened to feel Christ's pain in me—but I don't want the cross! I want a shovel and a pickaxe.

And at the same time, you are like a lost child.

All the contradictions are there.

PS: Sometimes, I have the impression that the Buddha had to pass through the concentration camps to measure both the deepness of his Compassion and all the futility of his Nirvana.



They are protected by their unconsciousness.

*

(It is curious: when I look at the images of my present life, they can be relatively intense and evoke all kinds of feelings. BUT it does not have *at all* the intensity, or the lived shock of those “images” of one, two or three centuries ago! It is a *shock lived* as if it were happening just now—it is not “to remember”: it is to LIVE. (To live is to discover the unknown, as it were.)

January 11, 1987

I think I have made a practical discovery, but which seems extremely dangerous.

I will explain it, if it is confirmed.

(The medulla oblongata and the “fulguring well” down to the base of the spine.)

*

(So these eternal cushions and pieces of rubber that I am endlessly trying to position better... you may as well look for blotting paper to absorb the lightning!)

It is contrary to the whole human system.



January 15, 1987

A fury of Power, and vertiginous—crushing.*

Never have I seen that.

Something almost inexorable—and that descends and descends, crushes and crushes, relentlessly.

A storm of Power that descends.

How is one not crushed?

It is not made for vertebrae.

*

* Suddenly, I think of that verse of Sri Aurobindo in *Savitri*: “*fearful rapidities of the descending bliss*”. Of course, you hardly have the feeling (or the sensation) that it is “bliss”, (!) but we are made of so many misfortunes that the “bliss” can be awful for our human misery—but Sri Aurobindo does say “fearful”.

(Just before August 25, there was a fury like that, but it rose and rose.)

*

It seems to descend through iron.

PS: After all, it is a Grace to suffer from the end of this humankind—we no longer have the whole ladder of the anthropoids to climb, it is the end—“that end”.

*

*(Article from American Professor George Wald,
Nobel Prize in Medicine):*

The Hindu, January 17

“In the United States, Defence is a huge business, lucrative and highly supported. It employs more than three million people, about one sixth of the totality of our industrial workforce. In 1985, the purchases of material made by the Department of Defence involved by themselves contracts amounting to 150.7 billion dollars. This total excludes all that is research, development and production of nuclear warheads, funded by the Department of Energy. In 1985, McDonnell Douglas Company, our No. 1 Defence Contractor, obtained contracts worth 8.9 billion dollars, No. 2 General Dynamics, 7.4 billion, No. 3 Rockwell International, 6.3 billion, No. 4 General Electric, 5.9 billion, and No. 5 Boeing, 5.5 billion dollars. Their contracts with the Pentagon yield an annual profit of hundreds of millions of dollars, and yet, I, who am a retired university teacher, living off my pension, pay more income taxes than they do, because of a special exemption granted by law, they are entirely

exempt.

“I am convinced that one of the main reasons why our government refuses to stop nuclear weapons tests is that it would be detrimental to that business. We have more than enough old nuclear weapons, and it would stop the development of new weapons. In my opinion, the main reason why Star Wars is not negotiable is that it promises from 500 to 2000 billion contracts covering a large part of the next century.”

*

Conversation with Sujata

Mother, small and light!

(Sujata sighs): *Hey, Mā!*

So I told you that I had been awoken by a noise, as of things tumbling down on the roof?

Yes.

Well, it was around, say, I don't know, 4-4.30. I must have closed my eyes without being really aware of it, and when I opened my eyes, it was around 6 in the morning. So, in the meantime, I found myself... (that was when I regained consciousness; there had been other things before, I don't know what anymore) on the veranda at the Ashram entrance, you know, in front of the reception room.

Yes.

There, very close to the steps, climbing down.

So, going out?

Going out. But I was with Mother. And Mother had done many things, she had finished and she was going out to go back home. That's it! (laughing). It is afterwards that I told myself: "Well, she was going out to go back home, so she did not live there anymore!" (laughing). She had paid a visit there to do something—well, that, it was afterwards.

But in my dream, Mother was there, and I was very close to her. I had my habitual size. And suddenly (I was not really looking), I was near Mother, and I saw that her feet could not reach the next step: she was too small!

Well!

But I was a little surprised, because... I thought there were many things she had done, hadn't she, and she was like Mother, as tall as Mother—but there, suddenly, I saw a foot (a little thin, I must say) that could not touch the step: it was like that (gesture), you understand, she could not reach the step to go down.

So you carried her down?

Yes. I looked closely and I said: "But she is too small! She cannot do it!" (laughing) So I told myself: I will help her down. I took her in my hands, in my arms. Well, she was as light as can be! Weightless! Weightless, absolutely weightless! Absolutely light! And I still remember the pink colour—a very tender pink—she was dressed like that, in a very tender pink. So I took her, and I took her easily—

and I was surprised, even in my dream, I was surprised: I thought I could not carry her, I simply wanted to help her down, to help her go down those few steps—but, no! I carried her and I went out through the gate of the Ashram, very easily, like that. And I walked, with her in my arms, like that, on the pavement, because she was going back home, wasn't she? There was a car that was waiting. I put her inside (it was Rajabhai who was the driver): well, the car did not work, it would not start! (laughing) We waited for a long time, and in the end, Mother got into... yes, I think that this time, Mother herself got into another car, a kind of jeep which was behind, while Rajabhai was repairing what was wrong. So he took his car away. (laughing) (I don't know how he managed to take it away, since it could not start!) He left in order to repair it and come back to take Mother. And we waited and waited: nothing, nobody. And I think that Mother left in the jeep, to find the other car. (But there was someone in that car, that kind of jeep, someone dressed in white, who was next to her).

