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The Flame Child



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The Flame-Child

Matter shall reveal the Spirit's face. — Sri Aurobindo

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Editorial note: On the 141st birth anniversary of the Mother we present few reflections as subject of meditation upon Her. We also present few glimpses of Her life that would inspire us to walk the Path held and helped by Her Saving Hand of Grace. Even as Her vast and universal Personality, Her experiences are many-sided and touch upon the spiritual and the material simultaneously. It is impossible for any compilation or book to bring out all the sides of Her infinity cramped in a single form. Yet whatever little we do have is enough to give us a little glimpse into Her vastness and exclaim with joy:

*'If this is she of whom the world has heard,
Wonder no more at any happy change.
Each easy miracle of felicity
Of her transmuting heart the alchemy is.'*

Savitri: 723

Of course what little has been narrated by Her is in a certain context during the course of Her conversations. For want of space the entire conversation cannot be reproduced. At the same time it is certain that there is much more that has never been revealed which is perhaps of an even greater importance. Admitting the various limitations of any such compilation we venture to present glimpses of Her early life through Her own conversations.



Since the beginning of the earth, wherever and whenever there was the possibility of manifesting a ray of the Consciousness, I was there.

CWM 13: 37

The Mother

Reflections

Myself and My Creed

I belong to no nation, no civilisation, no society, no race, but to the Divine.

I obey to no master, no ruler, no law, no social convention, but to the Divine.

To Him I have surrendered all, will, life and self; for Him I am ready to give all my blood, drop by drop, if such is His Will, with complete joy; and nothing in His service can be sacrifice, for all is perfect delight.

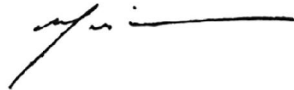
CWM 13: 38

Written in Japan - February 1920.

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I always look upward. Beauty, Peace, Light are there, they are ready to come down. So, always aspire and look up, in order to manifest them upon this earth.

Do not look down at the ugly things of the world. Look always upward with me, whenever you feel sad.

CWM 13:68

The Mother

What I want to bring about in the material world, upon the earth.

1. Perfect Consciousness.
2. Integral Knowledge, omniscience.
3. Power invincible, irresistible, ineluctable; omnipotence.
4. Health, perfect, constant, unshakable; perpetually renewed energy.
5. Eternal youth, constant growth, uninterrupted progress.
6. Perfect beauty, complex and total harmony.
7. Inexhaustible unparalleled riches, control over all the wealth of this world.
8. The gift of healing and giving happiness.
9. Immunity from all accidents, invulnerability against all adverse attacks.
10. Perfect power of expression in all fields and all activities.
11. The gift of tongues, the power of making oneself understood perfectly by all.
12. And all else necessary for the accomplishment of Thy work.

I wish

1. personally to be eternally the perfect expression of the Supreme Divine.
2. that the supramental victory, manifestation and transformation should take place at once.
3. that all suffering should disappear for ever from the worlds present and future.

CWM 13: 41-42

I hope and believe Your work does not depend upon human beings.

No, it does not depend at all upon human beings. What has to be done will be done despite all possible resistances.

CWM 13: 47

When the Supreme Lord told you to make the world, how did you know what had to be done?

I had nothing to learn for that, because the Supreme Lord contains everything in Himself: the whole world, the knowledge of the world and the power to make it. When He decided that there should be a world, He first brought forth the knowledge of the world and the power to make it and that is me, and then He commanded me to make the world.

Why did you come like us? Why did you not come as you truly are?

Because if I did not come like you, I could never be close to you and I would not be able to tell you: "Become what I am."

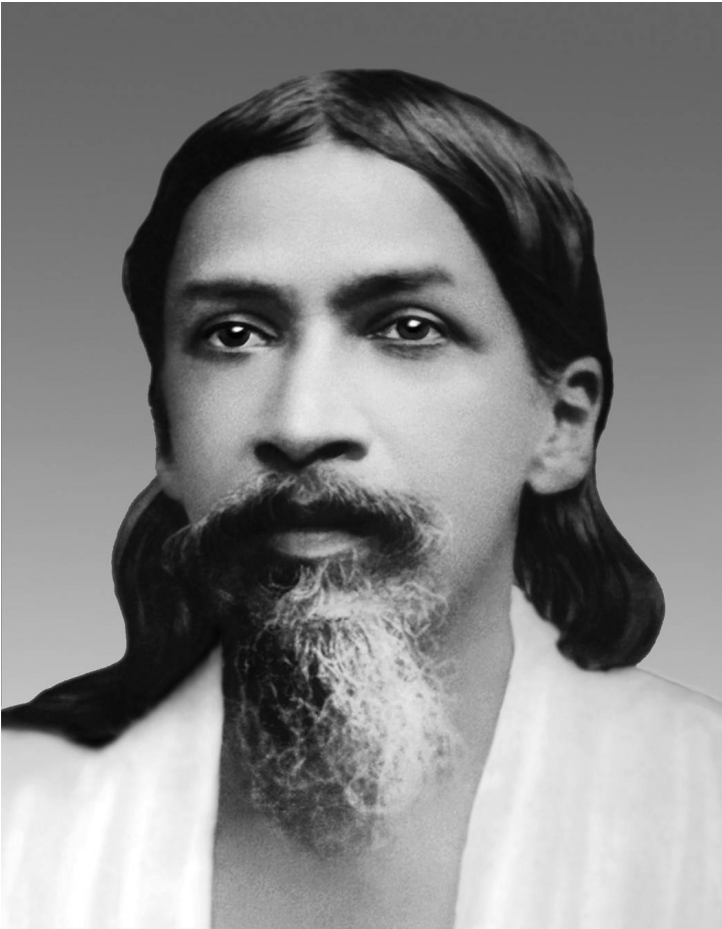
CWM 13: 52

You put something in Your words which enables us to see the Truth that words cannot convey. What is it that accompanies Your words?

Consciousness.

CWM 13: 53

The Mother



I do not want to be worshipped. I have come to work, not to be worshipped; let them worship Thee to their heart's content and leave me, silent and hidden, to do my work undisturbed — and of all veils the body is the best.

CWM 13: 46

The Mother

Reminiscences

Consciously prepared body

I was born with a consciously prepared body — Sri Aurobindo was aware of that, he said it immediately the first time he saw me: I was born free. That is, from the spiritual standpoint: without any desire. Without any desire and attachment. And, mon petit, if there is the slightest desire and the slightest attachment, it's impossible to do this work.

A vital like a warrior, with an absolute self-control (the vital of this present incarnation was sexless — a warrior), an absolutely calm and imperturbable warrior — no desires, no attachments....

If people were nasty to me, or if people died or went away, it left me absolutely calm. ...

