April 26, 1972

(Mother hands Satprem a letter:)

This is what I sent to Indira. You can read it to me, I don't even remember what I put.

“India shall take her true place in the world
only when she will become integrally
the messenger of the Divine Life.”

What was the occasion?

She wrote me a very nice letter to express her gratitude, and she asked if I had something
to tell her, so that's what I replied.

It seems she speaks in earnest about India's spiritual mission.
She's worried about America. She wants to send people to America to try to create a
harmonious atmosphere.
We shall see.

But isn't the danger rather from the Chinese side?

I don't think so.
I have always seen material help coming from the United States — always. But that
President, who is a brute, stands in the way. There won't be a new President until November.
Something should be done in the country to block him (because he's a candidate), so that he
doesn't get reelected.

He's virtually the favorite.

Over there people don't like him.

Yes, but he has the backing of Big Business.

Yes, quite so.
He MUSTN'T be reelected, and there's no point in seeing him either [Indira's overtures].
He mustn't. It MUST NOT happen.3

The consciousness must support, help, enlighten and strengthen all those who don't want
him.

(silence)

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1 Original English.
2 Nixon.
3 Watergate began two months later, on June 17. But Nixon was triumphantly reelected in November.
And how are things for you?

... What shall I say? Physically it is still difficult, but the body has understood, I think (Mother opens her hands). The body has understood, but there are still some old habits, some semiconscious reactions. That's what pulls. To me, you see, if the body had truly understood, it should become younger — not ‘younger’ but conscious. Instead of founding its base in the subconscious as everybody else, it should found it in the consciousness — it is beginning to do it. It wants to; it wants, it strives. But there are still some ... sort of habits. All in all, it's the subconscious that should be transformed.

Almost no spontaneous reactions remain of the kind that come from the subconscious — almost none, but still a few ... still far too many.

How was the balcony? Where were you?

I didn't come.

Oh, you didn't come.

No, Mother; I didn't come. Sujata was there.

(Sujata:) It was very good, Mother.

I wasn't too stooped?

No, Mother, you looked better than the last few times.

Ah! It was better.

Yes, Mother; better.

I tried.

You also walked much more, and you stayed for a long time.

Where were you?

As usual, Mother, in my house, downstairs.

Ah, there; yes, I went that side [with inner eyes].

Yes, Mother!

The body is more conscious — the consciousness is penetrating. But....

4 During the Darshan of April 24.
I have a strong feeling (I mean the body), the body has a strong feeling that if I can last until one hundred it will become younger. Not younger, but ... more capable of manifesting the Force. I don't feel weak, but some things still drag.

The subconscious is full of stupid fears, of lack of trust and ill suggestions (although I am not so sure it's the body's fault, I have the feeling that some people — at least one person, I don't know who — are sending catastrophic suggestions). The body fights all it can to accept only the suggestions from the Divine, but there's still a pull.

Whenever I protest or complain, I am 'told' (that's how it comes), I am told that things come to me from here or there ... (gesture to the four corners) for me to act upon them, for That to act upon the world — it has nothing to do with thought, it isn't a thought, this (the head) is very silent; it's here (gesture above), and then like this (gesture rising from the bottom to be offered), from the subconscious. And all the work that is being done is not just for this body; the body is doing it for all those who are receptive. In which case I have nothing to say, everything is perfectly all right. If such is the case.... Because (Mother turns her head toward the bathroom door) the body lives in particularly good conditions. It is very well taken care of.

(silence)

How is it over there?

(Satprem:) I have to get used to it.... I find it very difficult to reconcile the inner consciousness with material life. Material life is a dreadful burden to me: all material things are so heavy, so leaden.... I find it very difficult. I can't seem to reconcile the two.

Oh! ... Did you go to the performance of The Gold Washer?

Yes, Mother.

Was it good?

Hmm ... sort of. They did it with a lot of love and — with lots of love. But their interpretation of it was.... I don't know, it seemed a bit sinister.

