

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.

Satprem

Notebooks
of an
Apocalypse

Volume 7

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*

1987

February

February 3, 1987 (night from 2 to 3)

Vision

Met the false Mother, who told me: “Sri Aurobindo is not satisfied (or is dissatisfied) with your condemning yourself to death.” How perfidious! Oh!

It is a very clever way of telling you that you are heading towards death and that Sri Aurobindo does not want you to go on like that... (as I am doing).

It upset me a little,* then I understood.

It is charming, voices of that sort.

(The difference between her and the true Mother is that she looks like an “image”—and she always heaps you with reproaches—virtuous and “spiritual” reproaches, of course.) (That is, she wants to create confusion, doubt and revolt.)

I am “condemning” myself to true Life.

Not that marriage of life and death. I had even invented or created a new word—*necrobiosis*, derived from symbiosis.

It was at the time of those whom I already called “Messrs Fakers”, who dreamt of doing their future great business with the Ashram and Auroville.



February 4, 1987

Perhaps there is no evolutionary “means” and it is the very pain or impossibility—the obstacle—that creates the means and makes it

* In fact, it has upset me for a long time and nastily...

appear where there was nothing. (?)

Evolution has always worked out collectively under the pressure of some calamity or the radical alteration of the current way of being, and individually under the pressure of great physical pain that obliged the “invention” of a new means of Being.

This law, or this process, still seems to be valid.

In all cases, it is death or change.

*

Evening

Everything seems on the verge of breaking (from second to second) and then it does not break.

(It is a little like that in the world, too.)

(Perhaps everything will “break” together!)

I don’t see myself lasting like that for a long time—but it will be *as long as You* want.

*

In fact, what I am interested in is the *total* opening.

One would never do that for oneself—ever. (One would rather die, to speak frankly.)



February 6, 1987

I want to serve You as long as I can, because I clearly see that men will do nothing to change.

This new Principle must be able to enter terrestrial Matter to the needed *point*.

Then it “will explain itself”.



February 8, 1987

The role of the “hostile” forces is really to make you go down to the root of things.

There are pleasant and gracious roles, there are less pleasant roles. But every thing and everyone must play their roles.

If you understand that and take advantage of it, *everything* has a meaning and *everything* is a help.

It is difficult to live it and carry it out without a murmur and without tears.

It is what I called “feline stratigraphy”.

Or the “obscure half of Truth”.

All our values are worth nothing.

There are only various instruments for digging.

*

If the immoralists knew, they might find morality charming.

If the moralists knew, all their morality would crumble.

The *only* solution is THE ONE.

*

Evening

It is becoming an almost impossible, torturing physical crushing.

The *only* solution: It is You, to You, for You.

*

You live the reverse of all that you are looking for... Much courage is needed not to grieve.

*

PS: My little mother passed away this afternoon (on Sunday 15.30

p.m.).



February 10, 1987

Small cries of the soul, like a torn up bird.



February 11, 1987

(My little Mother)

We have walked for a long time on the edge of Your infinity,
and now we are together in That which we have contemplated for so
long.



February 16, 1987

The body is living things that are so impossible that I can no longer
say anything.

I try to survive.

That is, to live when it is death.

*

I hear that great Wave so powerful, it reverberates and resonates in
my room—it is eternal, it is the softness of infinity, its backwash for my
pain.



February 17, 1987

It is an *atomic* crushing. As if the life of each atom were crushed and squeezed out, thrown out—emptied.

This is “to let oneself be flattened until one disappears”—down to the atom. As if under a rock or a gigantic Mass which crushes and crushes and crushes... And it keeps repeating You, You, You, You... You. You ALONE.

And really, it is You or death.

Even neuralgia has no longer time or room for throwing its tearings into that—everything is smashed. (They catch up afterwards!)

*

Obviously, this is the “foundation stone”. And Sri Aurobindo said “grim”.

It is the bit of grey-black granite he gave me. (It was on July 21, 1984).

*

We are at the end of *everything*.*

(Yolande was about to send me a team from the French TV!) (The TV wanted to get “urgent answers to burning questions”!!) Which answers?! The answer to the Concentration Camp is to get out of it.

And which “questions”? My question: Do they know that there is a Concentration Camp? They don’t even know it! And if I told them about it, they would take me for a madman. Or for an agent from Moscow.

There is nothing to say—one must *do* it.



February 18, 1987

* I speak of that ex-individual BE₂₃. But it may be also the state of the world.

I understand more and more physically why God and my mother made me a sailor.

This is the Infinity my body has drunk.

This is where my mother went after dying.

Perhaps she is helping me to pass there fully alive...

It is not only a marine infinity: you feel (you guess, you begin to feel) that it is an infinity made of love.

Only you have to go through that whole layer of death.

*

Evening

I understand this: my little mother is not in human stories anymore—she is in the next History with us (us = Sri Aurobindo, Mother, Satprem and Sujata, and certainly others that I don't know). (On the other hand, François and many others that I know who have passed away are still in human stories.)

*

British TV shows the execution of eight hostages in Lebanon. They *spread* Horror.

TV = Tele-Vulture.

Our world feeds on carrion.

*

We prepare the New Earth.



February 19, 1987

Conversation with Sujata

Mother in blue and Satprem at the piano

Today is February 19?

Yes, 19, yes.

I had the impression that I did not sleep at all last night, but I must have slept, and it must have been towards morning. Then I found myself, I don't know how it happened, with Mother. She was standing and I don't know what she was dressed in, I have the impression that it was in blue—a very pretty, shining blue. That colour remained in my eyes. That's it.

Dark blue or light blue?

Darker than that but not as dark as your trousers.

Yes.

A very pretty blue.

Yes--yes.

Well, she was standing, we were in a room not very large. I would say, if we draw a line here: like that.

That is, up to my fireplace?

Yes, like that. A closed room. And then she told me that she wanted to speak with you, that I had to call you. I looked to my left, that is, to the right of Mother, through windows (perhaps two rooms further), I saw you seated at an organ or a piano, I don't know, playing music. You were leaning forward, I saw you

from behind, but I recognized you. I was a little surprised because in my consciousness, Mother was a little... not very well, she did not want to see people, but she said she wanted to see you.

So I went to get you, I walked through those two rooms and you, too, were a little surprised, but all the same, you came. Meanwhile, I saw that Pavitrada had come, too.

Then Mother wanted to start speaking, and I saw that Rajabhai was there, too (I don't know how he was there, but it was very good). And Mother gave us flowers; to me she gave some fruit (I saw small pieces of fruit, big like that, green in colour, I don't know what it was, but there were plenty of them! I had my hands full, like that). So she distributed what was to be distributed; she wanted to start speaking, and just at that moment, through another external door (not the one through which I had called you), Nolini came in. Then Mother looked around and she told me that she had nothing left for him, that I had to go and fetch [something]. And meanwhile, the interview went on--so I did not hear what Mother said to all of you.

I went out and I looked for something; I met Lumière: she told me that she had nothing; that I had to ask Kumud. I went to ask Kumud: and it took her an eternity! I told her: "Hurry up, or else the interview will be over..."

Yes.

... And actually, by the time she finished and I took it to bring it to Mother, Mother had waited long enough and she had gone: the interview was over!

That's it.

And I don't know what it was all about. I did not know. This is my "dream".

I think that these are things of the past.

Past? It is quite possible.

It is quite possible--it is quite likely, yes. Yes, it must have been things of the past.

But all the same, just at the beginning, it was probably something else.

That's it. The beginning was something else. She wanted to tell me something.

Yes--yes.

You see, without... there was not in it all that mixing of people who...

Yes, who had come.

Who had come.

But the two things that struck me were Mother in blue—it was very pretty that blue, luminous. (You know, sometimes I wear a blue shirt? You know, one that I had had made?)

Yes, well, I don't understand.

And the fact that you were playing.

Yes, it is all in the past, because really...

Music, too?

Yes, my Douce--which piece of music?...

I don't know.

Music, it was the time when I expressed... It's all in the past.

That, too?

Oh, yes! I don't play music at all now!

(Laughing) *Well!*

It is a world of expression of beauty and I am no longer there *at all*. I am at the *opposite* of all that.

Crushed, aren't you?

Yes.

No, there must have been something from the present at the very beginning: Mother wanted to tell me something--then all those people arrived and all that, I think... who have nothing to do with... what is being done.

Well. (*Sujata laughs*)



February 20, 1987

It is somewhat terrible.

You cross a Wall of Death through your body.

*

A TOTAL immobility is needed (elbows against the body--no high

armrests).

And a TOTAL surrender--of EVERYTHING.

That is to say, life or death no longer exist: it is something else... an unbearable and miraculous something else--the Miracle that makes you bear it.

*

(Report of a news bulletin from the BBC)

Gorbachev had made a proposal for eliminating chemical weapons throughout the world and had suggested, as a first gesture, to open the Russian stock of chemical weapons to inspections...

In response, France says that it will not accept a ban on chemical weapons because it intends to join the USA and start developing them--and to continue with its nuclear tests in Moruroa...

Men have lost their intelligence.



February 21, 1987

There I am, butting up against (or bumping into) a Wall of tearing pain.

This morning, after an hour, I had to give up.

You feel like crying in despair.

(It was during the night from March 16 to 17 that I saw that black wagon--about a year ago).

*

O Lord, if You have given me a realization, there must be the means to get out of this pain and helplessness.

*

Afternoon

Never have I gone through such crushing agony. For one hour and thirty minutes.

*

You never know where the limit is (between death and life).

From second to second you progress into the impossible--“progress”, I don’t know, it is only one more second (where it has not broken) (where you have lasted).

In which other way can you be useful for the Work?

(To make speeches?!)

*

And there is always that hope, in the depths of the body, that something is going to suddenly happen and save *everything*. So you last and last.

At no moment am I told to stop or to continue. It is total Ignorance.



February 22, 1987

This body has been built by death for millions and billions of years, and it is that material sense of death that is being uprooted from the body, atom by atom, cell by cell, innumerably--and each time a bit of death is uprooted, you go through the whole of death--you don’t stop dying. Until not one atom of that Fashood is left. Only the Sun.

This is what the body begins to clearly understand and what gives it the strength to go through its successive deaths.

*

(I don't know if these are really "bits" of death; it rather gives the sensation of piled up *layers*.) (Harder and harder layers.)

What we call "transformation" is probably the crossing of all those layers--or what will happen when we have gone through the last layer.

I feel that (my body feels it) rather like a "transmaterialization".

In the past, I could speak of "change of genetic program"--it seems to me quite ridiculous now! It is far more radical than a "change of program"!

Has the mummy of Ramses changed program?!

When we speak of "genetic program", we speak precisely of what is going to make the next corpse.

We must make a hole in all that hotchpotch.

*

The Vedic Rishis would simply say: "Deliver us from the mortal illness of our lives."



February 23, 1987

In the concentration camps, in the end, I had abscesses on the knees (first on the right one, then on the left) and on the arm (the left one). I would walk in a mist of pain, quick-march, with the spade and the pick--it was not even "I marched", it was "something that marched".

It is a little like that.

It is a mist of "life".

*

Afternoon

Cushed-crushed-crushed... like an agonizing grain of Matter.

It is worse than death, it is... I don't know what.

*

In fact, what is worse than death is to live within it.

Then you no longer feel the Grace, Love or Help, or anything--you only feel that it is abominable and you live in that abomination.

(You = the body.)

What's the point of saying all that?

That Horror *has to* change!



February 24, 1987

And I *know* that the body is on the wrong side. When it says: "It is abominable, it is abominable, it is sheer agony" ... it sides with the Devil. It should only say: "It is You, it is You, it is Your Grace that comes to deliver me." And this is the *only* practical solution. The sole key.



February 25, 1987

I feel so lost. I clearly see that growing pain that more and more obstructs the passage of the Power--and what to do? How to proceed? To persevere? My back is in such a state... I wanted to stop, today, to do nothing, but even when doing nothing, I clearly see that it is not better: as soon as I inadvertently let a bit of concentration in, I feel all the old furrows and lumps and bumps in my back stiffen and vibrate... What can I do? I don't know another way of proceeding--if I knew another way, but which one, how? Only that power can vanquish the obstacle and the body is less and less able to bear it... You overcome the pain,

you can overcome a lot, but will not this end in complete disability? The point where the body will no longer be able to do anything. I am really at a loss. What to do? What to do? I ask Sri Aurobindo, I ask Mother, but nothing seems to answer, neither yes nor no.

*

Suddenly, I remember Mother: "Victory belongs to the most enduring." Is this her answer?

*

Evening

One day, You will hold me to Your heart and Sri Aurobindo will take me in his heart, and everything will be consoled forever.

Human life is approximate.



February 26, 1987

The key begins to be really seized. But one must not waver--hold on--hold on--hold on.

We will not know until the end.

*

We leave our great robe of Infinity behind us to come and lodge for an instant in a small obscure shell, and it seems to us that that small shell is our whole being and and the sole way of being of those we love, in that sole shell..

*

Evening

Vision

It is strange, all the same! Last night (early this morning before waking up), in a corner of my bedroom, near the electric plug, on the ground, I saw a “little drawing” of Sujata’s that was burning... I wondered what it could mean. This evening, Sujata sits down with her pencils and pens to make a little drawing and... zpp! The power went off for three-quarters of an hour--no little drawing!

How is it that such details pre-exist! They pre-exist since I can see them beforehand! And so ordinary... well, it is unthinkable.

So EVERYTHING is together. There is no “detail”.

It is an unthinkable TOTALITY that moves together--like a sole body... with microscopic ordinary things, earthquakes and countries... on fire.

(As a consolation, I can tell myself that Satprem is part of the premeditation!) (Along with the little penguins and all the rest).



February 27, 1987

I am struggling--I am at the end of everything.

*

To You, to You, to You...

May I let you cure me of all the wounds of the old life.



February 28, 1987

Morning

I can't cope anymore.

I have reached the end.

*

Evening

The worst punishment would be that the Divine would leave this world to an endless decomposition.

Do they even know that they are decomposing?



March

March 2, 1987

The body desperately tries.

*

Noon

They have set fire to the eucalyptus trees below Land's End again.

Pondicherry courts acquit the S.A.S. and charge Kireet.

Sujata vomited last night.

(Three hundred bags of cement at the gate of Land's End, and lorries of sand: they are going to build a generator and pumping station north of Land's End.)

Everything becomes tangible. (Like the furrows and the bumps on my back.)

*

Evening

I wrote a note to Kireet: The important thing is not to be victorious, but to be STANDING.

(I could say the same thing to my body: The important thing is to try.)

*

(Letter from Sujata to Kireet, originally in English)

Dear Kireetbhai,

Satprem showed me yesterday's Indian Express article-news: "S.A.S. exonerated". You are the main target of attack there. I felt for you and am sending my deep affection to you. I know what the truth of the matter is. Indeed, I wondered how many lakhs have gone into the man's pocket so that he could pass such

judgment! What I feel more bad about is that the Aurovilians are ready, nay willing, to work hand in glove with this S.A.S. Don't they at all understand that they'll be — that is, if they aren't already — in the serpent's den! Are they really so blind? Strange world.

My pranam to Uncle.

With most affectionate regards to you,

Sujata

I am with you. Mother is with you. The important thing is not to be victorious, but to be standing

With my love.

Satprem

*

Again an amusing “detail”: last night, I saw a completely white shoulder approaching—nothing but a shoulder, nothing else—as of a young girl or a young boy. And I touched that shoulder. I was wondering what it could mean. And this afternoon, with the post, came a parcel from one of my sisters in Nantes, who sends me some “clay with plants” to apply as a poultice on my shoulder...! It is curious.

And always very *material* things, insignificant, we could say. But what is “significant”, after all?

Everything moves.

It seems that the consciousness of Matter (or of material things) *touches* things in advance, or “far away” in space.

What seems the most imprisoned in time and space is what *touches* the farthest into space and time (!)

It is the true consciousness of Matter.

Who knows whether galaxies move in our atoms?

(We are shown only a few insignificant things, or else we would be dumbfounded.)

*

There is a barrier of Falsehood somewhere.

It is what covers true Matter.

It is the problem in question.

*

P.S. Thinking of it: space means time. But in this material consciousness everything is instantaneous, so where is time? And where is “space”?

(My brother Pierre tumbles down from an electricity post and breaks one vertebra, and I know it instantaneously—perhaps even a few seconds earlier, since I cry out: “Pierre! Pierre!” as when an accident is about to happen...)



March 3, 1987

Like a boat in distress in a tempest of Power, buffeted and tossed about and... the body can't take it anymore.

What is Your Will?



March 4-5, 1987

A trip to Coimbatore.

Claude Brun, with all his heart (and his acupuncture) relieves my back and my neck. I like him very much, he is a brother.

*

(Somewhat staggered to hear C.B. say: “In the West, they are looking for the ‘ideal virus’, which will be able to destroy a whole human category—Black people, for instance—without destroying the

'others'!!... My god...)

*

Conversation with Sujata and Claude Brun

... Not only don't I communicate, but... I try to create oblivion around me.

(silence)

What has been happening physically for a few years is indescribable. But, well, the physical fact is that there is quite a crushing Power, and the nearer we get to the pure physical, the more this Power is... rather terrible. Terrible because we are built by death and it resists.

For a long time, for one or two years, I did this work in a bad position: that is, I would just sit any old how, you see. Then, little by little, it became impossible, I looked for chairs that were somewhat better, but already some damage had been done, and this... The more it came down... The more it comes down, the more crushing it is.

So, now, it has become a great difficulty, which I do my best to overcome, but which obstructs, impedes, and it is not easy to impede such a cataract.

So since I don't want to have anything to do with ordinary medicine and above all with American methods in which I really don't believe... But for one or two years, I have always been telling myself: I should see Claude Brun. Once, I even asked myself: Do I have to go to Switzerland?

But really, it is too... it is difficult for me, you know, I cannot move at all. These exceptional conditions were needed for me to go out.

(Claude:) I should have come... I told Patrice.

No, but for me, since I had to move, well, I preferred Coimbatore to Madras because...

(Claude:) But I could go to Bombay! I told P.: "But why? Why? Say that I go to Bombay, so that you wouldn't have to move.

(Sujata:) You see, it gives you the opportunity to meet P., meet M...

(Claude:) What type of pain is it? Does it radiate in the arms?

For a long time, for two years, the Power came up from below the feet, there, like that, from underneath. I had difficulties, then, but they settled. And in the second phase, the latest phase, it comes down like a crushing *mass*. It is a mass. Nobody can... I don't know how Mother did it. Especially with the back that She had. For me it is a... now that I touch things, don't I. Mother was doing the work, I was marvellously there, at Her feet, but She was the one who was doing the work. So now that I try to work, to follow their footsteps, I understand. I understand. How did She do it? It is...

(Claude:) It is incredible...

Yes, it is quite incredible. In addition to all the rest around Her. And that Power is so... it becomes quite physical. So it is that *mass* which must have disturbed something. There must be differences, different levels, but it literally tears up, it tears up and tears up. It comes down, doesn't it, and I try to let it pass through without resistance, but it is constantly a tearing here, so it swells, it becomes hard, and it is

constantly painful.

(Claude:) And is it in the vertebrae or in the muscles?

(Satprem shows the place)

I am afraid that you will catch a cold if you take off your pullover—no? Aren't you afraid of... I am afraid that it creates a draught.

It has nothing to do with what people know as *Kundalini*. It is massive, it is a crushing Power. Crushing.

(Claude:) But how do you react? Do you tense up or...?

Well, I try, I try to be... I have a straight armchair, you know, and I keep the back slightly tilted, and I try to remain pressed against the armchair, my arms along my body and my feet on a cushion, and not to move, like this.

Then, it comes down—and while passing, it... it is not like a trickle, it is a mass, isn't it, that takes the whole body, that comes down. For the passage in the head, or in the rest of the body, I have no difficulty. But here, at the passage here, it tears up.

So, as soon as I sit down for three minutes, after three minutes it starts to tear. I hold on, I continue, but everything becomes quite problematic. That's it; the core of the difficulty is that.

(Claude:) Here there is a very important point. On the other side? No?

No.

(Sujata:) Less.

(Claude:) And when you turn your head?

Yes, there, it hurts.

(Claude:) Yes, there are vertebrae there. There is probably osteoarthritis, there are things like that, but what I don't understand is that this Force hurts you.

Well, because in the beginning, there was a position that...

(Claude:) Yes, anyway, when one sees your spine, it is not really in good shape. If we made an X-ray, we would immediately see, at the level of the cervical vertebrae, that there is a compression, there is... But there are also contractions, there. Because these are energetic circuits. Where I press... And does it go down in the arm?

Sometimes it comes down, but usually, it also comes here.

(Claude examines the circuits)

(Claude:) Yes, these are energetic circuits.

But then, if I sit down... Usually, I remain seated for one hour and a

half: for one hour and a half, receiving...

(Sujata:) Twice a day.

So I hold on, but in the end, it is... it is crazy, crazy, and it becomes like a brick. Because, obviously, two or three years ago, something got stuck or something, and in... it is a Power that... it does not tolerate *[inaudible word]*. If I did nothing, it would not be so important, it would simply be pain.

(Claude:) So here, there are energetic circuits, here also, everywhere. The points that are painful correspond to energetic circuits. So if you were an ordinary patient... If you wish, energy—well, you know all that---but from the point of view of the meridians, the energy circulates continuously, but sometimes there is what we call perverse energy. So the perverse energy is often the wind, cold and humidity. So when that perverse energy penetrates into the meridians, there is a struggle between the energy of the body and what we call the perverse energy, it makes a barrier, and it is what causes pain—according to oriental medicine. So perhaps you have had that from the beginning, for a few years. After that, I don't know, I only imagine, but perhaps this Force needs to circulate, to use these meridians.

But it uses them!

(Sujata:) Absolutely!

(Claude:) Then, there is a barrier.

Yes, this is what makes pain.

(Claude:) And this barrier is what we call the perverse energy.

There is a barrier, this is what I feel: like a barrier.

(Claude:) But I am afraid that... Here, here is an example of perverse energy: it is that cold wind...

But in the beginning, I received this Power while sitting on the floor, any which way. Then, little by little, I realised that it was not serious to do that in such conditions. I looked for a better armchair. And I never found a good armchair, so I continued anyway. And, obviously, pain is the obstacle to...

(Claude:) I can imagine because the example of the perverse energy is precisely that wind... For instance you are warm outside, the pores of your skin open up, you sit down like this and... This is the perverse energy: it goes into the meridian, it blocks. This causes pain, I think it is that—I imagine that it is that. It is that Force, which must necessarily use the energetic circuits, which cannot pass through.

Yes, it cannot pass through, this is what I feel in my body: that there is a barrier. And since it is by no means an ordinary force: it is a conscious force, isn't it, so it does what it can to pass through, since it

goes down to the tips of my toes; but there is this constant friction that really causes tearing pain. And now, it has taken such proportions that the work that I try to do... Of course, the physical resists, always, the physical... I speak of the physical—not the one that people know, but what was built by death and unconsciousness, the residue. The other levels of the body, the quite cellular level or others, are receptive. They are receptive. But when we arrive at the very bottom, we can say that it is the starting point of evolution.

(Claude:) But you explain it very well in Life without Death.

It is the Inconscient. It is the beginning, the ignorance; well, it is the bottom of the hole. So when you arrive there, of course, the deeper you go the more considerable the resistance also becomes.

So, I am stuck there, with... The Power, I can receive it, but there is that barrier that makes a... it becomes torturing. Sujata does see it: as soon as I sit down, it starts to harden, to swell, and for hours it hurts, it hurts.

(Sujata:) You said that it was like claws.

(Claude:) Yes, have you tried to give him massages to make it circulate?

*(Sujata:) I don't dare. Because since they are nerves...
Finally...*

The only thing that I use to relieve the pain is magnetic patches. I find that this is the only thing that brings me relief: I keep it all night.

(Claude:) I think that it is not really complicated. If I manage to relax it and make it circulate again, clean the energetic canal, if you like, remove the perverse energy, afterwards, there won't be any resistance. I think like that.

(Sujata:) But that is what we expect from you!

In the beginning, there has been that carelessness from my side, to sit down in any way. With a Power that... Already five years ago; I have been in that for five years... I have been in that work for five years now, constantly, alone. Cut off from all the... except the interview that I gave to L. But I have been in it for five years. So in the beginning, I received that Power as best I could, but in rather unwise positions, I did not realise.

(Sujata:) Yes, you even had sciatica problems.

Yes, because when it started to come up from the bottom, you know, it is a serious piece of work, it is all the Subconscient... I had sciatica, well, it went on and finally the second movement came, of descent. When all that was purified, there has been the descent... Then, it became...

(Sujata:) And it is not just any descent, you can imagine, he told me that it was like lava that took the whole body, like this, constantly, constantly.

It is continuous, it comes down like a mass, continuously.

(Sujata:) It seizes the whole body.

(Claude:) It is incredible, it is difficult to imagine.

So then, that barrier...

(Sujata:) Of course, it needs to pass through without hindrance.

Yes... so how? How? Several times in two years, I told myself: if I could see Claude Brun... I don't know why, I had this feeling that *you* knew.

(Claude:) I have a lot of people who have that. Only, it is a small pain: when they move, it hurts. Of course, there is not this problem of Force. But it is almost the same thing, in the end, except that with you, there is that Force that wants to use this circuit, while with them, there is no need: it disturbs a little, but...

That's it, if I did not do this work, what would it be?

(Claude:) It is painful, but well, one bears it... But I think the reasoning, for me, is that the canal is blocked.

So here it is, that's it. Can you...

(Claude:) I treat many people who have that with needles: the energy must be freed, must circulate, well. Can I place a needle? That is the problem.

Yes, you can do... what you can do.

(Claude:) But do you think that placing a needle corresponds to your work?

I felt: Claude Brun can help me.

(Claude:) Good, then, I will treat you as I would treat...

Exactly.

(Claude:) I have treated two or three people in Auroville, they had the same thing as you do, if you like. They did not have the Force, they had caught a cold.

Yes, but I did not catch cold at all! *(Sujata laughs)* I must have taken the Force badly, in a bad position. Because my body was very good. And I was at Mother's feet, wasn't I, what haven't I also received?

(Claude:) It is that blocking. We should know the exact cause; I think of the perverse energy, it may be... Because where I press, are the energetic circuits. It is very precise.

It is really mainly here.

(Sujata:) Sometimes, he says that it comes down...

Yes, sometimes it comes down here, yes, from below the occiput, on the side, here, and it touches... That, and then it starts to tear up. When

that Power passes through, it is as if there were a hook planted into that, that pulls and pulls and pulls. It does not prevent me from letting it pass through, but the barrier is here.

(Claude:) The barrier is there. So my work is to take out what we call the perverse energy that hinders.

Then, do it if you like. But is it possible like that?

(Claude:) Yes, it is possible. But several sessions would be needed.

But then, how? Your time is limited.

(Claude:) Because on Saturday, I will be in Mumbai, Saturday afternoon. And I leave on Sunday morning. And today... or perhaps, I can stay tomorrow, try to do three sessions or I don't know, try to do the maximum.

It is up to you. It is up to you to say and to do.

(Claude:) Because it is chronic... In Oriental medicine, if you like, there is a law: for everything chronic, it is said that ten sessions are needed. Everything that has set in. If it is an acute illness, if you have had this for fifteen days, well, in a few sessions, it is removed. But when the perverse energy is well installed, it is always said: at first, do ten sessions and wait. That is why I think of those ten sessions. We will anyway do the maximum, I will think about it. I am going to speak with P. to

see how we could do it because I would like to try to rid you of that. Because what you are doing is so important, really, it is not a small thing like that that should be in the way.

Ah! It is really in the way.

(Claude:) Ah! Yes, precisely, it is not possible that you should be blocked because of that. It is almost stupid, if you like.

Of course, it is stupid. Yes, it is quite stupid. In the beginning, a bad position was taken. I have not been careful enough. I always had a lot of practice with the Power, with Mother. But here, it took such proportions... Nobody can imagine what it is. It is crazy. It is crazy. So, I sit down and... two seconds later, poof!

(Claude:) As soon as you relax, the Force comes.

As soon as I sit down, instantaneously. All I have to do is sit down, and it starts. In the beginning, it goes somewhat softly, and then... It is a *mass*. It is crushing.

Sri Aurobindo said it, Mother said it, but you don't realize it as long as you haven't received it.

(Claude:) Yes, She says it in the Agendas, but as a reader, one is not aware of it. One cannot imagine that She lived that.

(Sujata:) And since then, it has changed, you know. It took such proportions, since the time of... Oh! It took...

It is fantastic.

(Sujata:) Not only is it stronger, but it changed...

(Claude:) It is extraordinary. It is extraordinary.

It is crazy. But one must be able to bear it. I can, except for that stupid thing...

(Claude:) Because of that, you are forced to stop, to move?

Ah! No, that, to move: everything would break if I moved. Ah! No, that, I can't. But I decide that I will hold on for one hour and fifteen minutes, one hour and a half. For one hour and fifteen minutes, one hour and a half, I am *immobile*. But to move... Precisely, many difficulties arose because I had that pain and sometimes I had [*inaudible*]. To move is not allowed when you are in that.

(Claude:) One fine day, it will emerge... Well, I don't know.

What Sri Aurobindo and Mother want, will be done.

But I tell you, often I thought—I think that it is Mother who whispered it into my ear: Claude Brun could help you. To such an extent that I considered going to Switzerland and then I told myself: no, it is not possible that I make this journey, that I stop this work.

(Claude:) I am going to organise myself to the maximum; we will find a solution. I must be able to rid you of that; even if I have to come back. I can go to Switzerland and come back

again, it is not a problem.

*(Study of the question of trips
Claude offers to come back
for about ten days to treat Satprem)*

(Claude:) But my wife is going to ask me questions!

Yes, there is that other aspect, which is difficult because as I told you, I need so much to be shielded from everything. And immediately... you know that, don't you, things would be known in Auroville, in the Ashram, in Paris, and it would be a great disturbance. It would be harmful.

(Claude:) That is certain, yes. I fully understand.

I need complete solitude. And most of all to be sheltered from people's thoughts. There are the good, but there are many that are bad.

(Claude:) A great deal.

And I am very vulnerable. Don't go thinking... It is not at all like other yogas where you have a solid shell: you are completely vulnerable. Mother was defenseless. Ordinary people are fully coated with all sorts of things, but here, one is unprotected. So what Mother could do because... She is Mother, isn't She; and we saw—I cannot. I cannot fall prey to... I can do this only on condition of solitude, completely shielded from people's thoughts, from their good or their bad will: both. So it should not be known.

(Claude:) Yes-yes, of course. But it will sort itself out. I can start now to do something for you. Were you an ordinary patient, I would treat you like the man in the street...

Exactly! It is the same body! *(laughter)*

(Claude:) I really worried earlier! I told myself: but how...?

The difference is what people do with their bodies.

(Claude positions Satprem)

(a little later...)

There must be a few humans who follow. They came to open the doors, but if nobody follows...

(Claude:) That is what should be done in Auroville: to go in that direction.

As for me, I am not here to preach. I am here to do. To preach... I wrote books, I said what I had to say. One can say it indefinitely, and then what? One must do.

You can imagine: Christopher Columbus who discovers America, but if nobody ever follows, does it exist for [?]...

(Sujata:) Earlier, there were Vikings!

Yes, well, Vikings or whoever: the one who went first, well, if nobody

had followed...

And I had such prodigious grace to listen to Her. She filled me. So one wants to try.

(Claude:) It is so difficult for... What I recall from the last Agendas, is when She told you: One must accept to be nothing-nothing-nothing, three times She said it, no personal free will. It is so difficult, for me in any case.

Claude, things occur, one could say, independently of what one thinks. What is more essential than what we think is a kind of sincerity of calling, of need in the being. And that is what acts. Because we think: we are mental beings, we think a lot of things and we need to think. But in reality, the determining thing, and acting, is that need, that sincerity. Something that doesn't want to be taken in, but that honestly wants to know, to understand, to do, to achieve. This is what is needed. So as long as there is that, what is necessary comes: the understanding, or the experience or... what is needed, you know.

(Claude:) That perpetual lack.

That need, yes. I carried around that need everywhere. But in reality...[inaudible]

(Claude:) I always ask myself... I have the impression, you know, that it takes time, so I tell myself: perhaps if I come to Auroville, it will go faster, but I don't know, I have no sign, I don't know what to do at the moment. I am completely... I have one foot in France, one foot in... Then the Aurovilians ask me: So

what are you doing? Are you coming? Are you not coming? I am unable to... I don't know what is best, I really don't know.

I think that these things are not decided arbitrarily.

(Claude:) That's it. By itself, doesn't it, it happens by itself.

It happens.

(Claude:) Yes, I had these experiences before. When I was fed up, you know, in Paris, I also dreamt of Brazil. And when I wanted to buy my ticket, I did not have enough money to go to Brazil. And the lady in the travel agency told me: with the money you have, you can go to India. (Satprem laughs) I said, well, why not? It confirms what you say...

(pause for tea)

This is what determines, it is the need inside. It arranges circumstances so unexpectedly. Why did I feel: Claude Brun. Why? Hoping that things could work themselves out...

There is an inner journey, that leads us to the point where...