In white?

Yes, dressed in white. I could not see his face, or his other side, I only saw some white, next to Mother. At that point, strangely, Mother was no longer dressed in pink, she was in gold—dressed in golden—not gold-gold...

And the same size?

She had her usual size!

She no longer had the size of a child?

No.

So they left, then I told myself: "But all the same, I'm going to see what is going on." So I ran and ran, and I got there, I searched everywhere and asked people... there, it is not so clear (up to that part, it was very clear).

So, she went off in the jeep?

Yes-yes. And so far, it was very clear. Afterwards, some things happened, but I don't remember them as precisely. Probably because it was all muddled.

Yes. I am not surprised that you could not... that that car of the Ashram did not work.

Yes-yes.

It is obvious, isn't it?

(silence)

And in that muddling of the end, which I don't remember very clearly, nonetheless, one image has remained, it is that Mother was small again—a child. And this time, it was Amiyo (whom I never think of! You know, Amiyo?) who took her to go out—there was a kind of barrier and he wanted to put her outside the barrier...

He wanted to put Mother outside the barrier?

No... He was carrying her. He was carrying her, he was

going out with her. But he did not know how to carry a child! Would you believe it, he was carrying her I don't know how, so while he was walking out, Mother banged herself here, banged herself there...

Of course...

And I said: "But what are you doing?" I was behind, so I tried to... (laughing) ensure that Mother would not bang herself! You know, he was going out through the door, and ouch, Mother's hand banged into the wall.

But of course!

She could not go out, so she was going to break into pieces!

She can only bang herself and not walk, with all those Ashram people!

And her feet were going from one side to the other! And her shoes were about to fall off! (laughing) I was behind to rectify all that!

It is unrectifiable!

Yes, I imagine.

It is unrectifiable.

No, my only concern was to ensure that Mother did not get hurt, you see, I could not... (how to put it?) bear that one should hurt Mother like that.

Yes, those people only “hurt”.

So that's it.

Well, yes, it is a... it is like that.



January 19, 1987

It is such torturing agony in that nervous iron corset. I no longer know what to do. Life, sometimes, hangs only by a thread.

How did Sri Aurobindo manage that?

I have the impression that I am at the end of my rope.

*

Thus, we are hardly able...

Is this system so steeped in Falsehood that it cannot bear the Power of Truth?

So, what will be needed?

Can it only bear its enslavement...?

*

I know *very well* that it is Death that agonizes and that it is Falsehood that agonizes, but who will win?



January 20, 1987

Quite the state of a dying man, but it continues and continues and you don't die. (No fear at all.)*

* I suffered less than yesterday.

At times, that vertiginous Fury of Power is as if seized with Immobility (or the body is seized with immobility) and then... you don't know, everything can topple...

There only remains this: "Thy will be done".

PS: I suddenly remember Mother's remark, about twenty years ago. She told me that I was more able to undergo the transformation (though I don't know what this word means today) "because your cells have had the preliminary experience of death"⁵⁷ (the concentration camps).

*

The Hindu, January 18

AFGHAN REBELS REJECT THE OFFER

Peshawar, January 17

The leaders of seven Afghan groups, based in Pakistan, today rejected the offer of a ceasefire and national reconciliation proposed by Dr Najibullah, the Afghan leader, and decided to continue fighting until Soviet forces leave Afghanistan and the government is overthrown in Kabul.

Thousands of Afghan refugees have listened to the fiery speeches delivered by the rebel leaders *funded by the United States*. A declaration in six points has been adopted during a public meeting that took place in the suburbs of Peshawar.

Four groups of rebels representing a hard line seem to have prevailed over the moderates favourable towards a dialogue with the Soviet Union to resolve the Afghanistan problem.

Provisional government: the declaration speaks of

⁵⁷ See *Mother's Agenda 4*, September 4, 1963.

setting up “an interim government”, after “the expulsion of Soviet forces and the overthrow of the puppet regime”, which would supervise general elections and establish *an Islamic government in Afghanistan*. – PTI

*

The Hindu, January 20

Pressure from the West: However, an ever stronger Western pressure is exerted on Pakistani leaders, so that the Afghan conflict may continue. It is generally believed that the enormous economic and military aid delivered by the United States to Pakistan provides Washington with a decisive lever on Islamabad and that Americans want to “continue to fight against the Soviets down to the last Afghan”. This is a strategy to pin down the Soviet Army in South Asia. It was underlined that a new five-year aid of 4,000 billion dollars intended for the Zia regime, including the possible purchase of AWACS, is presently waiting for the approval of Congress.

Many high-ranking Pakistani officers made their fortune by drug-trafficking, in collaboration with leaders of the Afghan refugee camps. This could be a decisive factor, at a time when General Zia hesitates between several choices.

