May 17, 1969

(About Pavitra's departure. Pavitra was the oldest French disciple; chemist and engineer of the École Polytechnique, he came to the Ashram in December, 1925, after having pursued his quest all the way to Mongolia's lamaseries.)

You know that I used to see Pavitra every day, in the evening. He was in a poor state. But I had been forewarned (long ago) that his inner being was waiting for A. to return before it would leave. I don't know whether he was aware of something in his outward consciousness, but at any rate he had never said anything. But I knew ... The day A. arrived, that very day [May 13], just before coming here, Pavitra fell down. He came here with quite a few scratches. I thought it would stop there, but the day after A.'s arrival (I don't remember, I never keep a clear memory of dates), at any rate between the 15th and 16th, at night, after 9 (I didn't look at the time, so I don't know precisely, but I was on my bed), Pavitra's whole individualized consciousness (but not in a form), his conscious, fully awakened consciousness, down to all that can come out of the cells, began to come and enter into me according to the ancient, the very old yogic practice of merging into the Supreme in that way that practice. It came while I was lying on my bed; it began, and it was so material that there was a very strong friction in all the cells, everywhere. It went on for three hours. After three hours, it became ... not exactly still, but no longer active. Then, the next morning, I saw A. (it was on the 16th), I saw A. at about 8:30 (naturally, Pavitra had been in bed since the day before, they had put him to bed), and in the morning, A. told me that just as he was about to come here, Pavitra opened his eyes and looked at him ... So I told him, “I don't know, but with a yogic knowledge of the process, quite an extraordinary knowledge” (he had never boasted of having it), “his conscious being melted last night and entered my body, this body ...” I told him, “We'll see.” But half an hour later, they told me that just as I was talking with A., the doctor declared he had left.

Have you seen him? I am told he looks very good.

Oh, yes!

I had first said that he would be buried this morning at 10 o'clock, since the end took place even before the doctors declared it was over, but I had it delayed until 4 ... I can't say he has remained separate [from Mother], not at all, but now and then, for one thing there's his way of reacting; it's quite interesting. And he has brought with him an extraordinary sense of satisfaction! As if, “Ah, at last ...” Like that. It's constant, night and day. I wanted to see last night whether something of him would still come, but it was all over, there was nothing more .... It was done as a super-yogi might do it! He'd never boasted about it, I don't even know whether he actively knew it. He did it wonderfully. You know, the stories that are told of those who would have themselves shut in a cave and who would leave like that — that's it.

1 Pavitra left some very interesting memoirs of his conversations with Sri Aurobindo and Mother in 1925 and 1926, which unfortunately were barbarously mutilated (with whole pages torn away, almost a third of Pavitra's notebooks) by his closest collaborator, under the pretext that it would be “better left unsaid”. We shudder to think what would have been the fate of this Agenda had it come into the hands of those same ‘collaborators’. As Mother remarked in Agenda V of October 14, 1964: “They cut out and remove all that bothers them and leave only what suits them.” Thus invaluable treasures disappeared. (See Sri Aurobindo, Conversations avec Pavitra, Fayard, 1972. [Conversations with Sri Aurobindo, Ashram Press, 2007])

2 A. lives in Paris.

3 As a matter of fact, Mother looked quite surprised when A. told her that Pavitra had opened his eyes.
They didn't exactly pick him up, because he hadn't fallen down, but they found him standing, unable to move. It was after lunch (on the 15th he had his lunch with A.), and immediately after lunch, he asked A. to leave, and wanted to go to his terrace — it took him an hour to go there! It's while coming back from there that he remained like that, standing — he nearly fell down, so they had to carry him to his bed (that was in the afternoon of the 15th), and during the night he did that. So then, I had said he would be buried this morning, that is on the 17th, then A. came and told me he was quite intact, not stiff (he went to see him with N., who's a doctor, and N. said that was because Pavitra was so thin), so I said we might as well wait till this afternoon. It has been postponed till 4 o'clock. But as for me, last night I saw carefully; there's nothing. Even if there is something, a little consciousness left, it's better to let it go peacefully.

But I wasn't expecting it, I didn't think about it, didn't even know that he knew how to go out like that — it must have been something deep down in him that knew. I didn't even know he knew how to do it. Because the evening before Pavitra left, A. told me what had happened at lunch time, and I told him, “Generally, I don't see Pavitra at night, it's very rare, very rare, it happens quite accidentally, and it's more symbolic visions than…” I said to him, “I don't see him, I don't know, but this night (of the 15th, that is) I'll inquire to see what it is, in what state he is, and see if he goes out of his body or comes to me …”

There was nothing in a form, nothing. And some time after I'd lain down, it started coming, but then with an extraordinary SCIENCE of the process! And for THREE hours without stop, continuously, in the most steady manner, like that: an action. After three hours, it was as it is now; I felt as if he said, “Now it's over.” Only, you never know, of course: there might be some consciousness lingering in the body … I thought it was better to wait till this afternoon, not to shut him up with something in his body.