(Claude:) Yes, when I saw Mother, soon afterwards, I saw: little flashes, like that, people who led me there, events; well, I understood that chance did not exist. So many things happened while I was face to face with Her... And later, when I came out, I said: well, now it is over, I no longer need to search, this is it. Something happened inside me, a kind of... I don't know.

(silence)

You have an influence on all the French youth.

Well, it is Mother who has an influence.

(Claude:) Of course, but well... Of course.

I am no longer in that world at all. I understood that... After Mother's departure, this *Agenda* needed to be published at all costs, and later, I understood that... the only thing to do was to... It was to follow Her. There is nothing else. Because one can keep on writing books indefinitely, talking on television... and then what?

So I no longer speak.

(later)

(Claude:) You sleep badly? Because of pain?

Pain does not relax me, and on top of it, there is such an incredible concentration—naturally, I mean. So sometimes, Mother takes me away and it is over, I sleep. Usually, I also put magnets, you know, it gives me relief. I leave them at night and generally, in the morning, it is somewhat less blocked. If you touch it now, you will see: it is hard. But at night, She must be helping me, because in the morning it is better. Oh! You know, I don't care about pain. Really, I don't care, because I've seen worse. But what bothers me is that it hinders in such a way the... It is not pain, what is pain? That it makes such a barrier is no longer acceptable. That is to say, I don't do the work that I should be doing.

So do what you like.

(Claude:) I will be quick, anyway.

As you like, exactly. I tell you, I am like a child in your hands.

*(various practical arrangements
for the session)*

This is where the point is... Really a nasty thing that put itself there, a resistance. One resists, you know, the world fiercely resists, everything fiercely resists. Strange, one does not want Love, one does not want Truth, one does not want Freedom. One clings to one's mask. That's it. We are like... This human story is very difficult.

(Claude:) But why did it become like this? Is it the ego?

But, mon petit, we started from mud and stone. So? We drag the mud and the stone along. And other creatures, on top of all that. So even when you have good will, there is all that, a packet that is here... So how quick we are, if we are not sincere, how quick we are to be swallowed. My goodness, yes, there are four billion nine hundred ninety-nine million people who are swallowed back.

(questions about needles and painful points)

(Claude:) Do you know that acupuncture comes from India?

India? I thought that it came from China.

(Claude:) I am translating the text that is at the origin of acupuncture: it is the dialogue between the Yellow Emperor, who is the first emperor of China, and the doctor who comes

from one doesn't really know where. And in Korea, they had told me: "It comes from India, but it must not be said"!

(Sujata:) That is what is said: India forgot everything, but China kept the knowledge.

(Claude advises some exercises)

... Oh! I feel infinitely freer than I ever was!

(Sujata:) After years!

Oh! Yes, always, there was that plaque of pain.

(Claude shows exercises to keep the nape of the neck unblocked)

(Claude:) I think that that's enough for today. Because you had two major sessions, after all.

You know better than me. Really, you do exactly as you feel. Because I am convinced that Mother put you on my path. Absolutely. So, She knows what She is doing.

(a little later)

You know? What a difference!

(Sujata:) Ah yes, really... I see to what extent!

What worries me is not really the pain, it is the barrier. So that I could continue to...

(Claude:) But it is linked... I treat a lot of people like you. That is why I think that..

It is the same animal body.

(Claude:) Exactly, I understood that since that Force uses the circuits... Well, it is said that the whole body is energy. Where there is a passage, it is so logical.

Of course, it passes through. So, if there is something damaged...

(Claude:) It does not pass.

It does not pass, and it becomes like a brick. So when there is that mass, it does not tolerate it. That Force does not want any resistance. It is there to put an end to all those falsehoods... these are falsehoods that cling. They are falsehoods.

(Claude:) I don't think so. In your case, no...

Yes, we are all made of the same matter. Mother used to say: they are falsehoods of the body.

(Claude:) Yes, but that area, there: who does not have pain in that area?

That perverse force, as you so rightly say, uses anything, you understand! It is perverse.

(Claude:) Yes, it is perverse, but well, I think that many people have pain in that region.

Ah! For me, it started only when I set about... Because this is where the resistance... Yes, the body resisted, and it was badly seated, too ...

(Claude:) So, there has been a combination of factors, but I don't think that it corresponds to some falsehood.

Well, never mind! The resistance expresses itself somewhere! You are going to undo the knot.

Good evening, brother.

(Sujata:) He really helped Mother's work.

Yes, so that we could work.



March 8, 1987

I sit again and I find myself in the same situation.

Where is the path? What is the means?

Knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock...



March 9, 1987

With my mother's departure, the last threads of my human life have been pulled out.

If I knew that my body was no longer useful, I would leave to see

again some corner of sea and the seagulls... But I know that it is an illusion.

The most remote corner is the one where one is.

*

Everything seems unalterable

Time that passes

The Wall ever the same

The backwash of the old life

And the cry of lost seagulls

*

I am going to try again.



March 10, 1987

Vision

It is about one year ago exactly, when I saw that “black wagon”, I had a vision of the new consciousness, more explicit, but I did not note it down because I did not understand all its implications... Now, it is clearer but I don’t know *how far it goes...*

There were two images. The first one (that I noted down, I think) in which I saw my body spread out on the ground, on some grey rock (I think that I was enveloped in my cape which is very dark blue in colour, almost black) and it slipped and slipped irresistibly, as if carried away by its own weight towards... a hole (that I could not see).

Then there was a second image—the one that interests me more and more, if I dare say so. I found myself in front of a tiny cabin (like the cabin of a ship, perhaps) or a tiny storage room. On the doorstep of that tiny room, placed on the ground, exactly in the middle so that I could

see them clearly, were two “transformation” flowers, tied together with a white thread. It was meticulously arranged for me to see it clearly—even an idiot would have seen and understood it. So I went into that tiny storeroom in which there was not even enough space to stand. I think that I sat down on the floor. Beside me was a tiny window or skylight or porthole that gave light and air. At that moment, I saw the arm of someone I knew (probably the one I call my “higher double”—as for me, I am the worker or the sailor or... I don’t know, the one who toils), and that arm, to my stupefaction, pulled a black curtain over my bit of porthole! I exclaimed: “But I am going to suffocate in here!”

That’s all. I woke with that cry: but I am going to suffocate in here!

That new consciousness is marvellous in a way: it gives you the exact picture of the situation or of the phase in progress, and at the same time, the positive side: you see, it’s dark and suffocating, but there are two transformation flowers on the doorstep of your black hole.

It was about one year ago.

So, when you struggle day after day with only pain and a kind of black Matter that resists and resists like iron, you lose sight of all meaning: nothing has a meaning anymore, the world of ideas is nebulous and very far away on high, the world of the heart and feelings is crushed and torn apart—all that makes up “life” no longer exists. You can’t even say: “I go there”, because you don’t know whether “you go” or where “there” is. It is a painful and suffocating day-to-day, without a glimmer of hope. Of course, behind, deep down, you “know” that there is “something”, you feel, at the very bottom, the force of the soul, you sense the Grace and the Help that carry you—faith is there, everything is there, but *in fact* you no longer know anything: you are only in dark and painful Matter—and only one question: Will I be able to keep going, to hold on? Am I not heading towards utter demolition? And what is to

be done?—there is nothing to do! Day after day (if one may say “day”).

Sometimes I try to think of my two transformation flowers, but to “think” is rather useless in these cases.

You see, “before”, I used to tell myself: You must make a hole, you must help Mother to come out of there, you must be used by Mother as a passage, you must find the passage of the new species, etc.—all this is as if devoid of meaning, as if it belonged to *another world*. A world that you remember, that is not erased, but that is as if completely “outside” the place of the work. The one who is in the hole says: Ah! Yes, maybe, and he nods, but...

*

All we can do is to appeal to the Divine in that black hole.

*

Claude Brun told me that, according to Chinese knowledge (which comes from India, but one should not say it!) the right side of the body (where all my difficulties lie) corresponds to the material and ancestral side—and by “material”, they mean what is the most material: skeleton, teeth, hair, that is, what remains after death. Mother would perhaps say: the “un-transformable residue”...

*

Afternoon

Nobody can imagine what it is.

*

That storm of Power that crushes and crushes and crushes, and the back that hurts and hurts and hurts, and something at the bottom that resists and resists and resists, to death.

Unless there is a Supreme Grace (and not too far-off), I don’t see how the body can pull through.

It prays and prays and prays—cries out.



March 11, 1987

With my mother's departure, something very central in me (in the human being) has been touched—as if I were plunged again into the infinite and eternal.

I physically realise again that the infinite is my True Place—as it was when I sailed on Bagheera.

I listen to that great Wave that unfolds and unfolds.

It is a Grace.



March 12, 1987 (*Reagan*)

I remember, those Roman brutes asked for two things: *panem et circenses* (bread and circuses), that was their “ideal”.

Has it changed a lot since then?

There is only a little more circus.

The Greeks said: *To kalou to apieikes* (what is beautiful is true). Here we catch hold of a fatal branching off in Western fate. Two curves destined to never meet.

They were “pagans”, apparently...



March 14, 1987

I think I found the right position, at last. (After 58 months!)

It is simple, but one should have known it...! *

*

Evening

All the same, since 1974, when I found myself in front of that pile of mysterious *Agendas*, that virgin forest, the path became clearer.

“Do you know the path?” asked Mother. “As for me, I don’t know it at all...” My God.

*

She also said: “It is the last step that counts.”



March 17, 1987

It is curious: it is not the summits that taught me Love, but the blackest pits.

*

Sri Aurobindo said: “And joy (shall) laugh nude on the peaks of the Absolute”. But it enriched itself by plunging into the abyss.

Perhaps, when the last blow of the pickaxe is made at the bottom of the hole, just on “the other side”, through the gash, we will again find that absolute Joy.

But then, there will be no need to climb peaks anymore: it will be right here, and everywhere.

*

This afternoon, more and more powerful Masses came down and... I don’t know how, the whole mantle of pain was gone. All those nerves, those vertebrae that pulled... nothing anymore, It passed through, it was pure Love.



March 18, 1987

That “something that knows” in the body, is also (and more) “something that loves”. And it is not “love” in one point or in one centre of the being; it is innumerable in the body and irresistible, like a geological phenomenon. And with the irresistible simplicity of a plant: “But it is You, my Sun! It is You, it is You...” and it grows and grows and grows towards That, in spite of everything, there is no “question”, there is no “evil”, there is no impossibility, there isn’t any there is not! It is You, it is You my Sun! Billions of small living things deep down in the body, that grow and grow and grow and strive—are thirsty-thirsty-thirsty—and that’s all. It is You. And this, this is absolute.

This morning, the same as yesterday. To begin with, as soon as that Power started to pour down, all the small neuralgic circuits began their fuss, and it came down, denser and denser and more and more massive, solid, then, in spite of this stiffening and those knots and furrows in my back, it was the whole body, those billions of small things that cried out: but it is You! (You = Mother, Sri Aurobindo, that Power), it is You my Sun! And little by little, all that cloak of pain somehow melted. The body was a mass, or seized in a Mass, it stood up, straight as a pillar. An absolute “It is You” where there was no longer any space for anything other than That.

*

Also (I note), in all that, there is not at all the sense of individuality. There is not even the sense of “my body”—it is pain that gives a sense of individuality, that makes the “it hurts me”. There, it is everything that loves. It is as though everywhere—it is a phenomenon.

This is interesting: it is pain that makes “I”.

It makes something like pebbles in the ocean.

*

“Naturally”, you again put on your mantle of pain as soon as you

come out of that state.

(When I say “state”, I don’t speak of a state of consciousness, but of a *physical* state, as if there were two kinds of physical.)

(I can’t even say that it is a question of a “subtle” physical and of another, coarser, because there is nothing particularly “subtle” about those masses of Power! they are rather crushing!)

*

Afternoon

It was more laborious...



March 19, 1987

The new chair-stool.

It is more and more mad—crazy, as Carmen said.

The spine is exactly like the mast of a boat oscillating in a storm—it could break like a matchstick. Hands and forearms pressed against the thighs like shrouds. Legs apart. Feet tightly gripping the floor. And... that Power that could flatten everything.

An athlete’s body would be needed.

The more correct the “position” is, the more... I don’t know, almost terrifying the Power becomes. But there is no fear. The body *knows*.

After one hour and fifteen minutes, I got up, went to stand in front of Sri Aurobindo’s photo on the mantelpiece—it was almost easier while standing.

How did Mother do it?

(Is it the Power that increases or the resistance?—both, probably.)*

*

Evening

One should know how to drop not only one's dark past, but one's sunny past—the latter is perhaps more difficult than the former.

That is, one should use *everything* to go forward.

*

All that Sri Aurobindo said is pure—so pure, divinely pure, unalloyed.

And that vision, so long—complete.



March 20, 1987

I understood!

It is *standing*.

I thought that my body was going to break (the spine). Yet, I was very upright and clung on like yesterday, in that position. But it became so overwhelming, crushing—it is indescribable and unbelievable for any human being. After half an hour, I saw that I *should not* go on like that. I got up, I went and stood before the photo of Sri Aurobindo over the fire place, I put my hands on the mantelpiece and... the “operation” continued. But it was so fantastic: when the crushing came down to the tips of my toes, the feet rose on their toes and began to bounce and bounce on the heels, then another crushing came down and again that bouncing, and so on and so forth... Then, all of a sudden, I remembered a vision I had almost a year ago (and had noted down in my “bits of visions”). It was during the night of May 31 to June 1st 1986. I saw myself *standing on an enormous horse*, like an acrobat in a circus. I did not see the horse entirely, I only saw its huge back on which I was standing (it must have been an immense horse, a gigantic horse). I was small compared to this enormous back, small and white (naked, it

seemed) and I bounced and bounced on the back of that horse, like an acrobat, as if the body followed the movement of the horse by bouncing, and I had the sensation (that memory remained very clear) that there was something like sparks or electric forces under my feet that made me bounce with suppleness on the back of that horse... (!) And at the same time as I was seeing myself like that, somebody said (told me very distinctly, as if to explain to me): "*It is all one.*"

When I woke up, I asked myself: "What are these acrobatics?" ... And it took me nearly one year to understand, until this afternoon!!

I had to be *standing* on the horse! (The horse is the Power) (And I really have the impression that the enormous horseback was white.)

But this... impossible Power... It is beyond all description.

It is very difficult to remain more than half an hour or forty-five minutes in that standing position, receiving... that indescribable thing.

I am *told* things, I am *shown* them, but one is so obtuse!

*

Conversation with Sujata

Dancing steps on the back of a gigantic horse

Today is March 20, 1987?

Yes.

What did you want to say, Doux?

(silence)

I will be brief because I am tired... I had so much—it hurt so much... You know, I was sitting on that chair, in that position, I told you, with

arms stuck to my thighs...

Yes.

... my back *pressed* against the thing, my feet quite strongly grasping the floor—already this morning I had a lot of difficulties, and this afternoon, I saw that I would not be able to continue like that...

Oh!

... that I was going to break completely... It hurt so much, didn't it.
It is frightening. That Power is dreadful.

So I got up, I stood before Sri Aurobindo's photo, I put my hands on the...

The mantelpiece?

... the mantelpiece, and it went on. But it is a *crushing* Power that comes down, and when the Power reaches the tips of my toes...

Yes?

... the feet rise...

Oh!

... and do this (*gesture*): they rest on the heels—"rest": look, like this, you see?

(Sujata, very impressed:) *Yes! Yes!*

Like that. Then, there is a new...

Wave?

... wave that comes, and the feet rise... and... like that! (*gesture*) And a “wave”—it is a crushing! You understand, it is fluid and solid at the same time. It is *squashing*. And while this occurred, like that—you know, when the crushing reaches the tips of the toes, it rises on the tips...

Oh! Yes, yes...

... and it comes down on the heels, and it starts again like that, like that, like that!

Oh! Continuously, then?

Yes. And it stops for one or two minutes, then a new crushing comes down to the tips of the toes—and it starts again.

Oh! So...

You know, the heels, like this, that...

Yes, yes.

So I was there, and all of a sudden, I remembered a vision I had one

year ago (almost one year ago). Here, I am going to show you (*Satprem goes to fetch his notes*). You see, how long things take?

Yes.

Afterwards, I searched and I found it; I marked it in red—here it is!

Can you read it?

You can read—simply say what I had noted down.

In red?

Yes.

*“May 31st-June 1st. Standing on the horse. It is all one.
Standing on the horse.”*

So I will tell you that vision because... I did not note it down, but these are visions of the New Consciousness—sometimes, I don't note them down because I don't understand what they mean, or it seems to me that it has a secondary meaning, so I only write three lines, like what you have just read.

So it was on May 31-June 1st?

Yes. It is almost one year ago.

Yes. That night, I saw myself standing on a horse. I did not see the horse: it was a gigantic horse, I only saw the back of the horse and I was

standing on that enormous back. I was very white, I think that I was naked, and I saw myself (I saw myself, didn't I), and I seemed to be very small compared to... I did not see the horse, I only saw its back, you understand. So, on the back of that horse, I saw that I was dancing, like that, on the tips of my feet...

Ooh!!

I bounced, as if there were sparks under my feet, or an electrical force that made me jump on the tips of my toes.

Oh!!

I bounced on the tips of my toes, on the back of that horse!

Oh! Oh... both feet at the same time?

Like this. That is, you see, on the tips of my feet, like that, I bounced as if there were an electric current underneath, a sensation of an electrical spark that made me bounce on the back of that horse. Then, somebody, I don't know who, told me: "It is all one."

Here is what I saw.

"It is all one"? But what does it mean?

I don't really know what it means. But I remember the sensation very well...

When I woke up, I understood that it was a vision of the New Consciousness, that it meant something—but what? I did not understand; it was... I told myself: What are these acrobatics?!

And when I stood in front of Sri Aurobindo's photo and my feet started to go up and down like that, all of a sudden, I remembered that vision.

Yes?

And it is that: one must be *standing!* It is bearable only while *standing!*

Ooh!

It is bearable only while standing. One cannot do... While sitting, one breaks! It is not possible. It is impossible while being seated. That's it, you see, I tried in as many ways as possible.

So, there, I have held on for half an hour: after half an hour, I could not take it anymore.

You are *crushed*. But, you understand, since the body is standing, it has a flexibility or a mobility that makes so...

That it can keep going?

... that it can keep going. And when the crushing comes (it comes down! It is a continuous *mass*, it is a *mass!* It is really... it is fluid, but it is *solid*), so when that mass reaches the tips of the feet, hop! It came up to the tips of the toes, then hop! It went down, like that. So when it began to do that, I saw that vision again; I told myself: but it is that, one should be *standing!* I was told, I was shown; it took me nearly one year to understand!

One should be standing.

Ten months! It has been ten months, hasn't it.

Yes, my Douce.

It is crushing, that... but while standing, one bears it!

But it must be very tiring?

It is very tiring. It is frightfully...

Because the body is not at rest, after all.

It is... It is very-very... There are masses... No human being can understand what it is. It is a crushing! So while standing, you understand, there is a kind of mobility—well, like standing on a horse, you must follow the movement of the horse, if it walks, or if it gallops.

Yes.

I asked myself: What are those acrobatics?

The horse is the Power, isn't it?

Yes. It is the Energy, I think, no?

Yes. I had the impression that it was a white horse, but I can't describe it because I only saw the upper side of the back, and I, standing on that huge, gigantic horse (because, I seemed to be very small, you see); I only saw the back, but I saw myself very small compared to that gigantic back. And I bounced on that back, as if there were electricity or an electrical cushion underneath that made me bounce and bounce and bounce!

I told myself: but well, it is acrobatics! What is... it is as in a circus!

Why do I see that? I did not understand.

(silence)

So there, suddenly, in front of Sri Aurobindo's photo, when I began to... be lifted on the tips of my toes—because it is not a movement that you would ever do of your own will: it is the Power that... It would smash you to pieces on the ground! It is a frightening Power for a human body, for an animal body. That is why I was breaking myself on [the chair]. I was breaking myself; no matter how I gripped my thighs (my hands placed on the thighs, pressed against the thighs), my back glued to the back of the chair and my feet gripping the floor, it was so crushing, that I saw: Well, I am going to break—and I saw that I had to stop.

And as you stopped, you went to stand in front of the photo...

I went to stand in front of Sri Aurobindo's photo—and it went on.

Instantly—it does not stop. And when the crushing reaches the tips of the toes (this is what I told you), it lifts itself. So all of a sudden, in front of the photo, I remembered that vision; I told myself: But this is what wanted to be said to me.

It took me one year to understand!

Yes.

It is incomprehensible and unbelievable and unimaginable for any human being what that Power is. They would be terrified with half a drop—not even that—even before the drop, they would be terrified.

But Sri Aurobindo did say: *"If the body can bear the Touch of*

Supermind—one does not understand what it means. He simply said “*the touch*”, didn’t He?

Yes-yes.

It is fantastic, that Power. It is quite...one can say that it is unbearable for an animal body.

And I have been there for nearly five years now and it increases and increases and becomes...—and there is my back that breaks.

(silence)

A gigantic horse—I think that it was white, but, you understand, I only saw the crest of the back, it was gigantic! And I who seemed tiny, white, naked (I think that I was naked, I was completely white, naked); and I seemed to be an acrobat on it, as in a circus! I told myself: But why do I see that?! And above all, that voice, beside me, that said (because it is often like that, in the New Consciousness: all of a sudden, there is a voice that tells you things, exactly), that said, as if to explain what I was seeing—but I did not understand its explanation!—it said: “It is all one”.

When I looked at that, one year ago, I told myself: well, it means that the Force (because I did understand that the horse was the Power) and the body are all one. But what does it mean?

Because it was clearly said: “It is all one.” That is, the body should follow the same movement or the same... I don’t know, as the Power. I don’t quite understand what it meant by “It is all one.” But, well, the vision of that... (I bounced—as if there were electricity, you know, an electric pad under my feet that made me bounce with the movement of the horse)... It was like extraordinary acrobatics, but apparently, I found that rather curious and not difficult.

But I was the one who sees, rather than the one who... Yet I did feel those kinds of sparks or electrical power under my feet that made me bounce on the back of the horse.

Yes.

So even while standing, it is... But it can be borne better. But it is crushing, it is... pfff! It is solid and yet, it is... It is not material, and yet it is more solid than I don't know what.

Mother said "denser than Matter", didn't She?

Ah! Yes, absolutely, it is much denser than Matter; it is of a frightening density for a body. You are *crushed*. My body, with all those supports, there: my back against the armchair, my arms gripping the thighs, all this, you know, pressed on...

Yes.

Well, it was crushed! And my back was being demolished. That is when I ended up... Already yesterday, I stood up; I could not take it anymore. So this afternoon, I saw that it... really, that everything was going to break—I saw that I had to stop.

That was when I went and stood in front of Sri Aurobindo's photo, and suddenly, I understood.

(silence)

It is curious.

So I was shown that... It was clearly a vision of the New

Consciousness.

Yes.

So it meant something.

And for a long time, I have been telling myself: But what does this mean? I did not understand. I asked myself: why do I see myself doing acrobatics on the back of a horse?!

(laughing:) *Yes!*

It is difficult to understand, you must admit!

So, I understood when I saw my feet lift up, rest again, like that, on the heels (that is what, suddenly, reminded me my vision): but I bounced like that on the back of that horse!

Yes. But there, it was real hopping on the back of the horse?

No, it was not hopping, it was like a bounce, you understand, I don't know, as if something were lifting my feet, my heels...

Yes.

... That made me... like a movement of dance, if you like: the force, under the heels, lifted up, to the rhythm of the horse.

Yes.

You understand, it was something like electricity that lifted you up,

like that: the heels lifted as if... you follow the movement of the horse with a... it is somewhat like dancing, well, it was that.

(silence)

But was it not at the same time that you saw that horse with which you came out of a place... how to say it?

Ah! No, not at all.

No?

It is only one image. You know, things from the New Consciousness are... Like that! One image.

Yes.

I saw only that gigantic back and myself standing on it, like an acrobat, naked, (I was very white, small compared to...) and bouncing on the back: an acrobat.

Oh!

And somebody: "It is all one." And it lasted... it lasted three seconds. You know, it is like that, the New Consciousness: one image, simply—nothing more. Very precise—I tell you, ten years later, I will remember.

Yes.

Very precise, very exact, but what does it mean? You don't know—

you don't always know.

Not at the time, in any case.

Sometimes you understand at the time, but not always.

Here, you see, it took me one year!

And how much demolition of my body to... And after having prayed so much to understand, whereas I had been told! *(Sujata laughs)*

(silence)

You know, "If the body can bear the touch of the Supermind"—"the touch", He simply said. And things have been progressive for five years now, so the "touch" ... is quite a "touch", isn't it? Five years!

With all the previous preparations...

All-all, yes.

So, of course, I had read that in the past: "If the body can bear the touch"... One does not understand what it means! As long as one has not entered a little into it... into that fantastic bath, one cannot understand what it is.

The exactness of Sri Aurobindo's words.

Oh! Sri Aurobindo was precise, wasn't He! He knew what He was saying. So He who received the first...

Flow?

... the first flow—if one can say “flow”... *(Sujata laughs)* You understand, it has the weight of a mountain—and yet, it is fluid.

Nevertheless, once, years ago, you saw, you were on the doorstep, you saw a Force... that crushed mountains!

Yes, a silent Force.

Silent.

I saw something like the mountain in front of my door, there, and a gigantic, fantastic, but completely silent Power that *crushed* that mountain. And the mountain was flattened by that silent Force.

That vision was rather curious.

Yes. But it was a long time ago!

It was a long time ago. It was at the time of Lyudmila.

Yes, I think, yes.

A whole range, like that, that was *crushed* by an invisible Power—but really crushed. And there was no storm, there was no lightning, there was nothing: it was silently flattened.

Yes...

And at the end of the crushing, I knew that an earthquake was going to happen, and that I had to leave the place.

Yes.

But, well, you see, it is like that; it is a Power that crushes mountains—so what is a little human body in that? It is... it is... nobody can understand what it is, nobody-nobody: only *They* know.

So, from now on, I will try while standing. But standing up, you understand...

Standing up, you cannot do it for a long time.

After half an hour... I remained for almost half an hour: I could not take it anymore.

Yes.

It is really... terrible.

There [on the chair], you remained one hour and a half, usually.

Yes.

But standing, it is not possible.

Yes, one hour and a half and I was being demolished! I was being demolished more and more.

But then, how did Mother do it?

Yes: how?

She would remain seated...

This is what I am not able to imagine. Or else, the other explanation is that, really, physically, She was so transparent—even physically, I mean, in the animal body...

Yes.

... in the body that has been conceived by Mathilde and I don't know who...

Barine.

... and Barine. Well, that even that animal body had become so completely transparent.

So, that Force did not meet...

It did not meet any resistance: it passed through.

So it quietly passed through—"quietly", well... Because all the same, Mother would say: "Why do I feel like crying?" Do you remember?

Well, yes, I don't know, my Douce... what is the part of the poison from all those people—and it is abominable, that poison.

Yes.

I had a few experiences; it is... it is...

Ah...!

It is painful, isn't it? I mean, physically.

Of course.

Painful.

Yes.

So, either it was the poison of all those people... or it was really the last few vestiges of the human animal formation? I don't know. Or perhaps both at the same time?

Because Mother, with the spine that She had, and sitting like that, it is... How? One cannot understand. As for me, I cannot understand how it was possible for Mother. I don't even speak of... How it was *physically* possible (I don't even speak of the poison of all those people).

Yes-yes.

But simply physically: how could She?

With that bent spine.

And sitting like that...

Yes. Yes.

Or She had reached such physical transparency—of course, nothing can crush when it is transparent. But it is an animal body, She did say it: “a body like all the bodies”. So how did She do it, at a certain moment, how did She do to bear that? It goes beyond my understanding.

But I remember (it had really struck me and I remembered it: you are the one who told me this already a few years ago), that Mother had reached such a transparency, such purity even in her physical, animal body (as they say), that even death could not touch Her.

Well, I *felt* it like that.

Yes, that is what...

That death could not touch Her.

Yes. So if death could not touch Her, it means a complete purity, no?

Yes, that's it. It is the disciples' *refusal*—they no longer wanted Her—their refusal and their poison made it so that Mother decided: “Well... they don't want it.”

Because I felt, like that, that death could not touch her—nothing could touch her.

One could really feel: She was transparent and luminous. So I

attributed all her pain to this poison; they had had enough! They did not want it anymore, they could no longer bear Her!

But it can also be, as you say, a last residue...

Is there a final, last residue? I don't know. As She said: "the un-transformable residue"? I don't know, my Douce. But physically, now that I have begun (I "have begun", well, it has been quite a long time since I began!) to have the concrete experience, hundreds of times, for years, I ask myself: but how did Mother do it? How did She manage? How did She do it? What this Power is is unthinkable, unimaginable for any human being.

You saw that crushed mountain? Well, it is that! A silent, invisible Power (because that mountain, who crushed it? I really don't know), but silently, it was *crushed!* You know, as if gigantic hands were there and brrr! The whole mountain flattened, crushed. It was a Power like that.

(silence)

So that's it: "If the body can bear the touch of the Supermind..." And Sri Aurobindo: how did He do it? It is unbelievable, isn't it? What They have done is unbelievable.

As for me, I am protected, sheltered from poisons and from everything. They were fully in the bath. And They were opening the path, weren't They.

Yes, They were...

They opened the rock. So people think that these are images...

Yes.

... That they are myths...

(silence)



March 21, 1987

There are a few central formations (perhaps only one): when they fall (or it falls), *all* the others are erased or lose their power, and it is like a field of illusions that opens up.

Generally, people cannot bear that. It is the death of their “life”.

This is perhaps what the Buddha felt. But it is the opportunity to move towards a greater Reality *in Matter*.



March 23, 1987

Had the Buddha known, he would have given all the Nirvana for that Solid Love that invades millions and billions of material cells like an equinoctial storm invades all the coves and fissures in the cliff.

But it is like an *absolute* recognition in the body, an adoration that seems to surge forth from billions of years of Matter: it is that, it is *that*, it is that, like its *actual* Aim.



March 24, 1987

Countless times, I noticed the intimate relation between that Power and breathing. I want to note it down as I experience it. When you reach

the end of the exhalation, that Power *forces its way* into Matter like a wedge, it is at that moment that the respiration makes “han” like the woodcutter who thrusts his axe, and the feet fall down on the heels (to straighten up onto the tips of the toes afterwards) And each time, one has the concrete (spurred and breathed or exhaled) sensation that this Power—a little more of this Power—literally enters, forces its way into the general Matter under the feet.

Such is the fact.

All this unfolds automatically, without any conscious will from my side. It is the Power which determines the rhythm and the movement.

*

Thinking of it, this is perhaps what the “it is all one” of my vision meant. The Power (the horse) and the body move in one single movement. It is the same rhythm.

*

So I remember the Rig-Veda: “He sets flowing in one movement human strengths and things divine”. (ix.70.3)

It had a much more precise (concrete) meaning than I imagined!

It is always the same thing: we don’t know *to which extent* the experiences of the Rishis, of Sri Aurobindo and Mother are precise and concrete.

(When I speak of “volcano” or “equinoctial tide”, they will imagine that it is... poetical “images”... If they received that “poetry” on the corner of their heads, they would see what effect it has!)

*

Afternoon

Heavier and heavier Masses, heavier and heavier, one would like to be very, very small to receive “that” or disappear in “that”.

All the other states of being can “disappear”, but how can a body disappear...? Unless it atomizes.

The Nirvana of the body is death (until further notice).



March 25, 1987

The body swings and rolls like a drunken boat... in an earthquake(!)

(It is fortunate that nobody can see me during the operation, or else they would think that I am in full delirium tremens!)

*

(Now I understand why all the backs of those chairs have demolished my back—even a bad sailor would understand that a boat must not be “leant” against a quay!)

*

Evening

I have that Grace to be able to try.

*

“That” has been coming down continuously for seven months now (August 25).



March 26, 1987

Of course, you don’t understand what you “do” when you are there, standing up, receiving that impossible Power, but did the first hominids understand what they were “doing” when they had forgotten their monkey’s work and no longer really understood how the world functioned?... It seems first to be an adventure in the incomprehension of what was fully natural in the past. One does not know the new work!

One knows nothing at all. It is something incomprehensible that happens. And yet it is of such a powerful, formidable Reality.

The incomprehension of the hominids was already the next comprehension.

The body “understands” in an inexpressible way something that the Mind does not understand—it is ahead.

*

Evening

My Douce shows me an *Agenda* (February 22, 1964) in which Mother says: “Several times in his letters, Sri Aurobindo wrote that if the higher Light were to descend abruptly, or if Divine Love were to descend abruptly, without preparation... *the matter would be shattered*. It seems to be quite true!” (Mother exclaimed).



March 27, 1987

(Letter from Satprem to Kireet, originally in English)

The “inner work” is rather a “physical work”. Sometimes I wish I had the body of an athlete — what are they doing over there with all their beautiful muscles in front of a mirror?! How much Grace is wasted...

Tell Uncle I remember him very much. I know his help ever since the beginning. Tell him that since August 25 last year, it is coming massively and getting more and more massive, and difficult to bear, right down below the feet as if “someone” were trampling the Earth.

My love to him and gratitude and my love to you.

Satprem



March 28, 1987

Perilous and Marvellous



March 29, 1987

Does “that”, at least, enter that damned ball a little?