Sinister?

Yes. I don't know, they showed me an aspect I didn't recognize.

(Mother laughs) Well, well! That's funny.

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5 This is the second or third time this year that Mother mentions this to Satprem (see conversation of February 23: the “formation of death”).
6 The new house at “Nandanam”.
7 Some Aurovilians (who have since left Auroville) had staged parts of Satprem’s novel.
You see, in that book, I was trying to create light out of pain; and, well, there's only pain in what they staged, not too much light. They made it into something very melodramatic, you know.

Oh! ...

Nevertheless, the atmosphere is good, a surprisingly good atmosphere. But strange: something I didn't recognize.

(Mother remains silent, gazing)

Strange. I liked the book very much when I read it, but the only image that remains now is a primeval forest with a huge tree and you struggling to blaze your way through the tree — that's what I see all the time (Mother looks again). Why? ... That's it, that's what stayed in the consciousness. I can still see you with an axe, hacking off huge branches to open up a passage. Strange. Is it symbolic? Do you mention that scene in your book?

Not exactly, but I lived something like that — it's both true and symbolic at the same time.

Strange, when I think of that book, that's the image I see. I also remember ... you described the death of your friend?

Yes.

That struck me very much. That and the huge tree. But the tree is larger than life, it's symbolic; and with a big axe you are hacking off branches — huge branches, as big as trees — to open up a passage. Strange.

Well, I guess I'm still hacking away at branches!

(Mother laughs) Yes, exactly! That's right.

Material life is.... I don't know why, perhaps it comes from past lives, but I find it unbearable.

Oh! ... In what way is it unbearable? Do you have particular difficulties?

No, nothing, small difficulties, nothing to speak of, but everything is a burden. I can't seem to infuse any consciousness into this material life, you know; there's a sort of

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8 I must admit I left in the middle, I couldn't stay till the end.
9 Strangely enough, although I did not mention the scene in the book, it had remained deeply etched in me, and that's what Mother remembered: she remembered my own memories! One day, I had found myself in the midst of a huge tangle of fallen trees (when a giant tree falls, it uproots dozens of trees all around it), within a kind of green cataclysm redolent of torn earth and destruction, and in a silence of the end of the world.
gulf between the two. I feel well only when I stop everything and sit. Then everything is fine.

Ahh!

But as soon as I touch material things ... it's awful. There's no bridge between the inner life and Matter — none AT ALL, a complete chasm.

(after a silence)

From what Nirod is now reading me from his correspondence with Sri Aurobindo, it seems to have been the same with Sri Aurobindo. From what he writes (you'll see when you read it), everything is always done by me. He says, “Mother says, Mother does, Mother ...” I mean, for anything involving the Ashram organization — contact with people and so on — it seems to be done quite naturally and all the time through me.

But what a humor! Oh, you know, I've never read anything so marvelous! ... He had such a way of looking at things ... it's extraordinary. Extraordinary. But it would seem that the external world was something ... absurd to him, you know.

Yes, exactly.

Absurd.

Absurd. Yes. I've reached the point where the only material life I could tolerate would be that of a sannyasin in a hut — and even then, a naked sannyasin, because even clothes are a nuisance!

Ohh!

You see, everything seems dreadfully.... I just can't infuse any consciousness there.

(Mother continues smiling)

Oh, it's so interesting. So interesting. Since childhood, I have always endeavored, as it were, to attain total indifference — nothing is annoying, nothing is pleasant. Since childhood, I recall a consciousness striving for ... (that's what Sri Aurobindo meant) for indifference. Interesting! It makes me understand why he said that it was I who could attempt the transition between human consciousness and supramental consciousness. He said that. He said it to me and he says it here (it's written among Nirod's things). Now I understand why....

Ah, I understand!

(silence)

Yes, I understand. Well?
The farther I go, the worse I feel I'm getting.

Oh, no! Not at all!

But I feel I'm downright awful!