It has brought to the body consciousness a sort of sense of satisfaction: the appeasement that satisfaction gives. That's there quite concretely.

Did he know it from a previous life, or …? I don't know. Or else, he just didn't talk about it. Because the way he spoke, he didn't seem to know the secrets of yogic processes. It was done with a rare perfection … Three hours without stop, without flagging — three hours — continuous, continuous. Naturally, I was lying on my bed …

(silence)

When Sri Aurobindo left, I was standing near his bed (later on, when he was alone, when there was no one left), and all the supramental force he had concentrated in his body (what was left in his body), he passed on to me. I stood near his bed; he had been declared ‘dead’, but all that supramental consciousness which was there came out of his body, slowly, and directly entered mine. It was so material that I felt the friction of the force everywhere, all over. But it was slightly luminous. That was something different than with Pavitra. As for Sri Aurobindo, he … (how can I put it?); he stayed mainly … I found him everywhere: I found him all the way up, absolutely one with the Supreme Consciousness; I found him spread about in many places to see many people and do a lot of work; and I found him (but then, in a precise form, though NOT FIXED — A precise, rather supple form that looked like him, like what we knew of him, with more suppleness, without the fixity of the physical, but quite precise, a form in his likeness, quite in his likeness), I found him in the subtle physical.

4 Because he did not want to show A. the difficulty he had moving.
5 No more consciousness left in the body.
6 We are convinced that Pavitra had learned many things in Mongolia's lamaseries, where a highly advanced occult science was practiced.
There he has a dwelling, he is settled and stays permanently (which doesn't prevent him from being at many other places and ...), but there is a Sri Aurobindo there whom I see almost every night, who looks after the whole work, sees people, and who is almost constantly with me. In the subtle physical, it's a specific place, and very large — huge, you know, he is there, seeing people, doing all kinds of things ....

Apart from that, in Amrita's case, it was something different again. Amrita used to come in spite of his illness, he used to come and see me every day; he would come upstairs in the morning and sit down here, and once again in the evening (you saw how much work it was to climb the stairs). In his case, when he left ... The doctor had told him, “You can't go upstairs for a month,” and it's after that, later on that day, that he came: he didn't accept, he left his body and came — he came straight to me. But he was IN HIS OWN FORM, more subtle, but precisely defined (Mother draws an outline showing Amrita's form), it was his form, in his likeness. And he remained there, now active and now at rest (he rests more than he is active, but now and then he is still active). It's like ... like a shadow, you understand, which is wholly in my atmosphere. And he has stayed there — he stays there, rests there. But in Pavitra's case, it was something else altogether: it's the entire conscious being which gave up ... (how can I put it?) its limits, the personal limit and form, so as to identify totally — he entered like that, like a stream of consciousness and force, but very material, very material: it produced a friction, I felt a friction, and for three hours. I had never seen that before, it was the first time — I had heard about it very often (it's often mentioned), that knowledge the great yogis had: they would go like that deliberately.

And it has ADDED something to the body consciousness. In the body's spontaneous attitude, its way of being, I have noticed a slight change; it has added a sort of ... stability in the body: a satisfied stability, like that. It's not like something that comes and might go, it's not that: it's here [in Mother]. It has been really quite interesting — and unexpected.

I wanted to be sure that there was nothing left that could make the body suffer, but now I think it's over.

*Does it mean that his individuality has been dissolved?*

Those notions of individuality, you know ... for me, they've changed a lot, quite a lot. This whole morning again ... But for a long time, at least for a month, it has become something else.

When people speak of individuality, there's always a sort of at least a background of separation, that is, something that exists independently and has its own destiny. Now, as the body consciousness knows it, it's almost like a pulsation of 'something' which MOMENTARILY has a separate action, but which, deeply, essentially, is always ONE. Like something projected like this *(gesture of expansion)*, momentarily with a form, and then ... *(gesture of contraction)* it can cancel that form at will. It's very hard to explain, but at any rate, the sense of the permanence of separation has completely disappeared, completely. The universe is an exteriorization *(same gesture of pulsation)* of the Supreme Consciousness; it's our incapacity of total vision that enables us to have that sense of fixity: there is none, it's something like pulsations or ... really a play of forms — there is only ONE being. There is only one being. There's only one, only one Consciousness, only one Being.