March 31, 1987

It is exactly like on the deck of a boat: the body must respond to the slightest movement of the hull, the wave and the list. It is all one: the sea, the hull, the sails and the body. Otherwise, you go overboard.

I knew that one had to have sea legs to do this Yoga (!)



April

April 1, 1987

There is a growing, concrete perception that *everything*, everything is the Divine, comes from the Divine, is *done* by the Divine, and if we have the feeling that it is “contrary”, it is because we don’t know how to use it to move forward. It is exactly like sailing: you use “contrary” winds to move “closer”. And it *really* is like that.

*

The other day, I read in the Rig Veda: *God, Thy forces are everywhere! Thou besiegest us on every side with Thy being. Burn away from us the sin!* It is exactly that! The “sin” is not to perceive that it is Him and not to use Him to move towards Him. *Thou besiegest us on every side with Thy being...*



April 2, 1987

I have been told that the “locals” called my mother “The Seagull”, because every day, she used to walk on the beach, along “her” Bay...

One of my sisters told me what she said during her last days. She said: “That force of the sea! That limitless Bay... The infinite is not restricting, it is eternity. One must be able to accept the wave, to take it as it comes to you, then it unfurls on the warm sand, it feels good, it is a blessing. But at the moment, this wave... this wave... It is SOMETHING ELSE, it is so difficult, and yet the difficult does not exist in nature. This trip... towards which home?...”

Oh! My Great Seagull...

*

So, sometimes, I feel this mountain of the Nilgiris is a place so-so foreign to my whole being... The sea cries out in me, the seagulls cry out in me!... She, the great Wing, cries out in me.

But I know that it is an illusion and I hold on.

Even the infinity of the sea lets your gaze wander, then you come back “home”—the great Infinite fulfills you without any gaze and you are at home forever.

I tell myself, but...

There are actually three kinds of beings, as Plato already knew: men, women, and sailors.

The Sailor can understand the other two, but the other two will never understand the Sailor.

*

Noon

My body *cannot* understand why there is that obstruction in its back, its shoulder, its neck, it cannot, it is like a child that cannot understand evil. It is incomprehensible... I remember seeing those children who hurt themselves for the first time: there is stupefaction in them.

In fact, it is like a first initiation to death.

And it is like those birds, every day, that come and bump against my window: they cannot understand that falsehood, that artifice, that non-existence of a garden reflected in a window—it is incomprehensible. “But there were flowers and a tree!” Then you crash and hurt yourself in a non-existence of tree and flowers.

It is an existing non-existence! And it is incomprehensible for the body.

Perhaps this is what the “spell” is—but it is an iron “spell”.

Why is it not *simple*?? Why?

Why do you bang yourself?

I remember, when I was a little child, five or seven years old perhaps, I fell down the stairs to the cellar--I fainted. When I woke up, I told my mother: "I thought I was dead." My Mother told me about that later with a kind of amazement: "How could this child know that there is death?" It was a mystery to her and stupefying: this child who had never known or seen death, who did not know what it could be...??

Right the first time, I was in "it": what hurts is death. I thought that I was dead.

Death must have been an old thing, well known to me.

It is the existing non-existence.

If you want to go through the window pane, it hurts!...

*

Afternoon

I can no longer bear that burning tearing in my back. My whole being, my whole body feels like crying in despair.

I had to stop.

All of death seems to concentrate *there*.

*

And you no longer know what to do.

Where is the way?

What is the way when you cannot even knock with your pain?

*

Evening

(Also I must have taken my sister's letter "on my back"--you become vulnerable to *everything*.)

It seems that you have to take on everyone's pain, in addition to yours.

(That pain in the back is going lower and lower).
I feel desperate, tonight--it is the "black boxroom".
Well, "that's how it is, that's how it is".
I did what I could, according to my ignorant knowledge.

*

Last night (from April 1 to 2) I saw Yama's mount.*
Well, we'll see.

*

After all, Yama, too, is You.
It is an old You, in my view.
What does the New You want?



April 3, 1987

Always this remark: everything must always be redone, like Sisyphus; nothing is ever won forever, until we reach the last step... unknown, in the body. It is the only place of the final victory. One comes back from all "heavens" to battle for that final victory. Even Nirvana is useless and all the "great realizations" come back there.

Death is the last enemy.

*

What is this Earth of Misery? Why?
... We shall know it when death will be no longer.

In the meanwhile, we must vanquish all the sordid and grievous little deaths, one by one and indefinitely.

*

* Yama, the god of death. His mount is a buffalo.

Evening

N.B. Breathing out goes down to the heels.

Elbows against the body.

Rhythmic like the bellows of a forge.

*

For such a long time I did not understand the importance of the breathing rhythm and the concordance with the Movement of that Power...

Perhaps it will be better now?



April 4, 1987

I cannot imagine a life where there would not have been Sri Aurobindo and Mother—it would have been so *senseless*... I would have burnt myself in one way or another, seeing nothing that would have made sense for that Fire.

He arrived in Pondicherry 77 years ago to the day.

What a Grace!

*

Afternoon

The body no longer knows what to do to bear “that” without breaking. It becomes so impossible, physically impossible. And it doesn’t stop asking itself or asking the Lord: why is it not *simple*? Why is it not simple? Why “that” cannot be, simply?... There is something that does not understand that... terrible difficulty.

*

Obviously, we are *made* of death, we are filled with death—we have

been built by Death.

It is a paradox.

*

Evening

One could be flattened like a pancake by “that”...

(I told Sujata: if you find a pancake on the carpet, you’ll know that it’s me!)



April 5, 1987

Vision

Last night (from April 4 to 5), in the middle of the night, I suddenly became aware that brownish beings, very obscure, were moving in a total obscurity, and those beings were loosening huge rocks to make them roll down on me and crush me. They were in the mountain, as if above Land’s End, and I was in my bed here (but I could see both at the same time: me here and those beings). I could hear the cracking of the rocks that they were working loose, and suddenly, I screamed very loudly, one could say a powerful cry--physically very strong, since I heard myself crying and woke up--to chase them away.

I have the impression that it must be the forces of the Unconscious (*seen* for the first time) that want to crush me and that they are precisely the ones that impede the passage of the Power...

The fact that I *saw* them may be important.

I cried out aloud, as I cannot remember ever having done even in my nightmares of fear and horror. A real CRY. In the next room Sujata

started.

... So I begin to have a *look* into that.

*

(In the Vedas, the “rock” = the Unconscious. It is the beginning of our old evolution. We started from stone... and collected a few creatures on the way). (We make the journey backwards).

That going through the rock is the passage from death to... something else. It is through it that my Great Seagull flew away.

*

Evening

Everywhere-everywhere one sees fires set ablaze (on my short walk). After cutting trees, they set fire to the bushes that tried to grow again--hills of burnt out rocks... They will be able to use their computers and their satellites to count the hectares of ravaged earth.

It's either the New Species or destruction. There is no middle ground.

(Thatcher) All the Western “heads of state” are grocers of weapons.

It is the great nuclear Grocery.

That is their whole international and “human” vision--money.

And my back holds on as much as it can.

We are not very capable...



April 7, 1987

Granite posts have arrived in the lane.

They are going to surround the rest of the Shola with barbed wire, so as to “protect” it.

We will walk among the barbed wire.

The “symbol” is complete.

The concentration camp is here.

Not much time is left.



April 8, 1987

In that Physical of pain, of resistance and of death, I only know *one* Mantra, it is: You-You-You-You... as if for ever pounded by the heels.

And I only know *one* key, it is: all that suffers, toils, pulls, is crushed, moans and feels itself dying, it is Falsehood that goes away, it is Falsity that is crushed, it is Death that agonizes, it is the Resistance that crumbles.

The only Reality is You-You-You-You-You... indefinitely and to the end, pounded by the heels as if to make a little amount of pure Truth, sunny, true, purely pure, enter that Matter of Falsehood.

This is all that I know.

And in God’s hands.



April 9, 1987

“The difficult does not exist in nature”, my mother said. It comes of profound wisdom. Perhaps she touched the very “spell”.

*

I am struggling in *the* difficulty.

An assault of destructive forces.

*

(“You’ll take a little Saridon tablet.”)

What nerve...!

*

Nature has no “difficulty”, because it is always starting again.

Madrepore are built on millions of dead alveoli.

So are men.

(Until further notice.)



April 10, 1987

This physical is nocturnal: it does not even live like an animal (as one could believe), it lives in a dungeon. There is no light, not even a skylight: it is used to being a prisoner, and it continues night after night.

“It has always been like that.” And that’s it.

Like the alveoli of the madrepore.

To let the light into that amounts to exploding what it is... So?

*

Yet, Sri Aurobindo did speak of a “new *physical* nature”...

*

But I do also remember a “conversation” of 1924, which I read some thirty years ago (!) and which struck me... with a kind of astonishment:

“Now the most material level remains and that is the most dangerous.”

“Why the most dangerous?” the disciple asks.

“Because it is solid, compact and can refuse or *give up its own stuff completely.*” (That was what really struck me with a kind of incomprehension...) And Sri Aurobindo further says: “It is the least open to reasoning and in dealing with it you require the hugest Divine Power. Besides, the whole *samskara*--established impression (all the

impressions of the Earth!) *of the whole universe is against your effort. Something from above has to descend and remove the obstacle.**

It was in 1924--I was one year old!

And I read that for the first time in 1954, with a kind of astonishment... *give up its own stuff completely.*"--Why? I asked myself.

Now, in 1987, thirty-three years later, I begin to understand...

In any case, my back understands.

One can wonder how to "remove the obstacle" without removing the subject (!).

(This is probably why it takes time...) (Millimetre by millimetre.)

*

PS: The "immigration" police, too, are meddling. It is part of the general assault.

"The universal forces are against", Sri Aurobindo would say. Now it is *seen in detail*--down to the gate of Land's End.



Night from April 10 to 11, 1987

Vision

I think I have met my mother. I did not see her in the form that I know, but she told me, as if to explain to me what happened after her departure: "It was a shock: large-large-large! (pointing out an immensity). And an enthusiasm of Joy."

Her voice vibrated in wonderment when she said: "large-large-large..." wonderment and joy.

* The passages in italics have been underlined by Satprem.

“It was a shock”, because she had not expected such Immensity, as if the immensity of the sea (“her” Bay) was very small compared to that.

(My mother did not know Greek--she knew Breton!--but “enthusiasm” means what is “full of God”--a “joy full of God”. It is Ananda).



April 13, 1987

Evening

I have the impression that there is a great stir in the atmosphere of India around the affair of V.P. Singh. My vision of the “she-cat” (the Italian woman) is perhaps about to be “explained”...



April 14, 1987

That encounter with my mother, during the night of April 10 to 11, is making me think... Usually, when one is in that Immensity of divine Joy, one does not come back to tell about it to some terrestrial inhabitant... even one’s son.

There must be a special grace (on both sides).

Everything is fulfilled, filled, spread out in the infinite--so what does a little terrestrial man mean, in his night of Falsehood?--We are in a deep night, here.

And she came back to say that to me. That is, she kept enough individuality to remember and communicate--a powerful individuality is needed to be able to do that, or a powerful *being*.

She must be very old.

*

(I do believe that the “special grace” is Mother! She said, speaking of my mother: “I know her very well.” She must have told her: “Go and heal the pain a little in your son’s heart!”)

(And truly, my pain has dissolved, as it were).

She is very kind, Mother (!) We are not aware enough of it (!). That is, I am a dimwit.

Strange life, where one dies in “life” and is born in “death”!

“It was a shock”, my mother said!

One should be born without death.



April 15, 1987

The Earth--Matter--is the place where one can *individualize* that Immensity of Joy, and it is the place that is the contrary of immensity and joy--it is death and smallness. Such is the paradox.

*

My Mother gazed at the open sea and the unfurling of the waves for a long time. Now they mainly watch the TV screen and the unfolding of their science fiction.

All depends on what you are looking at.

*

Noon

As if with an axe.

*

(Fires continue here and there.) Seen Patrice. Told him: “Horror and Marvel are side by side... Separated by a thin layer of... I don’t know what.”

And I added: “That is the Apocalypse”--that thin layer *must* disappear.



April 17, 1987

We must plan to have fire extinguishers at Land’s End. And a watchdog.



April 19, 1987

Such a constant--agonizing prayer: Come-come into Your New Body to deliver us from that terrestrial, “human” nightmare.

PS: L. gives out.



April 20, 1987

The loudspeakers scream and fires are lit everywhere--quickly followed by their huts for their ever more numerous babies... who will feed on what?--violence, corruption, prostitution of *everything*. The Brutes. And wire fences surround us on all sides now, separating us from the rest of the forest--we are a zoo in reverse.

*

PS: A few hours before he arrived physically, I saw Claude Brun come

into my room, with very firm steps: he was wearing a dark red tunic (garnet red)! He was taller than he physically is, and thinner. The impression that that “red tunic” corresponds to something ancient (?) and in any case *means* something.



April 22, 1987

Claude B. came to tend my back (clear the drains—I had once seen something about that... I’ll tell about it later). But he told me something very curious: according to Chinese (Korean) knowledge, the skin corresponds to the “metal” element!*

It is really strange, the deepest (hardest) layer actually is or would be the more external...

It is also true that when you die, it is the more external coating that you leave (to decay in a box).

It is also true that the hardest part of an egg is the shell!

Obviously, we are *inside* “something” that shuts us up and separates us from the reality of the world. That “something” is death. Or rather: what-makes-death. Or in a more general way: what-makes-all-the-sorrow.

Claude is so good: a true knight of Mother with a child’s heart.



April 25, 1987

Conversation with Sujata

* Skin: sinews, ligaments, etc--probably the remnants of the animal carapace (?)

Sri Aurobindo gathered his whole consciousness in his
hand

So, it was yesterday that you saw that?

Yes, on the afternoon of April 24.

So, tell me.

It left me...

It left you...?

It seemed that I was in my bed, sleeping, then suddenly you were there, leaning like that, standing--you were standing, there, and you were telling me something. You were telling me about Sri Aurobindo. And you told me that Sri Aurobindo, before leaving, had gathered his whole Consciousness in his hand. I understood that it was one hand, not even both of them. One hand. So it was formidable, you understand! Gathered his WHOLE Consciousness--of his whole body, you know--it was in his hand.

You said that He could do everything.

Then I asked: But how was this hand? I could not see you, I turned a little and you showed me how it was, and at that moment, it was as if I could see Sri Aurobindo's hand. And you told me: "All that consciousness accumulated there: at that moment, He could do everything--He could DO

EVERYTHING.” It was formidable.

And then?

And then...

He turned his hand?

Yes. Like that (gesture).

He turned his hand like that?

This is what you showed, what you said. You said: “At that moment, He could do EVERYTHING.” And it was as if there were (in my sensation, it was not expressed in words, but rather by... yes, sensation). So He could do everything at that moment, then, I don’t know why, there was a moment of... decision, perhaps: is He going to do it, or not? Maybe something like that. Then He turned his hand and left.

(long silence)

Yes. He could do everything. He could do EVERYTHING. And then...

(long silence)

You said that it was also as if I were telling you all that?

Yes. You were telling me that, as if you had just seen it—yes, as if you had just seen it, as a witness, you know. And you were yourself under the impact of having seen it. When you told me that, it was so vivid, as if I could see it myself, you know. And it was not a thing that was thought or

heard, nothing of all that: it was something you had seen with your own eyes. You had just seen it, and you had come to tell me what you had seen.

Yes, I was still in shock.

In shock, yes. Because when you spoke, when you explained to me what you had witnessed, it was as if I could see it myself, so vivid it was.

(long silence)

Yes, you had...

Yes, my question was that it was obviously a moment when He was ready to do everything.

Yes.

He could do everything, and obviously, there was a moment when He was ready to do it. And then, what made him change his mind?

Yes, He not only could, but He was ready to do it.

This is my feeling, it is what I think--you did not say that.

Yes, it was in your feeling... in the sensation of the moment.

The sensation of the gesture that you showed, you see... What you told me was that at that moment, He could do EVERYTHING. That I did not analyse, but now, when I think of it, according to the gesture that you

showed, it was a moment when not only He could do everything, but He was ready to do it. And then, what made him change his mind? Why?

(long silence)

That is a Secret of the Supreme.

(silence)

What did He see that caused... that caused Him not to do it at that moment?

Really... Sri Aurobindo's Consciousness, mind you, all that was in his body, and just before leaving, He gathered all that in his hand (it was the right hand that you showed me): that formidable consciousness gathered in one hand--do you understand the concentration it makes?! And of course, you said: "At that moment, He could do EVERYTHING." And according to your gesture, now that I think of it (I did not analyse it, I only noted what happened), only now I tell myself: there was a moment when He was ready to do it. He could do everything and He was ready to do it--and then...?

That can only be a Decision of the Supreme, and a Secret of the Supreme. We'll understand later. But later... later: when?

It is maybe now, since we see that now, don't you think so? Or else why? How many years has it been since Sri Aurobindo left? Since 1950--we are in 1987?

Thirty-seven years.

So? And why suddenly?... And you came to tell me, as if you were a witness--and not only a witness of the past, but a witness of the moment: you were yourself under the impact of what you had seen, you spoke as a witness.

Why have I seen that now? Why have we seen that now?

Yes.

Yes, it is a question. Perhaps the explanation is close?

I am tiring you, my Doux, am I not?

I am tired.

Yes. Instead of resting...

No, I'm going to rest.

But really, it was so vivid that I am still under the impact. So it was on the afternoon of the 24th? April 24, it's an important day!

It was the day of their meeting--it was the day when Mother came to Pondicherry for good, near him.

Came back, yes.

Well, it was yesterday!

It was yesterday?

It was yesterday: sixty-seven years ago.

Sixty-seven years during which they worked together, didn't they.

But why did you see that yesterday--or did we see it yesterday?

Yes, because you were the witness and you told me.

I don't know, my Douce. Why? I don't know. Why yesterday? Why sixty-seven years later?

(silence)

Perhaps the time is drawing near? So, as they like us a lot...

Oh!...

Sri Aurobindo and Mother love us!

We love Him, in any case, we love Them.

Oh, yes. (laughing) It is because They love us! Well, this is why They give us the Favour to make us see, probably, because it is drawing near, you don't think so?

Well, let's hope it is near. Let's hope.

That is to say, the Answer is near.

Yes, let's hope that the Answer is near. Because everything is *horribly* near.

Yes.

(silence)

Everything is *disastrously* near. I don't know.

(pause)

My only answer, the only answer that occurs to me...

Yes?

He could do EVERYTHING, it is certain, it is obvious. It is a supreme Sacrifice. But I feel, I feel that something on the human side should have taken a last step. Something on the human side--I don't know if we can say that, which gives out a last cry, or takes the last step, or a last call--something of that terrestrial human consciousness that... that invokes... I don't know.

Yes. Yes.

Something of that old evolution that... that cries out. I don't know.

It must be that, my Doux. Because there was that pause, you know, and that Consciousness, all gathered: the Consciousness must have seen something that made that the Action, at that moment, has not been done, and He left. At that moment, he decided to leave. And perhaps that was what was needed: a human cry. Yes. Because there was a pause, you know.

I don't know.

(silence)

Mother, it was the same thing: She went on until the end.

Oh! yes, Mother went on...

And then?...

But there, you had immediately seen, that peal.

That peal: "No obstacle, nothing impedes."

No obstacle...

She left because... nobody wanted it!

Certainly.

Well, there has to be something of that old evolution that... that wants it.

Yes.

This is the only answer I can find to their departures.

Yes.

It is the only answer that I can understand...

*

(The Institute and the *Agenda*)

... I begin to ask myself, like Mother: "What will remain standing?" ...
It is poignant.



April 26, 1987

It is very interesting. According to the knowledge Claude B. told me about, the seventh cervical vertebra is a very important "junction": it is the passage from "heaven" to "the earth"--starting from the first dorsal vertebra, one "enters the earth". And it is just at that junction that my difficulties lay.

One must be standing to "pound" the Earth with one's heels--to make that Power go down into--enter Matter.

*

I told C.B.: to do this yoga, one must be both a warrior and a child.



April 28, 1987

Indian Express

SUPERNOVA STILL BRIGHTENING

New Delhi, April 26

According to American researchers, detecting tiny subatomic particles projected from the depths of a giant

exploding star will help scientists foresee the destiny of the universe.

For the researchers, Shelton-1987A supernova, recently discovered, is providing new data which will help solve one of the great mysteries of science: will the universe stop its expansion one day and collapse on itself, or will the stars eternally continue to move further apart?

That supernova is in the large Magellanic Galaxy, situated near our Milky Way.

A supernova is the explosion of a huge star perhaps twenty times as big as the Sun. It occurs at the end of the star's life, when unbridled nuclear reactions cause the explosion of the star and its extraordinary growing brightness. If we observe every year a handful of supernovae in faraway galaxies, Shelton-SN 1987A is unique, because it has been discovered long before it reaches its maximum brightness.

A supernova so close to the Earth has not been seen since 1604, just before Galileo invented the reflecting telescope. That gigantic explosion happened 170,000 years ago, but it is only now that its light reaches the earth.

It was on February 24, at Las Campanas Observatory in Chile that a Canadian scientist detected that supernova for the first time. Mr Laurence Petterson, the deputy director of NASA, observes that the brightness of the supernova is increasing, giving astronomers, for the very first time, the possibility of studying the phenomenon with powerful modern telescopes. It is brightening enough to be observed with the naked eye.

The stellar explosion showered Earth with a wave of subatomic particles known as neutrinos, the first to be detected beyond the solar system. The wave of neutrinos was noticed by scientists using special detectors in underground mines in the United States, in Europe, in Japan

and in the Soviet Union.

Neutrinos bombard the earth everyday by the thousands of millions, so tiny that they go through the planet, individuals and all other matter unnoticed, slipping between the particles that form the atoms. But those neutrinos are produced by the Sun and other sources and they come in a regular flow and not in the form of explosions, as did those coming from the supernova. Only one percent of the energy of the exploding star is ejected in the form of light and expanding debris, while 99 percent is released in the form of neutrinos.

Through us passes the debris of stars which exploded 170 000 years ago, and how many... before that?

And what does that Supramental Power do?

In any case, if it can go through my atoms, it can go through the rest of the planet (!) (That must make them very uncomfortable!)

*

“To go towards the future” does mean to go *constantly* towards the future, the threads of the past have to be untied or unstuck at every moment--like a constant bit of surgery.

There are obscure threads, there are sunny and tender threads--but they are threads.

It hurts... often.

*

One understands why there is Love in the depths of this terrestrial life at the human level, because it is the most desolate place in the universe.

*

(The damage in my back goes down to the seventh dorsal vertebra!... but it will improve.)

An admirable and sad, unwitting remark of C.B. about France and Switzerland (but one could say the same thing about everywhere, alas):
“The world is another country.”

The more “man” develops, the smaller he becomes.

The more his “means” grow, the more his consciousness darkens and diminishes.

The contrary of an “evolution”.

As Sri Aurobindo said in *Savitri*: “Enormous djinns who serve a dwarf’s small needs...”



May

May

The month of profound turning points.



May 5, 1987

In my curious “list of the month of May”, I can note down that it was on May 22 that I saw my mother for the last time:

May 5 (1945) release from the concentration camps

May 8 (1958) Initiation as Sannyasin

May 14 (1982) The Yoga of the body in Land’s End

May 19 (1973) Last interview with Mother

May 19 (1977) Arrival in Paris to liberate the *Agenda*

May 21 (1983) Last visit to the *Côte Sauvage* and the rock of the Lion

May 22 (1983) Last meeting with my mother

May 25 (1959) My Douce

*

Sometimes, when I see myself like that, standing up, stamping and dancing and pounding-hammering the ground, I tell myself: Really, isn’t it crazy?

I don’t know what I am doing.

Sometimes, my two feet jump together!

And it lasts for fifty minutes, for as long as I can keep standing at this pace!

(Fortunately, thanks to Claude, my back is better and no longer obstructs so much.)

It is supramental equitation (!)... on Kalki’s back.

*

Afternoon

It seems impossible to bear such Masses, and yet you bear it and bear it...

It is a mystery and a miracle.

*

Evening

As I said to Claude before his departure: “We do terrestrial acupuncture” (!)

We pull out the “perverse energies” and we replace them with Another Energy...

(It is rather the opposite: we inject the Other Energy and it *automatically* makes the “perverse energies” go out.)



May 6, 1987

It is such a Power-Energy, and there is such exhaustion...!

That is, it is not the same energy as the one that usually makes the body work—it would rather make Jupiter or the Magellanic Cloud work (!)

*

The Hindu

BIRTH RATE HIGH

Beijing: In 1986, the birth rate in China rose to 20.77 per thousand, against 17.8 per thousand in 1985, which raises fears that the government program to control population could be threatened. According to estimates, the global population increased by 14 million in 1986, 1.68 million more than anticipated, to reach 1.06 billion. It could

increase by 16 million this year, threatening the objective that aimed at containing the population within the limits of 1.2 billion by the year 2000.—AP



May 7, 1987

Afternoon

Something new, it seems.

After forty minutes of that jumping:

Enormous SLOW Masses.

The body on the point of breaking (especially the back and the joints of the spine).

After ten or fifteen minutes, I stopped.

*

P.S. Those Masses are not only slow but “heavy”, we could say, a “heaviness” or a “thickness” that does not resemble anything physical—one could say that it has the consistency of a wall, as though a wall passed through the body (!) or the body passed through a wall, slowly-slowly-slowly... That is why I say “enormous” masses.

I have the impression that it must happen (or pass through)* at the atomic level.

(Yes, Mother said: “Denser than Matter”.)

It is very difficult to describe a non-existent phenomenon because we have only existing things to make a comparison with.

It is another system of reference.

*

* In French: happen: *se passer*, pass through: *passer*. (*Translators' note*)

Like a Grace that approaches.



May 8, 1987

Same phenomenon: slow and incredibly heavy (dense) Masses.
Imperturbable and crushing.



May 9, 1987

From day to day, we must add barbed wire here and there, not only around the house, but around the trees, on our property. Which means that we must put ourselves in a prison to survive the invasion.

Our days are numbered.

There is no place for us in the reigning Law.

Unless the Divine is involved.



May 10, 1987

The body has the impression of undergoing a mystery, of being in a mystery.

It is so impossible!

A physiological mystery.



May 11, 1987

The body feels that everything-everything is going to break, to burst, to shatter, and it lasts and lasts, second after second.

It invokes and invokes the Grace for the Earth—but it is terrible.

*

Evening

That ball must be cleansed before anything can manifest—bloom, blossom.

*

Perhaps, on the verge of the Fatal, She will manifest...



May 14, 1987

Each second like the last second... before... what?

*

It is so terrible, so terrible... There is a formidable faith in the body, almost a divine knowledge, we could say, but... a body is a body... with limits. It is that last limit... there is a last limit. And it is like that second after second.

This morning, sixty minutes.

I remember from Mother: "Minutes are long."

*

Afternoon

There where *it is* death, the body says: It is *YOU*. And it is the key. So it goes through that second. Then another second comes... and so on and so forth. Each second, the door must be opened.

But *it is* You.

It is the only key through death.

*

What I don't know is the thickness of the wall.

Sometimes I wonder whether that intensity of death is not made to teach us how to bear the intensity of You? (We always see things upside down).

*

Evening

Five years to the day... (like Darwin on board the *Beagle!*)

This back hurts a lot again (with the "Americans" on top of all that).

*

But that Great Wave reverberates and reverberates in my room...



May 15, 1987

As if the last limit were constantly pushed back, constantly pushed back...

It makes a kind of crushing agony, as though one passed through death second by second.

But the body KNOWS that it is the Grace.

*

It is the shell that says No, and, inside, a little man who tries to say Yes.

*

We are clothed in death, with, inside, an Immortal God.



May 16, 1987

That resistance, like a painful iron corset... O Mâ, what can we do?

*

Afternoon

It is such torture! As though all matter were going to burst, to shatter.

And it never ends.

And it never ends.

With, in the body, a kind of wild resolution that looks like despair, a prayer for human Misfortune, heroism and Love—specially Love, like the LAST REALITY.

It is like the prayer of someone in a concentration camp.



May18, 1987

(Sri Lanka) The Buddhists go on Jihad!

A derision of *everything*.

All the “saints”, everywhere, wage war on the Devil—where is the Devil so that I can go and embrace him (!)



May 19, 1987

(Nightmares again, twice in a row.)

The untiring assault of those nocturnal forces.

You seem to be an “exemplary” bunch of all human disabilities.

And if you grieve, you fall still deeper into their nasty claws.

“That hundred-headed battle”, said the Veda...

(Though, you don’t “wage” any war: you are simply the field in which it unfolds, and you count the blows.)

Fourteen years ago, I saw Mother for the last time...

*

Evening

It is perpetually on the verge of breaking (the vertebrae, the back, the ligaments, the whole iron corset).

All positions hurt.

Knock-knock-knock... Knock-knock-knock...

Is that iron crust crossable or not?

*

Each time sorrow or pain attack me, I say and repeat to myself: It is our *whole* way of being which is untrue, it is our *whole* way of perceiving and feeling and living things—and we are going towards another way of being where all those things will be perceived, felt, lived differently, in a way as different as the perception of the bird can be from the perception of the centipede.

The nearer we come to the other state, the more acute—tearing—the contradiction becomes.

It is probably the same in the body of the Earth.



May 21, 1987

It is fully unleashed.

We will see. There is going to be news—true news.



May 23, 1987

It is such torture in the body.

Masses able to crush a mountain.

As though everything, everything, all those billions of cells were going to be torn, to burst.

A supreme faith or a supreme Grace is needed to bear that.

A total “it-is-You” is needed.

But...

You are as if enveloped in all the Falsehood and Death of the Earth, and that Power relentlessly goes through and goes through, crushes and crushes that...

But inside, in the depths of the body, something CRIES OUT and CRIES OUT: It is You, it is You, to You, to You...

It is almost unbearable. That is to say that a miracle is needed, the Miracle to bear that. (A constant Miracle, each second.)

*

Instead of feeling the Grace, the body feels the torture—which means that it is on the wrong side.

In fact, it feels both: the Grace and the torture. The Grace that cries out, and the other that moans.

*

But I understand that one cannot do that while in “trance”, because then, the body no longer participates—what puts up the Resistance disappears. While awake, standing up, there is something that puts up resistance—and this is what must “undergo the operation” ... But...

(Actually, I know nothing at all: I try to undergo.)

*

If one knew exactly what “that which puts up the resistance” consists of, it would be a great discovery.

It is also what makes death, and all the Misfortune.

*

Scientists tell you: It is cancer that causes death, it is ruptured

aneurysm that causes death, it is heart attack that causes death—it is this and that. But it is not true at all! These are pretexts. What causes death, is Death!

There is an “unknown quantity” that makes death.

It is the very basis of life (!).

It is as hard as iron.

Knock-knock-knock... Knock-knock-knock...

*

(When we come out of this, if we come out, we will be able to say something coherent that will fit in three lines!) (Something like “the earth is round”!)*

*

Afternoon

From 3:15 p.m. to 4:25 p.m., continuously, standing.

Under the formidable pressure of that Power of Grace, in the body, you go through a network of very tight iron mesh, each of which is death that pulls out, tears up, resists—WANTS you to believe in death. But IT IS THE GRACE of the Supreme.

P.S. Towards the end, there is a moment when everything becomes almost immobile, you are frozen like a statue.

Everything is critical.

*

Evening

* So far, the only statement that I could express with some certitude is: “Life is death, and death is something else.”

And also: “When we are able to transmaterialize that something else, death will disappear and it will be another type of life.” But the latter still needs some working on (!).

Violence in New Delhi after (Friday) “prayers”.

I don’t know whether the Allah of the Bible is better than the others.

All Allahs are not great.



May 24, 1987

In fact, that “network of death” must be gone through at each stage, but it has a different “consistency” according to the stages: it can be made of viscous and enveloping mesh, little pretty poisonous serpents or an army of centipedes and quicksand, perfidious and inconsolable tears, slippery clay, then, more and more, more and more, it solidifies down to that iron mesh. (These are “images”, perhaps.)

The whole lot forms a geological carapace, and on that, our ideals, our Popes and Allahs frolic about.

And NOTHING changes because Death and Falsehood are underneath.

*

Afternoon

I understood!

The body understood what the “spell” was.

Sri Aurobindo’s fairy tale.

Everything is cracked, fissured, ready to fall down.



May 25, 1987

We are imprisoned in an invisible statue. Like a pharaoh in his sarcophagus.

That statue is death, which we call life.

All our knowledge, our “laws”, our sciences and religions are the product of that man in his invisible sarcophagus. Everything is seen and lived through that distorting wall.

All our means and “powers” are indirect tricks to act from inside that prison or through its invisible walls.

If the Wall falls down, *everything* changes.

It is the beginning of the new species.

The “magic” is the deadly power of attraction that keeps us in that system: “You *cannot* come out of it, come on, it is death.” “And if you insist, I *can* seriously hurt you.” (A good amount of neuralgia along with a few selected sorrows, and you will end up finding that I have some charm.) “Life” turns its mask around and makes its old face.

*

Afternoon

Yesterday, the body understood the Secret. Today, it no longer understood anything; it was in absolute torture.

I no longer know what to do.

It is not even “mesh”: it is an iron plate that cannot be gone through and my whole back cries out in pain.