It should also be noted that a part of the Pakistani military establishment would rather that the Afghan conflict continued, as long as it does not translate into an escalation that would lead to a full-fledged war with Afghanistan and the Soviet Union.

Call for unity: Afghan guerrillas have been too divided so far to be taken seriously by anyone. *But the leaders of the seven most important factions are now*

*drumming up for unity and their determination to “take Kabul” in order to establish a fundamentalist Islamic government.*⁵⁸ Since the unilateral ceasefire has become effective on Thursday, the guerrillas have attacked the airports of Jalalabad and Khanchachar.

I have the impression that it is that “black rider” (the fundamentalist rebels supported by the Americans in Pakistan) against whom I united “the two white riders”) in that vision that I could not understand. (The black rider with his black turban and his goatee looked very deceitful).



January 21, 1987

At the bottom of all that black, one can only measure Your Love.

*

One would like that human misery to be able to change—at the root.

If we could let a Divine Ray, purely Divine, enter all this terrestrial matter...



January 22, 1987

⁵⁸ The passages in italics in these articles have been underlined by Satprem.

Never seen such a storm of Power (it is always growing! this is what is extraordinary and unthinkable).

The body sinks (or flattens) into the armchair like a buoy in a wave.

(Found a better position: the arms along the body, the elbows on a cushion pressed on the knees—the vertebrae tear less.)

At times, my feet stamp on the cushion on the ground!



January 23, 1987

You think you have found a better position, and then... everything retaliates ferociously. The whole right side of my back is demolished, I must admit it, and when the Power passes through it, it is an awful tearing. I struggle and struggle for half an hour, three quarters of an hour, then... what to do? So I cannot do it anymore?

It is like death.

Is there nothing to do? oh! There is such grief in my heart and in my body and in my soul. What to do, what to do?

You have come all that long way, and then you stumble, there, like Mother...

*

Afternoon

I continue.

What else?



January 25, 1987

One feels that everything is close.



January 28, 1987

A lightning-speed Power passing through the atomic void.
As immobile as a statue.



January 29, 1987

It is a bath of lightning.
Even lightning (as we know it) is slow...

*

In one “second”, one is very far in the past and I don’t know where in the future—and a little everywhere in the present. And it is in the body’s consciousness. It seems to be a dangerous state. A complete corporeal immobility is needed. The physical frontiers are undoing themselves.

PS: I suspect that the nerves are what keep us in the cage of the present in one terrestrial point. Those we call “the dead” are probably in that state. (That’s why I contact them more easily than the others, the so-called “living”.)



January 30, 1987

*Massive lightning.**

I no longer know what to do.

My back cannot stand it anymore.

It is all torn.

Should I persevere? Should I stop? I am told nothing.

Is it misplaced stubbornness, like a stubborn Breton, or is it weakness, incapacity?—I don't know.

I am at the end of my rope.

One feels a deep sorrow.

Mother struggled until the end...

I believe, I believe with all my might, with all my soul, in that divine Freedom and that divine Reality on the other side of the barbed wire, and then the body cannot take it anymore—so?

*

Even if I fall, Freedom is right.

*

Evening

I no longer know, I no longer know.

Is there a way out of this System, without pain and death always winning?

*

One continues.

After all, more than one little fish must have died on the sand before a bird could fly.

*

(Note)

* (Not a small isolated streak of lightning that goes from one point to the other.) And non-stop.

I would like *Notebooks VI* to stop here.
Handed to Maryse and Kartik and Diane
on June 24, 2004,
with a prayer for the Earth
with my love for Mother
and a smile from Sujata
Satprem



CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

January 1986

- January 1st — EEC: the Community of the Ten becomes the Community of the Twelve with the official entry of Spain and Portugal.
- January 5 — Iraq: Iraqi forces freed the Majnoon oil field situated near the Iraqi-Iranian border, and expelled the Iranian forces found there.
- January 6 — USSR: spokesperson for the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Vladimir Lomeiko, accuses the United States of practicing a politics of “State terrorism” and resorting to threats of aggression against countries such as Syria, Libya and Nicaragua.
- FRG: West German police expel about ten thousand ecologists blocking the site of the first future nuclear reprocessing plant, at Wackersdorf (Bavaria).
- January 10 — India: faced with the increased agitation of Sikh activists, the Indian government takes exceptional security measures.
- Afghanistan: Soviet forces are reinforced with heavy weapons and combat helicopters.
- January 12 — USA: a fifth force, called hypercharge, might exist in the universe, besides the four fundamental forces (gravitational, weak nuclear, strong nuclear, electromagnetic).
- January 13 — South Yemen: four high officials of the country, including the former head of State Abdel Fatah Ismail, are executed following an attempted coup d'état.
- January 15 — Lebanon: about 200 people were killed during fighting between Christian partisans and adversaries of the Lebanese inter-militia agreement concluded on December 28th.
- South Yemen: the fighting spreads to the entire country.
- January 20 — Israel: the government announces the creation of thirteen new settlements in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank.
- January 22 — Egypt: In Cairo, a court annuls the judgement on the seizure of the “Arabian Nights” after a campaign led by the fundamentalists.
- India: three Sikh policemen who assassinated Indira Gandhi on October 31, 1984 are sentenced to death.