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, March 28, 1964

A mother's aspiration and a formidable will

It's strange.... I say 'strange' because it's due to her¹ that I took birth in this body, that it was chosen. When she was very young she had a great aspiration. She was exactly twenty years older than I; she was twenty when I was born and I was her third child.... The first was a son who died in Turkey when he was two months old.... Next was my brother who was born in Egypt, at Alexandria, and then me, born in Paris when she was exactly twenty years old. At that time (especially since the death of her first child) she had a kind of great aspiration in her: her children had to be 'the best in the world.' It wasn't an ambition, I don't know what it was. And what a will she had! My mother had a formidable will, like an iron bar, utterly impervious to all outside

1. The Mother's physical mother

influence. Once she had made up her mind, it was made up; even if someone had been dying before her eyes, she wouldn't have budged! And she decided: 'My children will be the best in the world.'

One thing she did have was a sense of progress; she felt that the world was progressing and we had to be better than anything that had come before — and that was sufficient.

It's strange, but that was sufficient.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961

I was brought up by an ascetic, a stoic; my mother was a woman like an iron bar, you know. When my brother and I were small she spent her time telling us over and over that we weren't on earth to have fun; that it's constant hell, but you have to put up with it, and the only possible satisfaction lies in doing your duty!

A splendid education, mon petit!

Splendid. I am infinitely grateful to her. My body has never asked for fun or well-being or anything else. "That's life," it said, "and you just have to take it as it is."

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, May 29, 1962

A strong and balanced physique

My father was wonderfully healthy and strong — well-balanced. He wasn't very tall, but stocky. He did all his studies in Austria (at that time French was widely spoken in Austria, but he knew *German*, he knew *English*, *Italian*, *Turkish* ...), and there he had learned to ride horses in an extraordinary manner: he was so strong that he could bring a horse to the ground simply by pressing his knees. He could break anything at all with a blow of his fist, even one of those big silver five-franc pieces they had in those days — one blow and it was broken in two....

And could he tell stories! I think he read every novel available, all the stories he could find — extraordinary adventure stories, for he loved adventures. When we were kids he used to let us come into his room very early in the morning and, while still sitting in bed, tell us stories from the books he had read — but he told them as if they were his own, as if he'd had extraordinary adventures with outlaws, with wild animals.... Every story he picked up he told as his own. We enjoyed it tremendously!

But one day when my brother had disobeyed him (Matteo must have been ten or eleven, and I perhaps nine or ten), I came into the dining room and saw my father sitting on a sofa with my brother across his knees; he had pulled down his trousers and was spanking him, I don't know what for. It wasn't a very serious spanking, but still.... I came in, drew myself up to my full height and said, 'Papa, if you ever do that again, I am leaving this house!' And with such authority, *mon petit!* He stopped and never did it again.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961

Being a master of oneself

... if you are consciously organised, unified around the divine centre, ruled and directed by it, you are master of your destiny. That is worth the trouble of attempting.... In any case, I find it preferable to be the master rather than the slave. It is a rather unpleasant sensation to feel yourself pulled by the strings and made to do things whether you want to or not—it makes no difference — but to be compelled to act because something pulls you by the strings, something which you do not even see — that is exasperating. However, I do not know, but I found it very annoying, even when I was a little child. At five, it began to seem to me quite intolerable and I sought for a way so that it might be

otherwise — without people getting a chance to scold me. For I knew nobody who could help me and I did not have the chance that you have, someone who can tell you: “This is what you have to do!” There was nobody to tell me that. I had to find it out all by myself. And I found it. I started at five.

CWM 5: 138

The world’s misery

I remember once.... She scolded me quite often (but it was very good, a very good lesson), she scolded me very, very often for things I hadn’t even done! Once she came down on me for something I had done but which she hadn’t understood (I had done it with the best of intentions); I had given something to someone without her permission, and she reproached me for it as though it were a crime! At first I stiffened and said, ‘I didn’t do it.’ She started to say I was lying. Then all at once, mutely, I looked at her and felt ... I felt all this human misery and all this human falsehood, and soundlessly the tears began to fall. ‘What! Now you’re crying!’ she said. At that, I became a bit *fed up*. ‘Oh, I’m not crying about myself,’ I told her, ‘but about the world’s misery.’

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961

A remedy for hurt

I suggest the same remedy as the one I was using in my childhood when disagreeing with my young playmates. I was at that time, as you are, very sensitive and I felt hurt when abused by them, especially by those whom I had shown only sympathy and kindness. I used to tell myself: “Why be sorry and feel miserable? If they are right in what they say, I have only to be glad for the lesson and correct myself; if they are wrong, why should I worry about it —

it is for them to be sorry for their mistake. In both cases the best and the most dignified thing I can do is to remain strong, quiet and unmoved."

This lesson which I was giving myself and trying to follow when I was eight years old, still holds good in all similar cases.

CWM 12: 156

The ridiculousness of life

For a time I attended a private school: I didn't go to a state school because my mother considered it unfitting for a girl to be in a state school! But I was in a private school, a school of high repute at the time: their teachers were really capable people. The geography teacher, a man of renown, had written books, his books on geography were well-known. He was a fine man. So then, we were doing geography; I enjoyed maps more completely because it all had to be drawn. One day, the teacher looked at me (he was an intelligent man), he looked at me and asked, "Why are towns, the big cities, found on rivers?" I saw the students' bewildered look, they were saying to themselves, "Lucky the question wasn't put to me!" I replied, "But it's very simple! It's because rivers are a natural means of communication." (*Mother laughs*) He too was taken aback!... That's how it was, all my studies were like that, I enjoyed myself all the time — enjoyed myself thoroughly, it was great fun!

The teacher of literature ... He was an old fellow full of all the most conventional ideas imaginable. What a bore he was, oh! ... So all the students sat there, their noses to the grindstone. He would give subjects for essays — do you know *The Path of Later On and the Road of Tomorrow*? I wrote it when I was twelve, it was my paper on his question! He had given a proverb (now I forget the words) and expected to be told ... all the sensible things! I told my story, that

little story, it was written at the age of twelve. Afterwards he would eye me with misgivings! (*Laughing*) He expected me to make a scene.... Oh, but I was a good girl!

But it was always like that: with that something looking on and seeing the sheer ridiculousness of this life which takes itself so seriously!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 26, 1967

Learning languages

So it was consciousness.