O Lord...

*

I should no longer chat uselessly.



May 27, 1987

Vision

Last night, I had a long, very long, *conscious* nightmare. I was in

places of horror and fear that looked like concentration camps, but camps that I did not know. I was at the same time a “prisoner” and an observer who looked at all that with the present consciousness. I saw “chambers” or blocks in which various “specialized” horrors were taking place—I did not enter those chambers but I “understood” what was happening inside. I told myself: “Well, it is Mother’s Grace if I don’t go there.” (At another moment, I was given a “number” like all the other prisoners. And I was given the number 12. I said to myself: This is one of Mother’s numbers, so it is fine.) There were dreadful horrors and an atmosphere of FEAR or fright. One had to avoid being noticed. But above all, eventually (I was on a small cart as are those who are led to execution) (that cart was not pulled by somebody in front, but pushed by somebody behind), I arrived at the “head” place of those camps. It was like the “intellectual organisation” of all that horror, something like the “intelligent” essence of the Gestapo. (I remember: they were drawing up the “scenario” of what was going to happen.) (The one I saw in particular was very small like a child, but he was an adult with a somewhat distorted and grimacing face.) I don’t want to give details. But what struck me as soon as I woke up was that I had the impression of being in places that *still* exist... It was not like the concentration camps of the past (what I have known), but something worse, if I may say so. And it *still* existed.

Afterwards, I remained for a long time looking at that and praying to Sri Aurobindo.

A curious detail: as I moved forward in that horror, one by one I lost all my clothing.

All those purulent “pockets” must be emptied, exorcised from the terrestrial consciousness, or else...

How can one seek or want salvation or liberation for oneself?—it is

the whole Earth that must be freed!

*

Noon

That is to say that at each second, during the “operation”, one must feel the Power of Grace that delivers instead of feeling pain that tears up the body.

If you take sides with pain, you are done.

After a night like that, one feels more courage or determination. One must destroy the “concentration camp” in one’s very body. One is the symbol that contains everything—the proof is that, last night, that “concentration camp” was in me.

*

I came across this!

The Hindu

DEVIL IS ALIVE AND KICKING, SAYS POPE

Monte Sant’Angelo, Italy, May 25

On Sunday, Pope John Paul II, who spoke in a sanctuary situated on a mountaintop and dedicated to the Angel who defends heaven, declared that the devil was indeed alive and that he was the one responsible for many problems in the world.

On the second day of a 72-hour tour of the Puglia region, in the southern part of Italy, the Pope visited Archangel Saint Michael’s sanctuary, built above the grottos where it is said that the saint appeared four times.

According to the Bible and the Book of the Apocalypse, Archangel Saint Michael chased Lucifer from heaven to hell, along with other “rebel angels” who tried to usurp God’s power.

*

But where is that “hell”, outside its holiness? And where is the remedy?—Holy water? Sermons?

*

Evening

In the past, I said: That Power is terrible. Now I would say: That resistance is terrible.

Metal.

*

What is going to happen?

But I have the feeling of living a Grace.

But a difficult Grace.



May 29, 1987

There is a point that seems very dangerous for the body, where you don't know whether it is death as we know it or the other thing.

It is an interminable point, whose limits seem to constantly move back or constantly expand.

That constant “ambiguity” creates great exhaustion.

*

Of course, for the fish on the sand, it is a very ambiguous state, unless, by some grace, it becomes amphibious.

One must constantly change death into the physical acceptance of the other thing.

We speak of “death” in terms of graveyard or flattened encephalogram, that is why we understand nothing and we don't find the secret of our life; it should rather be considered as a demarcation line or a passage from one type of life to another, from one species to

another.

If death were what we say it is, the evolution of the species would never have happened. We would have remained in the state of learned trilobite. (Fortunately, our ancestors were more stupid than us!)

*

Evening

I say to my Douce: Your nature is so good! You are the one who should have done this Work.

She answers: Oh! No, for that, qualities are needed...

—Many failings are needed.

(And it is true.)

(One must be a very flawed fish to feel like becoming amphibian.)

*

I “caught” the thief! There is something in the body that cannot believe in the absolute goodness of the Other Thing—and this is what does all the damage. (Of course, that goodness is deadly for death and all its accomplices—it swarms about in the body.)



May 30, 1987

Instead of feeling pain (torture), one must corporeally feel the supreme Goodness that comes to deliver us from that Evil Spell.

It is not that pain or torture go away, but their reality is no longer dominant and fatal. The other prevails.

The Spell is that they *want* us to believe in their all-powerful and lethal reality.

The most pernicious is that corporeal sensation, difficult to overcome: “Ah! There *is going* to be a point where it will break.”

No, it is the Evil Spell that *must* break.

I feel my way along in that faith.

Sometimes you are on the verge of death, sometimes you are on the verge of the Miracle.

It is “measured”, as Mother said.

*

What is at stake is to know whether death—that cruel domination under its millions of smart and grimacing masks—is an inevitable reality or an evil spell that can be “undone”. But then, the *whole* System must collapse.

Sri Aurobindo said: “The deep falsity of death”—He knew.

*

All in all, one works for the Apocalypse (!)

The Apocalypse is Sri Aurobindo’s fairy tale.

*

Afternoon

I would never have thought that the body could bear such Masses!

*

There must be a spell somewhere.

*

Evening

I wonder whether that vision, that long nightmare that I had a few days ago, hasn’t a *very deep* meaning. I am talking of that “head centre” or that “intellectual organisation” of the Horror—those beings who drew up the “scenario” of what was going to happen...

I don’t dare say it yet...

It would be the secret mechanism of all our misfortune.

In the Subconscient of the body, evil scribes organise our sensations and hold all the threads of the “concentration camp”.

They are agents of death.
Or the organizers of the Evil Spell.
Those who condemn us to death.

*

I seem to begin to track down the spell—only, it is in the body that it must be tracked down. And one should not be mistaken.

I think that I am making a true... practical discovery (un-covering).

*

Is it not what the Vedas call “the cavern of the *Panis*”?

*

I remember, somewhere, they say that the Panis are the “traffickers of the senses”. (I always thought that it was related to sexual matters, but it is perhaps much more radical than that...) (Much more radical and much more *comprehensive*).

*

In another language (a modern language), we would perhaps say that they are the wardens of the species limits.



May 31, 1987

It is over, the “pretty” month of May...
You live death indefinitely.

It could go on for three seconds or for three centuries, you don’t know.

It is perpetually on the borderline.
It is exhausting.

*

Sometimes, everything becomes immobile, you are like a statue, but a massive statue, stuffed with transparent nitroglycerin (!) It is

transparent and immobile explosive, right on the verge... of what?

*

Evening

(Sri Lanka). India, always unable to act, has been leaving purulent wounds everywhere since Nehru (forty years). The man who harmed India the most, is the god of India...

*

For a long time, I had kept that “revealing” photo, for those whose eyes are open.



(Clockwise from left) Jawaharlal Nehru, Gobind Ballabh Pant and Rajendra Prasad at the All India Congress Committee meeting in New Delhi on June 15, 1947, voting for the partition of India.

Swea
ty—
slumped
and

puffy...



June

June 2, 1987

It is absolutely like a wedge that is hammered into matter, almost frantically. Like a Vulcan at work, as it were--but a Supreme Vulcan. And the body groans and groans, it makes the sound han-han-han at every blow, and *at the same time* it says You-You-You.

It is a sort of terrible Wonder.

Sometimes the body becomes stiff, immobile, then new Masses come down and down, sink under the feet... And each time, the body expects a kind of Miracle, or THE Miracle at the end. And it goes on and on. It is rather terrible--only the Supreme can do that or make you bear That...

In fact, at the end of each blow, the body expects... I don't know... expects something to SPLIT APART. There is or there will be a last blow, then that will spring up from the burst open rock... something like that, felt-perceived by the body, or expected by the body, as if it knew.

This morning for fifty-five minutes standing up non-stop.



Night from June 3 to 4, 1987

Heart trouble. All night, gasping for air. "No sign is a proof", Mother said.

(The "traffickers of the senses"?)

We could say: the Gestapo of the body.



June 5, 1987

It is such a wall of pain... This afternoon, for forty-five minutes, I

persisted through something that is worse than agony.

I no longer know what to do.

I no longer know how one can *go on* like that...

*

You can “sacrifice your life”, but it is nothing--what you must do is sacrifice your death!

That is, to live and live and live at any cost, at any pain, *up to the other side*.

Can I do it?

Can the body do it?

What’s the use of dying! The problem is not solved.

Mother left *only* because people around her did not want to let her continue the experience.

*

What can one little man do in the face of that huge terrestrial possession?

If only one link of that Web could give way...



June 6, 1987 (night from June 5 to 6)

Seen a funny but enigmatic (!) enigma.

*

The subconscious of life... it is an awful hole in which everything slides and sneaks out like snakes or quagmires--it is the saddest and hardest task in the world.

The subconscious of Matter... it is another hole, but at least it is “clean” and “honest”: it says NO and WANTS death. We know what to

expect.

As far as I understand, the first hole is made with the ascent and the thrusts of that “blue sun”, which, delivered, triggers or calls for the Other Sun, which makes the second hole through night and death.

PS: Where do they go with their “psychoanalysis”? With what power? The spasmodic flickers of their minds?—they make a “hole” through the bubbles of our little waves.

And so much the better, or else they would lose their minds and all the tears they have.



June 7, 1987

That “something worse than agony” is continuing.

I say worse than agony, because at the end of agony you faint, while here it continues and continues... beyond the limit, and that “beyond the limit”... you cannot tell.

*

It is all the normal mechanics of the body that are overstepped.

We could say its whole system of defense.

Instead of sinking into death, you sink into something else... but it is tenuous.

A TOTAL passivity is needed.

And *I* have the experience of Sri Aurobindo and Mother before me, but they who were the first to enter that...! *Where* were they going?

*

Evening

In fact, our whole “system of defense” is our prison. Each species is in

a particular prison (although the seagulls... I would like to swap my prison for theirs!) (Sometimes I wonder why evolution did not stop there!) But the next species...perhaps it will be the species of *no* prison. (All the biologists out of work... along with undertakers and churches.) (Not bad.)

(I know three people who would like to see that, they are Jean Bernesse--the idiot of my village--Voltaire and Satprem.) (Jean Bernesse would say: I knew it!)



Night from June 7 to 8, 1987

Vision

Again a long and very friendly encounter with Gorbachev--friendly, we were in agreement, I encouraged him. At one point, he showed me a kind of sword that he held in his hand, in a silver or steel sheath, and I could see the edge of the blade half (or a little) unsheathed, very shiny.

I often meet Gorbachev and it is always very friendly: we *understand* each other, as if there were *one* man in all that with whom there can be mutual understanding.

I never meet the Americans (probably there is nobody to meet).

But that steel blade...? It was so clean and shiny. But there was no aggressivity at all: simply, he showed me that object.

All that was taking place in an objective and quiet mental world where you look at things from above, with a clear vision.

A "sword" = an action?

*

Dizziness.



June 9, 1987

We could add a third statement (!)

“In that perilous transmaterialization of the other thing, all depends on whether the body lets itself be enthralled and hypnotized by the *mortal* reality that possesses it and resists, or if it affirms, against all odds, the *living* and *only* reality of the other thing that invades it.”

*

I remember Mother: “Victory belongs to the most enduring.”

Well.

*

Contrary to the Darwinian principle, the one less well adapted to the mortal system is more likely to open up to the next system--and perhaps to survive.

All flaws are breaches.



June 11, 1987

At night and during the day, I am made to study the smallest hidden mechanics of death. It is a... saddening task. But I see, I know how *all* our famous illnesses, and even our “fortuitous accidents” are the result of those mechanics, and how there is a *choice*, an internal *decision*, a moment of acceptance or surrender that triggers the fatal mechanism. One *CHOOSES* to die. But those are very tiny little things that seem like nothing, except when you are shown them with the microscope of the new consciousness.

I say that it is a “saddening” task, because you don’t see those

workings “from outside” (we could say those micro-scenarios of the Gestapo of the body), but you are made to LIVE them. You are shown, then plunged into the “bath”. So you have to find a way to extricate yourself from there (but above all *not accept*).

One *never* dies of cancer: one dies of something else... that triggers cancer, infarctus or the accident.

And then that war of attrition.

The mechanics of the material consciousness are very powerful (not all-powerful) because they repeat themselves in-de-fi-ni-te-ly.

That is why *nothing* is done until we have gone through that wall-- caught death in its nest. The that-which-makes-death.

*

Noon

But nothing-nothing in the world could make me let go of the idea that *freedom is on the other side*.

This is where the physical experience of the concentration camps is very helpful for me.

*

No, I can see nobody who would accept the secrets of life and death--they would all rather die. This is why the reign of Death continues.*

This is also why Sri Aurobindo said nothing.

Is it wiser (!) of me to speak?

*

Afternoon

* But really, a too quick truth would crush us. We need a certain amount of Falsehood to be able to live and a certain number of mistakes to be able to grow up... (This is why it takes so long.) I nearly died of the dose of truth they administered to me when I was twenty.

That worse-than-agony continues and continues.

It is a hell of pain (for one hour).

How to continue?

*

I deeply understand why I went through that in 1943.

*

Evening

Either it is only the game and the interaction of material forces that make our pains, our wear and tear, our neuralgia and the rest, and we have only to follow physical and material laws down to the terminal point of the cemetery--with a little morphine on the way and, if we like it, some Extreme Unction... or there is something else, forces other than that medical and religious array, causes other than all that blind and sad chemistry--another door in the body.

This is the whole Challenge.

We *can* get out of a Nazi concentration camp--we are ineluctably condemned to death by the scientific and religious concentration camp. The ways of the latter are perhaps more kind than those of the former, but they strengthen the mortal situation.

Which means that I raise the practical question of the fundamental *reality* of matter and of death--it is perhaps the same thing.



June 12, 1987 afternoon

Something is happening that I don't understand very well.

Sometimes, I no longer know if "that" goes down or if it rises. An *enormous* Mass in the head--the neck vertebrae creak.

The (infernal) “barrier of pain” in my back is no longer quite the same...

I don’t understand what is happening--I try to be as passive as possible.



Night from June 14 to 15 1987

Vision

I climb down a green ladder perilously. François (my “deceased” brother the doctor) takes me in his arms with his very skilful hands and puts me tenderly and delicately on the ground. I embrace him. He wants to give me a drug--I answer: “The effect of opium, I know, but those drugs... (It was foamy white--I suppose it was heroin?) I want to be able to continue my work tomorrow morning.”

All the same, it is interesting: François, “on the other side”, is still interested in the experience and wants to help, and I remain aware that there is the work to continue “tomorrow morning” on this side.

The green ladder... it is perhaps the physical nature, of which I am perilously climbing down the rungs?

*

What separates the world of the so-called “living” from the world of the alleged “dead” seems to be more and more fluid...thin.

(I remember, about a week ago, I met my friend Klari for the first time in many years--I thought at once: Well, she must have passed away.) (And she was kind, whereas here she was very angry with me--on the other side, one sees things differently!... more exactly.) (As if, there, things took their true place, whereas in life, they are always awry

or muddled, seen through false glasses.)

*

My back hurts so much tonight! This is why François wanted to give me a drug!--so it hurt *before* (!)

Next time, I'll ask him for a good cognac (!)

It hurt before or beforehand?

Or was it the pain of the previous day?

It is a strange time there, it could be said.

*

I have the impression that all the pain of our bodies comes from that wall between two worlds--or rather, that wall is what *makes* all the pain. It is death itself.

That is also why we see everything askew here--perhaps we feel everything askew, too.

*

All medical "relief" acts on sensations--it must be the very place of Falsehood (the den of the Panis).

(My back hurts a lot, but it is a falsehood all the same!)

That wall has to be gone through.



June 16, 1987

In a poem, Sri Aurobindo speaks of "iron bands". It is exactly that.

This morning, the body was in a chaos of pain, this afternoon that chaos was the same, but it was covered by the desperate cry of the body: You-You-You...

It is NOT POSSIBLE that this horrible Prison should be right--and the body CRIES and CRIES...

We must not be far from the end.

*

Mother said: “A Power that can crush everything and rebuild everything”* (crush everything, I understand very well!) but I really think that there will be nothing to rebuild: all that is needed is to crush that iron wall and *everything* will be there.

(Of course, perhaps those who have liked that “iron” a little too much will not be there any longer!)



June 18, 1987

Instead of being crushed *inside* the shell (within the Walls), the body begins to feel that it is pulled out of the shell—in the process of going out of the Walls. And it is like a “reversal” of pain—it is the same, to a certain extent, but it is like the other side of Pain: it is the Other Thing that is pulling you outside. It is its *positive* sense that is perceived more and more. As if, slowly, death changed itself into life.

It is very fragile.

*

Evening

If I try to “explain” myself better:

Instead of the agony of what *holds* you in the shell and ties you, by thousands of threads, to the walls of the shell, it is the difficulty of what *pulls* you out of the shell. (This is the change of “sense”). It is the same thing, but perceived on the other side. That is, on the saving side.

* See *Mother's Agenda* 5, March 7, 1964.

*

One could perhaps say (one never knows!) that the Gestapo of the body loses its hypnotic power, without losing its power to hurt (!)

*

I don't know why those lines of Sri Aurobindo come to me again and again:

“... A weird and pigmy world
Where this unhappy magic has its source
On dim confines where Life and Matter meet.”

Perhaps that is my “Gestapo of the body”?



June 19, 1987

Sometimes, the body is in such chaos that you no longer know if it is Divine or lethal. The faith is there and it “holds on” in spite of everything (because it is a sailor's body) but it is quite “grim”.



June 20, 1987

I open an *Agenda* by chance--that of 1969, and I come upon the conversation of July 30. It seems to be THE whole question!

Especially my question about the “passage”--as if I knew already! And this is what I am looking for now! It is my...“practical” question.

In fact, I have been asking myself that question for five years--or I AM the question (!).



Night from June 20 to 21, 1987

Vision

Last night, I was in a place “on the other side”, where there were many people from the Ashram. I wandered there like a stranger and I looked around (especially at the landscape, the trees). Then I found myself in a sort of courtyard, and, as usual, I hardly looked at people, when, in a corner, I saw Nolini, who suddenly came to me and embraced me (but without smiling).*

Obviously, one changes one’s mind on the other side!

(But I woke up with a bad headache!)

*

My whole back, down to the seventh dorsal vertebra, and on both sides now, is bruised or torn—it is like a burning wound. And when the Power descends through that, it hurts horribly. Then you are in the incomprehensible situation where you KNOW that that Power is the salvation, the deliverance, and you cannot receive it, there is that barrier of pain.

And what to do?

You don’t understand, you don’t know what to do, nothing tells you anything—it is the night. You are in that black hole and you don’t know anything. To persevere?

Knock-knock-knock... knock-knock-knock...

*

Also a hitch in the heart at 2 p.m. this afternoon. Perhaps last night’s encounters were not so good... I don’t know why I went there. I wish I

* And before I could say a word, he turned his back on me! Strange thing.

would never again meet any of those people, neither on this side nor on the other nor on any side.

*

Of course, *all* is linked together. You are at the mercy of everything-- but the Lord's Mercy is greater.

*

I was hesitating to put myself in the concentration this afternoon, then something in me said: But if I cannot put myself at Your feet, where can I put myself?

It was so simple.

If I cannot let myself be purified by You, who will purify me?



June 22, 1987

This time, it is a struggle *to the death* and a revolt in the body. Until then, it tried to undergo and overcome its agony and call, call for the Grace, so that It would overcome and undo that Horror. Now, suddenly this morning, the body rebelled and said NO, I DON'T ACCEPT this agony-- this pain is a Falsehood, a Falsehood and I say NO. And if it gets me, well, too bad, but I say NO.

Until this morning, there was the sensation of a certain "limit" to respect, beyond which everything could break--now the body *refuses* the limit: if I break, I break, but that unspeakable Gestapo, that unacceptable pain, that disgusting torture, that Prison will NOT have its reason. As if the body did not give a damn about death.

That's it.

It was awful this morning, but the body never stopped gritting its teeth: I don't accept, I don't accept, I don't accept this FALSEHOOD. I

ACCEPT that Power of Truth, which is joy and vastness and triumph. And if I die, I will die while crying that Truth--that's all. And until the end, without limit.

It is like a turning point in the attitude of the body, and now it is an open struggle--to the death--down with death.

*

Afternoon

The *whole* body cries out: it is Truth that comes to break this Prison of Falsehood.

An ABSOLUTE faith.

An absolute cry.

*

Evening

All the promises of heaven, of salvation, of liberation, are hardly enticing, but to get out once and for all of that Prison of death and to establish the True Life on Earth seems to me the only Supreme and valid Goal.

How can one say to people: Give up this and that and that (a whole list of delectable sins follows) and you will have a "good death", you will go to the Good Lord...? Or you will get the Legion of Honour. It seems to me the height of absurdity for a vigorous and even intelligent animal.

Under those conditions, no wonder that they chose smaller Good Lords, a little more immediate.

I don't understand. How can men acclaim and admire Darwin without drawing the inevitable conclusions? Without searching for the way in their own skin?--they leave it up to Science, like the others to the Good Lord.

But Evolution will take PLACE anyway.

It is the thing most inevitable there is, after human stupidity.

*

I'd rather say to apprentice men: You wear a certain evolutionary diving suit which tightly sticks to your skin and your brain, and inside that diving suit, you have a certain number of ideas and illuminations, pleasures and pains, diving suited and dubious ingenuities, laws, and finally death; but outside the diving suit, it is different--go and find the way out, if you have an adventurous spirit, it is in your own body.



June 23, 1987

It seems almost impossible to bear those crushing Masses. Yet I feel that it comes down with an infinite carefulness, an infinite slowness, but... at each second the body feels on the edge of... I don't know what.

No, the faith is not absolute.

We could say (without joking): the vertebrae don't have faith.

*

Well, you progress on lethal ground. At each second, you have to go through a "bit" of death. And necessarily, each bit through which you go sends you its signals of death and pain and forbidden limit. If you listen to it, you are done. This is what you meet at every step.

The Immortal is quite mortal for death! It is as obvious and "practical" as that!

PS: I don't feel like being immortal at all! But I would like that Horrible Falsehood to cease. That cruel domination.



June 24, 1987

Again circulatory difficulties (a kind of tightening) (pulmonary artery? aorta?). In spite of everything, I remained in the operation for one hour and ten minutes this afternoon.

*

Fortunately, I'm no good at medicine, it keeps me from believing in it. Better to believe in ornithology.

Anyway, everything is abnormal in this job, so better do as if there were no norms--unless you drop dead. Then it is medically normal.

It is like that good gendarme of Baron's Cabinet, who exclaimed every three steps: that's the Orient! That's the Orient!... So everything was "explained": That's the Orient.

That's the aorta, that's DNA, you see!

Amen.

But, well, since 1947, that good gendarme is dead--that's life.



June 26, 1987

Falsehood has so much convinced the whole Earth that it does not need to hide anymore: it has become Truth--everywhere. Shamelessly.



Night from June 26 to 27, 1987

Vision

Seen Mother (sky blue). She tells me: "Your head is well attached."

Good. That is better!

(It is reassuring because you don't know at all where you are going.)



June 28, 1987

I say it, I repeat it, I would cry out: Death is not cancer, it is not illnesses, it is not the corpse--all that is the consequence, the result of something else: death is that Wall, that Iron Wall that envelops us and separates us from the living Sublime Reality, unique and total.

Heaven is on the doorstep of the body.

It is an iron door. (Without any key.)

*

That dynasty (Nehru) is going to collapse in the mud. And the chaos.

It will have born its nasty fruit.



June 30, 1987

It is a never-ending, crushing agony.

The "iron door" has no key because you have to cross it with your own body.

Or it is the physical body that *is* the iron door.

The body has faith, but it suffers.

You would like so much this human Misery to be able to change! Radically. One must go down to the root of Misfortune.

*

It is not an external crushing, as if under a weight, it is an *internal* crushing, in the body, as if everything were tearing up, were going to break or burst. And it descends like that "progressively" since August

25th last year...

*

My Douce made an interesting little drawing this evening.



July

July 2, 1987

I listened to many mysteries at Mother's feet, but one of Her sentences that intrigued me the most was this one (I quote from memory): "I am looking for the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be continuous..."

I have the impression that I am at the scene.

If it is an illusion, it is made of iron.

It is curious how all those things from Mother and Sri Aurobindo (or the Vedas) have become concrete, extraordinarily concrete. It is the same difference as between looking at a geography atlas with its little pink and green lines and being in the Guyana night with the howling of red monkeys.

The illusion that must be *destroyed*...

(But, well, the Guyana night is part of the life we know, even though it is unusual, while the present "scene" is not part of any known or possible life on earth. It is not popular, in any case—you make it possible by living it in spite of everything or as one lives it. It *becomes* under your feet.)



July 3, 1987

It's like an astronaut who is progressively accustomed to living without his spacesuit.

The body is increasingly immobile.



July 4, 1987

There is another law than the one that rules our bodies now.

This I know and I maintain.

There is another kind of Physics of Matter. Our laws are *worthless*. It is a temporary system.

*

No date

(for several months)

A rather central secret: I turn the sensation the other way round—it is death that aches, and that's it.

And it is the New Life that enters.

*

It is the same thing at all levels: each time death withdraws, it makes you grieve, it hurts you, it wounds and tears and saddens you—it is its job.



July 7, 1987

There is a phenomenon that has already taken place about ten times lately, but each time it lasted only a few seconds, so I cannot really understand it or draw conclusions. But, well, that very identical repetition prompts me to note down the phenomenon.

As usual, there are those crushing Masses that begin to come down as soon as I am standing up, immobile, and they come down, more and more crushing, with infinite slowness, continuously. And almost immediately, the vertebrae begin to pull, all the nerve attachments, the ligaments and tendons and muscles that tense, tear, tighten (specially on the nape of the neck, the shoulders and the back, down to the

shoulder blades—on the right side in particular). It makes a kind of iron plaque that resists, as though the body were imprisoned in a straight-jacket or an iron jacket that gives a somewhat tearing pain when those Masses pass into that. It can only be borne in absolute immobility and with that faith of the body: It is You, it is the New Life that comes to chase Death away... Then, after fifty minutes or one hour, when the body has already “adapted” itself enough (if I may say so), this phenomenon takes place: all of a sudden, a quite for-mi-da-ble Mass comes down slowly, something that could crush everything, and instead of that kind of crushing and tearing in the body (specially in the back), it is as though something were lifted, a mantle were taken off, or rather as though that kind of iron jacket were *coming off* or were unstuck from the skin, and all of a sudden, for a few seconds, there is no longer any pain or resistance—it passes through.

It is a very surprising sensation: it is as though you are enveloped in painful iron, then it comes off, pain comes off like a mantle!

But it lasts only a few seconds, and it is already at the end of the “operation” when the body feels that it somewhat “can’t take it any more”, with an urge to go and lie down (!), so I don’t know any more than that.

But that quite for-mi-da-ble Mass (even though the preceding Masses were already rather tremendously crushing!) is very surprising: nothing is crushed, and on the contrary it is as though something were removed!

I don’t know... we’ll have to see.

*

I just checked: the first time this phenomenon took place (I noted it), was on June 12.



July 8, 1987

Yesterday and today, during the night, they (the Sikhs) made the passengers (Hindus) get off the bus and they shot all of them with machine-guns, including women and children. Hitler has proliferated indeed.

We must be very near (or ready for)* the end of that horrible reign.

I am waiting for something unexpected.

*

Unimaginable, incomprehensible Masses—a lived impossibility. It seems limitless. (For one hour and ten minutes, this afternoon.)

All this must go into the Earth...

And such an intense prayer of the body for India.



July 9, 1987

Obviously, there is really something New—truly NEW.

Yesterday, it was already perceptible (I mean “analysable”), but today—this morning and this afternoon—it was very clear and it lasted long enough for me to perceive the phenomenon in detail and objectively.

First, after some time, there is that enormous Mass which slowly descends, then all at once that really extraordinary “uplifting” as though a mantle were taken off my shoulders, that carapace of pain which pulls

* Play of words with homonyms in French: près (near) and prêt (ready).

and tenses and clings like iron. It is a very extraordinary sensation, it comes as a miracle: there was that Iron Cloak, then it lifts up, comes off from the body and pff... no encirclement or iron hold any more, *then...* (it is only a prelude). Yes, this is when the “sequel” of the phenomenon begins: Masses and Masses, so for-mi-da-ble—unthinkable, unimaginable, in brief, it does not exist! (or it did not exist!) And those Masses pass through as if the body had *no longer any limits*, or no longer the usual limits. Usually, we are encircled and imprisoned by innumerable invisible warders that make for blood pressure, nerves (God knows!), a brain submitted to a certain pressure beyond which there are “headaches”—well, all sorts of signals and barriers which we usually don’t touch or beyond which we usually don’t go unless there is some damage or painful lessons. Well, all those limits were as if... vanished or *engulfed* in those formidable Masses, more and more formidable, which not only went through the body but seemed to surround it on all sides, as though the body no longer received something “foreign” that he had difficulty assimilating, but *were part* of those Masses, moved with them, one could almost say were dissolved in those Masses without losing its own corporeal sense for all that. It was *all one single Thing*. But the Masses that were so “impossible”, so... (there is no word), it was not “impossible”, those barriers were no longer there, those *physical* limits were no longer there, as though the body said to itself: Well, if I were still as I was ten minutes ago, feeling all my vertebrae, I would burst or break or disintegrate—those very Masses made it feel that it had no longer the same limits. And if there were other limits, it did not know where they were. And yet, it was standing on its two legs.

(Translators’ note).

This afternoon, the Phenomenon lasted for perhaps half an hour (in all, I remained in the operation for one hour and ten minutes).

Yes, one could say that the usual and mortal diving suit was no longer there.

We'll have to see how it develops...

(There is a Doubting Thomas in me (!) who needs to have many certainties before having a single one!)

*

Evening

We are *beyond* the time when one could think that men would be able to learn a lesson (those Sikh murderers in Punjab). They can no longer learn, they have lost their human capacity—they are *possessed*.

So?

And the Americans who encourage murder everywhere (Afghanistan, etc.) through third parties. It is a world of horror.

“Men” are *no longer able to learn*. It is the complete “un-mentalisation” which Mother spoke of.

So?

*

They make a “Festival of India” in Moscow. I am waiting for the Festival of India in India.

*

A symbol... somewhat terrible.

Even our mothers' milk is polluted:

Indian Express

MOTHER'S MILK ALSO POLLUTED

July 7

According to scientists from the World Health

Organisation, the discovery of chemical substances in mothers' milk raises fear that breast-feeding could be dangerous.

In preliminary reports recently published, experts say that the presence of chemical components like Polychlorinated biphenyl, dibenzo-dioxin and Polychlorinated dibenzo furan in mothers' milk induces an "unknown risk" for babies' health.

There could be products like biphenyl in the milk of mothers who absorb those chemicals with polluted food or through the environment, experts say.

More exhaustive research is urgently called for in order to determine up to which level these chemicals are not dangerous in mothers' milk.

Experts suggest that in certain cases, breast-feeding could be abandoned.



July 10, 1987

Again the Rock.

And that Power without respite that crushes its way through the body as through a wall.

If it were not Divine, it would be unbearable.

It must be that "foundation stone".

That final wall of death.



July 12, 1987

It is a gruelling battle in the night of the body with dozens of enemies

in every corner: thoughts are enemies, feelings are enemies, sensations are enemies—tiredness is an enemy, pain is an enemy. Everything is the Enemy, and when Deliverance tries to go through that iron network, everything cries and protests.

A Breton head is needed to resist all that. (Even my seagulls are my enemies.)

One understands the reality of a system only when one goes against the said system...

*

Evolution has never stopped being done by outlaws—this is even the first law of Evolution!

*

Sri Aurobindo did say: “A revolt against the whole universal Nature.” It’s clear.

*

Afternoon

Something quite incomprehensible is happening—*physically* incomprehensible. It corresponds to nothing that the body knows.

It is a little like June 12th, but “stronger”. I don’t know.

For anybody, it would be terrifying.

But the body KNOWS that it is the Other Thing.

*

Those “Masses”, the body knows well, but here you don’t know whether it comes down or rises, whether you are crushed or “expanded”, whether it hurts or if it is something else—whether you are inside or outside!

It is like dying and resurrecting at the same time!

It is a kind of unknown chaos.

All this while standing, for one hour and forty-five minutes.

*

P.S. My body has always been used to the sea and the vast, so very naturally, it feels like a little wrinkle on the edge of a wave, and all that luminous and sweet and true immensity that is there. It is its only landmark—it exists, and after all, you are only the tiny shell of a wrinkle on the sand. But there is ALL THAT, which is there.

*

Evening

The five billionth baby was born yesterday, they say...

The Hindu, July 11

FIVE BILLIONTH BABY

Today the five billionth baby was born, a child that was chosen by demographers as a symbol of the world population explosion.

The world crossed the barrier of four billion in 1974, and in thirteen years, the globe saw its population increase by one billion. We have a good chance of "being six billion" in the next thirteen years, that is by the end of the century.

According to the forecasts of the Population Institute in Washington, the world population should reach eleven billion by the year 2050, hence a crisis that would leave the Third World devastated by large-scale poverty and destitution.