- January 24 — Space: after travelling for eight and half years and three billion kilometres, the American space probe *Voyager2* passes in the vicinity of planet Uranus.
- January 28 — Haiti: anti-government manifestations are spreading: the crowd destroys the court of Gonaives and asks for the departure of the “lifetime President”, Jean-Claude Duvalier.
- USA: the *Challenger* space shuttle explodes in flight shortly after take off with seven people on board.
- January 29 — Israel: Israeli Air Force attacks three Palestinian camps near Saida, in South Lebanon.
- Mexico: several tens of thousands of people protest in the capital against the government’s economic policy of austerity and in favour of a moratorium on foreign debt.
- January 30 — Space: information given by *Voyager 2* does more for the advance of knowledge about Uranus than two centuries of classical observation. Now we know of its 15 satellites, 11 rings, magnetic field, and hydrogen corona.

February

- February 2 — Europe: bad weather in the form of snow, torrential rains and strong winds beat down on a greater part of the continent. Nine people are killed in France.
- February 3 — Lebanon: the Christian sector of Beirut is subjected to six bomb attacks in 24 hours; fighting between the militiamen and pro-Syrian Muslims continues in and around the capital.
- February 5 — Switzerland: the President of the Council of Ministers of USSR, Nikolai Rykov, speaks in favour of technology exchange between the East and the West to members of the World Economic Forum gathered in Davos.
- France: after the fourth attack in Paris in three days, the government reinforces security in the subway system, train stations and airports; a special council on security is convened.
- February 6 — USSR: while receiving Senator Edward Kennedy, Mikhail Gorbachev specifies the conditions of an elimination of intermediate-range missiles in Europe under which Great-Britain and France should abandon the increase of their nuclear weapons and the US can not send their withdrawn Cruise missiles to other countries.
- February 7 — Haiti: lifetime President Jean-Claude Duvalier leaves his country on board of a US Army plane; he will temporarily reside in France.
- China: a Chinese rocket will put a small Swedish satellite into orbit; this first launching of a foreign satellite shows that China intends to become a serious competitor in the space market.
- February 8 — Egypt: the tomb of Maya, the treasurer of Pharaoh Tutankhamen, is rediscovered in the necropolis of Saqqara, about forty kilometres from Cairo.
- February 12 — France/Great-Britain: President François Mitterrand and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sign a treaty committing the two countries to build a tunnel under the English Channel.
- France: after attacks perpetrated in Paris, the DST calls in dozens of people originating from the Middle East for questioning: thirteen of these foreigners are expelled to a country of their choice.
- February 13 — Chad: owing to the “very serious and very heavy fighting” in the north of the country, France accelerates its deliveries of weapons and material to the President Hissene Habre’s government.

- February 16 — Chad: ten French Jaguar aircrafts attack the Libyan airport near Ouadi Doum; the French military presence is increased.
- Chad: Libya reacts to the French raid by dropping three bombs from a Tupolev-22 on the airport of N'Djamena.
 - Jiddu Krishnamurti dies at the age of 90.
- February 22 — Iraq: the Iraqi army is launching a counter-attack in the area of Chatt al-Arab and is approaching the old oil port of Fao occupied by Iran.
- February 23 — U.S.A.: the President Ronald Reagan suggests to Mikhail Gorbachev the elimination “by the end of this decade” of the American and Soviet mid-range nuclear missiles in Europe and Asia.
- February 25 — USSR: in his report in front of the XXVIIth congress of the Soviet Communist Party, General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev asks for a “radical reform of the economy” and severely criticizes the “stagnation” of the Brezhnev era.
- February 28 — Sweden: Swedish Prime Minister, Olof Palme, is killed by gunshot in the centre of the capital.

March

- March 1st — France: French Army sets up a ground-to-air Hawk missile battery in N'Djamena.
- March 4 — Switzerland: the fourth phase of American-Soviet negotiations in Geneva on space and nuclear weapons suspended.
- March 8 — Lebanon: Islamic Jihad kidnaps four journalists of *Antenne 2* and threatens to assassinate one of two diplomats held hostage. Prime Minister Laurent Fabius does not yield to the "blackmail" of the Islamic Jihad in order not to "place French citizens in danger everywhere in the world."
- March 11 — China: for the first time since the uprising in Tibet in 1959, the reincarnation of the Buddha is celebrated by nearly 10,000 believers in front of the monastery of Labrang.
- March 12 — France: "modernization of the arsenal will not be abandoned", such is the answer of the government to the Soviet plan for total nuclear disarmament.
- March 14 — USA: US Navy resumes manoeuvres off Libya.
— France: President of the French Republic inaugurates the City of Sciences and Industry of La Villette in Paris; the largest technical museum ever built expects three million visitors each year.
- March 15 — USSR: a new space ship, Soyouz-T-15, enables two cosmonauts to get to the Mir station.
- March 20 — France: Jacques Chirac is officially appointed as Prime Minister.
— A bomb explodes in a shopping arcade on the Champs Élysées in Paris killing two people and injuring 28; an Arab organization claims responsibility for the attack.
- March 25 — In the Gulf of Sydra, Libyans fire a dozen missiles at American jet fighters.
- March 28 — India: following serious incidents in which 16 people were killed and 21 injured, the government proclaims a state of emergency in Punjab.
- March 29 — USA: President Ronald Reagan rejects a proposal made by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev to quickly organize an American-Soviet meeting to negotiate complete cessation of nuclear tests.
— France: thirteen attacks targeting public institutions take place in Marseille, Aix-en-Provence and Nice.
- March 31 — FRG: 350,000 ecologists and pacifists hold protests for four days.