Next came the period of learning and developing, but on an ordinary mental level — school years.[Mother clarified: "Actually, a growth of consciousness was going on throughout those years of study; I didn't learn things by rote, I needed to understand them; and as soon as I understood something, I knew it. In other words, because the learning period was not yet intellectual, it can be considered part of the period of consciousness development."] Curiosity made me want to learn to read. Did I tell you how it happened? When I was around seven, just under seven, my brother, who was eighteen months older, used to bring big pictures home from school with him (you know, pictures for children with captions at the bottom; they're still used nowadays) and he gave me one of them. "What's written there?" I asked. "Read it!" he said. "Don't know how," I replied. "Then learn!" "All right," I told him, "show me the letters." He brought me an A—B—C book. I knew it within two days and on the third day I started reading. That's how I learned. "Oh—oh," they used to say, "this child is backward! Seven years old and she still can't read — disgraceful!" The whole family fretted about it. And then lo and behold, in about a week I knew what should have taken me years to learn — it made them think twice!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 25, 1962



The luminous and powerful Consciousness above the head

In fact, if I look at the order my own yoga took.... When I was five years old (I must have begun earlier, but the memory is a bit vague and imprecise) ... well, I began with consciousness. Of course I had no idea what it was. But my first experience was of the consciousness here (*gesture above the head*), which I felt like a Light and a Force; and I felt it there (*same gesture*) at the age of five. It was a very pleasant sensation. I would sit in a little armchair made especially for me, all alone in my room, and I ... (I didn't know what it was, you see, not a thing, nothing — mentally zero) and I had a very pleasant feeling of something very strong, very luminous, and it was here (*above the head*). Consciousness. And I felt, "That's what I have to live, what I have to be." Not with all those words, naturally, but ... (*Mother makes a gesture of aspiration Upward*). Then I would pull it down, for it was ... it was truly my *raison d'être*.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 25, 1962

School years

I was a very bright student, always for the same reason: I wanted to understand. I wasn't interested in learning things by heart like the others did — I wanted to understand them. And what a memory I had, a fantastic memory for sounds and images! I had only to read a poem aloud at night, and the next morning I knew it. And after I had studied or read a book and someone mentioned a passage to me, I would say, "Ah, yes — that's on page so and so." I would find the page. Nothing had faded, it was all still fresh. But this is the ordinary period of development.

Then at a very young age (about eight or ten), along with my studies I began to paint. At twelve I was already doing portraits. All aspects of art and beauty, but particularly music and painting, fascinated me. I went through a very intense vital development during that period, with, just like in my early years, the presence of a kind of inner Guide; and all centered on studies: the study of sensations, observations, the study of technique, comparative studies, even a whole spectrum of observations dealing with taste, smell and hearing — a kind of classification of experiences. And this extended to all facets of life, all the experiences life can bring, all of them — miseries, joys, difficulties, sufferings, everything — oh, a whole field of studies! And always this presence within, judging, deciding, classifying, organising and systematising everything.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 25, 1962

Many different things

... I did many different things! And I was always told I would never be good at anything. I studied, I did painting, I did music, and besides was busy with other things still. And I was told my music wouldn't be up to much, my painting

wouldn't be worthwhile, and my studies would be quite incomplete. Probably it is quite true, but still I have found that this had its advantages... Of widening, making supple one's mind and understanding.

*

I remember having learnt to play tennis when I was eight, it was a passion; but I never wished to play with my little comrades because I learnt nothing (usually I used to defeat them), I always went to the best players. At times they looked surprised, but in the end they played with me — I never won but I learnt much.

*

I myself encouraged fencing a great deal because it gives a skill, a control of one's movements and a discipline in violence.... I learned to shoot. I used to shoot with a pistol, I used to shoot with a rifle because that gives you a steadiness and skill and a sure-sightedness that is excellent, and it obliges you to stay calm in the midst of danger.

CWM 12: 436-37

Advancing towards perfection

But there was one thing (now I understand, at the time I didn't know why it was so): whatever I wanted to do I could do, but after a time, I had experienced the thing and it didn't seem to me important enough to devote a whole life to it. So I would move on to something else: painting, music, science, literature ... everything, and also practical things. And always with extraordinary ease. Then, after a while, very well, I would leave it. So my mother (she was a very stern person) would say, "My daughter is incapable of seeing anything through to the end." And it remained like that: incapable of seeing anything through to the end — always taking to something, then leaving it, then after a

time taking to something else.... "Unstable. Unstable — she will never achieve anything in life!" (*Mother laughs*)

And it was really the childlike transcription of the need for ever more, ever better, ever more, ever better ... endlessly — the sense of advance, advance towards perfection. A perfection that I felt to be quite beyond anything people thought of — something ... a "something" ... which was indefinable, but which I sought through everything.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 26, 1967

A great suppleness and a vast scope

Once, very long ago, when Sri Aurobindo was telling me about himself, that is, his childhood, his formation, I put the question to him, I asked him, "Why am I, as an individual being, so mediocre? I can do anything; all that I have tried to do I have done, but never in a superior way: always like this (*gesture to an average level*)." Then he answered me (at the time I took it as a kindness or commiseration), "That's because it gives great suppleness — a great suppleness and a vast scope; because people who have perfection in one field are concentrated and specialised." As I said, I took it simply as a caress to comfort a child. But now I realise that the most important thing is not to have any fixity: nothing should be set, definitive, like the sense of a perfection in the realisation — that means a dead stop in the march forward. The sense of incapacity (with the meaning I said of mediocrity, of something by no means exceptional) leaves you in a sort of expectation (*gesture of aspiration upward*) of something better. So then, the most important thing is suppleness, suppleness. Suppleness and breadth: reject nothing as useless or bad or inferior — nothing; set nothing up as really superior and beautiful — nothing.

Remain ever open, ever open.

The ideal is to have this suppleness and receptivity and surrender, that is, so total an acceptance of the Influence that whatever comes, naturally, spontaneously and effortlessly the instrument adapts itself instantly to express it. With everything, of course: with the plastic arts, with music, with writing.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, February 18, 1967

The nonsense in history

As a child, when I was around ten or twelve years old, I had some rather interesting experiences which I didn't understand at all. I had some history books — you know, the textbooks they give you to learn history. Well, I'd read and suddenly the book would seem to become transparent, or the printed words would become transparent, and I'd see other words or even pictures. I hadn't the faintest idea what was happening to me! And it appeared so natural to me that I thought it was the same for everybody. But my brother and I were great chums (he was only a year and a half older), so I would tell him: "They talk nonsense in history, you know — it is like this; it isn't like that: it is like this!" And several times the corrections I got on one person or another turned out to be quite exact and detailed. And (I see it now — I understood it later on) they were certainly memories. About some passages I would even say, "How stupid! It was never that; this is what was said. It never happened like that; this is how it happened." And the book was simply open before me; I was just reading along like any other child and ... suddenly something would occur. It was something in me, of course, but I used to think it was in the book!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, June 30, 1962

The web of social life

How well I understand all those who don't know or to whom it hasn't been shown or revealed that we are going towards something else, that it will be something else! ... Such a feeling of futility, stupidity, uselessness, and absolutely devoid of any ... any intensity, any life, any reality, any ardor, any soul — bah! It's disgusting.

While it was all coming up, I thought, 'How is this possible? ...' For during those years of my life (I'm now outside things; I do them but I'm entirely outside. ...) I was already conscious, but nevertheless I was in what I was doing to a certain extent; I was this web of social life. You see, there it's ... it's a bit less constricting, a bit looser, you can slip through the mesh from time to time to breathe some air. But here, according to what I've learned from people and what Sri Aurobindo told me, it's absolutely unbearable (it's the same in Japan, absolutely unbearable). In other words, you can't help but smash everything. Over there, you sometimes get a breath of air, but still it's quite relative. And this morning I wondered ... (you see, for years I lived in that way ... for years and years) just as I was wondering, 'How was I able to live that and not kick out in every direction?', just as I was looking at it, I saw up above, above this ... and just then I saw a splendor of such sweet light above it — so sweet, so full of true love, true compassion something so warm, so warm ... the relief, the solace of an eternity of sweetness, light, beauty, in an eternity of patience which feels neither the past nor the inanity and imbecility of things — it was so wonderful! That was entirely the feeling it gave, and I said to myself, 'That is what made you live, without That it would not have been possible.' Oh, it would not have been possible — I would not have lived even three days! That is there, always there,

awaiting its hour, if we would only let it in.