The Indian scenario gives a gloomy picture. The population of India, which is 760 million now, will be almost one billion around the year 2000.

*

Well, it is that THEY are waiting for a few elements, or at least one

element, to be able to take the next step, and when this is assured... They will take care of the rest. But THEY must be able to set foot on the ground.

*

If a physical, human body can bear “that” (like what happened this afternoon, for instance), it means that there *must* be an illusion somewhere. Because “normally” or “legally” (according to our “laws”), it is impossible.

There is an illusion somewhere in matter.

Perhaps it is “the illusion that must be destroyed” which Mother spoke of.

*

The illusion that must be destroyed, is the “something-that-makes-death”.

It is that “something” through which one goes.



July 13, 1987

During all those years at Mother’s feet, two enigmas have never stopped coming to me: I have already mentioned the first one, it is that famous: “I am looking for the illusion that must be destroyed so that physical life can be continuous...” But what is curious, is that, in my memory, there was a second enigma which I thought was in the *same* conversation, yet after having done some research, I discovered that that second enigma dated from five years earlier! The first one dates from 1971 (December 25) and the second from 1967 (January 25). That second enigma is phrased as follows: “After some time I will be able to say... (*Mother remains silent for a long while*) what is meant exactly by

the unreality of this apparent matter.”

I find it very interesting that those two enigmas, so alive for me, were part of one single enigma in my memory, “as though” it were one and the same thing.

I have the impression of being right in the middle of that double enigma—I mean at the site of the Enigma.

There is an illusion (or an unreality) in that apparent matter, and this is what makes death, or what separates true Life from that kind of living death that we are living.

The second Evolution will start when that unreality of matter or in matter is destroyed.

So that “human” baby disaster (220,000 per day, out of which there are 44 babies per minute in India) will be able to give way to something else.

*

O Lord, if only that wealth and sadness of experiences that I have had since my twentieth birthday could be used for something else than creating death...

If I could give you *everything* so that it could change...

(Received a letter from my sister who talks about “Barbie” ... oh! Oh! Lord, Lord.)

*

Afternoon

That same unspeakable Chaos, still more chaotic.

You feel that the Marvel is here—IT IS the Marvel, but...

It is something between death and resurrection.

*

It is certain that it no longer has anything to do with the laws of the

bodies. That is why the “operation” has a somewhat... terrifying aspect, because it has never happened, it is unknown—it becomes, little by little.

But the body is not terrified, it is only... hanging (or in suspense) between two worlds.

*

Evening

I suppose that if a baby were aware of what happens to him at the time he comes out of his mother’s womb, he would be terrified. Well, it is a little like that, it is a kind of birth in reverse.

But in a total corporeal consciousness.

For a baby, wouldn’t that birth appear like death itself?—it is “saved” by the laws of the bodies, which make it live—but here, the “law”... is unknown. You don’t know into what you are going.

You are probably “saved” by the Law of the Marvel (!)

Perhaps it really is the very Outlaw!

*

One must be very rational and extraordinarily balanced in that kind of... agreed “madness”.

How I give thanks to my Breton mother!

There is no human feeling more delicious than gratitude. It fills you with honey. It is like honeysuckle.



July 14, 1987

The body begins to understand the “logic” of its chaos... but.

But we’ll have to see (and hold on).

*

(Presidential election in India). They only want to cover and protect the stench.

Let's see how long that "cafeteria" will last.*



July 17, 1987

It is exactly like death. BUT IT IS DEATH THAT WANTS TO MAKE US FEEL DEATH—or ITS death.

If you *feel* on the other side, EVERYTHING IS SAVED—it was an illusion, it was a Lie, it was Falseness—an appearance of death.

"The unreality of apparent Matter", it is what makes us feel death. It is that wall of *physical* Falsehood. The UNREAL gangue.

It must be LIVED.

*

This morning, I was in a spider web of pain everywhere in the body,* and this afternoon, it was even more... "impossible", but it was FELT FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

And it was Divine.

It was THE Divine.

*

If you are mistaken (!), you are crushed.

That is why Sri Aurobindo said: "down to the last atom".

*

* The Parliament of India. See Sujata's vision of July 30-31, 1984.

* Here is what I noted down on a piece of paper this morning:

Exactly like a spider's web, sticky, extensible and innumerably painful.

What I called my “third statement” is perfectly accurate.

*

Evening

In fact, the “culprit” is that whole sensory cage (be it on the “delightful” or on the “nastier” side!)

That is why, for over five years, I have spent my time “dying without dying”!

It is progressive (!)

The body progressively learns the unreality of death. (If it were not so progressive, it would drop dead!)

Seen from the other side, one could say more positively that the body progressively learns how to bear the state without death (without a diving suit!).

*

Will there be a decisive step, or will it be difficult micro-steps until *everything* changes?



July 18, 1987

What makes death is what makes the *limit*, and this is the unreality (or the illusion) of apparent Matter. It is that limit that is being crossed. That wall of *physical* Falsehood.

*

Evening

It is not cancer, it is not illnesses, it is not age that makes death; it is that *wall*.

It is not even “accidents” that make death, because, outside that wall

everything is moved by a Luminous Totality in which there isn't, there cannot be any "accident"—what must not meet does not meet, very simply! (And automatically).

And it is precisely that Harmonious (and powerful!) Totality which is unbearable for the one who is inside the wall—to come out of the wall is death itself. Well, it is the opposite!

We are like mad concentration camp prisoners who think that the exit from the concentration camp is death.

And beware! Our wall is scientific and medical and religious—you should make no mistake about it! You would be excommunicated by the entire band of our honourable guardians.



July 19, 1987

You are rather small to bear that assault of death and pain and tiredness. The body feels like a poor exhausted animal.

Sometimes everything seems so near, and everything is so far away.

After all, it is not a "theory", it is a path—even if my boat sinks in Santarem, it won't prevent the Amazon from existing. And to flow into... somewhere.

*

Evening

This morning, the body was dangerously on the wrong side: it felt the assault of pain and exhaustion. This afternoon, the "assault" was still stronger, more total, and it said yes-yes-yes... it felt the Divine Assault against all that Falsehood. And it did not suffer. But it is difficult.

*

Yet the general attitude of the body was the same this morning and this afternoon. What does it depend on?

Of course, at night, the body *always* becomes heavier and more obscure (and what do we know about what invisibly falls on it?)—mornings are always difficult.

But what does it depend on?

It is a little like something that rebels in the consciousness of the body... A sort of weariness with finding pain again.

*

In fact, the body is what is without armour—it is vulnerable to everything (at night). During the day, it is protected by its mental capsule and its external consciousness.



July 20, 1987

I cannot say how “impossible” it is. That is to say that it must be another Law.

*

Evening

Yet the daily physiology continues to be what it is in all animals. But *no* animal (human) physiology could bear what this body bears.

So? What does this mean?

Either it works like the others, or there is something that eludes the ordinary animal (human) law.

What is that “something” that is not subject to the law??

It must be a “product” invisible to our microscopes but which must make the very law of our life.

Now... what makes the law of our life is death! Therefore... it is the very formula of life that is changing.

Would the scientists be able to define the “law of life” except by defining it in relation to death?

(They will say: When there is this plus that, there is life. When there isn't this, there is death! It is somewhat... simplistic.) (The reality of life eludes them as much as the reality of death) (They only know how to put pluses and minuses in a chain of chemical reactions).

*

It is that “impossible possible” that I find intriguing... (For over five years, actually, I have never ceased to find it intriguing... more and more!) (It is such a challenge for my Breton head that I want to be clear about it.) (It *must* lead somewhere, the Amazon flows into some place!)

There is no doubt that Sri Aurobindo *wants* something. And it is not for a little man that he wants it.



July 22, 1987

I have never been in such a hole of pain.

It is like hell in the body.

Why-why that cruel negation?

How can one come out of that? It is the whole world that is like that.

*

I often spoke of that “wall of death”, but it is a wall of cruel negation. It is that which *is* death. Not only a negation, but a cruel negation.

*

Vision

Last night, I saw that big black German shepherd. It was taller than me.

Cerberus?*

*

Evening

It becomes critical.

Masses “able to crush an elephant”, Mother said. And the corresponding physical resistance.

Between the two, the body desperately prays for the Earth (for India). The change.

A kind of corporeal heroism is needed, somewhat desperate.



July 24, 1987

You go through death. (That *layer* of death.)

A terrible chaos. But the body knows that it is the Supreme Divine.

It prays for India’s deliverance.

*

Evening

One could say it differently: if the body stopped for one second to

* It was sitting on its haunches, its forelegs out-stretched. Its coat was *very* black, a glistening black. Even sitting, it was taller than me. And it is strange: I made a kind of noise or sound with my mouth to keep it quiet. It did not move. I don’t know what happened before or after. I only remember this image.

(This reminds me of Orpheus, but I did not have a lyre!) (And it was not funny).

Eurydice-Mother?

But Mother is not in Hell! *We* are!

know that it is the Supreme Divine who does it, it would be crushed.

That corporeal knowledge is the *only* key.

It is like a child who *knows* that it is his mother. It is of the same order.

*

“Death” is really a *layer*, in the geological or mineralogical sense.

It is like an earthquake in the body.



July 25, 1987

I am struggling in that carapace of unrelenting pain, found again each day, that tightens and hardens and hurts and hurts... It is a painful Negation of everything.

You *know* that freedom is here and the vastness and the sun and the large simple Meadow, just at the door, and something does not want it, refuses, closes in on itself, denies—*wants* death. It is incomprehensible. It is like the question of the world.



July 26, 1987

At times, the body seems to pass through that carapace of pain, then it is masses (masses or *one* mass) of solid fire, and you no longer know where pain is, or anything. It is beyond any sensation—any comprehension, any possibility, known or felt by bodies like ours.

It is inexpressible because it no longer bears any relation to our physiology.

The only astonishment (afterwards) is: Well, I did not die. Or, well, it

did not break; well, it did not burst—it is standing up.

But not for one second, does the body lose the sense of the Supreme Divine or the Divine Mother—it is its only lifebelt.

One is absolutely on the verge of... something.

*

Evening

I commented on it to Sujata: It is crazy, you know! It is either the crazy Supreme, or the Supreme Crazy!!



July 31, 1987

This morning the body became sweaty from pain and exhaustion. I had to stop and lie down.

I no longer know what to do.

The body is wearing out.

What is the means?

I can say to myself that I go about it the wrong way—but how to go about it? I don't know that form of navigation.

Sri Aurobindo said “bear and endure”, that's all I can do.

*

Afternoon

I started again and I held out better.



August

August 1, 1987

As if the body re-discovered: It is not me the little man who “bears”
That--it is Yourself who bears Yourself!

And it is the Falsehood that goes away.

All depends on which side you take (but it is the body that must take sides).

*

That corporeal Knowledge, of the body, is the very Presence of the Supreme in Matter--and this is what it has so much difficulty affirming in spite of the mortal contrary that assails and tears and hurts it--wants to convince it of its insurmountable mortal “law”.

It is an iron spell.

Like the Age that is going away.



August 6, 1987

The body no longer knows how to bear that torture.

It is like rough matter.

Or rough iron.

Its only consciousness is “it hurts”.

The first consciousness of Matter is “it hurts”.

And the immediate consequence of that first “it hurts” is “I don’t want to feel anymore”. Which means death--unconsciousness.

It is pathetic.

It is the *basis* of “life”.

It is how it began a few billion years ago.

*

Probably, if Matter had been born happy, it would have never become aware of itself...

What must change is that abominable basis.

*

Obviously, it is the bottom of the hole.

*

Vision

Night from August 5 to 6: I am shown a “sharp, hairpin turn” on the edge of a precipice (like a mountain road). I was in a car (a big car) and He or She (!) who was driving turned with *great mastery*. I was in the front, beside He or She who was driving, but I could not see him (her): I was looking at the curve.



August 9, 1987

We are before (or in) a painful and despairing nothing-to-do.

*

Afternoon

A sort of miracle is happening that I don't understand--I don't know how to describe or to talk about it.

It has all the appearances of a corporeal cataclysm, but it is something else. (Fortunately, there is no fear anymore or instinct of self-preservation or anything--only the *sense* of... That-You-They.)

*

Here is an approximation of the sensation. But I don't dare say (as I noted it separately on a bit of paper).

9.8

Comme si le corps était
aspiré hors de sa paroi de
douleur par un soleil invisible
non vivant, fait d'Amour.
Comme "quelque" qui l'aspire
et le prend dans ses bras.

August 9

As if the body were *sucked* out of its wall of pain by an
invisible but *living* sun, made of Love.

Like "something" that sucks it and takes it in its arms.*

(This after a succession of massive crushings.)

(Probably the "crushing" was the passage through the wall.)



August 11, 1987

It is so difficult... It is really like a physical concentration camp with
its barbed wire, its guards, and then a tremendous Power which tries to
pull you out of there, and then everything tears and hurts and resists

your going through the barbed wire--it is a pain. It is all the Pain of the world. The only thing is that the body, or something in the depths of the body, knows that it is Freedom, Love, Vastness that come to pull it out of its age-old pain. It knows, it knows and it tries, it tries as much as it can not to side with pain and death and tearing, its being desperately reaches out to that Deliverance in spite of all that resists and resists and hurts and feels like screaming... It is difficult. It is really a sort of struggle between death and deliverance--between Horror and Love. It is all the Resistance of the world that seems to be there.

Oh, if we could make a HOLE in that... A hole for the whole Earth.

I understand very well: they *all* prefer to die.

It is very convenient to drink a cup of hemlock or let oneself be nailed to a cross, and it is *one* time--but TO WANT to get out of there...

Until the end, Mother said: "I want to walk."

With what haste they cast her into the hole... That, no such horror has ever been perpetrated so consciously and coldly, by those people who were supposed to know...

Naturally, it was the world that *did not want it*.



August 12, 1987

It seems that there only remains pain in this "test tube".

Why would death and pain always win?

I don't believe it.

I cannot believe that the ultimate Reality of Matter is not Joy, Love, Vastness--not that dungeon of pain. It is a Falsehood.

* Handwritten passage

If Sri Aurobindo makes that Power come down, it is to demolish the dungeon, that's all.

*

An atomic boiler.



August 13, 1987

Lord, surely You *want* something, because what is happening in my body is too crazy (!)

Something is going to--has to--happen.



Night from August 14 to 15, 1987

I am warned of the crushing of the (Western) "financial edifice": "I'm going to put my foot on it."

*

Conversation with Sujata

The crushing of the financial edifice

It was during the night of August 14 to 15.

The vision was very clear but it took me a little while to understand what it meant. But it was of such clarity... it was very clear.

I was at the top, high up in a tall building, on the last floor of a tall building--you know, like the large buildings that can be found in the West, at least in Europe.

Sky-scrapers?

No-no, a tall building, that's all (with several floors). I was at the very top, on the last floor.

There, I don't know exactly what happened, on that last floor, but there was great danger, like the threat of an explosion or fire or something else, I don't know--I don't know exactly.

So I came down the stairs of that tall building as quickly as possible, and at every floor, I rang to... (there was a doorbell to warn the people that were inside), to warn them that there was danger; at each floor, I did that: I went down one floor, I rang the bell. Nobody answered, in fact, no door opened, nobody answered. But, well, on each floor I rang to warn everybody that there was danger.

And I reached the bottom of the building: there was a guard at the door (a guard, but as in a civil institution, not a military institution) who was there, dressed in blue, and I told him: "There is a great danger." Then he looked at me somewhat idiotically, smiling as if he did not understand.

That is, nobody in the whole building answered, and the guard did not understand anything.

And it was a great danger, really--I tell you, I came down the stairs at top speed, I rang at each floor, you know, nobody...

In order to warn, to alert.

So I went out. The guard smiled at me a little idiotically, I took a few steps, and suddenly, I found myself in front of Micheline! I found myself in front of Micheline and she looked at me and said, but in a tone, well, in a very particular tone [*very intent and quiet tone*]: "I'm going to put

my foot on that”—and she crushed something on the ground with her foot.

That’s all I saw.

So I wondered afterwards: but that building, what is it?! And what has Micheline to do with that? I understood that Micheline must represent something. And thinking about it, it seemed to me obvious that she represented Finance.

Oh!

You know, she is a banker’s daughter.

Yes.

And she gave all her money to the Work. She certainly represents something about Finance. So I told myself... And above all, the *tone* in which she said: “*I’m going to put my foot on that*”—it was absolutely Mother’s tone! You understand. It was Mother’s tone—I was very surprised. I tell you exactly: it is all that I saw.

So afterwards, I thought about it, I told myself: Micheline must surely represent Finance—because she represents something in there, why...? And so—so that building where there was great danger and that I climbed down at top speed, it must be the building, the edifice of Finance—Western Finance.

Especially banks?

Well, Finance, it is the banks, my Douce. Your finances are the banks; if your banks collapse, there are no longer any finances! (*Sujata laughs*)

I understood that it was what that meant. A great danger. And suddenly, Micheline who was there...

In the street?

In the street, a little after that stupid guard who did not understand anything.

And that *tone* she had: "I'm going to put my foot on that"! And with the tip of her foot, she *crushed* something. It was very surprising. I immediately understood that Micheline was the key: what she represented indicated also what it was about. And I told myself: it can only be Finance.

(silence)

And Mother's tone?

Yes, she had the tone... The way she said that, in a simple but imperious tone of voice, you know, the simple power: "I'm going to put my foot on that"—quiet, without irritation, like someone who has power: "We are going to put our foot on that."

And it was during the night from August 14 to 15, so... I always pay attention to that date *(laughter)*!

(Laughing) So it was Mother's gift to Sri Aurobindo?

Well, I don't know...

But very soon I understood the... When I woke up the next morning and looked at that, very soon I told myself: but it is Finance, undoubtedly. Because Micheline was the whole key. What does

Micheline represent? And for me, it was obviously... Micheline represents a power of money that has put itself at the service of the Divine--which is quite exceptional (*laughter*) in this world! She represents a force of money--and she is a banker's daughter, isn't she?

We'll see.

But those visions of the New World are marvellous.

They are always very clear--it is very quick, very clear, very simple. But "very clear": there is an element that must be understood! So, sometimes, they are enigmas--perfectly clear enigmas! (*laughter*)

(silence)

So it is Finance... But I remember, for years, it has been that, your sort of idea--that it would come perhaps through...

Yes, that, since the beginning--since the beginning, at least since Mother's departure, I have always thought that the big... the big crack would come with Finance, simply. If that, if the economic and financial Mechanics collapse, everything will collapse.

Yes.

Everything. There is nothing left; nothing functions anymore. It is very simple: nothing functions anymore. Except... It can function at a local scale, in a small country with resources, but all the business, commercial trade, planes, well, all the international services: all Finance is down. All businesses are down.

So it is a simple way of reducing the world to its medieval state!

(laughter)

That's it.



The Hindu

PAKISTAN COULD PURCHASE BRITISH FRIGATES

London, August 19

In principle, the Pakistan Ministry of Navy and Defence is in favour of an order of 1000 million dollars with Great Britain for the purchase of three frigates. The transaction was negotiated by the Prime Minister, Mr Junejo, during his visit in England in April.

The British Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, was then particularly interested in the progress of Pakistani-British negotiations concerning the sale of weapons. According to Pakistani sources, the transaction is now waiting for the definitive approval of Mr Junejo, as well as the finalization of financial arrangements.

The order will include two T-23 frigates, which will enable England to preserve about 4300 jobs, as the work is to begin around the middle of next year. The third frigate will be assembled in the shipyards of Karachi with parts imported from Great Britain.

The goal of Pakistan is to purchase a technology that will give it autonomy in the area of defence. According to informed sources, Great Britain has accepted to deliver all

the detectors and weapons adapted to British ships. England will also transfer the appropriate technology so that Pakistan could, in the future, build such frigates on its own.

Estimated at 985 million, the British frigates were the least expensive on the shortlist. The two other countries that applied for the Pakistan order were Western Germany with its F-127 worth 1003 million dollars and the Netherlands, with Type M frigates worth 1075 million dollars. Pakistan hopes that the American ECGD (Export Credits Guarantee Department) will provide up to 360 million to finance the sale at an interest rate of about 7 per cent.

Armament: the gap is being filled. Military analysts point out that Pakistan is quickly bridging the gap with India regarding military power. With the escalation of the crises in the Persian Gulf, the increasing fire power of the formidable fleet of 60 to 100 warships stationed in the Gulf area far exceeds the total military capacity of all the Asian powers in the area.

It is also highlighted that the American assistance program to Pakistan of 1980, the first part of which ended in 1987 and amounted to 3200 million dollars, a second part of 4000 million dollars running until the end of the decade, puts Pakistan in third place for assistance provided by the Americans, behind Israel and Egypt. The Western Europe powers--the English with another billion dollars of credit, the French and the Germans for sums that are kept secret, make Pakistan a formidable military fortress.

The rather worrying aspect of that quick change of military and geopolitical factors in the area is enough to alarm Indian military analysts and politicians. Foreign observers point out that over the last years the Pakistan army has achieved a large expansion. Its navy and air force have considerably increased their power over the decades,

since the last Indo-Pakistani military conflict.

It is now obvious that the modernization and the autonomy of the Pakistan navy benefit from particular attention. India states loudly and clearly that its defence capability in the key-areas, vulnerable until now, that spread along its borders with Pakistan, has been reinforced and is now able to face any military emergency or conflict. But in reality, the reaction capability of India in case of emergency remains to be demonstrated. The Pakistan navy will also present a new logistic challenge in the area of the Indian Ocean, now that it is acquiring more modern armament and, above all, the necessary self-confidence.



August 21, 1987

One must *physically* consent to go through the walls of one's body as well as through death, while solely affirming the sun that is on the other side.



August 22, 1987

As if you were disintegrating fully alive.

It is beyond pain, beyond death, beyond life.

(There must be nobody anymore.)

*

I have been in these descending Masses for 362 days and not one day did it stop increasing--how to understand that?

*

The body is ready for anything--the only thing that would stop it

would be to drop dead.



August 24, 1987

That vice of death that tightens and tightens, and that tremendous Power, that Marvellous Reality--you feel it--that tries to go through that grip of Iron. It is a tearing struggle.

*

Evening

All their "supermen" seem so ridiculous with their power to fly, their power of this and that--but simply, to remove that layer of death... to get out of that Misery.

All the "powers" of Powerlessness.

And the Supreme goes door to door, like a beggar.



August 25, 1987

You could cry in despair.

*

How long will the body be able to hold on?

I understand very well, now, Mother's "What You want... what You want...", because everything is on the verge of breaking--and to think that She crossed through all of that, and I did not understand ANYTHING about it!

One cannot imagine what it is...

(I attributed Mother's difficulties to the poison of the disciples, but

the poison was *in addition!*)



August 27, 1987

This is the outline:

The body stands in front of Sri Aurobindo's photo on the mantelpiece. It offers itself to "That", totally--it offers that Misery of the old evolution, that pain of the Earth for that to change. Instantly, the Power comes down, and then, within a few seconds, an awful, really terrible struggle begins between that Power that comes down more and more, massively, the resistance of that Iron Wall--that dungeon of pain--which resists and resists until death, and the pain of the body, the torture of the body, which cries out-cries out for Deliverance from all this Misery, which implores and implores the Reality, the Marvel, the "something" that it KNOWS is so good, so simple, so full of sun. And it goes on and on, that tearing struggle, that tearing cry, that inexorable Iron and that Power that pounds and pounds and crushes... For one hour and twenty minutes this morning, an agony such as at the point of dying, at the end of *everything* you can do. And you no longer know how to continue.

And the body *cannot* accept death, because then the problem would not be solved. You *cannot* run away! You cannot let yourself fall. You have to go through that, or else it is Death always victorious and NOTHING is done, it always has to be started all over again...

I could almost hear Mother's voice this morning, as if She cried out in my body: "The *physical fact* must change!" It must, it must... That dungeon of pain must open to the great Sun, to Vastness, to the Supreme Light--the "light without walls" the Vedas said! It must... or

what then?

It is an awful struggle.

The body comes out of that with its back torn apart and feels like crying with despair.

*

Evening

I have a *human*, that is, general consciousness, and if for me personally I don't care about dying, I cannot accept that my brothers or other future brothers may be born or reborn, like me and all human animals, with the same lot, or some other lot of mistakes, misfortunes and pains, and indefinitely, without *one* physical way out, without eternally or indefinitely needing to start again that job of pain and ignorance. You die and start again, you die and start again...

It is the only reason I hold on. That is what Sri Aurobindo and Mother wanted.

A physical way out for the species.

*

I tried once to tell my Mother about reincarnation--she immediately answered to me: "Oh! I would not like to start again." I understand her, but if it is not her, it is her granddaughters who start again.

*

I found the motto of the humanists so beautiful: *Homo sum and nihil humani alienum puto* [I am a man and nothing human is foreign to me]. It was the first awakening in me.

I feel perfectly humanist, and at the same time, perfectly offended by humankind as it is.

*

For me, the experience of the concentration camps was not the

horror of the others, it was an irreparable wound in my own humanity—
—I had the *whole* fault.

So I did my utmost to go to the bottom of all that.

And to find the way out of the camp.



August 28, 1987

There is a “mysterious phenomenon” that has already happened several times in the last two months, but has lately tended to reoccur almost daily. But I never could identify or clearly “analyze” that phenomenon, because all that takes on enormous proportions and the body is like a little grain of matter amidst a cataclysm. So it is difficult to know what is happening exactly.

But for a few days, there has been a “rhythm” or a “sequence” that is becoming familiar in my “cataclysm”. So, that Massive Power, formidable, comes down as soon as I stand in front of Sri Aurobindo’s photo—it “crushes” everything in its path (and this is when my back suffers) then it reaches the tips of my toes as if it bumps into something there, somewhere *under* my feet (sometimes my feet begin to hop up and down or shake quickly as if they tried to go through or pierce the obstacle under the feet—that is, I think, Matter or the Inconscient, the Wall of Death). But this is when the “mysterious phenomenon” happens: when that Power from above has banged and banged or pounded Matter under my feet, a sort of “groundswell” occurs, and suddenly, something from the depths of Matter under the feet rises or straightens up and begins to *go up* along my body, like a huge wave from below or a huge Mass from below, and it seems to come and swell and bump into my shoulders and my neck, as if it did not manage to go

through or out--the whole body is straightened up by that Mass from below, so much so that it rises up on tiptoes and twists, as if stretched and stretched, to let that Mass from below pass or "go out". Then, when that Mass from below has well bumped into my shoulders, a new Mass from above comes and pounds all the way down, pounds and pounds under my feet until a new Mass from below rises and goes up in the body (it is when you have the sensation of a cataclysm) and bumps itself into my shoulders, my neck and my head somewhere. And so forth and so on.

So what I don't know is whether it is the same Power from above that goes to pound below, and since it does not manage to go through the obstacle there, *flows back* and goes up again in my body, *or* if it is *another* Power from below (what Sri Aurobindo calls the "supramental in Matter") that frees itself in waves or successive masses to try to "go out" up above...?

One year ago, when there was that first massive descent of the Power from above, I lived that sort of "double volcano" (rather terrible) where it went down and rose, went down and rose... then, very soon, *nothing rose anymore*. And I concluded that the "sun from below", the "blue sun", was freed. But I wonder whether it is really so, because now the same double movement seems to occur again, but on a more "massive" scale--that is, these are no longer "waves" as in the past, but rather *masses* that pound and crush.

All of that is mysterious.

We shall understand when it is over.

So my "dungeon" is what lies between those descending and rising masses, as if one wanted to break both ends (!)

(What is difficult is that I have no gift of vision, so I am left to pure sensation).

*

Afternoon

It is so crazy-crazy-crazy!

Surely, we are approaching something.

It is Masses of Fire that come down.

How one does not disintegrate, I don't know.



August 30, 1987

It is the “awful struggle” that continues.

The Divine gives you the courage, but all the same, you have to go through torture--there is torture.

And you wonder: “Do I do well”, and you don't know, and it is one more torture.

It is really night and hell.

You say: “May Your will be done”. But what is that Will? You don't know.

You know nothing, it is complete night.

So you put an ice pack on your back, magnets, and it goes on day after day...

And what to do?

Can it be gone through? Can one go through that Iron?

All the voices are so nasty--it is a cruel swarming. Yes, it is really like a microscopic Gestapo in the body.

It is the source of all the Misery of Matter. This is what makes everything and everybody say: Ah! Better to die--the peace of death.

I cannot accept that.

If you die, you must die standing.

*

Afternoon

Again those groundswells.



August 31, 1987

All you have to do is not to associate yourself with the pain of the dungeon, but with the Power that comes to free us from those walls.

It is not easy.

Of course, the dungeon defends itself.

It is the whole evolutionary system that must be dismantled.

What the new system will be, we don't know, anymore than the fish that suffocates on the sand "understands" the amphibian system: it creates it. But the *basis* of what we call "life" (whether it is amphibian or human, or aquatic or immemorial) will no longer be death—it will no longer be death-that-lives.

*

Evening

It is so long...

It must depend on a *totality*.

*

This year, Durga comes on a white horse (from September 22 to October 2), but it is far away... sometimes, seconds are so precarious.



September

September 2, 1987

For a long time, Mother talked about “cells”, but now I have an *atomic* sensation and it is really terrible. There was a period (one year or two or more) when I indeed had a “cellular” sensation like a jellyfish being put through a rolling mill. But now it is deeper, it is really as though all those atoms started to boil and were on the verge of dissociating, under a frightening, crushing Pressure. It is so terrible. It is unthinkable and unimaginable, and how don't I burst?! And it lasts one hour, sometimes one hour and fifteen minutes. A boiler. Then there is only that CRY everywhere-everywhere in the body: You-You-You, to You-to You, for You-for You. And the body is ready for anything.

But it is so terrible and “impossible” ...

Is all this going to disintegrate?

(I remember that vision in which I was “boiling some lead”!)

Is it the “dungeon” or the whole body that is going to disintegrate?...

It is difficult to tell where the limit is.

*

P.S. I am not mad (!), my lucidity is perfectly intact, but it is perfectly... astounded. How is it possible?!

And how far will it go?

If the winkle dies, it won't prevent the sea from existing!

After all, for a conscious winkle, seagulls and waves are rather marvellous. It is forever comforted.

*

The Hindu, September 2

“ITALIAN CONGRESS RUNNING THE NATION”

“Italian Congress is running the Nation”: Former Union Prime Minister [V.P. Singh] called on Members of the Parliament and Congress MPs to be very cautious and take into consideration public complaints before entering the 1990 election. “The Nation is henceforth ruled by the Italian Congress, not by the Indian Congress,” he said, sarcastically.



September 3, 1987

All the same it is very curious: for the body—any body—life is what is most important, it is the very basis (I don't speak of the mind, the intelligence or the heart, for which life could seem to be a variable or negligible and abandonable quantity). Well, for this body, this organic matter, there is “something” that seems *more alive* than life and yet gives all the sensations of death and disintegration. It is even very painful.

*

Afternoon

Still those mysterious “groundswells” that give the sensation of a cataclysm.

What is it?



September 4, 1987

A nightmare. Night and pain.

Why, all this?

I remember Carmen: “I don’t want to suffer any more” ...

This is where death always gets you.

That is, always, that sensorial system—that sensorial cage.

Can one come out of it?

Can it *change*?

*

(In fact, in the subconscious of the body, I meet what all the dying meet. Only, I am a very alive dying man!... It is all those mechanics that have to be dismantled.) (It is not “mechanics”, it is microscopic forces moved by a will.) (When there are many of these little wills, it becomes an assault.) (Usually people “let go of” their bodies and pass away.)



September 5, 1987

It is an inexpressible agony of Fire.

It is for You.

It is for the deliverance of the Earth.



Night from September 5 to 6, 1987

Vision

My brother François gave me a piece of paper on which, written in red, were three points, or three paragraphs—three things or three different events. And he told me: “But I don’t exactly know in what order.” (That is to say three things that will happen in an unknown order.) (But that must form a whole.)

So F. is interested in world events and because from where he is his “view” is clearer than mine, he tries to help me by keeping me informed—but it does not get me anywhere because I don’t remember what was written in red!

For me, everything revolves around that Change. And it should start from India.



September 9, 1987

When the body obeys the Divine Law, there will no longer be evil.



September 11, 1987

My prayer, pure and simple, is that there must be a way out of that whole unfortunate System, and that these atoms, instead of disintegrating in a box, could be used for something else that would no longer be Satprem, no longer an individual, but purely and simply a product of You.

It is the last prayer of this human body.



September 12, 1987

Chaos of Fire.

As if the whole body were kneaded by fire (crushed and pulled or stretched).

Only the Supreme can do this.

*

That is to say that the body is constantly being given the indication: You see, there are no limits; you see there is no “point where”; you see there is no “law that”—you see, there is no death. It is your evolutionary Dungeon of misery that is being demolished... very carefully, so that you are not demolished at the same time.

So the body is constantly going through “death” and the “impossible” and the “unbearable”.

But if he listens to the wardens of the cage, it is instantly done for—one should not be mistaken (!)

That is why Sri Aurobindo said “down to the last atom”.

That is why it takes so long... If it were too quick, one would break apart completely.

The “end” of all this (I hope) is the way out of the “concentration camp”—terrestrial liberation.



September 15, 1987

I meet such resistance in my body (in the back) that I no longer know what to do.

