June 29, 1963

(Mother glances through a collection of Playground Talks and chances on the following question, which she answers immediately:) “Why isn't the universe a place of perfect bliss?”

Because it's progressive. There is no other reason.

*  *

(Then Mother speaks of the new Pope, Paul VI, who was elected a few days earlier:)

Sri Aurobindo seems to have taken interest in the Pope's successor ... because two nights ago (not in the night, at four in the morning), I was with him — I spent a half hour with him (a half hour of OUR time, which is very long), he had just returned from a ‘tour’, in Italy especially. We didn't directly talk about it, but some people were there (there were all kinds of things, many things), and from his comments to this or that person, or on this or that, I knew he was returning from Italy, where he had gone for the nomination of the new Pope. And he said something like: “It's the best that could be done under the present circumstances.” That is, he appeared satisfied on the whole.

I told you, didn't I, that I saw the death of Pope [John XXIII] without even knowing he was ill? ... One night, I suddenly saw in the mental atmosphere of the EARTH quite an awesome movement, that is to say, quite global: there were great mental waves (nothing but mental), great waves of anxiety, as though all human thought were very upset; but it wasn't the anxiety of the believers, it was a very global movement — the earth's mental atmosphere was stirring with great movements of upheaval and anxiety (Mother draws waves in the air). I thought, “What's happening?... What's happening that can so upset men?” (as would happen, for instance, with a world war or events of that kind), “What's happening that can draw the attention of the whole earth's atmosphere, its mental atmosphere?” And the next day, I was told that just at that time, the Pope died. So I thought, “Indeed! ...”

Afterwards (because I am not concerned with all those things), I learned what he was doing: his ‘Ecumenical Council’ and all his reforms, his attempt, in short, to bring everyone together as much as he could (all the Christians, at least), and the fact that he had become a friend of the Russians, etc. So then, I concentrated, because according to natural logic (the logic of Nature's actions), the next Pope should be a horrible reactionary — in a word, it didn't bode well. I concentrated and tried to make things work out for the best. And I see that Sri Aurobindo did find the thing important, since he concentrated over there.

According to the little popular wisdom, it seems his successor is a man with still more progressive ideas. I saw his photo ... (but it's a newspaper photo, they're generally very bad: you can't have any contact, you only see this much [gesture on the surface]). The thing that struck me most is a sort of insincerity. A benevolent and ecclesiastical insincerity — if you know what I mean?

Very well.

1 Questions and Answers, July 18, 1956.
There was also the photo of the cardinal of India (the first and only cardinal in India), a straightforward man and a wholehearted believer — he must be a fanatical Catholic, but with a sincerity, a fervor. The other fellow is very intelligent — oh, he has a mouth I cannot look at, dreadful.

Anyway, we'll see what happens.
It seems Kennedy is Catholic. That is a serious matter.
They say he was the first person the Pope saw after his ... what's the word for Popes?

*Investiture?*

I don't know. When he first appears in public: “Here is the Pope!”
Anyhow, after the ceremony of investiture, he saw Mr. Kennedy: the first person.

(silence)

Catholicism has two things that Protestantism lacks: the occult sense (not only the sense but even a certain occult knowledge), and the Mother — the Virgin. The Protestants have something the Catholics lack: the inner divine presence.
It's only through those two things that you can catch them. But ...
Well, we'll see.

*I don't know, when I saw the photo of the new Pope, I got a strong impression of a very shrewd man, a politician.*

(Mother nods approvingly)

*Someone very, very shrewd. I didn't feel anything spiritual.*

Oh, but the last one didn't have anything spiritual either!

*But he seemed good.*

He was a good man.

*This one gave me an impression of someone very shrewd and dangerous. A politician.*

(Mother nods her head) Sri Aurobindo used something like these words: *It is all that can be done in the present circumstances.*
Which means it seemed to be the man of his choice, because he certainly went to the conclave and saw the situation, that's how he worked — he influenced the vote. Among all those people ([laughing] there are eighty of them, mon petit!), among all those people, this one was probably the one the most likely to do what we want him to.
He may do it for unavowed reasons, but anyway ... It generally happens that way in the present state of the earth: people's motives for doing things should not be taken too seriously — what's important is what they do. And if you look at things from a certain height (where everything is DECIDED, you understand), people and things are COMPELLED to act in a certain way, but the conscious human motives that determine their actions are irrelevant — ‘irrelevant’ in the sense that they're not always ... to put it more clearly: you VERY rarely do things from the TRUE motive.

At any rate, Sri Aurobindo is interested in world events, which means he considers the Pope's election has a certain importance.

(silence)

But in reality, Catholicism finds its equilibrium because of Communism; so that the rapprochement between the two was a masterstroke. And I don't think the new man (who is a sly fox, I find) will want to lose the advantage the other had gained. The friendship with Russia is very clever. They are today's two platforms of influence in the earth's atmosphere.

We shall see.

I think the foremost idea of the one who left was to prevent war. Consciously, he wanted all Christians to love each other! (Mother laughs) A childish hope. To love each other in Jesus — whom they leave on the cross.

As Sri Aurobindo says, men ... men LOVE grief, that's why Jesus is still nailed on the cross.\(^2\)

It's magnificent, that thing.

(silence)

With the others, the Communists, it's the opposite: they want everyone to be happy; but they have succeeded in making everyone unhappy! Everyone: before, a few were happy and many unhappy; now they're all unhappy!

That's what they call ‘serious matters’.

(Later on, regarding Sujata's dream of the ‘false Mother’:)

Apart from that, how are you?