And it's still the same thing; only now I'm up here (*Mother gestures above the head*), I'm here, so it's quite another matter.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, November 15, 1960

Born with some abilities

When I was a child and didn't know a thing, I fainted a couple of times; the fainting, as it happened, wasn't unconscious — it was conscious — and after a bit of practice (not the practice of fainting!), of occult practice, when I fainted I would see myself. Even before that, I had seen myself but without knowing what it all meant, I couldn't make head or tail of it. But I would see myself. And afterwards, whenever I would faint, the first thing I did was to see my body lying down in a ridiculous position. So I would rush back into it vigorously, and it would be all over.

Of course, I was probably born with some abilities!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, April 20, 1963

Not to lament but to put right

You see, apparently I was a child like any other, except that I was hard to handle. Hard in the sense that I had no interest in food, no interest in ordinary games, no liking for going to my friends' houses for snacks, because eating cake wasn't the least bit interesting! And it was impossible to punish me because I really couldn't have cared less: being deprived of dessert was rather a relief for me! And then I flatly refused to learn reading, I refused to learn. And even bathing me was very hard, because I was put in the care of an English governess, and that meant cold baths — my brother took it in stride, but I just howled! Later it was found to be bad for me (the doctor said so), but

that was much later. So you get the picture.

But whenever there was unpleasantness with my relatives, with playmates or friends, I would feel all the nastiness or bad will — all sorts of pretty ugly things that came (I was rather sensitive, for I instinctively nurtured an ideal of beauty and harmony, which all the circumstances of life kept denying)... so whenever I felt sad, I was most careful not to say anything to my mother or father, because my father didn't give a hoot and my mother would scold me — that was always the first thing she did. And so I would go to my room and sit down in my little armchair, and there I could concentrate and try to understand ... in my own way. And I remember that after quite a few probably fruitless attempts I wound up telling myself. "Look here, you feel sad because so-and-so said something really disgusting to you — but why does that make you cry? Why are you so sad? He's the one who was bad, so he should be crying. You didn't do anything bad to him.... Did you tell him nasty things? Did you fight with her, or with him? No, you didn't do anything, did you; well then, you needn't feel sad. You should only be sad if you've done something bad, but...." So that settled it: I would never cry. With just a slight inward movement, or "something" that said, "You've done no wrong," there was no sadness.

But there was another side to this "someone": it was watching me more and more, and as soon as I said one word or made one gesture too many, had one little bad thought, teased my brother or whatever, the smallest thing, it would say (*Mother takes on a severe tone*), "Look out, be careful!" At first I used to moan about it, but by and by it taught me: "Don't lament — put right, mend." And when things could be mended — as they almost always

could — I would do so. All that on a five to seven — year — old child's scale of intelligence.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 25, 1962

One Sound that is Universal

There is one sound which, to me, has an extraordinary power — extraordinary and universal (that's the important point): it doesn't depend on the language you speak, it doesn't depend on the education you were given, it doesn't depend on the atmosphere you breathe. And that sound, without knowing anything, I used to say it when I was a child (you know how in French we say, "Oh!"; well, I used to say "OM," without knowing anything!). And indeed, I made all kinds of experiments with that sound — it's fantastic, even, fantastic! It's unbelievable.

So then, if around this you build something that corresponds to your own aspiration — certain sounds or words that for you evoke a soul state — then it's very good.

All that is traditional benefits from the power of tradition, that goes without saying, but it's necessarily very limited — personally, it gives me the feeling of something shriveled and withered, as if all the juice it could contain had been squeezed out (!) Except if, spontaneously, the sounds correspond to a soul state in you.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, September 23, 1964

Look here, I was in France some, I think, sixty years ago.

There was a Frenchman who came back from the Himalayas, who had stayed there some time and he gave a lecture, and I listened to the lecture and in the lecture he said that when he was deep in the Himalayas, there was a Sannyasin whom he didn't know, [who] came to see him and told him only this "O.....M" and that he was

completely changed.

And then, when he said, "O.....M", I felt the same change in me,... as if the Divine was coming in. O.....M.

Blessings of the Grace, p.73

Sensitivity to atmospheres

I am extremely sensitive to the composition of the air, from my earliest childhood: "airs," if I may say so, they each had their own taste, their own color and quality, and I would recognize them to such a point that sometimes I would say, "Oh, the air of ..." (I was a child, of course), "the air of this country or the air of that place has come here." It was like that. I was extremely sensitive to the quality of pure air, that is, without the elements that come from the decomposition of life and especially from the places where people are crowded together. It was like that to an extremely sharp degree: for instance, if I was moved from one place to another, I could be suddenly cured of an illness from the change of air. When I met Théon, it became conscious, an object of study, and ... it still goes on. Perhaps a few days ago (I can't say, time has no meaning), but not very long ago, I said, "There's something new in the air." And something very unpleasant, extremely pernicious; I felt that that something (I didn't say anything to anyone, naturally) had a peculiar, extremely subtle odor, not a physical one, and had the power to separate vital vibrations from physical vibrations — that is to say, an extremely noxious element.

Immediately I set to work (it lasted for hours), and the night was spent counteracting it: I tried to find which higher vibration could counteract it, until I succeeded in clarifying the atmosphere. But the memory remained very precise.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, November 14, 1964

Conscious sleep

We all know, of course, that the Divine Consciousness is there in the depths of the Inconscient; but even so, sleep appears to be a fall, and there are people who fall almost completely back into the Inconscient and come out of their sleep far duller than when they entered it. But for some reason, probably due to the necessities of the Work, I have never to my knowledge had a fully unconscious sleep.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961

It is a most pleasant way of passing the nights. You begin a story, then, when it is time to wake up, you put a full stop to the last sentence and come back into your body. And then the following night you start off again, re-open the page and resume your story during the whole time you are out; and then you arrange things well — they must be well arranged, it must be very beautiful. And when it is time to come back, you put a full stop once again and tell those things, "Stay very quiet till I return!" And you come back into your body. And you continue this every evening and write a book of wonderful fairy-tales provided you remember them when you wake up....

When I was small I used to call this "telling stories to oneself". It is not at all a telling with words, in one's head: it is a going away to this place which is fresh and pure, and... building up a wonderful story there. And if you know how to tell yourself a story in this way, and if it is truly beautiful, truly harmonious, truly powerful and well co-ordinated, this story will be realised in your life — perhaps not exactly in the form in which you created it, but as a more or less changed physical expression of what you made.