Separation is really ... I don't know what happened .... And that's what made all the mischief — all the misfortune, all the misery .... For the last few days, this body has gone through a series of experiences (it would be much too long to tell), through all the states of

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7 Amrita left his body on January 31, following a heart attack.
consciousness one can go through, from the sense of the single reality of this (*Mother pinches the skin of her hands*), of the substance, with all the misery, all the suffering which is the consequence of seeing matter as the single reality — from that to liberation. Hour after hour, it has been a whole work. And this incident of Pavitra's departure has come as an example, as a demonstration.

But even before that, the consciousness of the cells had realized the oneness — the true, essential oneness — which CAN become total ... if this sort of illusion disappears. You understand, the illusion which has created all this misery was lived so intensely that it became almost unbearable, with all the horrors and all the terrors it has created in the human consciousness and on the earth ... There have been ... dreadful things. And just after that, just after: liberation.

What remains to be lived, that is, the experience that remains to be had, is ... the next progress of the creation, of matter — the next step to return to the true Consciousness. That's ...

It seems to have been decided that something like a beginning, or an attempt of experience, is going to be made (*Mother touches her body*). It's a question of intensity of faith, or of the power to bear that faith gives. All depends on the capacity to go through the necessary experiences.

In any case, all the old notions, all the old ways of understanding things, all that is quite over, it's past.

And all that is necessarily the return path; we had to walk that path and we still have to walk it (though not the same thing), but all the while progressing until we can ... until this [the body] is ready to live the Truth. I don't know, the impression is that things are going as fast as they can possibly go; the Consciousness is really making us move forward as fast as possible. It's no longer the time of a drowsiness that drags on.

(*long silence*)

I can say (and it was almost like a surprise, I mean I didn't know it), I can say that the consciousness that came out of Pavitra's body was a consciousness without ego — without ego. Without SENSE of ego. There was a clear will to merge, a will with an intensity of aspiration, it was fantastic! Fantastic.8

*But by individuality, I don't mean an ego: I mean the ‘something’ that's identical through all lives, the one thing that progresses through all lives. The something that remains the same and pursues its development.*

That's the Supreme.

*Yes, but there is something that ...*

It's the Supreme conscious of Himself ...

*Yes.*

8 It may be noted that Pavitra was suffering from cancer. The cancer had miraculously been checked, then suddenly regained ground.
... partially.

Yes, that's it, there is something ...

The Supreme partially conscious of Himself.

... that pursues a line of development.

Yes, that's the process. It's the process that has been used for evolution.

Yes, that's what I call individuality.

That's agreed. It's the process — it has been the process of the creation. And it's because it was the process of the creation that men have confused it with ...

Separation.

With separation: the ego.

But that [the ‘something’ that persists] is obvious. It's there, very strong, in this action of Pavitra's — it was very strong. And in fact, it was free from the illusion of ego and had the full force of That. But that [center] remains! It can't disappear.

(silence)

What's going to happen? I don't know.

Because it [this merging of Pavitra] is very clearly part of the work: there are no accidents, nothing, nothing of the sort (all that has vanished), everything very clearly happened exactly as it had to happen. It seems to mean that ‘one’ is attempting something (Mother touches her body). But what? I don't know .... The body isn't at all worried, it's like this (Mother opens her hands); always this: “What You will, Lord, what You will ....” And with a smile and perfect joy — this way, that way, that other way ... (fluid gesture, as if to indicate this or that side of the world, or all kinds of other sides) .... Very strangely, it has been given a consciousness that no longer has anything to do with time: you understand, there isn't ‘when it was not’, there isn't ‘when it will no longer be’, there isn't ... It's not like that, everything is something in motion. But it's really very interesting. And all, all those reactions, those sensations, those feelings, all that has completely changed — changed even in its appearance. It's something else.

You understand, the states one could be in when one was in the highest consciousnesses — those that were united, were automatically one with the Supreme Consciousness and were conscious of the whole — those states have become the body's natural state. Effortlessly, spontaneously: it cannot be otherwise. So what's going to happen? How is it going to take expression? I don't know ...

It's contrary to all habits.
Does this consciousness know what needs to be done on the material level? I don't know. But the body isn't worrying about that at all, it does what it has to do from second to second, without asking any questions. No complications, no plans, nothing, nothing.

There.

We'll see, it's interesting!