Quite well, Mother.... Did you see anything particular regarding Sujata's dream?

Oh, I forgot to tell you.

It's an excursion in the vital.

You can tell her she got off lightly.

From the occult standpoint, if, for instance, she had said to the people who guarded the doors, “In the name of the Mother, let me out,” probably doors and people and everything would have vanished.

---

2  See Aphorism 35: “Men are still in love with grief; when they see one who is too high for grief or joy, they curse him and cry, ‘O thou insensible!’ Therefore Christ still hangs on the cross in Jerusalem.”
It's difficult to remember those things in dream. But anyway, she has an inner trust, and thanks to it she got off lightly.

It was not chance that she was woken up — it wasn't chance: she was HELPED.
Quite likely, someone other than she wouldn't have seen the spots.

*Ohh*

It was her sincerity that made her see the spots. And it was because she disclosed what she had seen that the guard was unable to stop her, because it was the sign of a power of inner sincerity.

It left me a bit pensive ... in the sense that I don't find it quite admissible that some persons [the false 'Mother'] play that kind of game — though I know it does happen, I know there are such persons.

But I think it has helped to cleanse the atmosphere a little.

*Yes, I told her to write to you because, besides her, there were also two Ashram girls who seemed to be in danger.*

Yes. Oh, but there are many who are in danger — because they're not sincere, anyone can deceive them. You know, in such cases, for occult danger, the ONE THING that's absolutely indispensable is sincerity. It's the safeguard and security. Sincerity is security. For example, in the presence of that being, insincere people would have said, “Oh, it's the Mother”. They WOULD NOT HAVE SEEN, you understand. But she saw — it's her sincerity that saw.

The only thing ... (but it doesn't matter, it will come) is that if instead of trying to escape she had taken a determined attitude and said, “In the name of the Mother, open the door,” brrrt! she would have seen everything vanish. But that ... I don't think it will happen again, but if it does, she will know what to do next time. It's a kind of sense of the battle.

You did well to ask her to write, it was important enough that I should know, because I have to cleanse the area a little. But I tell you, there are too many, too many insincerities, that's what opens the doors — insincerity is just like a sentry who opens the door, it's nothing but that. And unfortunately, there are lots and lots of insincerities ....

But anyway she got off lightly.

Here, let me give you a rose for her. A big one, a very big one, there!

* *

*(Just before Satprem leaves Mother speaks suddenly:)*

There is a boat being built (the symbol of the yoga, obviously), it's made entirely of pink clay, and what a pink! ... A boat of pink clay. I was there with Sri Aurobindo — a very agile Sri Aurobindo who was going about supervising the construction; I too was going up and down with extreme ease.

Clay.
There were some workmen, in particular a young man who was extraordinary — I don't think they are purely human beings. But it's a long story....

But clay, that was something really new — and lovely! Pink. Pink, a warm, golden pink. They were cutting out [of the clay] rooms, stairways, ship decks and funnels, captains' cabins.... Sri Aurobindo himself is as he was, but more ... with a harmony of form: very, very broad here (*in the chest*), broad and solid. And very agile: he comes and goes, sits down, gets up, always with great majesty. His color is a sort of golden bronze, a color like the coagulation of his supramental gold, of his golden supramental being; as if it were very concentrated and coagulated to fashion his appearance; and it doesn't reflect light: it seems as if lit from within (but it doesn't radiate), and it doesn't cast any shadows. But perfectly natural, it doesn't surprise you, the most natural thing in the world: that's the way he is. Ageless; his hair has the same color as his body: he has hair, but you can't say if it's hair, it's the same color; the eyes too: a golden look. Yet it's perfectly natural, nothing surprising. He sits down just as he used to, with his leg as he used to put it [the right leg in front], and at the same time, when he gets up, he is agile: he comes and goes. Then when he went out of the house (he had told me he would have to go, he had an appointment with someone: he had promised to see two people, he had to go), he went out into a big garden, and down to the boat — which wasn't exactly a boat, it was a flat boat — and he had to go to the captain's cabin (he had to see the captain about some work), but it was with that boat that he was returning to his room ‘elsewhere’ — he has a room elsewhere. Then after a while I thought, “I'll follow him so I can see.” So I followed him; as long as I saw him in front of me I followed him. And when I came to the boat, I saw it was entirely built out of pink clay! Some workmen were working there — admirable workmen. So Sri Aurobindo went down quite naturally, down into the ship under construction, without ... (I don't think there were any stairs), and I followed him down. Then I saw him enter the captain's room; as he had told me he had some work to do, I thought (*laughing*), “I don't want to meddle in others' business! I'll go back home” (and I did well, I was already late in waking up!), “I'll go back home.” And I saw one of the workmen leaving (as Sri Aurobindo had come back to the ship, they stopped the work). He was leaving. I called him, but he didn't know my language or any of the languages I know; so I called him in thought and asked him to pull me up, as I was below and there was a sheer wall of slippery clay. Then he smiled and with his head he said, “I certainly don't mind helping you, but it isn't necessary! You can climb up all by yourself.” And indeed he held out his hand, I took it (I only touched him slightly), and climbed up all by myself without the slightest difficulty — I was weightless! I didn't have to pull at his hand, he didn't pull me up. And as soon as I was up, I went back home — I woke up and found myself in my bed ... five minutes later than my usual time.

But what struck me was the clay — it means something very material, doesn't it? And pink! A pink, oh, lovely! A golden pink.

They are building something.

It must be.... We aren't told anything, but our work ‘is being done’ for us.

There you are.

It left a very strong sense of Power — concentrated.

That was yesterday.