That may take years, perhaps, but your story will tend to organise your life....

CWM 8: 116-17

Spontaneous trance

There was another thing (laughing): even as a young child, I would all of a sudden, right in the middle of an action or a sentence or anything at all, go into trance — and nobody knew what it was! They would all think I had gone to sleep! But I remained conscious, with an arm raised or in the middle of a word — and poof! No one there (*Mother laughs*). No one there outwardly, but inwardly quite an intense, interesting experience. That used to happen to me even when I was very young.

I remember once (I must have been ten or twelve years old at the time), there was a luncheon at my parents' house for a dozen or so people, all decked out in their Sunday best — they were family but all the same it was a 'luncheon' and there was a certain protocol; in short, one had to behave properly. I was at one end of the table next to a first cousin of mine who later became director of the Louvre for a while (he had an artistic intelligence, a rather capable young man). So there we were, and I remember I was observing something rather interesting in his atmosphere (mind you, although the faculties were already there, I knew nothing about occult things; if someone had spoken to me of 'auras' and all that.... I knew nothing). I was observing a kind of sensation I had felt in his atmosphere and then, just as I was putting the fork into my mouth, I took off! What a scolding I got! I was told that if I didn't know how to behave, I shouldn't come to the table! (*Mother goes into peals of laughter*)

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961

Extending beyond the body

... once, for a long time, for several months, I was confined to bed and I found it rather boring — I wanted to see. I was in a room and at one end there was another little room and at the end of the little room there was a kind of bridge; in the middle of the garden the bridge became a staircase leading down into a very big and very beautiful studio, standing in the middle of the garden.

I wanted to go and see what was happening in the studio, for I was feeling bored in my room. So I would remain very quiet, close my eyes and send out my consciousness, little by little, little by little, little by little. And day after day — I chose a fixed time and did the exercise regularly.

At first you make use of your imagination and then it becomes a fact. After some time I really had the physical sensation that my vision was moving; I followed it and then I could see things downstairs which I knew nothing about. I would check afterwards. In the evening I would ask, "Was this like that? And was that like this?" But for each one of these things you must practise for months with patience, with a kind of obstinacy. You take the senses one by one, hearing, sight, and you can even arrive at subtle realities of taste, smell and touch.

CWM 10: 132

No accidents can happen

I was nine or ten years old, I was running with some friends in the forest of Fontainebleau (I've told this story somewhere). The forest is rather dense, so you can't see very far ahead. We were running, and speeding along as I was, I didn't see I was coming to the edge overhanging the road. The place where we were was about ten feet above

the road (more than a story high), and the road was paved with stones — freshly paved. And we were running. I was racing ahead, the others were behind. Well, I'd built up such momentum that I couldn't stop — whoosh! I went sailing into the air. I was ten, eleven at the most, mind you, with no notion of the miraculous or the marvelous, nothing, nothing — I was just flung into the air. And I felt something supporting me, holding me up, and I was literally set down on the ground, on the stones. I got up (I found it perfectly natural, you understand!): not a scratch, not a speck of dust, nothing, absolutely intact. I fell down very, very slowly. Then everyone rushed up to see. "Oh, it's nothing!" I said, "I am all right." And I left it at that. But the impression lingered. That feeling of something carrying me (*gesture of a slow fall, like a leaf falling in stages with slight pauses*): I fell down that slow. And the material proof was there, it was no illusion since I was unscathed — the road was paved with stones (you know the flint stones of France?): not a scratch, nothing. Not a speck of dust.

The soul was very alive at the time, and with all its strength it resisted the intrusion of the material logic of the world — so it seemed to me perfectly natural. I simply thought, "No. Accidents can't happen to me.

But flung like that! ... For a very long time the memory of the sensation remained: something that went like this (*same gesture of a leaf falling*) and simply set me down on the road.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, March 9, 1963

Being carried upon wings

There was another occurrence (less striking), once in a room as long as this one and wider, the salon in my family's house. Some little friends had come and we were playing. I told them, "I'll show you how one should dance." I went to

a corner of the room to get the longest distance to another corner, and I told them, "One single step in the middle." And I did it! I sprang (I didn't even feel I was jumping, it was like dancing, you know, like when they dance on point), landed on the tips of my toes, bounced up and reached the other corner — you can't do that alone, even champions cannot. The length of the jump went beyond records, because afterwards I asked here, when we started physical exercises at the Ashram, I asked what the longest jump was — mine was longer! And they take a run up, you see, they run and then jump. But I didn't run: I was standing in the corner, and hop! up I went (I said "hop!" to myself, soundlessly), and frrrt! I landed on the tips of my toes, bounced and landed the other side — quite evidently I was carried.

All this took place before the age of thirteen or fourteen (from eight to thirteen or fourteen). Many things of the kind, all of which seemed to me perfectly natural — it didn't feel as though I was doing something miraculous. Perfectly natural.

I remember also, once, there were iron hoops bordering the lawns in the *Bois de Boulogne* — and I used to take a walk on them! It was a challenge I threw to my brother (there was a difference of sixteen months between us, he was older — and much better behaved too!). I told him, "Can you walk on these?" "Leave me alone," he answered, "it's not interesting." "Just watch!" I told him. And I started walking on them, with such ease! As if I had done it all my life. It was the same phenomenon: I felt weightless.

Always the feeling of being carried: something holding me up, carrying me. And now if I compare the movement or the sensation ... it's the same as that vast movement of wings — the same vibration.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, March 9, 1963

The Promise of material Nature

When I was a child (about twelve years old) I knew nothing of spiritual things, my family lived in a completely materialistic atmosphere; but once, I saw something in a dream: a being came to me, a woman, and she told me, "What you need you will always have in abundance." That was Nature, material Nature, the same being I always saw later on. And it's true, absolutely true! (*Mother, laughing, shows the jumble around her*) Later, when I saw Theon, he explained to me; but at that time, I knew nothing at all, it wasn't made up by my thought, it came without my knowing anything: "What you need you will always have in abundance." (*Mother laughs*) It's true!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, June 3, 1970

When I was young, I was as poor as a turkey, as poor as could be! As an artist, I sometimes had to go out in society (as artists are forced to do). I had lacquered boots that were cracked ... and I painted them so it wouldn't show! This is to tell you the state I was in — poor as a turkey. So one day, in a shop window, I saw a very pretty petticoat much in fashion then, with lace, ribbons, etc. (It was the fashion in those days to have long skirts which trailed on the floor, and I didn't have a petticoat which could go with such things — I didn't care, it didn't matter to me in the least, but since Nature had told me I would always have everything I needed, I wanted to make an experiment.) So I said, 'Well, I would very much like to have a petticoat to go with those skirts.' I got five of them! They came from every direction!