(Mother laughs cheerfully) That, mon petit, may be my... My body is exactly in that condition! (Laughing) Maybe that's why!

What's more, it feels awful and ridiculous. Ridiculous and awful. It's the first effect of the consciousness of what has to be, it exerts a pressure. Even higher humanity is an awful and ridiculous thing for the overmind (Mother corrects herself), for the supramental (“supra-mental” is a word I don't like too much; I understand why Sri Aurobindo used it, he didn't want “superman” — it's not superman at all). There is a far greater difference between a supramental being and a human being than between a human being and a chimpanzee.

Oh, yes!

But the difference is not so much external: it's a difference of consciousness. I can sense it, I sense it so vividly, and so close! When I am very still, it comes, from over there, and even the highest and most intellectual human consciousness is ridiculous in comparison.

Yes.

Awful.

Yes, Mother: I don't know if I am in contact with 'that', but when I remain still I sense something so full, so strong....

Yes, yes, that's it.

I am at ease.

Yes.

You feel that's IT. But then when you leave it to go back into Matter, it's terrible....

(Mother laughs)

Because ‘that’ doesn't permeate here....
It does permeate, but... To be exact, we can say that it permeates with difficulty, but it
does permeate. That's what causes the impression that life is awful. Personally, I feel that life
is downright ridiculous — grotesque. Grotesque.

(silence)

One must be thoroughly convinced of it before one can expect to receive that
Consciousness. You know what I would say? It's a good sign — it's not pleasant, but it's a
good sign.

But, of course, at best — at the very best — we are transitional beings. And well, tran-
sitional beings.... But the consciousness of the inner being ultimately gets stronger, you
follow? Stronger even than the consciousness of the material being. So the material being can
be dissolved, but the inner consciousness remains stronger. It is of that consciousness that we
can say, “This is me.”

Yes.

There you are. THAT is the important thing.

The important thing.

As for me, the purpose of this body is now simply: the Command and the Will of the
Lord, so I can do as much groundwork as possible. But it isn't the Goal at all. You see, we
don't know, we don't have the slightest knowledge of what the supramental life is. Therefore
we don't know if this (Mother pinches the skin of her hand) can change enough to adapt or
not — and to tell the truth, I am not worried about it, it's not a problem that preoccupies me
too much; the problem I am preoccupied with is building that supramental consciousness So
IT becomes the being. It's that consciousness which must become the being. That's what's
important. As for the rest, we'll see (it's the same as worrying over a change of clothing). But
it must truly be IT, you see. And in order to do that, all the consciousness contained in these
cells must aggregate, form and organize itself into an independent conscious entity — the
consciousness in the cells must aggregate and form into a conscious entity capable of being
conscious of Matter as well as conscious of the Supramental. That's the thing. That's what is
being done. How far will we be able to go? I don't know.

You understand?

Yes, Mother; I understand very well.

How far we'll go, I don't know. I feel that if I last up to my hundredth birthday, that is,
another six years, much will be accomplished — much. Something significant and decisive
will be accomplished. I am not saying that the body will be able to get transformed ... I have
no such signs, but the consciousness — the physical, material consciousness becoming...
'supramentalized’.

That's it, that's the work now in progress. And that's what's important. You too, you must
be able, you must be destined to do that also, hence your disgust. But instead of dwelling on
the disgust, you should dwell on the identification with the consciousness you are in when
you are sitting still. You follow? That's the important part.

That's the important part.
(Satprem rests his forehead on Mother's knees.
Sujata approaches)

I am beginning to understand why Sri Aurobindo always said it was woman (Mother caresses Sujata's cheek with her finger) that could build a bridge between the two. I am beginning to understand. One day, I'll explain. I am beginning to understand. Sri Aurobindo used to say: it is woman that can build a bridge between the old world and the supramental world. Now I understand.

(Satprem:) Yes, I understand too.

Then it's all right. We must have patience.

(Mother presses her index finger against Sujata's chest.)

Will you remember what I said?