At the bottom of pain, there is that “cruel swarming”. A refusal and a negation of *everything*. It is very sad.

It is the basis of death.



September 18, 1987

Since that very difficult September 15—dark, really—the “cruel

swarming” went silent, as if crushed by that Power.

Pain is silent.

It is here, but bare—without claws or voice, one could say.

It is a little as though death had lost its teeth... (But let’s not be too hurried...)

*

Is this the “Gestapo of the body”? That “weird pigmy world” as Sri Aurobindo said, on the borders where “Life” and Matter meet?

*

Afternoon

It is like another life (another *principle* of life) that tries to enter matter.

It is what gives the sensation of an innumerable, atomic disintegration.

*

(Yes, it is what I called “trans-materialisation”.)



September 20, 1987

Always that chaos of fire that shakes the body.

It is *beyond* death.

And yet you live.

But that inexorable pain.

It is the very essence of Falsehood.



September 22, 1987

You don't know whether you go through a Wall of Fire or a Wall of Iron.

You know YOU, that's all.

*

Which means that when you go through that Iron, you become like Fire.

I tell myself that Mother is on the other side of the Wall and it gives me courage.

If I go through, perhaps She will come through right to us?

We are that Iron, She is that Fire.

*

Evening

Sometimes I tell myself that I go through the Wall that the dead pass through when they leave their bodies. That "Wall" is the body—or rather the Falsehood of the body. One must go through it fully alive. Then both sides will be united. It will be life without death. The New Reign.

The body has the sensation of going through death fully alive, actually—you go through that Wall of Death, or rather the Falsehood of that Wall of Death.

*

If you take off your spacesuit on the moon, you burst. Well, you must take off the "spacesuit" without bursting.



September 23, 1987

It was during the night from March 16 to 17, 1986 that I saw that "black wagon".

I am still inside.

It was one and a half years ago.

What will make that give in?

One has the impression that it only wants death.

If I say that I can't take it any more, there is nothing to do except let myself give in to death—I cannot accept it.

It is as in that black wagon, in 1943.

*

I am sixty-four and that pain is still there.*

I remember going to the Samadhi one day and saying to Sri Aurobindo: Even if You send me to hell, I will still love You.

*

Why was I born under the sign of so much suffering and cruelties?

*

Evening

He does not want to send me to hell, He wants the *deliverance* of hell. But for that, one must go down into it.

Darkness and Pain.

But mostly Darkness: you know *nothing*.

*

That Darkness and that pain are so contrary to all that is Divine, all that is joy and light. You are in the complete opposite. It is so terrible.

*

In the end, at the end of everything, in life or in death, in Heaven or Hell, one can only say: I LOVE.



* When I came out of the concentration camps, I was like a wounded animal and I *did not understand* my own wound. I only knew that I was going to destroy myself. Until I met Sri Aurobindo and Mother—and even then, it took a long time...

September 24, 1987

I came across this...

The Hindu

LE PEN AFFAIR CAUSES BRITISH TORIES EMBARRASSMENT

London, September 22

British Conservatives faced an embarrassing controversy on the eve of their party convention in Blackpool.

The debate concerns a plan to invite racist French leader, Mr Le Pen, to speak before Tory troops. The issue became even more embarrassing after a remark made on television by Mr Le Pen according to whom the extermination of 6 million Jews in German concentration camps ruled by the Nazis during the war was simply a “technical detail in World War II”.

Mr Le Pen has become very popular in France. He stands for the idea of creating a pure French society—without immigrants of colour. He proposed various far-fetched plans to deport all Arabs from North Africa and African immigrants from of French-speaking African countries.

*

One is a prisoner at the bottom of a quite dark and perverse
terrestrial dungeon

and one prays for Deliverance.



September 25, 1987 (night from 24 to 25)

Last night, I went to take care of my brother François, and I gathered such sorrow...

*

It is so incredibly crazy! It seems that the Supreme, the Supreme Mother, wants to knock down a barrier or cross a barrier—something that has never happened.

*

Mother said: To let oneself flatten until one completely disappears—it is exactly that.

How the body does not shatter in to pieces is a miracle.

I have been undergoing that “progressive” training for more than five years... It goes beyond all understanding, all physiology in any case.

And to think that Mother underwent all that *without knowing*...

With what I understand now a little, I tell myself that all those people were criminals.



September 26, 1987

(About the “take over” of Auropress.)

When Sri Krishna came, all the adverse forces rushed over—there was the battle of Kurukshetra. When Sri Aurobindo and Mother came, there was a much more fierce battle, without any army, with only a few little men against a horde of cruel and sordid forces.

It is not over.

The last part is in the body: all the enemies are there.

When they are uprooted there, it will be over once and for all. The Earth will be free.

*

All those dark forces were meant to force us to go down to the bottom of the hole and find the true exit—the passage to the New Being.



September 27, 1987

I don't know why I find it so insulting—outrageous—that that Italian woman is the first lady of India—what does that little hairdresser's mannequin have to do with Durga's daughters?

It is a general masquerade. Everyone plays the role of what they are not.



September 28, 1987

It is an awful standing agony.

Like an innumerable explosion into a death of fire, or into something else.

And it never ends. (For one hour and twenty minutes this afternoon).

There is a thin fragile line between death and the other thing.

We must be really near the end.

*

It is for You, or else it is unbearable.

One would really wish that You come to finish Your Work—the “last act”.



October

October 1, 1987

To go through that wall of death, you have all the agony of a dying person, but instead of a bursting to pass through to the other side, it is a bursting to let the other side pass through here. It is a sort of death in reverse.

*

It is not sacrifice that is needed, it is Victory.

*

The Hindu, October 1

STREET DEMONSTRATION IN TIBET

Tokyo, September 30

A demonstration demanding the independence of Tibet from China led by a group of Tibetans including 21 Buddhist monks took place in Lhasa on Sunday. The demonstrators clashed with police, according to the report of a press agency from Xinhua, broadcast here from Lhasa.

The report explains that the demonstrators made a speech in a public square, demanding independence, and that they clashed with police in front of a building of the local government before being arrested.

According to the report, Mr Ngapoi Jigme, the vice-president of the standing committee of China's National People's Congress, made a statement on Monday in which he disapproves of the demonstrators. "The trouble-makers constituted an isolated group and were not supported by the population," he is reported to have said, "They will be

treated in accordance with the law”.

The Chinese State Commission in charge of problems of nationality said that any attempt to “cut Tibet off from its motherland and sabotage the unity of the diverse Chinese nationalities, including the Tibetans”, was doomed to failure. It was a way of commenting on the call for the independence of Tibet made by the Dalai Lama during the meeting of the Subcommittee on Human Rights of the United States House of Representatives, which took place last week in Washington.

The Commission states that “Tibet has been part of China’s territory from time immemorial and that since the middle of thirteenth century, the Central Government of China exercises full sovereignty over Tibet”.

According to it, China’s policy towards the Dalai Lama is coherent and definitive and, it continued, “the principle that we have previously stated still holds true.” Broadening this principle, the declaration adds that “the Dalai-Lama and Tibetan compatriots who are currently living abroad are invited to come back home in order to contribute to safeguard the unification of the motherland, to promote unity amongst the diverse nationalities and to build Tibet.”

Nonetheless, the declaration gives a warning: “We are firmly opposed to any activity that would be aimed at dividing the motherland and sabotaging the unity of the diverse nationalities. So we hope that a judicious choice will be made.”

In 1910, Mother said that the Chinese revolution would be the first sign of the transformation (I always wondered why?) but I do feel that the last sign too will come from China.

China becoming the “motherland” of Tibet! Strange wicked mother!
The earth is in the depths of night.

*

Conversation with Sujata

The Little One: Sujata's Vision

(Laughing) Listen, I want to make *you* talk!

Me? *(laughing)* *What a strange idea! No--speak.*

Yes, I would like you to talk about what you saw last night.

What I saw last night??

Yes.

*(Silence. Obviously, Sujata
does not remember)*

Yes, you saw something last night...

Ah! I told you the story of Satyajit Ray and the rest? Yes.

Yes, but that is not the... *(laughing)*

Yes. But there was a whole story before that...

But is it related to what you told me?

*I have the impression that it is related to it because... Well,
for that, I should tell you the whole story, but it does not matter:
I'm going to tell you the end. There was a great hall and quite a*

few people, and I have the impression that they were waiting for Mother. There was a chair (like yours, small like that) and I found myself near the chair, sitting on the ground; and there was a little girl, very beautiful (I don't know how old she was: three years old perhaps, four at the most, I don't know--or perhaps even two-and-a-half? I don't know, let's say between two and four), very beautiful, with a rather round face, and (how to put it?) fair, but Indian--I had the impression that she was Indian. And she was tired, probably she wanted to sleep. As she was beside me, I saw her on the ground, so I said: "But you must take something like a pillow"--I did not want her to stay like that. And there was, just nearby, a small rolled carpet and it belonged to me, I don't know how: for me or for what what? (Very pretty, by the way, you know: those authentic Kashmiri carpets with a few drawings, but small, and rolled-up) so, I put it like that, under her head. She was beside me, her head towards my... how to say it? I had my legs crossed, perhaps, in any case, she was beside me. So, what she did, she took the carpet, she turned and lay down--she put that carpet under her head. Then I said: "But why do you turn around?" Because like that, she left everybody behind, didn't she, she did not look at people: everybody faced something, but she turned her back on all that (laughing)--she lay down and said: "I want to see you. It is because I want to see you"! (laughing) I found that so charming.

Yes, it is...

That's it. That was the end of the story.

But what *I* wanted to know is whether she looked like that little one you had seen before*?

Yes. But the other one was typically a Westerner, you know, European. And much sturdier, stronger, with some willpower, you know. While this one was full of sweetness, she was very sweet, very pretty, everything was a little rounded. I cannot say. In my dream, I did not make any connexion, of course.

But it seemed to you that it was like Mother?

Now that you ask the question, I could say yes. She might very well have been Mother.

Because in that hall, the chair that was there, it was for Her?

The chair beside which I found myself?

Yes.

Perhaps... perhaps. But I don't know, cannot say. I had a deep affection for the little girl, I felt, and she too seemed a little... (How to say it?) she wanted to be near me, you understand. As if in that whole crowd, it was the only person she knew--you know how children are?

Yes.

Somewhat like that. I felt a deep affection for her. So I cannot say. While the other, I was full of admiration for her! I stared at her...

* Sujata's vision of July 30-31, 1984.

It was a hall and you said that they were waiting for Mother...

Yes, they were waiting for Mother.

That's it. Well, Mother, it was that little one lying on the ground.

Oh!... it is very likely...

The others, probably, were waiting for a great decorative Mother!
(laughter)

It is possible! Probably I, too, was waiting for a great decorative Mother, but she was there, beside me! (laughter) It is possible.

I am always waiting for Her to materialize. And I have the impression that when (or if, or when) She materializes--I don't have the impression that it will be "a great Mother", I have the impression that it will be a child--and a child that will knock over everything on its way.

I always had this impression.

Oh!...

But... an irresistible child.

The story of the cafeteria, yes: there, I think, she looked at that with willpower, it was a...

It may be the same little one: according to her action, a different Force emanates from her. But it may be the same little one who...

Yes-yes. Yes, with different faces--"faces", that is to say,

qualities...

Yes, different “qualities”, rather, according to the necessity of an action.

Yes.

I wait for Her to materialize, that’s it.

(silence)

But a *hole* must be made so that She could come through.

(silence)

But the news of the other day reassured me a little, I told myself: now, Mother must come.*

Which news?

The other who was swept away.

Ah! That Barun.

You know, like a dead leaf--really like a dead leaf, like that. Because in that dream of 1984, I knew nothing, I was quite surprised. But after that, She took perhaps two steps and She was there.

She was there? What do you mean?

She was with me.

* The takeover of Auropress by Indian authorities.

Ah! Yes. Yes. First, She brushed away that Navajata.

Yes, it was... First of all, I saw her turning the corner of the meditation room, you understand? Then, She took steps and more steps... She took many steps and it was only afterwards that She made Navajata fall. There, She made an effort to get rid of... --She took him in, you know!

Navajata?

Yes. It was the first one. Afterwards, She took more steps to reach that place where they put flowerpots...

Yes.

And it was when, suddenly, I told myself: "But what is this? Like a dead leaf that is swept away?" So I was very surprised: it was that man!

That dustbin!

Yes, "Dustbin", "Turban", as you wish! (laughing) But, well, he had no turban anymore!

And after that?

After that, She was on the veranda with me.

Yes.

We spoke a little, I don't know, then She wanted to take a

bath. And this was when (I was a little on her left--she was in her dress)... when I caught sight of a kind of wound (large wound) on her arm and... and... I don't know, it gave me much sadness, much pain. And two-three days later, I learnt that She actually had that (it was bedsores, She had bedsores--what is the word for it, "bedsores"?)..

Yes, I think so. Ah, She was really wounded.

Oh! Yes.

She wanted to take a bath... And it was you She asked?

Yes.

I tell you, I really feel that She is here. I mean: fully-formed, you know.

She is here, fully-formed, now.

Yes. And it is a child. And this is how She will materialize, as a child.

Oh, if She materializes, She can take all the appearances She wants! But I have the impression that it will be as a child. But a child that... pfft! Well, don't you dare resist! *(laughter)* Better not to!

(Sujata laughs a lot) What a wonder, eh?

The hole must be completed. We must make that hole; we have to reach the *bottom* of the hole--we are at the bottom of the hole, but we are at the last wall or the last... I don't know what.

Yes.

We are in it. Not only at the bottom of the hole, but in the *wall* that is at the bottom.

I have the impression... Perhaps it's all fantasy, I don't know, but I have the impression that if we manage to go through that... that wall, well, She will materialize. Something on this side must... must make the... the effort or whatever, I don't know, must do the work, if I may say so, on this side. They have prepared everything--but, well, some have to go through that wall! Then, well, She will come. She will be able to materialize.

A human effort is needed, isn't it?

Yes, that is how I understand it. On the side of this old evolution, there must be a... a link, a call, I don't know what.

It is more than a call.

Yes, well, an effort.

Yes.

An attempt. I have always said it: "the New being", as we say, impersonally, is not going to fall from heaven, we must do something to open the door! And Sri Aurobindo clearly says that it is (how does he say it?) that "keyless gate"?

Yes-yes.

There is no key, eh. We have to go through the wall with our bodies. So I have the impression that it was Her that you saw, that little girl...

Oh!

That little being, no?

Now that you say it, I really can believe that it was Her!

She is waiting--She is "waiting": apart from that, She is very active, isn't She, but in that body that is going to materialize, it is how I imagine her: a little one!

But on the ground, you see? She was lying on the ground.

Well, yes. She was lying on the ground. She does not sit enthroned in armchairs!

And the other little one!... I remember, she had longer hair, all the same (I don't remember this one's hair, I see her face) but the other, well, she was a true... (Sujata laughs a lot). She was completely naked, her hair hung down her back, you see, it came down to her shoulders and lower, and she stood firm like that! [gesture] (laughter) She did not want a cafeteria! No tea stall! (laughter). She did not want that to stay. She stared, really: she stared.

It was full of mud!

Ah! Yes. The street was full of mud.

(silence)

Well! Yesterday it was Mahashtami and today it is

Mahanavami?*

Yes.

*And tomorrow it is Vijaya Dashami: the day of Victory.
(Laughing mischievously) You know? I'll tell you a thing that
crossed my mind, eh?*

Yes.

Tomorrow, it is October 2. It is Gandhi's birthday.

Is it?

Yes.

Pff, that one...

*So do you know what crossed my mind, suddenly? As if I saw
Durga cutting that head off! (laughter) Every year, she cuts off
an Asura's head, doesn't she?! (bursts of laughter) If it were
that!*

*(More laughter) If someone heard you, you would be condemned to
be hanged immediately! (Sujata laughs louder and louder)*

*Listen! With all that he did, didn't he. It was really thanks to
him that India was divided, let's not forget. He is the one who
did not accept Sri Aurobindo's proposal to...*

You know, that Nehru, well... They are...

* The third and fourth days of ceremonies dedicated to Durga.

They say that it was Gandhi who said...

Well, it is... They both agreed.

Yes. "What business is it of his?" Well, you understand?

Yes. He said, speaking of Sri Aurobindo: "What business is it of his?"

Yes--it was Gandhi who said that. So? Why not that head, eh?

(Satprem bursts out laughing). *And all that he represents.*

My Douce, there are many about whom we should say: "why not"--there would be a lot to cut off! (*laughter*) I have the impression that the little one would rather do like that: pfft! And it would turn to dust! Cut off the head and there still remain pieces that stink!

(Laughing a lot) *To dissolve totally, eh?!*

Yes, to blow on it and only dust is left: a dead leaf! There, that's all. At least, it will make some [inaudible]! (*laughter*)

Well.



October 4, 1987

Through death, the body must have the strength to affirm Joy, Beauty, Love, Vastness, and to reject pain, torture and death as the very Falsity of the world.

So you don't know if you go towards an ignoble death or to resurrection.

Standing there, the body writhes in pain and desperately invokes and

invokes You-You-You... Your Sun.



October 5, 1987

We are at the very source of terrestrial Misery.

Better not to speak anymore.

(I think I understand why China.)

*

What I met at the very bottom of the hole is that “cruel swarming”.

It comes out, we are going to come out, with China.

It will be the last Assault.



October 7, 1987

The Hindu

MONKS “READY” TO FIGHT CHINA AGAIN.

Lhasa, October 6

The warrior monks of the Roof of the World claim that they are ready to rebel again against China. Thousands of monks died in battle or were obliged to flee into exile in 1959, when Tibet organized its last great anti-China insurrection.

Now, many of them think that their fate is to continue the fight, in the hope that their spiritual leader, the Dalai Lama, will come back and govern an independent Tibet.

At least three monks died during rioting of more than five hours which took place on October 1, when, according to western witnesses, the besieged police opened fire on a

crowd that was throwing stones at them. The day had begun with a peaceful march of monks from the Sera monastery of Lhasa, carrying the national flag and singing pro-independence slogans.

The monks had signed a pact saying that they were ready to die for their faith.

Their arrest started the riot, which, according to unofficial sources, killed at least nineteen people. Some monks were seen wrestling with plain-clothed policemen on the roof of Jokhang Temple, in the centre of Lhasa.

Founded in the 15th century A.C., the small army of warrior monks from Sera was feared and their rebellious nature sometimes threatened the stability of the Tibetan State.

Legends abound about the athletic prowess of Tibetan monks, who were traditionally taught to fight with bare hands. “Tibetan oracles said that the *karma* or destiny of their mountainous country had changed and that it stood now on the edge of a new age”, a monk whispered during an interview in his monastery.

“Ready to use rifles”: “Are the monks ready to use rifles?” “Yes”, he answered, though he added that they had no weapons. “Our dream is that Tibet will take its place among the nations of the world and that the Dalai Lama will come back to the Potala (his former palace in Lhasa).”

In another monastery of Lhasa, an older monk evokes the religious and nationalist passions underlying the battle of October 1. “In 28 years, China has destroyed our religion and our culture and killed one million people. What you can see now in monasteries is only for tourists.”

In June, the U.S. House of Representatives passed an amendment saying that over one million people had died from starvation and from political instability after Chinese communist troops entered Tibet on October 7, 1950.

China claims that that figure is pure invention. To a certain extent, it allowed the resurrection of religious practices after thousands of monasteries were destroyed during the extreme-left cultural revolution of Mao Zedong, from 1966 to 1976.

“No matter how long we’ll still have to die...” the monk continues, “We have small kitchen knives, that’s all. It is with our fists and stones that we defy the power of the Chinese army.”

Around the complex of Jokhang Temple, the most sacred Buddhist sanctuary in Tibet, it is not difficult to observe the religious fervour that persists despite efforts communist authorities have made for decades to eradicate ancient beliefs officially stigmatized as feudal superstition.

Deeply rooted resentment: Observers in Hong Kong say that pro-independence agitation in Lhasa is indicative of the persistence of a deep resentment in the Himalayan region, against the Chinese domination.

It is about 700 years ago that China took control of predominantly Buddhist Tibet for the first time. But its grip on that isolated area often revealed itself to be precarious, increasing and decreasing according to the changing fortunes of the rulers of Beijing.

In the 19th century A.C., when China was faced with the infringements by Western powers and with the imminent end of its dynastic government, Tibet became a quasi-independent State.

If Tibet enjoyed an important degree of independence while China was beset by civil war, Mao Zedong never lost sight of the importance of that area, stating as early as 1936 that it was to become an autonomous region within a Chinese federation. After their victory, the communists immediately set about changing that ambition into reality.

At the beginning of 1951, a Tibetan delegation

representing the Dalai Lama and Panchen Lama favourable to Beijing went to the Chinese capital, where they signed what was called an “agreement on measures for the peaceful liberation of Tibet”.

The Dalai Lama returns: The Dalai Lama, who had fled to India, came back to rule his country considered as a part of China. Since then, China has controlled the area, stating loud and clear that Tibet had always been part of its national territory.

But the population of native Tibetans did not submit to the Chinese domination with a light heart and in the fifties, sporadic fits of fighting and resistance against the control of Beijing were observed.

That resentment surged in 1959 during a bloody riot repressed by Chinese troops. The Dalai Lama then fled to India with about 100,000 of his supporters. He still lives there in exile.

Beijing has never underestimated the strategic importance of Tibet, which increased after the brief border war with India in 1962.

During the excesses of the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976), Tibet suffered enormous damage from the Red Guards, who carried out unprecedented destruction of its monasteries.

But with Mao Zedong's death in 1976 and the emergence of a more pragmatic power in Beijing under Deng Xiaoping, Tibet was conceded a certain religious freedom and received subsidies to repair some of the ravages caused by the Cultural Revolution.--Reuters & AFP.



October 8, 1987

We are in the last days.



October 9

It is becoming so impossible that it can only be the Supreme Possible, or disintegration.

I understand fully: “To let oneself be flattened until one disappears*”—it is death that must disappear down to the last atom.

*

There is an enormous difference since that “cruel swarming” became quiet, all those voices of torture (not only voices: coldly cruel *forces*). Pain, always present, has changed in nature, as it were—it is not the same anymore, it is no longer something that *wants* to hurt. (It hurts, and it hurts even a lot, but without commentary.)

*

It is a shame:

The Hindu, October 9

DISAPPROVAL CONVEYED TO DALAI LAMA

New Delhi, October 8

Today, the Indian Government informed the Dalai Lama that it disapproved of his recent activities in India, especially the remarks he made yesterday in Dharamsala during a press conference.

Though he is held in high regard here, the Dalai Lama was notified that the kind of activities in which he recently indulged was contrary to the basic principles of the hospitality that is given to him. For some time, the

* See *Mother's Agenda 10*, December 13, 1969.

government has closely observed the actions of the Dalai Lama and seems to have now decided to speak bluntly, in private as well as in public. Until then, the politics of indifference it had adopted was reflected, among other things, in the way the official media ignored the Dalai Lama's speeches and acts. But what was tacit has become explicit today.

Apart from that message, the spokesperson of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs expressed the official point of view during his daily briefing.

Pointing to the Dalai Lama's status as a religious and spiritual leader, the spokesman stated that he had been granted asylum for humanitarian reasons when he came to India and that it had been recommended that he not indulge in activities of a political nature on Indian soil. "Several times, we asked him to respect our wishes in this regard. We pointed it out to him a short time ago."

"Tibet, a region of China": Significant, too, is the government's standpoint, briefly outlined by the spokesman in answer to a question: as he was asked to comment on the developments of the situation in Tibet, he said: "We regard Tibet as an autonomous region of China and we don't comment on internal affairs of China." He did not permit any doubt about the fact that yesterday's press conference had been considered a political activity.

A certain irony has been detected here in the reactions of the US and the other western countries before the recent developments in Tibet. It was noted, for instance, that the US suddenly saw cases of human rights violations, just at the moment when their relations with China tended to turn sour. The period of the troubles in Tibet is also significant-- in the wake of the Dalai Lama's visit to the United States. China publicly protested against his activities during his journey to the US.

The risk of silence: The silence of the Indian government about this subject might be interpreted as a sign of hesitation. It is now clear that there is no need to give it a deeper significance.

The Dalai Lama's office in India has circulated a statement containing an "urgent telegraphic call" to the various heads of state and political leaders for "stopping" repressive Chinese measures against Tibetans inside Tibet.



October 10, 1987

I received my mother's amethyst crown.



October 11, 1987

Constantly, it is being demonstrated to the body that death does not exist and that pain is a deceitful sensation, and it is slowly-slowly, cautiously, taught the Other Law.

*

Of course, the whole old law must let itself be flattened.

It is always the same observation: the passage of that Power through this old body is tearing, crushing and agonizing, *but* it is death that is torn apart, crushed and that agonizes. If you take the wrong side, you are done for. Which means that pain becomes torture and death solidifies. You stay within the walls.

Death is "simply" an evolutionary threshold that you cross the right or the wrong way.

*

Evening

Indian troops go to kill their Tamil brothers in Lanka and do the work of the Singhalese brutes--who is Ravana, who is Rama?

And they encourage the Chinese to kill Tibetan monks...



October 12, 1987

Now I hear the voices of Death--strange life!

It is an enraged onslaught.

If I survive this October month...

I have been in this "operation" for nearly sixty-five months.



October 13, 1987

It is unspeakable torture.

The whole body writhes in pain under those crushing and tearing Masses (under or *in*).

Sometimes there is that "ebb tide" or that "uprising" from below. You don't know, it is chaos.

*

I can say that the sensations are "deceitful", but we shall not really know it until we are out of that horror--if it is possible.

*

If it costs me my life, I don't mind, I'll find my way on the other side (more quickly than here), but everything will have to be started again, that abominable hole, through I don't know what other genealogy...

To tell the truth, I'd rather be changed into a seagull, but it is only a way of postponing the problem.

Sooner or later, you come out on those damned anthropoids.

Will they leave even one seagull on the rocks?



October 15, 1987

Like the hull of a boat in a storm, but the storm passes through the hull.

It is a little frightening.

And it is not the storm of a "liquid element", it is the storm of a new element, more solid (or thicker) than molten lava, but fluid.

Yes, I think of that Power that *silently* made the mountains tumble down by crushing them like dough!

Like a gigantic Hand that pounded the mountain.

(I saw that at the time of Lyudmila, I think, in 1981.)*

*

Evening

I tried to tell my Douce what was happening, and I asked her: "But what do They want, what do They tend to?" She answered: "They want to go to the root."



Night from October 15 to 16, 1987

* During the night of December 24 to 25, 1980.

Vision

Last night, I sent for M. and J-Cl. and I told them: “The bomb is on the way.”

I was so surprised by my own declaration that it woke me up.

I told them that as if we had to be *ready* to... I don't know what... to leave?

M. and J-Cl. obviously represent those who help me materially.

For me, there is no doubt that it is “Mother's bomb”... but what do we know?

All the same, it is strange that I made that “declaration”.

Perhaps I know things that I don't know!

*

18,000 Indian soldiers to crush Tamil activists in Ceylon...



October 18, 1987

The body is as though broken in pieces.

I told Sujata: I have all hopes and I have no hope.

She answered: It is *Nishkama karma*.*

*

(The next species will no longer belong to the vertebrate order (!))



October 20, 1987

* Work or duty performed while being free from any desire.

Report from a BBC newscast

October 20, 1987

After last week's sharp fall of American and world stock markets, yesterday saw shares nearly collapse on the world stock market, particularly on the New York Stock Exchange, where a 22% decrease was noted, twice as much as that of October 1929, at the beginning of the Great Depression. An atmosphere of fear and panic reigned on Wall Street, and even blows were exchanged, while sellers frenetically tried to sell shares that nobody wanted. The situation now seems totally unpredictable, with huge movements in both directions (a correspondent from the BBC said that what was happening was absolutely unimaginable and left many agents and investors dumbfounded).

Several factors have contributed to this situation:

The Gulf crisis.

The decline of the American dollar.

The higher interest rates.

The computerization of the selling of shares on Wall Street, where computers have been programmed to sell shares automatically, as soon as they fall under a certain value.

"That fall, Reagan stated, has disconcerted people, because the American economy is fundamentally solid and has just known its longest expansion in peacetime."

Hong Kong has known the largest drop in its history and Hong Kong Stock Exchange will be closed until the end of the week so as to protect investors.

The stock markets of Tokyo, Australia and New-Zealand have also experienced a spectacular fall.

*

Indian Express, October 20

London, October 19

Junius R. Jayewardene, the President of Sri Lanka, stated that Tamil activists in Jaffna City in the north of the island, who are presently targeted by the offensive of the Indian Army, will have to surrender unconditionally, *The Times of London* reported on Sunday.

According to the article, he said in an interview: “We will fight mercilessly”, if the activists don’t abandon their bastion in the North.

The President added that he was happy to leave the conduct of the war against the activists to the Indian Army, in accordance with the peace agreement he signed in July with Indian Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi. He also stated that he trusted M. Gandhi to withdraw his troops when he would ask him to do so.

Kill as many Tamils as you can, and we’ll do the rest.



October 21, 1987

That perverse war in Lanka.

Really, it is time that Mother manifests and tells all those anthropoids: it’s enough. Your time is over.

*

The wear and tear of pain.

*

Conversation with Sujata

The series of four

It is late and I am tired. And so are you, aren’t you?

No! I am... (laughing) "agog with curiosity", if I dare say so!

No, there is nothing...

Though there is a series of things... There has been a series, you understand, that converges on something. I note it down on bits of paper, like that, bits of visions that I had (some that I told you about and some that perhaps I did not, I don't know): all the same, it makes a series.

The first one I have the impression that I told you about: it was during the night from August 5 to 6. I saw a sharp bend. You remember that I told you about that, I think?

I remember August 15.

Yes, but during the night from August 5 to 6, I saw a sharp bend. It looked like a mountain road, on the edge of a precipice.

Ah yes! Yes, yes.

And there was a big car and I saw, you know, like hairpin turns? That big car turned, but with great mastery, it was someone... I don't know, I did not see the person who was driving. I was sitting in the front seat, I was near the driver--"he" or "she", I think that it was "she"! (*laughing*)--but well, I was not looking at her or him, I was looking at the curve; and since I was at the left side, I was just on the edge of the precipice and I could see the whole curve, and the turn was taken with great mastery. It lasted a split second--you know, those visions of the New Consciousness, they are very fast, brief... And that was all.

What struck me: it was obviously dangerous, but taken with... Someone who drove with a... who knew.

That was the first vision I had; it was during the night from August 5

to 6. So it makes a series, you understand. After that, there were other visions.

Well, during the night from August 14 to 15, I saw the collapse of the financial edifice.

Yes, Micheline.

Yes, Micheline. Micheline who certainly was there in a symbolic way.

Then... You understand, I note down all sorts of... There are a lot of visions that... or whose meaning only appears afterwards, a long time after, or that you don't understand very well at the time, or perhaps they are incidental things--I note that down on bits of paper in a few words, but I always remember what I saw in detail.

So afterwards... That was the last one, on August 14-15.

Yes.

And then, during the night from September 5 to 6, I met my brother François--who is dead, you know.

Yes.

So he gave me a paper, written in red, where there were three points, or three paragraphs, and he told me: "But I don't know exactly in what order it will happen."

Oh!

That's all. That's all I saw. I don't remember what was written on the paper.

François was a man who obviously had a consciousness... who used to go up above, didn't he, who saw many things. So it concerned the

world. And he wanted to help me by telling me: well, there are three things... Three things or three events, but he did not know exactly in what order. But obviously, those three events or three facts made a whole; they went together, didn't they, but he did not know in what order it would happen.

And François follows what I do. I see him from time to time, rather often: he wants to help. He has understood something, hasn't he? And he wants to help me! Several times, I saw him trying to help me—once even medically! Well, it does not matter...

Oh! Also?

Yes, he wanted... he wanted to relieve my back, he wanted to give me drugs! *(laughing)*

Oh!

So I told him: "Listen!" It was even amusing—it was some time ago: I was climbing down a very steep ladder and it was very dangerous. Then, with his arms, he took me and gently put me down on the ground, very gently, and he wanted to give me a drug—because it hurt me, didn't it, I was doing something dangerous! *(laughter)* So I told him, when he wanted to give me (it was something white that foamed)... I answered: "Opium I know, but the effect of that thing, I don't know, and tomorrow I want to be able to work"! *(bursts of laughter)*

You and the work! Always, eh?

But well, you see, François is there, he follows things, he... and his consciousness goes up above. It was not a small consciousness, François.

Yes.

Well, there were those three facts--I don't know which ones. And he told me: "I don't exactly know in what order it will happen."

It was he who told you that?

Yes, it was him. He handed me that paper in red, with those three points, or those three paragraphs, telling me: "But I don't exactly know in what order it will happen." Unfortunately, I don't remember what was written.

Yes. Oh, very often, it is on purpose that the memory is removed from you.

It is on purpose. So, it already makes a third point in the series.

Yes.

And what more did I see? I saw another thing... *(Satprem looks into his notes)* Yes, I saw another thing, but that was more personal, I think--better not speak about it.

Then, there is October 15 to 16, during the night of October 15 to 16 (it was what I told you about): I had sent for M and J-Cl and I told them: "The bomb is on the way."

Yes.