And it is always like that. I never ask for anything, but if by chance I say to myself, 'Hmm, wouldn't it be nice to have that,' mountains of them pour in!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, June 22, 1958

Nothing is impossible

In my life, I have been given so many, so many experiences, as proof that everything is possible. For instance, when I was twenty-two, one night, after an experience I had in the night (I forget the details of it) ... at the time women wore dresses that exactly touched the ground, just touched it without resting on it (*gesture of skimming the ground*), and in my experience at night, I had grown tall — in the morning, there was one inch between the dress and the ground! Which means that the body had grown one inch with the night's experience. You see, in the night's experience I had grown tall (I don't remember the details), and in the morning ... And I've been given that material verification for many such experiences, so as to be sure, so the body may be convinced without having to repeat the experiences over and over again. So it knows, it knows there is nothing impossible, it knows "impossible" doesn't mean anything....

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, February 3, 1968

Roots of occultism

I practised occultism when I was twelve. But I must say I had no fear, I feared nothing. One goes out of one's body, but is tied by something resembling an almost imperceptible thread; if the thread is cut, it is all over. Life also is ended. One goes out, and then can begin seeing the world he has entered. And usually the first things one sees, as I said, are terrifying. Because, for you the air is empty, there is nothing in it — you see something blue or white, there are clouds, sunbeams, and all that is very pretty — but when you have the other sight, you see that it is filled with a multitude of small formations which are all residues of desires or of mental deformation and these swarm inside it, you

see, in a mass, and this is not always very pretty. At times it is extremely ugly. This assails you; it comes, presses upon you, attacks you; and if you are afraid, it takes absolutely frightful forms. Naturally, if you do not flinch, if you can look upon all that with a healthy curiosity, you perceive that it is not at all so terrifying.

CWM 6: 40-41

The magnificent golden robe

It was during this period that I used to go out of my body every night and do the work I've spoken of in *Prayers and Meditations*. Every night at the same hour, when the whole house was very quiet, I would go out of my body and have all kinds of experiences. And then my body gradually became a sleepwalker (that is, the consciousness of the form became more and more conscious, while the link remained very solidly established). I got into the habit of getting up — but not like an ordinary sleepwalker: I would get up, open my desk, take out a piece of paper and write ... poems. Yes, poems — I, who had nothing of the poet in me! I would jot things down, then very consciously put everything back into the drawer, lock everything up again very carefully and go back to bed....

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 5, 1961



When I was a child of about thirteen, for nearly a year every night as soon as I had gone to bed it seemed to me that I went out of my body and rose straight up above the house, then above the city, very high above. Then I used to see myself clad in a magnificent golden robe, much longer than myself; and as I rose higher, the robe would stretch, spreading out in a circle around me to form a kind of immense roof over the city. Then I would see men, women, children, old men, the sick, the unfortunate coming out from every side; they would gather under the outspread robe, begging for help, telling of their miseries, their suffering, their hardships. In reply, the robe, supple and alive, would extend towards each one of them individually, and as soon as they had touched it, they were comforted or healed, and went back into their bodies happier and stronger than they had come out of them. Nothing seemed more beautiful to me, nothing could make me happier; and all the activities of the day seemed dull and colourless and without any real life, beside this activity of the night which was the true life for me. Often while I was rising up in this way, I used to see at my left an old man, silent and still, who looked at me with kindly affection and encouraged me by his presence. This old man, dressed in a long dark purple robe, was the personification – as I came to know later – of him who is called the Man of Sorrows.

CWM 1: 81

The Mother

You are THAT

Also when I was eleven or twelve, my mother rented a cottage at the edge of a forest: we didn't have to go through the town. I used to go and sit in the forest all alone. I would sit lost in reverie. One day (it happened often), one day some squirrels had come, several birds, and also (*Mother opens her eyes wide*), deer, looking on.... How lovely it was! When I opened my eyes and saw them, I found it charming – they scampered away.

The memory of all these things returned afterwards, when I met Théon – long afterwards, when I was more than twenty, that is, more than ten years later. I met Théon and got the explanation of these things, I understood. Then I remembered all that had happened to me, and I thought, "Well! ..." Because Madame Théon said to me, she said to me, "Oh, but I know, you are THAT, the stamp of THAT is on you." I thought over what she had said, and I saw it was indeed true. All those experiences I had were very clear indications that there were certainly people in the invisible looking after me! (*Mother laughs*).

Interestingly there was nothing mental about it: I didn't know the existence of those things, I didn't know what meditation was – I meditated without the least idea of what it was. I knew nothing, absolutely nothing, my mother had kept it all completely taboo: those matters are not to be touched, they drive you crazy!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, March 9, 1963

The great art in everything

The nature [of Mother] was rather shy, and as a matter of fact, there wasn't much confidence in the personal capacity (although there was the sense of being able to do anything, if the need arose). Till the age of twenty or twenty — one I spoke very little, and never, never anything like a speech. I wouldn't take part in conversations: I would listen, but speak very little.... Then I was put in touch with Abdul Baha (the "Bahai"), who was then in Paris, and a sort of intimacy grew between us. I used to go to his gatherings because I was interested. And one day when I was in his room, he said to me, "I am sick, I can't speak; go and speak for me." I said, "Me! But I don't speak." He replied, "You just have to go there, sit quietly and concentrate, and what you have to say will come to you. Go and do it, you will see." Well then (*laughing*), I did as he said. There were some thirty or forty people. I went and sat in their midst, stayed very still, and then ... I sat like that, without a thought, nothing, and suddenly I started speaking. I spoke to them for a half-hour (I don't even know what I told them), and when it was over everybody was quite pleased. I went to see Abdul Baha, who told me, "You spoke admirably." I said, "It wasn't me!" And from that day (I had got the knack from him, you understand!), I would stay like that, very still, and everything would come. It's especially the sense of the "I" that must be lost — that's the great art in everything, for everything, anything you do: for painting, for ... (I did painting, sculpture, architecture even, I did music), for everything, but everything, if you are able to lose the sense of the "I," then you open yourself to ... to the knowledge of the thing (sculpture, painting, etc.). It's not necessarily beings, but the spirit of the thing that uses you.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, February 18, 1967



The Divine puts on an appearance of humanity, assumes the outward human nature in order to tread the path and show it to human beings, but does not cease to be the Divine. It is a manifestation that takes place, a manifestation of a growing divine consciousness, not human turning into divine.

*

Mother, When You were small, in Your childhood, did You know that You were the incarnate Divine?

I was conscious.

CWM 1: 384; 17: 79

The Mother

No religious sense

I have never, never had the religious sense at all — you know, what people call this kind of ... what they have in religions, especially in Europe. I see only the English word for it: *awe*, like a kind of terror. This always made me laugh! But I have always felt what's behind, the presences behind.

I remember once going into a church (which I won't name) and I found it a very beautiful place. It wasn't a feast or ceremony day, so it was empty. There were just one or two people at prayer. I went in and sat down in a little chapel off to the side. Someone was praying there, someone who must have been in distress — she was crying and praying. And there was a statue, I no longer know of whom: Christ or the Virgin or a Saint — I have no idea. And, oh! ... Suddenly, in place of the statue, I saw an enormous spider ... like a tarantula, you know, but (*gesture*) huge! It covered the entire wall of the chapel and was just waiting there to swallow all the vital force of the people who came. It was ... heart — rending. I said to myself, 'Oh, these people...' There was this miserable woman who had come seeking solace, who was praying there, weeping, hoping to find solace; and instead of reaching a consciousness that was at least compassionate, her supplications were feeding this monster!