April

- April 1st — Pakistan: United States grants USD 4.02 billion in aid to Pakistan for the 1988-1993 program, that is to say, USD 800 million increase compared to the period from 1981-1987.
- April 11 — URSS: after a new US nuclear test in Nevada, the Soviet Union lifts the self-imposed moratorium of eight months ago
- Pakistan: Benazir Bhutto, daughter of Ali Zulfikar Bhutto hanged in 1979 by the military junta, is welcomed by hundreds of thousands of people on her return to Lahore.
- April 12 — France: a new Magdalenian site (13000-8000 years B.C.) has just been discovered in Dordogne; it is a cave with a very low vault and numerous carvings.
- April 13 — EEC: the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Twelve gathered at The Hague refuse to support American military intervention and recommend both Americans and Libyans to “show moderation.”
- April 14 — France: Simone de Beauvoir dies at the age of 78.
- April 15 — USA: American planes bombard the cities of Tripoli and Benghazi in Libya; these raids claim about thirty victims.
- April 18 — DRF: Mikhail Gorbachev sends a call to Europeans for the simultaneous reduction of conventional arms stationed in Europe.
- April 25 — URSS: a serious accident affects one of the four 950 megawatt reactors at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant, 130 kilometres north of Kiev.
- April 27 — Iran: Iranian Armed Forces launch a surprise offensive against Iraqi positions in the Majnoon Islands.

May

- May 2 — India: police occupy the Golden Temple in Amritsar confiscated by Sikh extremists and give the keys to the five moderate “high priests”.
- May 5 — Turkey: 15 people were killed in an earthquake of 5.8 magnitude on the Richter scale; Surguu Dam is damaged.
— Colombia: the Nevado del Ruiz volcano is active again.
- May 9 — Sherpa Tenzing Norgay, who was the first to conquer Mt Everest in the company of Sir Edmund Hillary in 1953 dies in Darjeeling at the age of 72.
- May 12 — Canada: French doctor Jean-Louis Etienne manages to reach the geographic North Pole after a solo long distance ski trek of 1000 kilometres in 63 days.
- May 13 — USA: more than 6000 American scientists, of which fifteen are Nobel Prize winner, pledge to not participate in the work on the Strategic Defence Initiative: they consider the “Star Wars” projects poorly thought out and dangerous.
- May 18 — Iran/Iraq: violent fighting puts the armed forces of the two countries in opposition in the area of Mehran, east of Baghdad.
- May 19 — Solomon Islands: at least 71 people were killed by Tropical Cyclone “Namu”.
- May 22 — NATO: the Defence Planning Committee (DPC) of NATO unenthusiastically approves the American project to restart the manufacturing of modern chemical weapons.
— India: six to seven million pilgrims participated in the for month long Khumbh Mela, the largest pilgrimage in the world, which has taken place every twelve years since the 13th century in Haridwar, at the foot of the Himalayas on the banks of the Ganges River.
- May 24 — China: storms accompanied by torrential rains beat down on the province of Sichuan: more than 100 people dead, 600 injured and 80,000 homes destroyed.
- May 30 — India: death of Mahalingam, one of the most illustrious flute players of his generation.

June

- June 3 — Lebanon: violent fighting opposes the Shia of Amal and a new Sunni militia who lean on Palestinians and the Druze.
- June 5 — Afghanistan: according to guerrilla officials, nearly 500 resistance fighters and civilians have been killed during fifteen days of violent fighting in the north, near the Soviet border.
- June 7 — FRG: tens of thousands of people protest for the closing of nuclear power plants.
- June 8 — Austria: Kurt Waldheim, former Secretary General of the United Nations, is elected as President of the Austrian Republic.
- June 11 — Hungary: Warsaw Pact proposes to the member countries of NATO to reduce the strength of the two alliances by 25% at the beginning of the 90's.
— France: RATP strike paralyzes subway traffic and the most buses.
- June 12 — South Africa: government reinstates a state of emergency for an unlimited length of time.
- June 15 — France: nearly 20,000 ecologists from France, Luxembourg and West Germany protest against the nuclear power plant at Cattenom.
— France: General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, Hu Yaobang, is welcomed at Orly airport by President François Mitterrand.
- June 18 — USA: House of Representatives adopts a bill establishing an almost complete cessation of economic relations with South Africa.
- June 20 — Lebanon: two French hostages, employees of *Antenne 2*, are freed thanks to the intervention of Iran and Syria.
- June 21 — Israel: Israeli specialists have deciphered passages from the Bible carved on silver amulets dating from the 7th century B.C., therefore 400-500 years before the Dead Sea scrolls.
— Switzerland: 30,000 people protest against the Gösigen nuclear power plant.
- June 23 — Colombia: 200 people buried in a landslide in the southwest of the country.
- June 29 — USA: Soviet Union made a new proposal to the US government for an agreement on the reduction of Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) in Europe.