(silence)

But for me, of course, the "bomb" can only mean Mother's Action, or Mother, you know. But it must be very material, because M. and J-Cl. represent, obviously, those who help me materially.

And it was in the night of October 15 to 16. And I do believe that it

was the last thing I saw... Yes.

That you told me.

So it was the fourth thing in the series.

Yes.

There was that sharp bend, there was the...

The financial crisis.

The collapse of the financial edifice, my brother's paper with those three points that announced something to me, then, the bomb of Mother is on the way.

The bomb is on the way.

All the same, there is a series of things, there, that... So what is that "bomb"?--I don't know if it is Wall Street collapsing?! There are perhaps several things, you know--but the "bomb" is on the way!

Yes... Is it only "Wall Street"? Look at India: all those planes that pass...

Yes, that is a horror... It is a perverse war. They go to help the Tamils, and then they slaughter the Tamils! They do the whole work of that fox, of those brutes. That is quite perverse.

But all the same, those four things like that, in a series, and in...

It was between August and October: August-September-October, that I saw that.

Yes, in three months.

(silence)

First, there was that sharp turn, during the night from August 5 to 6. Then... what was it afterwards?

Afterwards, it was August 15, the collapse.

Wait, I had noted it... From August 5 to 6: yes, it is that, it is the sharp turn.

Yes. After that, you spoke of August 15.

Yes, from August 14 to 15: it was the financial edifice; from September 5 to 6: it was François who gave me that paper with the three points--or the three events, the three facts.

The last one: "The bomb is on the way."

The last one, it was on...

October 16.

From October 15 to 16, I told M and J-Cl: "The bomb is on the way".

So, all the same, there are things that converge, there are things that must... be on the way, eh?

It must be more than on the way, because... it must be very close, no? Close in the sense that it is becoming visible--no?

Well, the two or three most visible things are that *Wall Street* collapse; but also the fact that, at the moment when that damned Nehru Dynasty, there... that Rajiv sent his troops supposedly to protect the

Tamils--and to slaughter them and hand them over to those Singhalese: we know what they want to do with the Tamils, we saw it when we went there...

Oh! Yes.

We saw it five years ago. We know what they want to do with the Tamils: they will hand them over *defenceless*. And at the same time, that Rajiv condemns the Dalai Lama--and he encourages the Chinese to... kill all the Tibetan monks! So those are facts, those facts at least are rather horribly visible.

It is the "internal affairs" of China!

Yes. That Nehru dynasty is horrible. They have betrayed India the whole way through--and the three of them: one, two and three. The grandfather, the mother and the grandson.

(silence)

Poor Tata used to say that if Sardar Patel had been younger than Nehru, India would have been quite different.

Oh! Yes...

But these are... there are many "ifs", many...

Yes. Oh! That "dynasty" did terrible harm to India. They did more harm than all the English together.

But yes. I don't know why India deserved that? And Sri Aurobindo, you know? Oh! I have never forgotten...

“What business is it of his?”

Yes, it was Gandhi-Nehru who said that. But Sri Aurobindo, who knew that the independence of India was certain, said: “But the question is: what is it going to do with that independence? A goonda-raj? [reign of the bandits]”

Yes.

Well, that’s it: Sri Aurobindo SAW it.

Yes, it is... It is quite perverse--perverse and corrupt.

But my question is that He saw, and surely, He worked to thwart it--but..

“To thwart”, my Douce...

Not thwart, but, well...

To thwart... The very power He brought is made to uproot everything.

Yes.

So, inevitably, it raised... “To thwart”—on the contrary, it raised... Poof! It is like a volcano, it brought out all the rot, all the corruption, the perversion--it made everything rise. So to thwart it? The only way is to uproot all that: it must come out. The very Power He brought has uprooted all that. So “to thwart”? He cannot thwart what He has uprooted, you understand?

Ah! Yes.

He could have acted... With the tremendous Power He had, He, Sri Aurobindo, could do *everything*. He said it, didn't he--He told you! And He told me. Well, why didn't He do it? He would simply have covered. He would have put the Power on all that swarming, then it would have remained underneath, waiting for one century, two centuries--or ten centuries; time is nothing: nothing would have been changed, except on the surface.

Sri Aurobindo would have installed a wise man on the throne of India, then... fifty years or one century later, it would have come out! Because one cannot move into a New World without that whole horrible perversion coming out, being uprooted, eliminated. You cannot keep that underneath.

Yes, it is the very root.

But yes! That was what started to come out with Hitler.

Oh! Yes.

Well, Hitler has made many children since then! And it comes out and comes out from all sides--and now it is coming out everywhere!

Everywhere throughout the world.

The Nazis' children and grandchildren are everywhere! There are many of them in India.

Ah yes!

They can be found in Lanka, in Afghanistan, they can be found in America, they can be found everywhere! Well, one could not make a New Earth while leaving that underneath, all that had to be purged.

Purged means that, well, that it must come out! And it is coming out, isn't it?

Oh! Yes. And what... what a face, eh?!

I think this is what Sri Aurobindo clearly saw. All that had to come out, there was nothing else to do, it had to come out--He made it come out!

This is the first work of the Supramental, isn't it?

Well, yes, it is to bring out what is hidden. You cannot put a beautiful glazing, a beautiful veneer on it, of a new earth--and what is the new earth? Fifty years, one century, two centuries, four centuries after--because there is eternity, is there not?--well, there are millions of years ahead, the veneer cracks and that comes out again. It has been like that for ages. There were splendid civilisations, there were beautiful minds, then... And then it lasts a certain amount of time and bang! Underneath, there is perversion, cruelty, there is the old anthropoid animal that is there--immediately.

And always it is that that wins, isn't it? Always. It is always that that wins out.

Well, it will win until it is completely eliminated, completely uprooted. There's no way around it. And the end, it is death. It is cruelty and Death. The Nazis have perfectly embodied history. And now it springs from everywhere.

(silence)

Well, one seems to say that we are reaching a turning point,

according to what I think I saw--according to what I saw.

Yes, with faces!

This cruel and hideous reign, this reign of the anthropoid... is coming to an end, that's all. So that it is finished, uprooted once and for all, isn't it.

It hurts you badly, doesn't it?

Yes--yes, as soon as I speak, my back hurts!

Look at the Ashram, look at Auroville: as long as Mother kept a firm grip on that, it still had pretty appearances. Then Mother released her grip and did you see all that came out?

Immediately. Immediately...

Eh? Well. So it is... (*Sujata sighs heavily*) Mother has finished uprooting things, that hideous falsehood.

Otherwise, Avatars succeed one another... Look at Christ, then Buddha, and Krishna and... they all were killed, or they won a battle like Krishna, then fifty years or two centuries later, everything has to be started again--it has to be started again eternally.

Yes-yes.

All that the Avatars and prophets did had to be endlessly begun again. Well, this time, it cannot have to be started again anymore because everything is coming out. So there is no possible illusion anymore. One cannot put paint over that and make a pretty little world--that cannot function anymore! (*laughing*) It cannot work anymore! One cannot make a pretty little gospel, telling you: "Love one another",

it is no longer possible!! *(laughter)* All those jokes are no longer possible.

Yes, it is really like dead fish that come to the surface!

Yes, but they are not yet dead! They have come out--but they are not yet dead.

Oh! You know, I don't know--I don't know...

They smell bad in any case, but they are not yet dead.

Well, that's it. It is Kâli Puja.

Kâli Puja, yes. So... That poor Kâli, she would have liked to dance, but Mother did not want it! (Sujata laughs)

But, my Douce, to dance... She would dance... One would have to dance upon four billion and ninety-nine per cent of humankind! *(Satprem and Sujata laugh a lot)* Mother said: "Three quarters of humankind are obsolete", you remember.

How many years ago already?!

(Laughing) She said that twenty years ago! So, since then!...

Well, I don't want... how to put it? I have no illusions, have I. I have no illusions. How much more time will it take? I don't know.

Yes, the time factor is quite mysterious.

But well, it is certain that Mother and Sri Aurobindo want something, They tend towards something, there is no doubt about it.

And what They did, these are not the stories of Buddha, Christ or Krishna... They did a real work. "Honest work", as Sri Aurobindo said.

What a work!

Good.

Well, let's see if my series signifies a convergence of something.



October 23, 1987

Sujata's Vision

Sujata saw (in the afternoon): We were coming from Mother's and were looking for bricks for her (to build something). We found bricks at last (there were people but nobody helped) and we each carried about twenty bricks in our hands. Red bricks. Sujata thought: If only a few people helped, it would go faster... But nobody, "they were all doing their own business". Nonetheless, in her consciousness, it seemed that those forty bricks (20+20) would be enough for what Mother wanted.

So She is building something.



Night from October 23 to 24, 1987

Vision

I had a long vision, which seemed very important (at least to me) at the time, but which remains rather confused in my memory, because I was more busy with the *action* than with the vision. I was *acting*. And it was very tiring.

First, for *a long time*, I was chased by a furious snake. It was chasing me from one spot to another, or from one place to another, in a fury (I

think that those various “places” represented several lives or different lives, and that that snake was chasing me from life to life). I don’t know what was the reason for its fury, but there was a reason.

After that long chase, which I don’t know much about, except that it was relentless, I found myself again in this life. I saw that same snake biting my walking stick (it was very symbolic) and this time, I attacked it, I fought it. But that snake seemed to have become taller and taller from one “place” to another (from life to life) and this time it was very big (perhaps like a python), black, with light brown circles that gave it a rather... ugly appearance. And there was someone near me who “explained to me” (I think that it must be my “superior double”; I, the I that is here, is always the one who acts, the worker, the coolie, the sailor, the mechanic, well, all the possible jobs--he is a soldier, too). So my “superior double” explained to me that it was that *same* snake that had killed my brother François, and that François was a “great being” (which does not surprise me, I knew it). So I attacked that nasty animal with a sort of cudgel and I was very “determined”--I broke its back. But, strangely, I broke its spine starting from its tail and methodically going up to its head, as if its back had to be broken many times and from one level to the next (every thirty centimetres perhaps). It was a real battle and it was exhausting. (I remember that Sujata had a vision of that kind, several years ago*, of a snake in the azaleas near my bedroom, which I methodically cut into pieces *from the tail to the head*--I had not understood, then, why I started from the tail, but now I know: the head is deep down.) The fact that that snake had killed my brother François had a very deep meaning and very... serious for me. Perhaps it was something that had happened in more than one life.

Then, finally (but this is where my vision is the least clear, because it was a terrible battle) it seemed that that same snake had become gigantic (much bigger and taller than me, enormous) and I continued breaking its back from one level to the next, all the way up (with a kind of very long cudgel or I don't know what). I went on and on, and my "superior double" told me: "This time (meaning if you go to the end, because it was not said), it will be a *terrestrial event*." The vision stopped there because I was exhausted, gasping for air, and I told my superior double to continue it for me*.

All that had an almost "mythical" appearance, but it was a FACT and a very concrete action (God knows!) and rather terrible.

*

In fact, "myths" are the great battles of the terrestrial consciousness, infinitesimally played by little men who don't even know the greatness of their roles or what the Stakes are.

What is at stake is a Free Earth.

*

Nowhere have the great Myth of the Earth and the "Great Work" of men been better told and in a more detailed way than in the Rig-Veda (which Sri Aurobindo saw, understood and did).

*

Evening

India has become a dictatorship of corruption. All that doesn't agree (newspapers, opposition) is sent to jail, chased and stifled: you are "traitors" to our purses.

* On November 17, 1983.

* In fact, those are *actions* more than visions. The vision stopped when the action

Nothing is more dangerous than weak and conceited men (R. Gandhi). They are the puppets of the Asura.

Better to have an army of sheep led by a lion than an army of lions led by a sheep (Indian proverb of Sujata's).

*

Why am I shown *now* what I saw last night?

*

That snake always comes back in a fury around October 30.

And I have the impression that every birth was like that.

This time, François shared the blows with me.

He destroyed the enormous correspondence I had with him.

Nowhere did I open my heart as much as to him. For thirty years.*

All is well, and all is.

Perhaps one must be very desperate to look for that path at the bottom of the dungeon.

This time, I would like to go to the end.

*

(It seems that François' despair has to be converted or redeemed, too.)

(All men are there, undoubtedly.)

("To redeem" means go through the *same* thing, with one's eyes wide open.)

(The Snake must be killed many times.)



stopped.

* Later, I learnt that it was not he who destroyed the correspondence I had with him, but my mother who got rid of my whole correspondence with her.

October 26, 1987

There is such exhaustion in the body.

It does not lack courage, but it feels at the end of its strength. This morning, I fought and fought an urge to faint. (And there are those tons of terrible Power that go through it!)

There does not seem to be any harmony between the force that makes a body work and that Power... I find again all Mother's difficulties (minus the poison). (Though the terrestrial atmosphere has become entirely toxic enough!)

If the body manages to go through that "wall", the functioning will be perhaps different. Everything is there.

*

(Humorously, we could say: how to die while remaining alive?!--but there is a grain of truth in it.)



October 27, 1987

Those indelible marks in the material consciousness, almost in the flesh.

It is the most difficult thing I know.

It is really the door of death, or its seed.

The dungeon must be demolished, it is the only salvation.

And to use *everything* to sharpen the tool.

It is the whole *physical* system that has to be changed.



October 30, 1987

What will be able to overcome or vanquish or go through that ferocious cage?

It is a ferocity of pain.

Again that fight-fight-fight against the urge to faint.

A Wall. No: a cage.

It is exactly that: I feel like screaming. Like Mother.

*

I can hear those Aphorisms 87-88-89 of Sri Aurobindo resound and resound: “... *Have done with vain and pleasant imaginations, open the eyes and see what the world really is... This world was built by Death... This world was built by Cruelty*...*”

This is that assault.

*

Evening

I don't believe in that awful regime. I believe in Beauty, Space, Freedom, Love, Life, True Life, and I will cry this out until my last breath.

I have never gone through such torture.

It was the same forty-four years ago, but today it is lived on a world-wide scale. (I mean that at a certain level of depth in the body, it is the whole world that is there.) (It is automatic.) (Not the “whole world” of

* *Aphorism 87*: Open thy eyes and see what the world really is and what God; have done with vain and pleasant imaginations.

Aphorism 88: This world was built by Death that she might live. Wilt thou abolish death? Then life too will perish. Thou canst not abolish death, but thou mayst transform it into a greater living.

Aphorism 89: This world was built by Cruelty that she might love. Wilt thou abolish cruelty? Then love too will perish. Thou canst not abolish cruelty, but thou mayst

today, but the whole world of all time.) A long nightmare.

“Have done with vain and pleasant imaginations...”

When I was twenty, I nearly died of that revelation. It took forty-four years for me to go to the bottom of the “question”.

(I am perhaps a pessimist of electronic anthropoids, but I am an inveterate optimist of the next species.)

Someone, one day, will certainly reach the end of pain.



transfigure it into its opposite, into a fierce Love and Delightfulness.

November

November 1st, 1987

Now the body understands well (practices well) the secret of “going through death while living”, but it has to be lived or to be borne millimetre by millimetre or second by second, and each second it is... mysterious, or miraculous, and it must always be started again, as if “that” were learnt only at the second it is lived. The previous second does not matter, or the previous millimetre is not “won”.

But there must be a moment of the last millimetre or the last second, and it will be done.

This afternoon, the body bore “that” for one hour and twenty-five minutes (standing).

But it is exhausting.

*

No, death is not cancer, death is not a car accident: death is that armoured layer that imprisons the consciousness of the body...

*

P.S. The more dangerous, difficult, fatal—unknown to it—the situation of the body becomes, the more the solution imposes itself or the more it emerges from the depths of the body. It could be said that the body makes or invents the solution.

So the “secret” is not something that can be said to the mental intelligence: it is a kind of “secretion” of the body (!) or knowledge of the body. And it springs up *at the moment*, even if it no longer applies the next moment (!).

We could say that the excess of night *forces* the light to come out.

It is probably that which presided over all mutations.
But it is perilous.



Night from November 2 to 3, 1987

Vision

Last night, I saw a tidal wave—formidable tidal wave with the noise of a hurricane and of raging elements—that spread over Land’s End. And what struck me (it was taking place on the roof, or over the roof of the house) is that I was lying in the “western bedroom”—not in my bedroom, which is in the East... I thought that perhaps some upheaval was going to come from the West? (Of course, the financial crisis is under way, but it is perhaps only a “beginning”.)



November 4, 1987

All our “laws” are only the laws of our prison.

There is a consciousness of the body that sees through the walls and enables it to seize the next law in spite of the impossibilities and reprisals of the present law.*

*

This is how the body can become the conscious agent of its own mutation.

*

I think that what Mother called “false matter” is matter that is still under the influence or the hypnotism of the old law.

There is still that final layer which is Falsehood itself.

There lies the Secret of humanity—or of the next species.

*

I am beginning to see how “myths” and physiology can meet.

*

Afternoon

It is such a physical agony...

Each time it is the extreme limit, to the point of disintegration or crushing.

And it continues... second after second and day after day.



November 6, 1987

Sensations are false and *everything* is misleading in that system, but it is death that struggles to keep its hold. So, when the Power of Truth enters there, it does great harm to death.

One should keep one's eyes and the faith of the body firmly focused on the Other Thing.



November 8, 1987

It is natural, it is unavoidable that each transition or mutation from one species to another should represent an act of death on the part of

* This could be a “fourth statement” (!).

the specimen or the specimens who make the transition or the mutation to the next species. The main thing is to learn how to survive that act of death or to live that death.

Death is “simply” the boundary that separates one law from the other.

It is not an inevitable phenomenon, it is only difficult. Let’s say, unusual.

We are completely mistaken when we want to find “remedies” for the cancer of the old species—we have to change species.

P.S. Man represents not only the possibility to consciously and willingly carry out its own transition or mutation, but instead of bringing the essential material “qualities” of the old species into the new, he represents the possibility of going down to the root of the misfortune that struck all the species as seen by Darwin and to undo that Misfortune in order to establish a new evolution that will no longer be based on Unconsciousness, Pain, Error and all the rest of our evolutionary groping. The great Separation of everyone and everything.

*

Afternoon

Again those mysterious groundswells (from below the feet).

Crushing from above, upheaval from below... Crushing from above, upheaval from below...

My back is a wound.



November 9, 1987

It is such chaos...

As if you were entering the very depths of the Earth, or as if the very

heart of the Earth were going to come out through your body.

The body writhes like a serpent in agony—but it is beyond pain, beyond *everything*.

But the whole-entire being, the body, repeats, cries out: You-You-You-You... Your Victory on the Earth.

*

How does it not break? How does one live? How does one not die? It is beyond all “hows”. It is certainly another law.

But the body feels that if for one second there weren't that *totality* of faith or call, of *self-giving*, it would die instantly, be crushed, or its heart would stop, or... I don't know what.

The old law would reassert itself.



November 13, 1987

One really goes through death
like a rock
with one's own body
(or in one's own body)
armed with Your Sole Name.

*

I begin to understand certain tales of the knights, in their essence.*

*

The disappearance (the crushing) of that “cruel swarming” makes a huge difference in pain. There is nothing anymore, no voices—only that

* There is a terrestrial memory of the Great Task of men.
They reduced that to little gospels.
Or they stopped at mechanical “marvels”.

You of Massive Fire.



November 14, 1987

Either death exists and we don't come out of it (I was about to say: I would know it!), or death is a "deep falsity" as Sri Aurobindo said, and the true Law is You.

It is being demonstrated *in vivo*.

*

It has been sixty-six months...

*

Conversation with Sujata

Kali-Karali: the little goat and Sri Aurobindo's singing

So, tell me: what did you see?

I don't know... I found it amusing in any case.

I fell asleep in your room (there was no carpet, nothing, but I remember that there was a fireplace), but it was not this room: the fireplace was rather like the one in my room, at the centre of the room, and your bed was placed somewhat like the small bed in the "western room", more or less the same arrangement in the room. And I was on the floor, near the fireplace; I fell asleep like that, on the floor. Then I had... Wait, I forgot—it was a long dream, and very complicated!

Yes. I don't know where you were, but it was your room. Then,

It is the time of dwarfs.

all of a sudden, probably in my dream (asleep and in my dream!), I found myself in a place where there was a kind of small piece of turf, and you were there, like that, dressed in blue, light blue, (I don't know whether you had trousers, I can't say, but I remember the shirt), then I saw a little goat—very small, tiny, like this, ever so pretty, ever so beautiful, gambolling and almost losing itself in the lawn (the lawn was not as large as this one). So it came and went (you were there) and... I wanted to catch it! Like that (I made this gesture). But I did not know where she had gone: I could not see it. At that moment, you were standing there, watching me, and you noticed that I could not see. You made a very quick gesture, like that, and you caught it!
(Sujata laughs)

The small goat?

The small—very small, completely black, and...

Black?

All—completely black, with a red tongue! Very beautiful, very beautiful—ever so beautiful. Its skin was smooth, fully black. So not only did you catch it, but you placed it on your shoulder, like that. And it remained quietly there—no, wait, I forgot something: before that, when it gambolled there, you went somewhere, you came back with a slice of bread that you gave it.

To the small goat?

You gave it to the small goat and it is when it was about to

eat the bread that I thought: I am going to catch it! (Sujata laughs) Then it disappeared completely. But you, you saw clearly (you know how my eyes are? In the dream it was like that, my sight was not so good): and all of a sudden, like that, you bent down, you stretched your arm and you caught it, exactly like that. And once it was in your hands, it did not try to run away or whatever; you quietly placed it on your shoulder, like that. And it remained quiet. So I started to feel that... here, it escaped me and it remains quietly on Dhoum's shoulder! So I began to tease the little one. I said: "Kali-Karali! Kali-Karali!» Like this, I called it.

Kali...?

Kali-Karali.

Karali, what is it?

"Karali" is also a name of Kali: you know, the one whose tongue is hanging out, fully red, like that?! I don't know why I called it like that: Kali-Karali! (laughter) It amused you a lot, and you repeated Kali-Karali. That's it.

Then, I found myself in your room again, awake. You were there at that moment (I don't know how it happened, was it on the floor or in your bed?), I felt, more than I saw... I rather felt that you were there, you took me a little in your arms or you came near and I put my head on your (bursting with laughter) "bhunri" [stomach]! You know how I am? There, like that! Then I woke up, I said: "But you know, I had a dream", and you told me: "Kali-Karali"? (Sujata bursts out laughing) So I said: "But

was it not a dream?" You replied: "No, it happened like this, it was not a dream." Then, it is curious, we started to talk and you said that Indramama was here. I did not see him—but you saw him. And he did not see me either. But you saw both him and me. And you said a little what he... (I forgot, unfortunately what it was about exactly). He said something about Sri Aurobindo, I think. I cannot tell you what. And actually there seemed to be an appointment, so you went out. At that moment, I saw: it was not Indramama, it was Puraniji who was there.

Afterwards, I don't know where we had to go, to the place where the appointment was; we went out and you came down a staircase to tell us: "Come quickly, Sri Aurobindo is already here." So we followed you, but you went very fast and you disappeared while we were following you. At that moment, I saw Sunilda. (I don't know what happened with Purani. I think that it was Puraniji and not Indramama! There was a mixture there, I don't know why.) I saw Sunilda who was coming to meet us; he had an appointment with you. So I said: "Listen, do come with me, Sri Aurobindo is here." He slightly hesitated, so I said: "No one will tell you anything, come." So we went. And indeed, we climbed the stairs, we arrived, and from far I heard a singing—what a beautiful voice, my Doux! What a beautiful voice!

Who was singing?

Sri Aurobindo!

Oh!

He was the one who sang! And even then, I told myself: "I

never heard Him, I did not know that Sri Aurobindo sang.”

But what was that song?

I can't tell you. If I remember well, it was a song of Mother's that he was singing. But I can't guarantee. And what a beautiful voice! I felt—I who am not a musician, do not understand—but I felt the rhythm, and the beautiful voice that rose and came down—oh! It was so magnificent! I remained stunned... I only saw from a distance (I could not even move forward, to go there—He had already begun his singing when I arrived.) and I could see Him from very far, He, who was in the centre. But I immediately understood that it was Sri Aurobindo who was singing.

Oh! His song was so marvellous! Never had I heard such a thing.

(silence)

(laughing) What relation can it have to Kali-Karali?!

I can't tell you! I tell you how things took place. It started like that, with my sleep, and in my sleep, I saw that (and according to you, it was not a dream, it really happened like that) (laughing). Moreover, after that, you were the one who brought us there [to Sri Aurobindo]. And I don't know where you were then. That singing, oh!... There was no microphone, or loudspeaker or anything! It was his voice, pure, pure, that filled everything.

(silence)

I wonder what is that small Kali-Karali... What relation is there between the goat and Kali?

No idea!

Ah! I know that in Calcutta, in temples, they offer goats to Kali.

Yes, yes.

Young goats, small goats.

Yes.

I saw it, once. I saw it once in a Kali temple—in front of a Kali temple.

Could it be Kali herself who gambols? Who starts to gambol?

Well, I really don't know!

Because that is how I called it...

Yes, you called it "Kali".

Yes, I called it "Kali, Kali-Karali, Kali-Kali, Kali-Karali"— like that! (laughter) I teased it! It was on your shoulder and it quietly looked at you! And it amused you a lot; you did like this (stroking gesture).

I stroked it?

Yes, absolutely. It was very quiet on your shoulder! But before that, it gambolled! It was ever so lovely! I seldom saw...

It was no more than twenty centimetres long?

Yes, perhaps.

Twenty centimetres long is that (*laughing*): very-very small.

Yes. How did you know?

Because you made a gesture a little while ago.

Ah, I made a gesture... Yes, you caught it like that, you understand!

Yes, with my fingertips!

(laughing) You took it in your hand! Then you put it on your shoulder, and there it was quiet. It did not even try to jump and disappear, you understand?

Yes... Well, I don't know.

You know, shiny black? Its skin was like that—smooth, shiny. But truly, Sri Aurobindo's singing filled everything. When I woke up, I thought: Shiva.

Shiva?

Shiva must sing like that. You know, Shiva is not only Nataraja, he is also the Musician...

Yes.

He is the one who knows true music. So I thought: Shiva must sing like that!

Well, you know, you have been granted the favour of hearing Shiva

sing!

No, for me, it was Sri Aurobindo who sang.

Yes, it is certain.

It is on waking up that I compared it to Shiva's singing. Really, it is what they call the great song, "Mahasangeet", you understand?

It is a song among... It is a special song?

I don't know a special song, but I know that Shiva sings that great... (in that case, it is called "Bhairava", you understand?) and it is for the Dawn of the world.

Oh!

But this, it is now that I tell you, when...

Yes, but that song is the song of "the Dawn of the world" ...

For me, when I listened to that song, there was nothing of all that; it is only now, while speaking, that I think. Then, I simply listened. Oh! I never heard such a rhythm, and the voice that rose and came down, rose—and filled you.

Well. Once, in Ceylon, I heard divine music: that was fabulous... fabulous! For hours afterwards, I was in a state of stupefaction.

Yes.

For hours afterwards, I was there... It was stunning. There are no words... It was... oh!

You described it in “The Sannyasin”, if I remember well?

Yes, perhaps. It was in a temple in the South of Ceylon.

Ganesh temple, no?

No, a temple dedicated to...

Kartik, no?

A Kartik temple and... what is the name of Kartik's wife? (I forgot, you see)... It is some Devi or other, I no longer know.

Kumari?

I no longer know, my darling, I forgot.

She is called...

Anyway, to hear Sri Aurobindo!... But it is the song of the “Dawn of the world”? When the world is about to be born? It is that, isn't it?

Perhaps, Kali will have to dance a little, before... the world is born?
(Sujata laughs)

But what happens is *so* crazy that you cannot help thinking that we are on the *verge* of something.

(silence)

It is not that you cannot help thinking: you cannot help *feeling physically*—for sure, it is crazy!

And since August 15 of last year, it is always increasing.

Yes, that is what... It is not comprehensible—one cannot understand how it is possible. It is crazy, it is crazy.

(silence)

It cannot last indefinitely like that.

The body feels that it cannot last indefinitely. Something must happen.

(silence)

Pain has increased a lot?

Well, it hurts, yes, of course. My back hurts badly.

But it is crazy, it is... Only the Supreme can do that, you understand. And it is He who *carries* you, or else it would not be possible; it would not be possible. It is incomprehensible, how a body can bear that, it is... beyond all comprehension.

It is He who carries you, because it is not bearable. But if, by chance, for one second, there were a weakening: you would break instantaneously. You would break, you would disintegrate, I don't know. It is crazy! A supreme faith or a supreme Grace is needed to bear that.

(silence)

And *not for one* day did it decrease, you understand, it never stopped increasing: it is not comprehensible—how could one understand that? Well, you go through death, that's it. You go through the Rock. And to go through the Rock with your body is... well...?

(silence)

Oh, there is nothing to say. There is nothing, really, that one could say because it is... it is impossible to express and... it is quite terrible.

And it is miraculous, and it is Supreme, and... it is impossible. And what can be said?

(laughing) *It is as you just said: it is the Grace of the Supreme, isn't it?*

Ah yes, it is a grace of the Supreme, because it is impossible!

An impossible that is made possible.

Well, but you understand, it is each second, isn't it... you must not weaken for *one* second! And for one hour and a half, you are there, being crushed by That—standing, like this, without moving. And second after second, it is more powerful—not only day after day, but second after second! I tell you, it is impossible to express.

(silence)

Only the Supreme can carry you to make you bear Himself! It cannot be said differently. So it is obvious that it is not for a little man that He does that. The little man does not have *any* meaning—not any. He must prepare something for Matter—general Matter.

That is to say that one bit of matter that responds allows Matter in its totality to be touched?

You cannot separate one piece of matter from another. Matter is really the place where everything communicates and where there are no frontiers. It is the little men who imagine that there are frontiers. There are no frontiers in Matter: if it goes into any matter, it goes into all Matter, *instantly*. Instantly everywhere. It is the most instantaneous thing that can be—and the most “one”. Matter is a single totality.

You would never do this for yourself! You would never undergo this for yourself! What sense would it make? You would prefer a thousand times to die!

And yet, now it is the end (if I may say so), the end of the story, but there is all that I have been through for five years: well, who would want to bear all that?! Oh! All that descent, all that abominable “hole”, all you undergo, all you see, all those horrors and all the... oh! You cannot do that for... it makes no sense! You would rather die a thousand times! Or go to hell.

(silence)

So it is certain that They—both of Them—want something. And They want something for the Earth.

(silence)

But... it is not “said”, is it. Each second... is a second.
My back hurts.

Yes, I am going to stop, am I not?

Yes.

(later)

Yes, simply I was thinking about... that singing of Sri Aurobindo, that music... Unfortunately, I did not remember the words but it was... all I can say is that it was about Mother. Either the Invocation of the Mother or something else, I can't tell. But really, the melody, the rhythm, his voice that rose and came down in such a perfect harmony, you understand? And

with the quality of the voice, it was... Never have I heard such a thing in my life...

Yes. Yes.

That is why, a little while ago, when I spoke with you, I thought of what is called in Bengali: “Bhairavi Maha-sangeet”—“Mahasangeet” is the “Great Song”.

And Bhairavi?

Bhairava—Bhairava is another name for Shiva. You know, the name changes with each aspect.

That “Bhairava”, what aspect is it?

Bhairava is also the aspect... (I can't explain), it is also when he is in a mood of destruction. But what is known as “Bhairava”—“Bhairava ragini” (because there are many “ragini” also, “rag-ragini”: thirty-six in India): it is of the morning, of Dawn. It is the song of the morning. It is not yet morning, people are not yet awake, it penetrates to waken them. (It is a little like that in my imagination, as I never really knew all that very well. What the Pandits would say, I can't tell you!)
(laughing)

Yes, it is between a Destruction and a Creation. An end and a beginning.

Perhaps, but it was really like... a beginning, I would rather say. I don't know... yes, I would rather say the New World that begins. It is the song of the beginning of a world.

(silence)

Yes, what I feel in my body is that we are on the verge, between a... we are on the verge of an end, which simultaneously is a beginning.

Yes.

You understand, what I feel in the body is really: you go through death, and simultaneously it is like a resurrection. Because if there were an interval of one second, you would be completely dead; so it is like death and resurrection together, you understand? The body goes through death and simultaneously the supreme Grace makes that it does not die or that it is in another Law. So you feel that you are on the verge of the end and on the verge of the beginning, at the same time. The body is altogether both in death and in what saves it from death.

Simultaneously?

Simultaneously, because... It is simultaneous.

Yes-yes.

And each second, it is that: it is death-resurrection, death-resurrection—I say “resurrection”: the other Law.

Yes, yes.

And each second, it is like that. And if for one second, you are on the wrong side, you are in death. And then, it is death immediately!

Yes.

(silence)

So, it is most probably something similar that... is happening for the Earth itself, isn't it?

Yes. It is not even side by side, it is simultaneous.

It is simultaneous. Each second, both are there, at the same time, you understand. And if by chance, for one second, your body is not in a state of acceptance or total self-giving or... hop! It would be over.

That's it.



November 17, 1987

One goes through crushing death like rock with that sole Sword of Light of You.

*

It is increasingly crushing.

If only it was the hole in Mother's tomb...

And She would come out in her new body...

My spine must hold out.



November 18, 1987

I understand better and better that it is in the obstacle itself that the New Means is built.

