June 5, 1965

Mother shows the text of a letter she has sent in answer to a disciple:

... She speaks like a child, and it has the charm of the child. She told me, “Oh, I beg you, ask the Lord to be quick and sort things out!” (Mother laughs) So I answered:

We are always free (laughing) to make our proposals to the Lord, but after all it is only His will that is realized.

And the child's logical conclusion: “Oh, then I have to want what He wants” — that's the point. That's what I said some time ago: one must be in the “It pleases Him”; not only in what is objectified, but in That which objectifies.

It's put in a childlike way, but it's so true and so simple! The more you see things in detail, the more you notice that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, even more than that, if you are tense or hurt, or pained or bothered, it's simply because things aren't exactly as you had told yourself they should be — this is for intelligent people; for less ‘intelligent’ people, it's a sort of desire: they want things to be ‘that way’ (they feel it much more than they think it), and then when things happen in another way, oh, they get a shock. But if they had wanted it beforehand, it would have been a pleasure — exactly the same occurrence. The occurrence would be exactly the same. If they had wanted it beforehand, they would have said, “Ah, at last this has been realized,” and just because they didn't think of it, because they didn't see it: “Oh, how horrible!” Almost everywhere and almost constantly that's how it is. I see it more and more in the small movement of every minute.

* * *

(Then Mother starts sorting old scattered notes on all manner of slips of paper. She holds out to Satprem a first slip:)

What is it?

It's about young I.

Oh! I.... — I. is Amenhotep.

That was very amusing (I didn't tell his mother), but I saw him a year or two ago when he arrived from America with his parents. They came here to see me. I saw him, I wasn't thinking of anything, I was simply looking at him (meaning that I was taking him inside me). He wasn't quite like an ordinary child, he had rather princely manners. I noticed it, but nothing special apart from that. I saw him in the morning, then in the afternoon when I rested, I had a vision, that is to say, I relived a life in Egypt. It was ancient Egypt, I saw it from my costume, from the walls, from everything (I don't know if I have noted it there), anyway it wasn't modern. And I clearly was the Pharaoh's wife, or his sister (I don't remember now), and suddenly I said to myself, “This child is impossible! He keeps doing what he isn't supposed to do!” (Mother laughs) So I went out of my room, entered a great hall, and the
little child was busy playing in a gutter! *(Laughing)* Which I found completely disgusting! So his tutor ran up to me immediately to tell me (I must have noted it): “Such is the will of Amenhotep.”

That is how I knew his name.

What did I write?

“I, in ancient Egypt. A temple or palace of ancient Egypt. Light- and fresh-colored paintings on the very high walls. Clear light. About the child, very bold, independent and playful, I hear the end of a sentence: ‘Such is the will of ...tep.’ The entire name is uttered very clearly, but when I got up (too abruptly), only the syllable ‘tep’ was retained by the memory of the waking consciousness. It was the tutor speaking to me about the child. I am the Pharaoh's wife or the high priestess of the temple, with full authority.”

That was my first memory on waking up. But he is Amenhotep. What's written there?

*It's a note on Amenhotep: “Amenhotep III is the builder of Thebes and Luxor.... His palace, south of Thebes, was built with sun-dried bricks covered with painted stucco. His wife, Taia, seems to have come from a modest family, but was showered with honours by him and their son. The son succeeded his father under the name of Amenhotep IV. He was a religious reformer who replaced the cult of Ammon with that of Aton (the Sun). He took the name of Akhenaton.”* [Encyclopedia Britannica]

That's the one.
He's a tough little fellow, dear me! They have a hard time with him.
I didn't tell his mother.
When they are here, everything is fine. But as soon as they go to Bombay, where the husband's family is, he falls ill, he becomes absolutely unbearable, he is impossible — here, he is controlled. And strangely enough, they put in his bedroom friezes of simplified animals (I saw some photos, they look very much like Egyptian paintings), and he is very happy there, very calm.
It's amusing.
And I wasn't thinking of anything at all; I was looking at that child (who is obviously a conscious and very self-assured being), I looked at him and it amused me; then I put it out of my mind. And later on, I had that vision and I knew it was he — I saw him. “Such is the will of Amenhotep.”

* * *

_Mother goes on sorting her scattered slips of paper:_

There are all kinds of things, because I shove everything in here indiscriminately — bits of notes, private letters, things I never sent....
And what's this?
“You leave free hand to the bandits and …”

Oh, this is a message I sent mentally to the Government of India! They wanted to lend money to the “Lake estate”! and they asked for guarantees, all sorts of dreadful things, as if they really were dealing with a gang of bandits. I refused. I told them, “Keep your money, I don't want it at such a price.” But I wrote this and for a long time kept it here, on my table (that's my method, I do that for my work). I was very angry and I wrote:

“You leave free hand to the bandits ... and you take all sorts of insulting measures against honest people.”

It hasn't been published. Those papers are actions: occult actions. I write them, keep them, and then I ‘recharge’ them.

You can classify this one in the ‘subjects for meditation’ (!) ... on the Government's manners.

Sometimes, for someone or other, I'll write a sentence in that way, but I won't send it, I'll keep it; then, after a week or two weeks or a month, the person tells me he had an experience and that I told him such and such a thing — the very thing I had written. It's a very good method.

And also when you want to destroy something, you write it down, then you tear it up and burn it.

_{Yes, but the Government is deaf!}_

_{(Mother laughs)} It had some effect, a lot of effect. We received apologies, almost. But it isn't over yet; they said they would give (not lend: give) without asking for any guarantee.

Very well, we'll see.

*     *

_Mother sorts another paper:_

You know, it's always the same thing: I don't 'think' — I don't think, I don't try to answer, I don't have any questions; when I read something, a letter, I let it enter into the Silence, and that's all. Then, suddenly, at any moment, prrt! up comes the answer. It doesn't come from my head, which is perfectly still: it just comes. And it pesters me: it comes and repeats itself until I've written it down. So I have papers in every corner and pens in every corner! I take a paper and write, then it's over; and as soon as it's written down, I have peace. And when I have time to start ‘writing’ a letter, I settle down, I choose a good piece of paper and I write it out again.

But the papers and pens depend on the place where I've written!

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1 An estate on the bank of the Lake, west of Pondicherry, where a model farm and cultivation are planned.
I keep them in every corner of every room!

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*  *

A little later, regarding another note:

“In spiritual life, one is always a virgin every time ...”

I never sent it. It was someone (a Frenchwoman) who had a rather curious experience and wrote to me she had suddenly felt that, in love, she was a virgin when she met me, and that it was with a virgin's love that she came to me. So I answered, because it's true:

“... one is always a virgin every time one awakens to a new love, for in each case it is a new part of the being, a new state of being that awakens to divine Love.”

I wrote it, but didn't send it.

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Another note:

“People, in their blindness, leave the light ...”

(Mother takes over) which they are used to, in order to go to the darkness, which is new for them! ... That is for the children who have been brought up here and want to go and study in America or wherever. One of them went away to study ‘true education’ ... in England! So that was a bit too much.

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Another note:

“If you want peace in the world or upon earth, first establish peace in your heart.  
If you want union in the world, first unify the different parts of your own being.”

That went to “World-Union”!

2 World-Union: a group for the union of the world, launched by a few disunited disciples.
A last note or reflection of Mother's on her present yoga:

“When, through those around me, the outer world tries to impose its will on the rhythm of the inner life, it creates an imbalance which the body does not always have the time to overcome.”