June 30 — Sweden: member countries of NATO at the Conference on Disarmament in Europe present proposals on the supervision of military activities.

July

- July 3 — Chile: the capital is paralysed by a general strike; the government decides to start legal proceedings against the organizers.
- Lebanon: Lebanon's General Confederation of Workers, an umbrella organisation of Christians and Muslims protests with a general strike against the socio-economic catastrophe sweeping the country.
- July 4 — France: historian and musicologist Jean Massin died yesterday at the age of 68; together with his wife Brigitte, he had published masterly works on Beethoven and Mozart.
- July 5 — Iran/Iraq: Iranian forces have taken back the town of Mehran occupied since May 17 by the Iraqi Army.
- India: the delay with which we learn of the death of Mahalingam which took place on May 30 at the age of 60, is in conformity with the timeless character of one of the most illustrious flute players of his generation, a great specialist of improvisation.
- July 6 — France: fires ravaged 4,700 hectares of pines, green oaks and shrubs in the Var, Bouches-du-Rhône and Aude departments.
- July 7 — USSR: President François Mitterrand, during a visit to Moscow, brings up the question of human rights in his meetings with Mikhail Gorbachev. The Chief of the Soviet Party pronounced himself in favour of arms limitation.
- Jordan: the government of King Hussain decides to close "with immediate effect" 25 offices of the Palestinian organisation in Amman and to expel Abu Jihad.
- July 8 — Great-Britain: the price of crude oil falls below 10 dollars per barrel.
- July 9 — France: the premises of the Crime Squad of Paris are destroyed in an attack.
- July 11 — Philippines: Typhoon "Peggy" ravaged the island of Luzon and killed one hundred people.
- July 13 — India: after serious confrontations between Hindus and Muslims in the State of Gujarat, the army is put on a state of alert.
- USSR: cosmonauts Leonid Kizim and Vladimir Soloviev return to Earth after 125 days in the Mir and Saliout-6 space stations; with a total of more than 374 days, Kizim holds the record length of time in space.

- July 17 — USA: 27 people were killed by a several week long drought in the southeast of the country.
- July 20 — India/China: Indian and Chinese governments accuse each other of incursions into their respective territories. Both countries appoint delegations to discuss the situation.
- July 24 — France: fires start again in the South, thousands of holiday-makers are evacuated
- July 28 — USSR: in a speech given in Vladivostok, Mikhail Gorbachev announces the reduction of troops in Afghanistan by approximately 6000 soldiers out of 120,000 and the retreat of a “substantial part” of Soviet troops in Mongolia.
- July 30 — Switzerland: negotiations aimed at solving the Afghan conflict restart in Geneva.
 - USSR: in a speech at Khabarovsk, Mikhail Gorbachev pronounces himself in favour of a “reorganisation” or “restructuring” of Soviet life in all domains.
 - Norway/Sweden: 18,000 radioactive reindeer, victims of the Chernobyl catastrophe, must be shot down in Lapland.

August

- August 2 — Lebanon: President Amin Gemayel appeals to Syrian President Hafez Al-Assad with a view towards a common action aimed at restoring peace in Lebanon.
- August 3 — Cyprus: a pro-Libyan organisation attacks the air base of Akrotiri with mortar and rocket fire.
- August 4 — China: 233 people are killed by floods in the Yunnan.
- August 5 — Spain/France: the two countries decide to intensify collaboration with regard to fighting against terrorism.
- August 6 — Israel: Prime Minister Shimon Peres accuses Syria of being the largest centre of terrorism in the Near East.
- August 8 — Iraq/Iran: the two countries begin again air attacks against each other's cities.
- August 10 — Lebanon: six people killed and more than 25 injured in new fighting among the Christian militia of East-Beirut.
- August 18 — USSR: Mikhail Gorbachev announces that his country will extend the moratorium on nuclear tests until January 1, 1987
- August 20 — Switzerland: Americans and Soviets resume consultation on the issue of the ban on chemical weapons.
- August 22 — Taiwan: Typhoon "Wayne" kills 27 people.
- August 23 — China: the government accuses India of incursions into Chinese military territories in the current zone of control between the two countries.
- August 24 — France: 7000 hectares of forest and shrubs are destroyed on the French Riviera following arson.
- August 31 — USA: we learn that in 1957 an extremely powerful hydrogen bomb fell by accident from a bomber on New-Mexico; only the non-nuclear charge exploded.