*

There, there are no stories: either you die or you find the New Means—you live it.



November 19, 1987

It is quite dreadful to bear.
Each second in a crushing unknown.
Like solid blackness.



November 20, 1987

The body feels it is on the verge of disintegration, unless there is a miracle.

One cannot give up...

*

Actually, each second is a miracle, but each second is death. Both are at the same time.



November 25, 1987

I try hard to note down.

This afternoon I went through a dreadful thing.

For the first half an hour, the crushing, but still bearable, masses descended, then it became quite impossible and unbearable; the body cried out in pain (it was still more crushing than yesterday—this is what is incomprehensible and impossible: each time it is more crushing than it was the day before. It is not human.) All the vertebrae were crushed, and the nerves, the ligaments of the back were torn. There were mainly two points of terrible pain under the shoulder blades. I could not help crying out with each new Mass. And *at the same time* as that agony, the body cried: “You-You-You... it is not true, that pain, it is

not true, not true—*You are TRUE, You are Love, Vastness... You...*” In its agony, as if at the end of agony, the body *felt* and cried that that death was *not true*. It denied death with all its last forces, even its terrible pain seemed, was felt, as an *appalling falsehood*. And it lasted and lasted, more and more crushing and impossible, but the body could not stop the “movement” or everything would have been broken, and it felt that it had to hold out and hold out until the end while desperately crying out that You-You-You... After one hour and fifteen minutes, all of a sudden, there was one of those groundswells, but formidable, that rose from below the feet, along the legs (the body rose on its tiptoes, as if stretched towards the top, or pulled), along the back, the shoulders, it was like an enormous mass that tried to go out through the head, the body writhed in pain. Then, suddenly, it landed on its heels and all pain vanished in one go as though the body were transparent, immobile, in a kind of soft bluish-white light. Then I stopped the operation (after one hour and twenty or twenty-five minutes). Really as though the body had gone through death.

How many such operations will it take to come out of that?

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

Last night (but it was as in broad daylight) standing on my doorstep, I saw that being wrapped in black that looked at me intensely (no courage to note down in detail, I will tell it later) and I had the impression that it was Death that looked at me.

*

Evening

Am I heading for madness or for Truth? Our world is in such an obscure madness that...

For Rajiv Gandhi's glory, they will go on killing and killing in Lanka.

*

As long as one meets psychological or “natural” obstacles, one overcomes them, whatever the pain or the tearing, but that Wall—that rock against which the body crushes...

*

In truth, in the heart of my heart, I am looking for the death of death.



November 27, 1987

Actually, if every day I am surprised by that crushing and “tremendous Power” that seems to grow day after day and, it could be said, second after second, and surprised to find that I am still alive, I am perhaps even more surprised by that for-mi-da-ble *conviction* of the body that, in spite of all that crushes, tears, hurts it and is utterly contrary to its physiology and any physiology, does not stop for one second to cry out and cry out: But it is You, it is that Power that is the deliverance, that is Truth, that is hope, that is salvation, that is Vastness, Love, Freedom—well, all that is Divine, the Supreme Divine—and NOTHING could make it let go of that conviction except if it dropped dead, as though that Power were its being truer than its being, its soul truer than its breath—its ELEMENT.

All the same, it is curious.

And it is contrary to its natural well-being, its whole natural life! As though it already knew another natural—the next element. And there is still that old rebellious and “rocky” carcass that tries to melt in that.

So the body already knows or recognises the other side of the “Dungeon” and it seems to it more real, *more alive* than its very life as it knows it.

It is curious.

It aches a lot, it often cries in pain, but it *feels*, with all its physiology, that it is a kind of cover of Falsehood on Something Else, which is THE Reality of Matter.

And it is not a matter of “faith”, or superior “consciousness” that knows—no, it is the body itself that FEELS like this, as one feels heat, or cold, pain, etc., etc.; but it is still deeper, more rooted, more essential than *all* our skin sensations.

It is really the essence of Matter that recognises itself.

It could be said that a baby in its mother’s womb would have the same “conviction” (!) of its mother: there would not be two things, two beings, but ONLY ONE ELEMENT. Its mother is its element. It is like that.

In fact, death is the separation from this Element. It is the separating wall. The dungeon of misery.

What I call “tremendous Power” is probably (certainly) the same as what I called “Nectar”, many years ago already... It depends on the “ground” that is gone through—when you reach the rock, nothing less than a power-hammer is needed. But it must still be Nectar... (!)

We’ll see...

It is Nectar that seeks Nectar... by every possible means.

The only Element is Nectar.

Everything else is falsehood.



November 28, 1987

I think that I got the right explanation...

I accuse my poor back of resisting and resisting the descent of that massive Power, but I think that the obstacle is *under* my feet: the Power

comes down and BUMPS against that thing, that rock below, and my body is like a painful accordion between the two! It is crushed from above and pushed back from below. It is not the resistance of my back, it is the resistance of the Earth.

It can last a long time!

*

Evening

Curious drawing from my Douce (after a long time!), without knowing *anything*: “a crack in the rock”.

*

Each time, it is like the extreme point of agony.



November 29, 1987

Sujata says to me: “You cannot go until the Work is over.”



November 30, 1987

An *innumerable* crushing of fire.

Like an atomic crushing.

It is really death and the other Law, *simultaneously*.

I lived that this afternoon in detail and second after second for one hour and thirty minutes, standing.

It is *unbearable* and you bear it... something bears it—the other Law supports the body through Death.

But one should not be mistaken—it is either One or the other. (But it is One *and* the other.)

*

I have totally understood (corporeally understood) that one couldn't touch one atom of the other Law without touching an atom of death at the same time. It is absolutely together.

All depends on the "quantity" that you can bear—but you must go down to the last atom of death.

It is as obvious as to say: no atom of Sun can enter the dungeon without expelling or pulverising (or changing) an atom of rock (that means several layers to go through!).

But there is something, *in the body*, that *corresponds* to that Sun. Or else it would not be possible (it would be night forever). This is the junction that is being made in Matter between that intra-material micro-sun and the Great Sun on the other side.

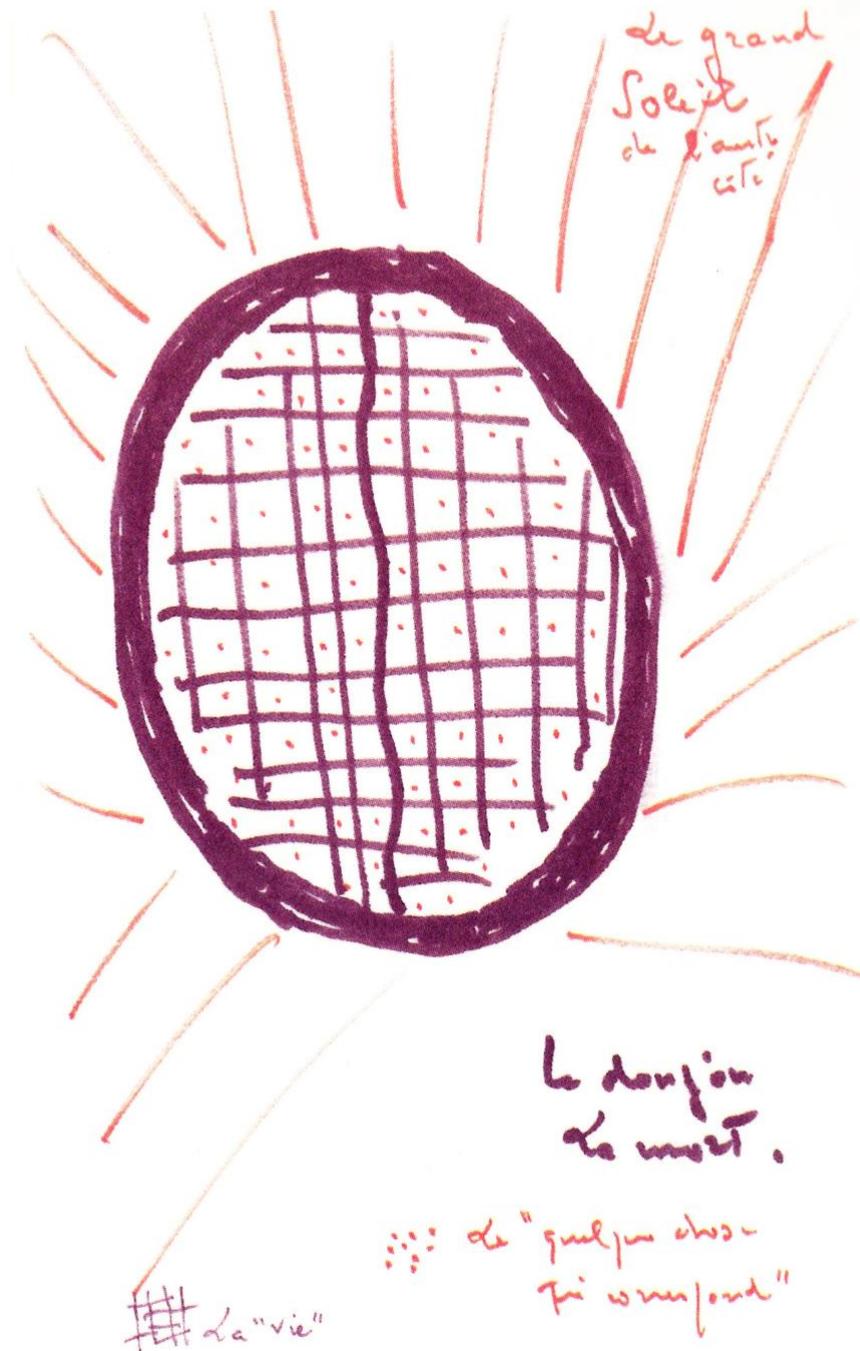
*

What will happen when we reach the "last atom"??

*

That "something that corresponds" is the hope of the Earth—its Destiny.





December

December 4, 1987

At every second, it is crushing death and you cry out, you cry for the Divine Grace.

It is absolutely horrible and agonizing.

*

Evening

Well, it is that, it is not that we die (it would be too easy)--we *live* IN death... So? It is horrible. A crushing and tearing death.

I don't know how I will be tomorrow.

*

Shall we get out of it with true atoms, leaving the old remains??

Yet, as it seems to me, it is in this old Matter that the reign of death has to stop.

It is here that it reigns, it is *here* that it must disappear--for the Earth to be free.

Probably, I am still on the wrong side. (Yesterday, for instance, pain and torture, and even the sense of death were as if engulfed under--or in--that formidable Reality, irresistible, sovereign.)



December 5, 1987

The very intensity of the power of death calls for the corresponding intensity of the Power of deliverance.

The body is the precarious border where the two powers confront each other.

In God's hands.

*

Afternoon

Now I understand perfectly (corporeally) what Mother meant when she said: "At each second, do you want life, do you want death, do you want life, do you want death..."*

At each second, both are there and everything depends on a certain totality of fearless faith in the body, in spite of all that crushes and tears "at the border".

(For one hour and forty minutes, it was lived.)

If you look at it from the side of agony, you are done.

In the concentration camps, you had to look across the barbed wire.



December 7, 1987

I no longer know what to do to bear or overcome that infernal barrier in my back.

That "I no longer know" is so... terrible. It is even worse than pain—I don't know anymore. It is like death itself.

It is like a transverse iron bar.

*

The whole body *knows* that that Power is Deliverance, salvation, and yet there is that transverse bar that completely eludes its will, its prayer, its hope—it escapes, you can do nothing.

That “you can do nothing” is so terrible.

Something IMPLACABLE.

*

Vision

This morning, just before waking up, that is, at the edge of Matter, I heard a sort of choir that gave me an incantatory or psalmodic sensation, Negro—rather sinister. But I saw one of them and he was white (with a greyish beard). Magic?

Poor Earth...

*

I believe in Sri Aurobindo and I will bear it as long as I can. That’s all.



December 8, 1987

I went in search of the new life and it led me to that struggle against death...

And it is quite right, there cannot be any “new life” until death is abolished (breached, we should say), or else it will be the eternal necrobiosis, with various embellishments.

*

Conversation with Sujata

Mother to Sujata: “I’ll come back.”

(The beginning of the conversation has been erased)

* See *Mother’s Agenda* 12, December 22, 1971.

accidently)

... They did not understand anything.

(silence)

They did not want her anymore. So it was as if, in me, something had sworn: you will complete your beautiful story... in spite of ALL and EVERYTHING! *(Satprem has tears in his voice)*

(silence)

I don't accept that tomb--I don't accept it.

(long silence)

It was the most marvellous story in the world, and in all the worlds, that She was trying to create. And those people, eh? Those little people... those cruel people...

(silence)

I cannot believe that She will not finish her story, that's it. That, I cannot...

(long silence)

She told you: "I shall return"?

But yes. Yes.

But with her "mischief", in the meantime, I am [*inaudible*]. *(Sujata laughs)* But She told you: "I shall return" ... This is what I believe.

You know, out of the whole of Savitri, Mother said: "O

beautiful slave of God”--that was what touched her.† But you know what touched me, what I never forgot? It is Savitri saying to all the mothers she meets on her way: “One day I shall return his hand in mine”* --well, that, that promise... And this is what She told me. And I don’t know why, like that, I have [the impression] that her return is not so far away (if I dare say so!).*

But what is that “black hole”?

That I cannot say--that hole, there... I don’t know, my Doux, I cannot say. I have no knowledge, I only tell you what I saw.

(silence)

Is it in the past? Or is it in... in the future, or in the present?

Because after her departure, I had that vision of a fault, you know, as in an earthquake...

Yes.

... it was in the middle of the desert, by the way, it was the desert, like the Sahara. There was nothing: sand, and that enormous fault (as in earthquakes).

Yes.

Well, it was after her departure.

Yes. And there, you were... with your whole body, you tried to

* Savitri, Book XI.

† See *Mother’s Agenda 2*, January 12, 1961.

make the...

I threw myself, like that. I threw myself flat on my stomach, to grasp the other side with my hands. I had my bike on my back! So perhaps this is that “fault” of the past? I don’t know.

It may be in the past.

In the “past”, well... If we look at the world, it *is* a “black hole”!

Yet, it was in the present that I made that call, that song, that incantation—it was in the present, it was not in the past. And it is what is coming now that rushed into that.

I don’t know, my Doux, I cannot tell you. I, too, asked myself that question: is it in the past? Because you remember, Mother, when She spoke of what had happened in 1956, that Supramental Descent? And which was “engulfed” afterwards. But, of course, it was not “engulfed” like that; it was to come out again.

It was engulfed. She said: ...into “whirls of black sea”...

Ah! This is how She said it?—I don’t remember.

I don’t remember exactly, it was engulfed in a... a black sea.

In a black sea...

The Inconscient.

Yes.

* *Savitri*, Book VII, Chant IV.

“Life”--“life”.

(silence)

Well, I don't know. We only have to continue.

Yes, let's continue! As long as we can--no? It is mainly you, isn't it, we...

Oh! Me... It is those who can, each in their own way. There are not many of them.

Well! Not many are needed, after all.

(silence)

It was engulfed. But if we look at the world, it is an abyss.

Yes. Yes.

That I have understood well: to write, to speak, all that is useless--useless, useless, useless. It is an abyss: you can throw everything into it, everything will be engulfed. You can throw everything-everything... Sri Aurobindo and Mother threw all the Gold of their Consciousness into it and splash! And splash! It is eaten up. Not in vain, but well, it is... how long until it comes out again...?

So I understand that there is nothing to do except the individual work, or what else? Or... the individual *attempt*.

I quickly understood. After Mother's departure, I told myself: But, well, the young people of the Ashram, we are going to take them, to catch them, we are going to put *The Agenda* in their hands, we are going to... There are all those old bandits that are there, but there are the young... Then I understood, I saw, how they betrayed, all of them.

There were no “youngsters”: all were old!

So afterwards I told myself: Perhaps in... I was always turning to Auroville, I was telling myself, there, perhaps--perhaps we will be able to catch a few of them?

Yes. In fact, a few of them helped at that time.

There were a few. But I quickly understood, because I still remember. Frederick sent me a letter, saying: “But why don’t you come to Auroville?” Then suddenly I understood that I would be torn to pieces if I went to Auroville.

Of course! Yes.

I would be torn to pieces, eaten.

Yes. Completely--completely.

Then, afterwards, I had that fabulous plan, with half a dozen or a dozen people, to find a spot (because I already felt that it was fragile, here, wasn’t it), (*Sujata laughs*) to find an island--to find an island or a place really...

Yes, isolated.

... isolated. I already understood that one had to be *very* isolated. With, I told myself, a few or a dozen people, an island... Well, we roamed the Pacific (*Sujata laughs*), we saw what it was... And I understood that there were not twelve people, there were not five people, there was only... *One* man had to be taken.

Yes.

And that's all.

Yes.

Little by little, I understood: well, no, there is *one* man.

I don't mean that there are no others, but that it is everyone's work, individually.

Communities, all that, it does not exist.

All collective stories are doomed to disaster.

Mother said: Another ashram should be started with two or three people--and even that...

No, She said with a dozen people. And She added: "and even that..."

With a dozen, She said?

Yes. And She added: "And even that..."

And even that! Yes!

Well, I quickly understood her "and even that"--I quickly understood.

Not quickly, but...

(Laughing) After roaming the Pacific! The islands.

(silence)

There are only isolated individuals, that's all.

Yes. Let everybody do their own work.

Yes. And without showing themselves, in any way. Otherwise, it is:

Oh! It is the “black hole”, everything is engulfed. Everything is taken over.

Look at Auroville. They did not want... Mother gave them 14 years, didn't She: they were incapable of having one gram of purity, a little pure. So they are... vrff! They are swallowed back. Everything is swallowed back.

That is why Sri Aurobindo wanted something that could not be swallowed back. Well, I assure you that that Power, *nobody* can swallow it back. Nobody.

But it is unbearable, isn't it.

But She told you: “I will return.”

(silence)

And really with her most... (laughing) mischievous sense of humour, because She came, She looked, and She said: “How do you do that?” and then She said: “It is not how it must be done: it must be done like that”! (Sujata laughs).

And She said it to you?

No, no, I was accompanying her. She called other people. She was looking after the children, especially the children. She did not like indiscipline, etc. She said “They must be taught discipline!” and She explained how to proceed. Then we saw people passing by and suddenly, She looked at someone (it was ever so funny, it was a man, by the way, and a North Indian or something like that, I have the impression) and I thought: What is She going to do now? (bursting out laughing) Discipline with...?! (laughter) But no, She spoke of his food! He did not

understand! (That person had never seen Mother, so that She spoke to him about his food, it seemed to him...) He answered to her very spontaneously, a little... embarrassed! I was watching all that, I told myself: but Mother is performing miracles or... (how to put it?) not like a soothsayer, but, well, She knew everything, She knew everything, you perfectly understood that Mother knew everything! But in any case, She told me that She would come back. And it was very funny, at the very end, I saw her, I don't know how, as if She had climbed to a small verandah, and on the verandah there was something like bars. She held onto them like that. She put her legs there like a little girl: She was playing, like a little girl enjoys herself! (Sujata laughs) I cannot describe it, it is indescribable!



December 9, 1987

You go through crushing death.
Like rock.
Atom by atom.
With a cry.

*

It is so endlessly long.
And infinitesimal.

*

I try to envelop myself
to melt
into Sri Aurobindo's

great robe of light
and that's it.

*

I have become stupidly sensitive. There is something in me which would constantly cry. I don't know why. (They will say that it is a "nervous disease".)

*

Evening

I have reached the end of my tether. My back cannot take it anymore. I don't know how to go further.

Is this what my Douce saw yesterday: that "black abyss" into which all light is engulfed?

You would be crushed by a rock, it would be the same.



December 10, 1987

"Do you want life, do you want death...", but "life" is not the life we know, it is *something else* that looks like crushing and tearing death for the body. Everything is *inverted*.

It is *death's* agony.

And life, true life, trans-materializes through that agony of death-- that crushing of death, that tearing of death.

The operation must be borne to the end.

It is a radical change of nature. (Like lead becoming gold.) (But my comparison is not even right, because lead and gold belong to the same system, while that life belongs to *another* system... unknown.)



December 12, 1987

My Douce is 62.

There is a point when the body gives up fighting for its life (which is death) and then it enters a great blind chaos shaken by a terrifying Power (but without terror for the body—it is beyond life and death, in... I don't know what). (And it does not stop knowing *who* is there.)

Again those “groundswells”.

*

Afternoon

After long, massive crushings, so terrible (mainly for the shoulders and the back), really as if everything were going to break up, the spine like a matchstick, “volcanic spasms” began to happen, which rose from the depths of the earth (under the feet) and up along the body, lifted the shoulders as if the head were going to be pulled down between them—and it was such a miraculous relief not to have those tearing masses anymore that came down and crushed the shoulders—but it seemed that that massive spasm from below did not manage to go out through the head, then there were again a few descending crushings, and again those “volcanic spasms” from below—it felt a little like the “double volcano” of the past, but the rising masses, on the contrary, did not tear apart: they relieved and lifted the shoulders—the body was a kind of volcanic chimney. And it went on and on (for one hour and twenty-five minutes). I really had the impression of a geological phenomenon (!). But it was such a relief for the back and the shoulders when the Masses rose and inflated (as it were) the whole base of the neck and top of the back.

I think that the “movement” is not finished. There is “something” that

must go out.

It is perhaps a new phase.



December 13, 1987

No, always those torturing and tearing crushings.

I am exhausted--close to the end.

"Grim", He said.



December 14, 1987

A message from L., asking me for an introduction for the Russian edition of *The Adventure*. I looked at it... I would have liked to do it, because I like Russians very much, it is the people I prefer in the world (after Indians), but... I don't know where I am--I am mysteriously nowhere.

Apparently, I have become stupid (sometimes I say it to myself, or incapable), yet my mind is clear but... everything eludes me, as if my whole being were absorbed by that Wall (or in that Wall)--the life that is on the other side, the other way, hope. That sole hope.

I remember that vision I had of me seated near a porthole, in that small box room or boat cabin, then my "superior double" who, with an authoritarian gesture, drew a black curtain over that only source of light and I cried out: "But I am going to suffocate in here!"

It is like that. You are nowhere, not only in no world of the human consciousness but in no world of spiritual consciousness, in a solid and painful Black, day after day (or night after night), trying to go through

that Wall... inexorable.

My only consciousness is that “something” in the body--a kind of desperate cry.

*

When I think about it, that “superior double” has very offhand ways (!)

Those old generations were a little autocratic, it is true.

(In any case, there is a grace that lets me know the “situations” in advance.)



December 16, 1987

This morning, during the operation, for the ten thousandth or hundred thousandth time, this poor back prayed and prayed and begged and asked: but how, how can I let that Power pass through without all that tearing of the ligaments, of the nerves, of the vertebrae... how? That powerlessness was so pathetic, that question asked thousands and hundreds of thousands of times--how to do it? Suddenly, I told myself (while it was happening): But it is like the smith's finger, thousands of times crushed and torn apart, which would ask how to let pass the hammer through its flesh without being bruised and torn... And I felt such a desperate powerlessness in this poor body: How to do it? How to do it? This back is such a wound, and the body *knows* that that Power wants to deliver it and it cannot manage to let it through without all that tearing. Is there nothing to do with this old matter? Is it incapable? How to let that Power go through?

And then the erosion of again meeting that tearing circuit of pain every day and hundreds of times a day... is there then nothing to do?

Of course, that Power has not the stiff brutality of a hammer, but it is denser or stronger than a hammer and supple at the same time, so that it passes through, but all that resists is crushed and torn apart. And how to annul, to dissolve that resistance? Hundreds of times I ask myself--the body asks itself. And it gets no answer and it continues.

*

I don't know anything anymore.



December 17, 1987

That storm of Power, almost frenzied.
The body is beyond life and beyond death.
In a kind of unknown tearing.
It stands upright, I don't know how.
Everything is... I don't know how.

*

I understand Mother's "What You will, what You will..." One must be in this state to understand. That is, in the shipwreck.

Mother was in it...

The point beyond which everything escapes.



December 18, 1987

Afternoon

A long, lethal crushing (for one hour, terrible, terrible...) like masses of solid fire and slow, slow, crushing.

Then those groundswells.

But no way out as yet.

Ô Lord, Lord...

*

Evening

I realize to what extent our body is *made* of death.

What is terrible is to *live* that death.

Which means to accept and undergo that Power that crushes death and seems to crush the very life of your body.

To die all at once is very simple, but this slow death of death...

My dungeon is staggering and I don't know if the walls will fall down on me or outside of me.



December 19, 1987

4-24-1946

In all those disasters of life, there was that diamond.

I was twenty-two and a half.

(I will relate it later.)



December 21, 1987

The Hindu

Madras, December 21

The Prime Minister, Mr Rajiv Gandhi, put out a call today for instilling into all minds a scientific cast of mind and attitude that would give the nation the strength and the

capacity to face the challenges of technology and science in the coming decades.

He recalled how earnestly, already several decades ago, Jawaharlal Nehru had called for an India in which could be found in everybody a scientific mind able to overcome superstitions and mentally and morally ready to face oncoming difficulties and challenges.

Mr Rajiv Gandhi was unveiling a three metre-high bronze statue of Jawaharlal Nehru. [...]

The local Chief Minister, M.G. Ramachandran, who presided at the ceremony, stated that the people of Tamil Nadu wished to have in Madras a statue of the architect of modern India, Jawaharlal Nehru. "That long cherished wish is coming true today."

He added that successive generations of the Nehru family had played a crucial role in the development and progress of India. On the foundations laid by Nehru, his daughter Indira Gandhi had built, and his grandson, Mr Rajiv Gandhi, was raising India to new heights and shaping history, to the great amazement of the developed countries themselves.



December 23, 1987

Satprem speaks to Claude Brun

(Satprem): It is stronger and stronger. Either it becomes more and more powerful, which can be correct, and at the same time the resistance grows stronger. Then...

(Sujata): "Strong" in the sense of compact or...?

It is iron! One would ask you to go through a wall with your body, it

would be the same. So that tremendous Power, it is as if... (in a figurative sense) you were against a wall and that Power wanted you to go through the wall with your body. So you are crushed to go through a wall. Do you understand?... It is...

(Sujata:) And an iron wall on top of that!

It is rather terrible. There is a wall, you know. You have to go through it and you go through it with your own body. Which means that the Power... In the body itself, there is a wall, which is Death, which is the Inconscient--and that Power goes through it. So it is... well, it would be lethal for anyone.

(Claude): Of course.

(silence)

It is an immortal Power--it is the Power of the Supreme himself. So it does not tolerate death. It does not tolerate any element of death.

So it crushes, but as it is a conscious Power, isn't it (it is not a mechanical Power), it knows very well, it does not intend to kill you! You are a tool, so it does not want to break its tool, but... each time, you have the impression that you go to the extreme limit--that Power goes to the extreme limit of... of the fellow.

And still, it is not even like that, because at each second, it is the extreme limit, and the next time, it is again the extreme limit. And so forth and so on: it goes deeper into that wall--that you are yourself--you are the Wall itself.

So... You have to bear it, really!

Death is not something that is external to you, it is inside: you are built by death. So it gives you the illusion that it lives, it frolics merrily,

until the day “life” turns its face inside out and tells you: “You see? It’s that, it’s me! Hi!” Then it pushes you into its hole.

(silence)

So it is that, it is that very base that must change, do you understand? That is why Sri Aurobindo speaks of a new evolution. Precisely, a new evolution, it does not mean that there will be... it means that the very quality of life will be different. It will be Life, it will not be death that lives, do you understand?

Well, for that, in the transition to the other species, that element of death must disappear. Well, this amounts to saying: You must disappear completely--because we are all *made* of death.

(silence)

This is the process. At the beginning, I did not understand very well, but one of the first things Mother said like that: “If I didn’t have the knowledge of the process, it would be a constant agony.” And it is agony. But it is death that agonizes, do you understand?

(Claude): Yes. Yes-yes.

But you have to go through. And the closer you are to the bottom of that pit... it is iron--it is iron, it is inexorable, it does not want, it is total Negation.

So you are a kind of prayer of fire to go through that agony, that wall-that wall-that wall, that something that does not want, that is the Negation. The negation of Beauty, of Truth, of Love, of Joy--it is the Negation. I don’t want anything, I want *nothing*.

For the dying, this is expressed like that: I don’t want to suffer anymore, I don’t want to feel anymore. Well, it is that. The end of the

story is: I don't want to feel anymore, that is, I want to annul myself, to be unconscious. It is a return to Unconsciousness.

Carmen... do you know Carmen?

(Claude): Yes.

Well, in her last days, she wrote: "I don't want to suffer anymore." Well, it is that.

(silence)

It is that: I don't want to anymore--I don't want to anymore. Then death [swallows?] you up.

And that is the substance of all beings. It is the bottom of... It is that that is at the bottom. They become aware of it only when they are on the verge of passing to the other side, you understand. Then, at that moment, they realize--but, well, at that point, there is hardly anything to... They only say: "I don't want to feel anymore, I don't want to suffer anymore..." and that's all. "Give me some morphine, give me anything, but I no longer want..."

Well, there, fully alive and in good health, you meet that "I don't want to".

And it is the Battle with that "I don't want".

And it is the basis of the world, of life on earth.

(silence)

This is what Sri Aurobindo came to change. Well, one must be able to follow.

It is the Negation. It is the great Negation. It is the negation of all that is... The divine is Beauty, is Space, Freedom, Joy, Love, Vastness... Well, this is the absolute opposite. It is ugliness, cruelty, unconsciousness--it

is Negation--the mortal prison; it is the negation of all that is Divine. Of all that we understand or can feel as Divine.

(silence)

It is that. Well, if we manage to go through that Wall, or that barrier, it will be another life.

It will be another life on the earth. It will be the beginning of another life on the earth. A life where there will no longer be that cruel, mortal basis.

(silence)

So everyone dances merrily on that, makes symphonies and speeches, and then... And then she swallows you all back: "Off we go! My children"--Christ, Buddha, Beethoven, everything-everything-everything: off we go! Everything returns there, into that hole. And you always tell yourself: Ah, next time, it will be a little better... Well, it does not seem to be so much "better", does it?

(silence)

It is... it is... very dreadful.

We must get out of it. People did not find the way out, because they always wanted to paint life pink, or to tell you: "Salvation is in heaven", or "let's make the most of it, let's not give a damn about anything..." But nobody really looked at the thing in all its depth and horror. Probably because they would not have been able to. They would not bear it--they could not bear to see things as they are. But if they had had the courage, like Sri Aurobindo, Mother and perhaps a few others, to see things as they are, they would have *searched for* solutions.

Instead of that, they seek scientific remedies, don't they? It is

ridiculous. Or paradises, I don't know where. They search for all possible solutions, except the true one. "Oh! But wait, if this remedy killed you, I am going to make a superb one that will heal you tomorrow"--and they continue like that.

"We are going to find all solutions..." And the more they find solutions, the more suffocating the world becomes--we are suffocated by their "solutions".

(silence)

We are really buried under their science. We have all the "tricks" that are needed. All-all the marvellous and splendid tricks.

(silence)

We are right in the scientific Middle Ages. There were the religious Middle Ages, but the scientific Middle Ages are *worse*. Because everybody swallows it nicely. "Oh! This marvel, and that other marvel and that other..."

They are *dying* of their marvel.

It is the dreadful Middle Ages.



December 25, 1987

(Sequel to a conversation with Claude Brun). In fact, that Power is the "norm".

When we have gone through the Wall, it will be as normal as the Earthlings are, compared to the aquatic genus.

What is abnormal is death, pain, grief and all the miseries our human state is afflicted with.

The whole difficulty consists in going through that Wall of abnormality--death.

Then it will be a new life on the Earth. LIFE. A first birth of life.

We cannot understand anything as long as we don't understand that life (what we call life) is death.

*

I have the impression that I am more and more at the heart of the Secret.

*

Oh! May men no longer be born within this miserable state.



December 26, 1987

My back no longer knows how to bear that crushing.

It is completely torn apart. There is such despair.



December 27, 1987

Claude asks me: "Will the next children be born with something more?"

- No, with something *less*.

*

Evening

(François--14 years ago). That cry of the seagulls, he will find it again without knowing what it was.

A long way to find what it is again.

Perhaps it will be something else?

I remember listening to that cry so many times, without knowing what it was...

You forget, and it is always present, unspeakably.

It is something that remains when everything has vanished.

Like the wave and the wave.

My keel has sunk

many times

But I still listen.



December 30, 1987

It is an earthquake in the body.

Or a skyquake--or both at the same time.

If it were not You, it would be frightening and lethal.

But the body FEELS and KNOWS with all its strength, as it does with its soul.

*

Evening

The Tantrics “store” up some Power, until that power devours them. It is the power to inflate a goatskin, then it bursts. While that Power is made for no goatskin (!), it is made, on the contrary, to break and crush all possible goatskins--it is the Power that is not “contained” and is “uncontainable”, because it contains everything. And which will contain the Whole in its goatskin!

In fact, there is but ONE Power, that of the Tantrics or of the dragonflies or of Jupiter, but It wants to force you into the infinite and It

breaks that which is half-way.

That is why the Vedas spoke of the “Light without walls”.

$$\infty = \infty$$



December 31, 1987

Will my back hold out?

(Sometimes I have the impression that I am like Atlas!)

