February 7, 1968

Something very amusing has happened to me with flowers. I had arranged roses; I had selected roses to give people, and when they came, I took a rose I had kept aside. But it had opened too much, it didn't look so nice anymore, so I looked, I thought, “Is it nice enough to be given?” I was holding it loosely, like that.... Mon petit, under my very eyes it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I've had other examples of consciousness in flowers, but this one was remarkable. When I take them and tell them that they're pretty and sweet, they open out — that often happens; but this one turned around (of course I wasn't holding it tight), it turned around and stuck its thorn into my finger!

I had another example, a very amusing one. You know that I keep hibiscus flowers there, under the lamp; I had kept two flowers, “Supramental Consciousness”, and another, pale pink, “Supramental Beauty”, there, under the lamp. Then someone sent me a “Power”, a hibiscus this big, all white, with a dark red center — a marvel! Big as this. I put it there; the other flower ... (it was lasting very well, it had lasted the whole morning), it instantly dropped down, furious — it didn't ‘drop’, it threw itself to the ground, like that!

I've noticed that: jealousy among flowers. Some roses, if you put other flowers with them, wither instantly.

But it's the first time I've seen anger.

And the best part of the story is that I kept the rose and gave it away! (Laughing) It got what it wanted!

There is someone to whom I send flowers and who sends me flowers every day, someone who does the yoga in earnest. He wrote to me (he sends me some of these golden hibiscuses, “Supramental Beauty”), he wrote to me that he told one of these flowers, “You are going to see Mother,” and the flower smiled. It opened out, it was happy, and it smiled. “It smiled at me,” he said.

I don't know if it's our perception that progresses, or if really, as Sri Aurobindo said, “When the supramental Force comes on the earth, there will be a response EVERYWHERE.” It seems to me to be that, because these flowers are so, so vibrant, full of life. In the morning I always arrange them (it's a work that takes me at least three quarters of an hour, there are more than a hundred flowers in different vases that I have to arrange, and to each person I give a special sort of flower — I arrange all that), and in the vases, some flowers say, “Me!” And indeed they are just what I need. They call out to me to say, “Me!” ... But that's not new, because when I was in Japan, I had a large garden and I had cultivated part of it to grow vegetables; in the morning I would go down to the garden to get the vegetables to be eaten that day, and some of them here, there, there (scattered gesture) would say, “Me! Me! Me!” Like that. So I would go and pick them. They literally called me, they called me.

That's a long time ago, nineteen hundred and ... when was it? It was in 1916-17, so that's ... forty years ago.

Fifty.

(Mother laughs) Fifty years ago!
But now, in the morning, I just have not to think, to remain quiet, and I go straight to the flowers, they say, “Me! Me! …: In spite of myself I am surprised, I say, “Wonderful, this is just what I wanted!”

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*  *

Soon afterwards

Ah, now let's get down to work. Do you know what we have to do?... We have to prepare Auroville's ‘Charter’! They will put it into the earth; when they throw in the earth from every country, they will put a metal box with the Charter in it, written on a piece of parchment. So we have to write it down... I have a few little ideas.

But first there is the charter prepared by G. and the one prepared by Y. Read them out to me, we'll see (Mother holds out G.’s charter).

Auroville's Charter (G.)

1. Auroville is the first crucible of planetary man.

Ah, ‘planetary’, he put that in as Y.’s disciple! Y. loves ‘planetary’.

2. Auroville offers itself to discover the deep sources of man's unity with the universe, of knowledge in joy and love.

I don't understand — doesn't matter!

3. Everything in Auroville belongs to the whole earth and Auroville's members are all the beings of the earth.

4. This day, Auroville is solemnly dedicated to serve forever the union of heaven with earth and life.

Heaven? What heaven?  
Here is the other one (Mother holds out Y.’s charter). It's more literary (!)

Auroville's Dedication (Y.)

1. We solemnly found this city as the first center of a planetary society ...

Ah!

... tomorrow's society.
2. We solemnly dedicate this city as the constantly renewed synthesis of the latest conquests of science and the most ancient wisdom.

3. We solemnly set as the chief function of this city the preparation of every child to his highest spiritual and planetary ...

There you are!

... destiny, that this city may become the cradle of a new humanity.

Is that all? It's better, but that's not it.

As for me, I didn't put any solemnities... I didn't write it [at one go], because it's never mental, so it's not organized (Mother looks for scattered scraps of paper). From a mental point of view, it's worthless, it's not organized, but a few things did come. It's in fragments, it doesn't hang together (Mother goes on sorting out her scraps of paper). I don't even remember what I said.... It's not organized, I don't know in which order I am going to put it ... Ah! (Mother pulls out a piece of paper) ...

(Mother unrolls a big parchment on her windowsill, facing the Samadhi. Perched on a low stool and armed with a huge black felt-pen that draws cuneiform-like letters, she starts copying Auroville's Charter while commenting on it.)

1. Auroville belongs to nobody in particular. Auroville belongs to humanity as a whole....

So this is the material fact. Auroville belongs ... I didn't put “to no nation” because India would have been furious. I put “belongs to nobody” — ‘nobody’ is a vague term which I used precisely so as not to say “to no human being” or “to no nation”. And I put “Auroville belongs to humanity AS A WHOLE” because it amounts to nothing! Since people can't agree together, the thing is impossible! I did it deliberately.

Then I don't say anything about ‘citizens’ and all that, I say:

... But to live in Auroville one must be a willing servitor of the Divine Consciousness.

They will all balk at ‘Divine’, but I don't care! You understand, it's the explanation of the Matrimandir\(^1\) at the center. The Matrimandir represents the Divine Consciousness. All that goes unsaid, but it's like that.

Then:

2. Auroville will be the place of an unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages.

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\(^1\) The ‘temple of the Mother’ at the center of Auroville.
And then:

3. Auroville wants to be the bridge between the past and the future. Taking advantage of all discoveries …

All discoveries, that is, philosophical, spiritual, moral, scientific, everything — taking advantage of the past.

... of all discoveries from without and from within, Auroville will boldly spring towards future realisations.

And finally, there are two versions: “4. Auroville will be a site of research for knowledge and means of existence leading to a human unity based on mutual understanding and goodwill.”

On another piece of paper, we have, “To give a living body to an actual human Unity.”

So we'll alter a little.

4. Auroville will be a site of material and spiritual researches for a living embodiment of an actual Human Unity.

There.

(Mother steps down from her stool)

It's not me who wrote all this.... I noticed something so interesting: when it comes it's imperative, there's no room for arguing; I write it down — whatever I may be doing I am FORCED to write it down. But when it's not there, it's just not there! Even if I try to remember, nothing comes, it's not there! So it's clear that it doesn't come from here: it comes from somewhere above.