September

- Sept. 1st — USSR: after a collision with a cargo boat, the Soviet liner “Admiral Nachimov” sinks in the Black Sea; 398 passengers were killed.
- Sept. 2 — Switzerland: the Swiss government forbids all fishing in the Lake Lugano; measurements showed that the average level of radioactivity in perch and trout is too high.
- Sept. 5 — Pakistan: an American Boeing 747 is attacked by four armed men at the Karachi Airport.
- Sept. 6 — EEC: Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Twelve vote for economic sanctions against South Africa.
- Turkey: a commando of the Islamic Jihad attacks the Neve Shalom Synagogue in the centre of Istanbul, 25 people are killed.
- Vietnam: Typhoon “Wayne” leaves at least 400 dead in its wake.
- Sept. 7 — Chili: General Augusto Pinochet survives of an attack unharmed. The government imposes a State of Siege.
- Sept. 8 — France: one person killed and 18 injured in an attack in the Paris City Hall.
- Sept. 12 — USA: New York Stock Exchange experiences one of its darkest days. The fall of Wall Street quickly contaminates other major exchanges.
- 12 sept. — Iraq/Iran: the Iraqi Air Force bombards the town of Tabriz in the west of the country. Iranian artillery pounds certain areas of Bassra in southern Iraq.
- France: 41 people are injured, three severely, in a new attack at La Défense (Hauts-de-Seine).
- Sept. 13 — USA: Peter Hagelstein, one of the physicists working on “Star Wars”, decides to give up his research; his discoveries had made it possible to launch the programme of an antimissile shield.
- Greece: an earthquake 6.2 magnitude jolts southern Greece: 18 people killed, a dozen missing and more than 300 injured.
- Sept. 14 — France: attack on the premises of Police Headquarters in Paris; one person killed, 51 injured, six severely. The Prime Minister announces measures against terrorism.
- Sept. 17 — France: a bomb hurled at the Tati department store, Rue de Rennes, in Paris kills seven people.

- DRG: East German government decides to stop the flow of refugees coming from the third world sweeping through FRG and West Berlin.
- Sept. 18 — Switzerland: in Geneva, resumption of the American-Soviet negotiations on the reduction of intermediate-range nuclear forces.
- Sept. 19 — Sweden: Conference on Disarmament in Europe reaches an agreement on four of the six points on the agenda: refraining from use of force, prior notification of military activities, constraining provisions and observation of certain military activities.
- Sept. 25 — Israel: new raids against Palestinian bases in Lebanon aim at preventing a re-installation of the forces of the Organization of Liberation of Palestine.
- Sept. 27 — India: floods in the east part of the country leave more than half a million people homeless.
- Sept. 29 — Europe: European Economic Community decides to extend the temporary standards of acceptable levels of radioactivity in food products, set after the catastrophe of Chernobyl, until February 28, 1987.

October

- Oct. 1st — France: Prime Minister Jacques Chirac says that France will not yield to blackmail and will lead a ruthless fight against terrorism.
- USA/USSR: President Reagan accepts Mikhail Gorbachev's proposal for a meeting at Reykjavik. The talks will focus on arms control and the Soviet military presence in Afghanistan.
- Oct. 2 — India: Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi escapes an attack. Maximum state of alert is declared in four states in the northern part of the country.
- Oct. 6 — USSR: a Soviet submarine, casualty of a fire, sinks off Bermuda.
- Oct. 10 — Israel: Prime Minister Shimon Peres hands in his resignation to President Haim Herzog.
- Salvador: a violent earthquake, 7.0 magnitude on the Richter scale, shakes the country killing more than 1000 people.
- Oct. 13 — Iceland: the meeting in Reykjavik between Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev ended in failure; the two superpowers cannot agree on the elimination of euro missiles from Europe and the reduction of intercontinental rockets.
- France: torrential rains fall on the southern part of the country.
- Oct. 15 — Bangladesh: General H. M. Ershad is re-elected as president with 90% of the votes.
- Oct. 18 — Switzerland: after twelve days of negotiations, OPEC Ministers reached compromise solution which will bring about a slight increase in the price of crude oil.
- Oct. 19 — Spain: since mid-September, 25,000 to 50,000 migratory birds died in or around Doñana National Park in Andalusia because of pesticides used in rice field water.
- Oct. 21 — France/USA: a French-American team found an area of the sky where the magnetic field is 30 times higher than average and where stars could form.
- Oct. 24 — Lebanon: fighting between Palestinians and Shiites resumes.
- Oct. 26 — India: political violence killed 31 people; 16 of them had tried to illegally enter Punjab and Rajasthan.
- Oct. 30 — South Korea: after the truce of the Asian Games, the country experiences a rise in political tension. Police enter

the campus of Seoul National University where 900 students, hostile to the regime, are entrenched.

November

- Nov. 1st — Switzerland: a fire in the Sandoz chemical factory in Basel leads to catastrophic pollution of the waters of the Rhine river.
- France: the group *Action Directe* claims responsibility for two attacks perpetrated in Paris.
- Nov. 4 — France: during the Council of Ministers, President François Mitterrand underlines the priority of ballistic missile submarines.
- France/USA: chemical analysis of dust emitted by Halley's Comet shows the presence of organic compounds that could have played a role in the appearance of life on Earth.
- Nov. 6 — Austria: discussion between US and USSR Ministers of Foreign Affairs led to an acknowledgment of disagreement.
- Nov. 9 — Lebanon: the Revolutionary Justice Organization released two French hostages.
- Nov. 10 — EEC: Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Twelve decide on anti-Syrian sanctions to fight against international terrorism.
- Bangladesh: President Ershad lifts martial law and brings back into force the Constitution he had suspended in March 1983.
- Nov. 11 — Poland: several thousand people protest in Warsaw on the occasion of the country's Independence Day anniversary.
- Nov. 13 — USA: faced with revelations in the press and criticism from the Congress, Ronald Reagan admits that the United States sold "small quantities of weapons" to Iran within the context of a new strategic orientation.
- Algeria: following violent student protests in Constantine, 136 young people are given sentences ranging from two to seven years in jail.
- Nov. 14 — URSS: Raisa Gorbachev is elected as a Member of the Presidium of the Soviet Culture Fund.
- Taiwan: at least 14 people were killed in a violent earthquake in the north-eastern part of the country.
- Nov. 16 — France: 15 tons of concentrated sulphuric acid flow into the Seine in Notre-Dame-de-Gravenchon.
- Nov. 21 — India: 200 people killed in a gigantic avalanche in the North. Japan: 13,000 people are evacuated from the Oshima Island after the eruption of Miharayama volcano.