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, April 29, 1961

What is God

...someone has asked me, "What is God?" So I've replied (taking the word "God"):

"It is the name man has given to all that exceeds and dominates him, all that he cannot know but is subject to." Instead of saying "to all that exceeds him," we could say, "to that which exceeds him," because from the intellectual standpoint, "all that" is debatable. I mean there is a

"something" — an indefinable and inexplicable something — and man has always felt dominated by that something. It is beyond all possible understanding and dominates him. And then, religions gave it a name; man has called it "God"; the French call it *Dieu*, the English, *God*, in another language it's called differently, but anyway it's the same.

I am intentionally not giving any definition. Because my lifelong feeling has been that it's a mere word, and a word behind which people put a lot of very undesirable things.... It's that idea of a god who claims to be "the one and only," as they say: "God is the one and only." But they feel it and say it in the way Anatole France put it (I think it was in *The Revolt of Angels*): that God who wants to be the one and only and all alone. That was what had made me a complete atheist, if I may say so, when I was a child; I refused to accept a being, whoever *He* was, who proclaimed himself to be the one and only and almighty. Even if he were indeed the one and only and almighty (*laughing*), he should have no right to proclaim it! That's how it was in my mind. I could make an hour-long speech on this, to show how in every religion they tackled the problem.

At any rate, I have given what I find is the most objective definition. And as in the other day's "What is the Divine?," I have tried to give a feeling of the Thing; here I wanted to fight against the use of the word which, to me, is hollow, but dangerously so.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, June 7, 1967

Aspiration rising through the music

The Jewish temples in Paris have such beautiful music; oh, what beautiful music! I had one of my first experiences in a temple. It was at a marriage, and the music was wonderful — Saint-Saens, I later learned; organ music, the second best

organ in Paris — wonderful! I was 14 years old, sitting high up in the galleries with my mother, and this music was being played. There were some leaded-glass windows — white, with no designs. I was gazing at one of these windows, feeling uplifted by the music, when suddenly through the window came a flash like a bolt of lightning. Just like lightning. It entered — my eyes were open — it entered like this (*gesture*) and then I ... I had the feeling of becoming vast and all — powerful.... And it lasted for days.

Of course, my mother was such an out-and-out materialist, thank God, that it was impossible to speak to her of invisible things — she took them as evidence of a deranged brain! Nothing counted for her but what could be touched and seen. But this was a divine grace — I had no opportunity to say anything. I kept my experience to myself. But it was one of my first contacts with.... I learned later that it was an entity from the past who had come back into me through the aspiration arising from the music.

But I have rarely had an experience in churches. Rather the opposite: I have very often had the painful experience of the human effort to find solace, a divine compassion ... falling into very bad hands.

One of my most terrible experiences took place in Venice (the cathedrals there are so beautiful — magnificent!). I remember I was painting — they had let me settle down in a corner to paint — and nearby there was a ... a confessional. And a poor woman was kneeling there in distress — with such a dreadful sense of sin! So piteous! She wept and wept. Then I saw the priest coming, oh, like a monster, a hard-hearted monster! He went inside; he was like an iron bar. And there was this poor woman sobbing, sobbing; and the voice of the other one, hard, curt.... I could barely contain myself.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, April 29, 1961

Constant Presence of the Divine

I have had the most contradictory experiences! Only one thing has been continuous from my childhood on (and the more I look, the more I see how continuous it has been): this divine Presence — and in someone who, in her external life, might very well have said, ‘God? What is this foolishness! God doesn’t exist!’ So you understand, you see the picture.

You know, it’s a marvelous, marvelous grace to have had this experience so constantly, so powerfully, like something holding out against everything, everything: this Presence. And in my outward consciousness, a total negation of it all. Even later on, I used to say, ‘Well, if God exists, he’s a real scoundrel! He’s a wretch and I want nothing to do with this Creator of ours....’ You know, the idea of God sitting placidly in his heaven, creating the world and amusing himself by watching it, then telling you, ‘How well done!’ ‘Oh!’ I said, ‘I want nothing to do with that monster!’

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, April 29, 1961

A constant and conscious union with the Divine

I was mentioning this today (I think it was for a Birthday) ... No, I don’t know now. It was to someone who told me he was 18 years old. I said that between the ages of 18 and 20, I had attained a constant and conscious union with the Divine Presence and that I had done this all alone, without anyone’s help, not even books. When a little later I chanced upon Vivekananda’s *Raja Yoga*, it really seemed so wonderful to me that someone could explain something to me! And it helped me realise in only a few months what would have otherwise taken years.

I met a man (I was perhaps 20 or 21 at the time), an Indian who had come to Europe and who told me of the

Gita. There was a French translation of it (a rather poor one, I must say) which he advised me to read, and then he gave me the key (his key, it was his key). He said, 'Read the *Gita* ...' He said, 'Read the *Gita* knowing that Krishna is the symbol of the immanent God, the God within.' That was all. 'Read it with that knowledge — with the knowledge that Krishna represents the immanent God, the God within you.' Well, within a month, the whole thing was done!...

As soon as I found out — and no one told me, I found out through an experience — as soon as I found out that there was a discovery to be made within myself, well, it became the most important thing in the world. It took precedence over everything else!

And when, as I told you, I chanced upon a book or an individual that could give me just a little clue and tell me, 'Here. If you do such and such, you will find your path' — well I charged into it like a cyclone ... and nothing could have stopped me.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, August 25, 1954

Perfect humility

Humility, a perfect humility, is the condition for all realisation. The mind is so cocksure. It thinks it knows everything, understands everything. And if ever it acts through idealism to serve a cause that appears noble to it, it becomes even more arrogant, more intransigent, and it is almost impossible to make it see that there might be something still higher beyond its noble conceptions and its great altruistic or other ideals. Humility is the only remedy. I am not speaking of humility as conceived by certain religions, with this God that belittles his creatures and only likes to see them down on their knees. When I was a child, this kind of humility revolted me, and I refused to believe in a God

that wants to belittle his creatures. I don't mean that kind of humility, but rather the recognition that one does not know, that one knows nothing, and that there may be something beyond what presently appears to us as the truest, the most noble or disinterested. True humility consists in constantly referring oneself to the Lord, in placing all before Him. When I receive a blow (and there are quite a few of them in my sadhana), my immediate, spontaneous reaction, like a spring, is to throw myself before Him and to say, 'Thou, Lord.' Without this humility, I would never have been able to realise anything. And I say 'I' only to make myself understood, but in fact 'I' means the Lord through this body, his instrument. When you begin living this kind of humility, it means you are drawing nearer to the realisation. It is the condition, the starting point.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, December 21, 1957

The divine flame in man

Aspiration is almost always an expression of the psychic being — the part of us that's organised around the divine center, the small divine flame deep within human beings. You see, this divine flame exists inside each human being, and little by little, through all the incarnations and karma and so on, a being takes shape around it, which Théon called the "psychic being." And when the psychic being reaches its full development, it becomes a kind of bodily or at any rate individual raiment of the soul. The soul is a portion of the Supreme — the jiva is the Supreme in individual form. And since there is only one Supreme, there is only one jiva, but with millions of individual forms. This jiva begins as a divine spark — immutable, eternal and infinite too (infinite in possibility rather than dimension). And through all the incarnations, whatever has received and responded to the

divine Influence progressively crystallises around the jiva, which becomes more and more conscious as well as more and more organised. Ultimately it becomes a completely conscious individual being, master of itself and moved exclusively by the divine Will. That is to say, an individual expression of the Supreme. This is what we call the "psychic being."