- Nov. 22 — India: government asks *Union Carbide* for USD three billion in compensation for the Bhopal catastrophe in 1984.
- Nov. 23 — France: about 200,000 people protest in Paris against the policy of the Minister of Education.
- Nov. 25 — USA: political crisis triggered by the sale of arms to Iran worsens; part of the money coming from the secret sales had been illegally paid to Nicaraguan “contras.” The President’s National Security Advisor resigns.
— India: Mikhail Gorbachev arrives for an official visit.
- Nov. 26 — Iran/Iraq: military escalation reached a new stage with the Iraqi Air Force bombing on *Larak* Island in the *Strait of Hormuz*. In Baghdad, 48 people were killed by an Iranian ground-to-ground missile.
- Nov. 27 — France: thousands of secondary school students protest against a reform bill for universities.
- Nov. 28 — USA: President Ronald Reagan puts into service a new B-52 bomber fitted with Cruise missiles thus crossing the limit imposed by the SALT-2 Treaty.
- Nov. 30 — India: 24 Hindus were killed by Sikh terrorists in a bus in Punjab; 3,000 Hindus protest in the capital against this massacre.

December

- Dec. 3 — USA: the seven member countries of the Warsaw Pact consider that the decision of the American government to no longer respect the limits of the SALT-2 agreement “destroys the foundations of Soviet-American negotiations.”
- Dec. 4 — France: 300,000 students protest in Paris and the provinces against university reform.
- Dec. 5 — USSR: the government says that the Soviet Union continues “for the time being” to respect the treaty on nuclear weapon limitation (SALT-2)
- Dec. 6 — France: the death of a student, Malik Oussekiné, aggravates university demonstrations; the deputy minister for Higher Education hands in his resignation.
- Dec. 14 — Chad: President Hissène Habré presses France to help him counter Libyan forces in the northern part of the country.
- Pakistan: curfew is imposed in Karachi where serious ethnic riots between Pathans and Muhajirs killed more than 70 people and injured hundreds.
- Dec. 16 — Belgium: 12,000 students demonstrate against an increase in registration fees.
- Italy: students protest against a proposal for the decentralization of universities.
- Dec. 18 — USSR: Andrei Sakharov is allowed to return to Moscow.
- Dec. 20 — USA: President Ronald Reagan asks Congress to approve the manufacturing of 50 intercontinental missiles.
- USA: discovery of seven new galaxies comparable in size to ours (the Milky Way) in Bootes Constellation which had been believed to be empty of all celestial objects.
- China: 3000 students demonstrate in Shanghai to demand more democracy and educational reforms.
- Greece: strike spreads in colleges in Athens.
- Dec. 22 — Iraq: Iranian artillery bombards numerous areas of the Iraqi town of Bassra.
- France: transportation strike expands; 95% of all train crews have stopped work.
- Dec. 25 — Lebanon: Islamic Jihad claims responsibility for the attack against an Iraqi Boeing 737 that killed 62 people on a Saudi airfield.
- Futuna, a French island in the Pacific, is cut off from the world by a cyclone.

- Dec. 29 — Japan: government decides to put an end to ten years of limitations on its military budget which crosses the 1% mark of the gross national product.

January 1987

- January 1st — China: defying a ban by authorities, 3,000 students demonstrate in Beijing in favour of democratization of the regime.
- Switzerland: during the latest experiments at CERN, oxygen cores have been accelerated to such a level of energy that it was possible to obtain a “soup” of quarks and gluons, a new state of matter.
- January 5 — Comoro Islands: a dozen people killed, with as many missing, dozens of people injured and thousands rendered homeless in a violent tropical cyclone.
- January 11 — Negotiations between Afghanistan and Pakistan on Soviet military withdrawal resume in Geneva.
- The weather suddenly got colder in Europe: -19° in France, -25° in Poland, -30° in Moscow.
- January 14 — France: SNCF strike, started on December 18, definitely comes to an end.
- January 15 — Kabul declares unilateral cease-fire. The Afghan Resistance demands the “immediate and unconditional withdrawal” of Soviet troops.
- Greece: a 24-hour strike against the government policy of austerity paralyses the economic life of the country.
- January 18 — Iraqi planes make repeated raids against Iranian cities.
- January 23 — Spain: thousands of students and secondary school students demonstrate in major cities.
- January 24 — India: troops are put on a state of alert and the Indo-Pakistan border is closed.
- January 27 — USSR: before the Central Committee Mikhail Gorbachev proposes the plurality of candidature and voting by secret ballot within the Communist Party.
- Spain: Teachers’ strike; the protest movement of secondary school students continues.