Generally speaking, those who practice yoga have either a fully developed, independent psychic being which has taken birth again to do the Divine's work, or else a psychic being in its last incarnation wanting to complete its development and realise itself.

This is what aspires, this is what has the contact.

So, when you're told "become conscious of your psychic being," it's for the being formed by external Nature to contact the divine Presence through the psychic being. Then the psychic takes charge of the whole being; in fact, it is the inner Guide... Well, when I was a little child, this "person" (which wasn't a person, but an expression of a certain consciousness and will) was actually the psychic presence; there was something else behind, but that's a rather special case. And what happened to me happens to everyone whose psychic being has deliberately incarnated: the psychic being guides your life, and if you let it act freely, it arranges all circumstances — it's truly wonderful! ... I have seen — not only for myself but for so many people who also had conscious psychic beings — that everything is arranged with a view to ... not at all your personal egoistic satisfaction, but your ultimate progress and realisation. And all circumstances of life, even those you call "disastrous," are there to lead you where you have to go as swiftly as possible.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, July 25, 1962

Born Free

The question, of course, is the supramentalisation of matter — the consciousness, that's nothing at all. Most people who have had that experience had it on the mental level, which is relatively easy. It's very easy: abolition of limits set by the ego, indefinite expansion with a movement following the rhythm of the Becoming. Mentally, it's all very easy. Vitality... A few months after I withdrew to my room, I had the experience in the vital — wonderful, magnificent! Of course to have the experience there, the mind must have undergone a change, one must be in complete communion; without exception, any individual vital being that hasn't been prepared by what might be called a sufficient mental foundation would be panic-stricken. All those poor people who get scared at the least little experience had better not dabble with this — they'd panic! But as it happens — through divine grace, you might say — my vital, the vital being of this present incarnation, was born free and victorious. It has never been afraid of anything in the vital world; the most fantastic experiences were practically child's play. But when I had that experience, it was so interesting that for a few weeks I was tempted to stay in it; it was.... I once told you a little about that experience (it was quite a while ago, at least two years). I told you that even during the day I seemed to be sitting on top of the Earth — that was this realisation in the vital world. And what fantastic nights it gave me! Nights I have never been able to describe to anyone and never mentioned — but I would look forward to the night as a marvelous adventure.

I voluntarily renounced all that in order to go further. And when I did it, I understood what people here in India mean when they say: *he surrendered his experience*. I had never really understood what that meant. When I did

it, I understood. "No," I said, "I don't want to stop there; I am giving it all to You, that I may go on to the end." Then I understood what it meant.

Had I kept it, oh — I would have become one of those world-renowned phenomena, turning the course of the earth's history upside down! A stupendous power! Stupendous, unheard-of.... But it meant stopping there, accepting that experience as final — I went on.

The Mother: Conversation with a Disciple, January 12, 1962



*In this high signal moment of the gods
Answering earth's yearning and her cry for bliss,
A greatness from our other countries came.
A silence in the noise of earthly things
Immutably revealed the secret Word,
A mightier influx filled the oblivious clay:
A lamp was lit, a sacred image made.
A mediating ray had touched the earth
Bridging the gulf between man's mind and God's;
Its brightness linked our transience to the Unknown.
A spirit of its celestial source aware
Translating heaven into a human shape
Descended into earth's imperfect mould
And wept not fallen to mortality,
But looked on all with large and tranquil eyes.*

Savitri: 353

Sri Aurobindo



Sri Aurobindo Society

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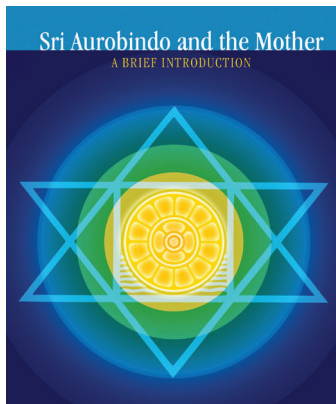
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IMPORTANT DATES

Day	Significance
1 January	New Year's day
21 February	The Mother's birthday (Darshan day)
28 February	Auroville Foundation day
29 February	Day of the Supramental Manifestation (Darshan day)
29 March	The Mother's First arrival in Pondicherry
4 April	Sri Aurobindo's arrival in Pondicherry
24 April	The Mother's final arrival in Pondicherry (Darshan day)
15 August	Sri Aurobindo's birthday (Darshan day)
19 September	Anniversary of Sri Aurobindo Society
17 November	The Mother's Mahasamadhi
24 November	Siddhi Day (Darshan day)
2 December	Anniversary of the Ashram School
5 December	Sri Aurobindo's Mahasamadhi



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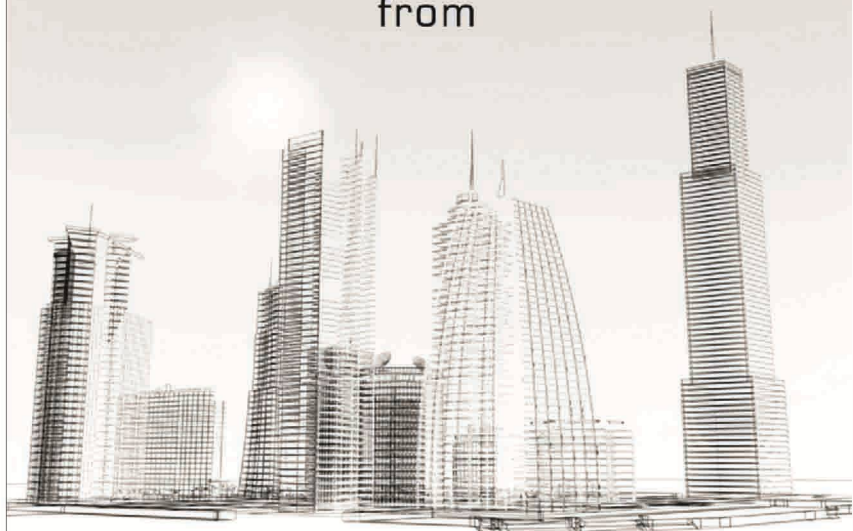
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